

# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

VOLUME VII.

CHICAGO:  
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1893.

14514

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57020



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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 280. (VOL. VII.—I.)

CHICAGO, JANUARY 5, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
/ Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

THE publisher and editor of *The Open Court* call their readers' attention to the new wording in the headline, which briefly characterises the aim aspired after in the columns of this journal. The old headline reads, "Devoted to the work of Conciliating Religion with Science"; the new one uses the terser expression, "Devoted to the Religion of Science." The change is not a change of principle; but we believe that the basic idea which prompted the foundation and supplies the motives for the further continuance of this journal will thus be the more readily understood.

The headline of a journal is a shibboleth, a motto, and as such it possesses a special significance to those who know what it stands for. It is like a small basin built below the spout of a spring. The waters that are constantly being poured into it, are more abundant than it can hold. They overflow and become a living stream to fertilise the meadows and fields through which their course will lead. So the term "Religion of Science" is a fruitful idea which has a deeper significance to those who understand the purpose which it is to serve.

Science is above all the search for truth. Our scientists apply the best methods of observation and the most rigorous criticism, in order to make, in their diverse fields of inquiry, a correct and systematically arranged statement of facts. The importance of science as the basis of human civilisation in its largest scope and as the condition of further progress is now well-nigh universally recognised. It is not doubted for industrial invention, nor for art, nor for politics, nor economics. It is doubted only for the most important province of human life—viz. for religion.

Religion is the basis of conduct. All those ideas are religious which regulate man's actions and support us in the vicissitudes of life. Religion is the ethical power in humanity, being the norm of human aspirations, the authority of rules and laws and injunctions, and the lofty ideal that sanctifies existence with its joys and griefs, consecrating every single individual to a higher purpose than himself.

It is a very strange fact that the importance of science, which is admitted in every other field, could

have been doubted for religion. The reason is obvious to him who is familiar with the history of the various religions. Religious truths are such valuable possessions that their keepers wanted to shelter them from all danger; they were anxious to guard them as a sacred inheritance and hand them down to future generations inviolate. They wanted to protect the holy treasures from the vagaries of the scientist groping about after the truth and often failing to find it. So they declared that religion was independent of science and had nothing whatever to do with it. They did not see that scientists are not always identical with science, exactly as priests are not always the true prophets of truth. Thus they founded religion upon the authority of tradition instead of upon the rock of ages, which is truth—provable truth. They went so far as to call human tradition a divine revelation and to discredit that grand apocalypse which lies open to everyone of us—nature. The absurd was sanctified; and reason, the divine spark in man that kindles the torch to enlighten his path, was scorned as an *ignis fatuus*.

Yet after all, what is religion but the trust in truth, the search for truth, and living the truth! Shall we, indeed, use the best methods of searching for the truth in all domains except in the most important domain, in religion. To suppress the truth where it is our duty to speak it out, is regarded as equivalent to a lie; and rightly so! Shall we suppress the search for truth in religion, the essence of which is, or rather ought to be, truth and which is transformed into abject superstition when errors are enshrined upon the altar of truth? Religion is to us inseparable from truth; and the search for truth is our holiest duty.

We might simply state that *The Open Court* is devoted to religion, for there is but one true religion, which is the religion of truth: all the other religions are superstitions. But we wish to indicate that our idea of truth is different from the ideas of those who believe in the duality of truth. Truth is no Janus-head with two faces. It is an error that something might be true in science which is untrue in religion, that "twice two is four" only in the multiplication tables but not in the catechism, that there are other methods of finding out or proving the truth for the religious



prophet than for the savant—in short that science is human truth, while religion is divine truth.

Truth is truth. There is but one truth and that truth is divine. Man is divine in so far as he partakes of the truth, and science, the methodical search for truth, is the most important vehicle to aid man to progress, to grow, to develop, and to become more and more divine.

Science is holy. It is a religious duty of the scientist to search for truth in *all* fields, philosophy, ecclesiastical history, and biblical research not excepted. And it is a religious duty of the clergy to respect science. They need not accept the hypotheses of scientists, but they have to revere truth whenever proven to be truth, for truth is sacred whatever it be. There is a divinity in mathematics, of which the modern idolator of dogmatic Christianity has no idea.

All our religions have been founded as religions of truth. Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah and Christ that made the new covenant with mankind upon the foundation of love, has nowhere, so far as our maturest biblical criticism can pierce, established any dogma, and least of all the absurd theory that above the truth there is another truth, and that this higher truth standing in contradiction to scientific truth must be believed because it appears, and even because it is, absurd.

So long as the scientist doubts, he inquires, but as soon as he has found the truth, he proclaims it and solicits the criticism of his fellow-workers. This same method is applicable to religion. He who doubts, must inquire; and he who believes he has found the truth must allow his fellowmen to criticise him, to point out what they regard as errors, and to let his views be tested by criticism.

Is it not pusillanimous to be afraid of criticism? And is it true that we have to protect truth against criticism? If our religion is true why prevent investigation?

It is said that the scientist may err, and that his critics may err, and that errors are more powerful than the truth. Yet we answer with Milton:

"Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

Those who err may be more powerful than those who speak the truth. Those who speak the truth may be put to death; nay, they have often been put to death; and errors are more plentiful and fertile than the truth. Nevertheless, truth is more powerful and will always prevail in the end.

Science is calm, impartial, rigorous, and many warm-hearted men and women have a dislike for science because of its austerity. They should know, that while the search for truth must be made by cool-headed thinkers, the application of truth demands enthusiasm

and fervid zeal. The religion of science is the most elevating and noble ideal of mankind.

The old religions have become dear to their adherents, and justly so. For all the religions upon earth are intended to be religions of truth—the same truth that scientific truth is made of. And they are the more orthodox (that is, possessing the right doctrines) and the more catholic (that is, universally valid) and the freer from superstitions (that is, freer from absurdities believed to be exempt from scientific criticism), the nearer they come to their common ideal, which is the religion of science.

We do not preach the religion of science in order to destroy the old religions; we preach it that the old religions may avoid false dogmatism, and that they may adopt the method of science which is a systematic search for truth without reserve and open to criticism. This will widen the narrowest sectarianism into a cosmical religion, as broad as the universe, as reliable as the revelations of God in the book of nature and as sacred as the truths of science.

We expect that all the various sects of mankind will by and by acknowledge this principle of the religion of science. Indeed, they will have to! For how can they otherwise stand the bracing air of progress? They need not give up the peculiarities which are not in contradiction to truth. They can, and let us hope they will, preserve their character, their organisation, their brotherly love, their zeal for their special tradition and form of religion. Only, let them drop the pagan features of their worship as soon as, in the light of science, they recognise them as pagan.

This is our confession of faith: We trust in truth, and claim that truthfulness (i. e., fidelity to truth generally and especially also to exact, provable, scientific truth) is the condition of all religion. And this religious ideal is holy to us. We cling to it with enthusiasm and leave it as the most sacred inheritance to future generations.

EDITOR.

#### RENAN'S LOSS OF FAITH IN SCIENCE.

BY PROF. JOHN DEWEY.

THE fundamental conception of Ernest Renan's work "The Future of Science" is that science is both subjectively and objectively social: that its material, in its most important respects, is to be found in the history of humanity, and that its aim is furthering the organisation of humanity. The relation of science to the welfare of man is the true text of the book; and this in no limited definition of welfare, but in a sense so broad as to include his religious attitude, as well as his intellectual and artistic enjoyments. "As for myself," he says at the outset, "I recognise only one result of science: namely the solution of the enigma, the final explanation to mankind of the meaning of



things,—the explanation to man of himself,—giving him in the name of the sole legitimate authority (the whole of human nature) the creed which religion gave him ready-made." And if Renan conceives the theoretical outcome of science to be this revelation of man to himself, his conception of its practical resultant is no less broad: "The whole march of Europe for four centuries is summed up in this practical conclusion: to elevate and ennoble the people, and to let all men have a share in the delights of intelligence."

I intend to quote, at some length, a passage from the beginning of the fifth chapter of the "Future of Science," which sums up his idea both of the nature and the end of science, and afterwards I shall go over some of the main points one by one.

"It is not altogether inadvertently that I designate by the name of *science* that which is ordinarily called *philosophy*. To philosophise is the word by which I would most willingly sum up my life; nevertheless, seeing that the popular use of the word still expresses only a partial form of the inner life, that besides it only implies the subjective fact of the individual thinker, we must employ the more objective word; *To know when assuming the standpoint of humanity*. Yes, the day will come when humanity shall no longer believe; but when it shall know; the day when it shall know the metaphysical and moral world as it now knows the physical; the day when the government of humanity shall no longer be given to accident and intrigue, but to the rational discussion of what is best, and to the most efficacious means of attaining what is best. If such be the aim of science, if its object be to teach man his final aim and law, to make him grasp the true sense of life, to make up with art, poetry, and virtue, the divine ideal which alone lends worth to human existence, if such be its aim, then is it possible that it should have its serious detractors? But, it will be asked, will science accomplish these marvellous destinies? All I know is that if science does not accomplish them, nothing else will, and that humanity will forever be ignorant of the significance of things."

The definition of science, then, is to know from the standpoint of humanity; its goal is such a sense of life as will enable man to direct his conduct in relation to his fellows by intelligence and not by chance. It is to this that I would direct special attention—Renan's faith in '48 in the social basis and aim of science.

According to Renan the present era is marked by intelligence coming to consciousness of its social function. Up to, say the French Revolution, the function of science had been analytic—mainly negative and dissolving. All science is criticism, but criticism in the past has been equivalent to an analysis of existing conceptions, sentiments, and habits which resulted in destroying their validity. Reason has thus appeared to have no positive and constructive function; its work is to be exhausted in analysis, in disintegration of the given. But science, having carried its analysis, its tearing apart, to the end, finally comes upon the underlying unity; the destruction of the preconceived ideas and institutions only serves to reveal the basic whole. Thus analytic science finally came upon humanity as

that unity to which all is to be referred. The work of science is henceforth predominantly synthetic. The unity reveals the law and end; theory must pass over into practice; knowledge into action. This is the final significance of the French Revolution. Humanity finally became conscious of itself as one whole; "after having groped for centuries in the darkness of infancy without consciousness of itself, and by the mere motor force of its organism, the grand moment came when, like the individual, it took possession of itself." The French Revolution is the first conscious attempt to make action, the practical affairs of life, the expression of reason. It presents a scene hitherto unknown in history: "the scene of philosophers radically changing the whole of previously received ideas and carrying out the greatest of all revolutions on deliberate faith in system." That the outward, the apparent, result should have been in many regards unsatisfactory is no cause for wonder. The Revolution interpreted its idea, the control of life by reason, in the light of a narrow conception of reason; it did not recognise the reason already embodied in institutions, simply because that reason had not been inserted by itself; it interpreted reason in a sense which made it opposed to instinct. The inevitable temporary result was the substitution of instability and upheaval for an established order. The outcome was such as to discredit with many the whole attempt. But this is to confuse the application of the principle, at first necessarily imperfect, with the principle itself. In reality, "the principle involved admits of no controversy. Intelligence alone must reign, intelligence alone. Sense is to govern the world." And again Renan says: "The doctrine which is to be maintained at all hazards is that the mission of intellect is the reforming of society according to its own principles." And once more: "Hence by every way open to us we are beginning to proclaim the right of reason to reform society by means of rational science and the theoretical knowledge of existing things."

What, then, is to be the effect of this development of science when it gets to the point of recognising the unity of humanity, upon art—including poetry—and religion? Upon these points Renan had no more doubt than upon the social mission of science. When science gets to the comprehensive synthesis of humanity, poetry and science must flow together. Just because science, in its fulness, is the science of humanity, its highest development must mean, to give the whole of human nature full play—to give the sympathies their due place. But, on the other hand, since it is the business of science to reveal in its truth the unity, sympathy and admiration can have their full (free) chance only as science does its work, tearing down false idols in order to make plain the truth. "The pretended poetic natures who imagined that they could



get to the true sense of things without science will then turn out to be so many chimera-mongers, and the austere savants who shall have neglected the more delicate gifts . . . will remind us of the ingenious myth of the daughters of Minyas, who were changed into bats because unable to get beyond argument in presence of signs to which a more generous method of explanation should have been applied." If, indeed, there is no meaning in the world, then science can only destroy poetry; but only on this condition. How shall we limit the real universe by supposing that the paltry dreams which we have been able up to this time to invent are superior in grandeur and splendor to the reality which science shall reveal to us? "Has not the temple of our God been enlarged since science revealed to us the infinity of the worlds? . . . Are we not similarly justified in supposing that the application of scientific method to the metaphysical and moral region . . . will also simply shatter a narrow and paltry world to open another world of infinite marvels?" The truth is that either there is no ideal, naught but a deceiving dream, or else this ideal is embodied in the universe and is to be found and drawn thence by science. "The ideal is near everyone of us."

So with religion; whatever science takes away, it is only because it presents us with deeper truth. This conception is, indeed, the animating spirit of the book; it is so interwoven with the whole treatment that I shall only select one or two quotations. The man of science is the real "custodian of the sacred deposit"; "real religion is the culmination of the discipline and cultivation of the intelligence"; "social and religious reform will assuredly come . . . but it will come from enlarged science common to all, and operating in the unrestricted midst of human intelligence"; "hence, science is a religion, it alone will henceforth make the creeds, for science alone can solve for men the eternal problems, the solution of which his nature imperatively demands." In the course of his discussion, Renan brings out at length the point only suggested in the above—that this religious outflowing of science is to be expected when, on one hand, its scope has been extended to take in humanity, and when, on the other, its practical outcome, if not its abstruse results, has been made the possession of all men. "It is not enough for the progress of human intelligence that a few isolated thinkers should reach very advanced posts, and that a few heads shoot up like wild oats above the common level. . . . It is a matter of great urgency to enlarge the whirl of humanity; otherwise a few individuals might reach heaven, while the mass is still dragging along upon the earth. . . . The moment intellectual culture becomes a religion, from that moment it becomes barbarous to deprive a single soul of it."

I may sum up by saying that Renan's faith in '48

was that science was to become universalised—universalised in its *range* by coming to include humanity as its subject-matter; universalised in *application* by being made, as to its salient outcome, the common possession of all men. From this extension, Renan expected further results to flow: he expected that science was to become a "social motor," the basis of ordering the affairs of men; he expected that it was to find expression in a wonderful artistic movement, and that, above all, it was to culminate in a great religious outburst. How was it in 1890?

In one sense Renan stands where he stood forty years before. He still believes that he was right at the outset of his "intellectual career in believing firmly in science and in making it the object of his life." He even says that after all he was right in '48; "save a few disappointments, progress has travelled on the lines laid down in my imagination." And yet when we come to examine Renan's later position in more detail, these few disappointments seem of more importance than the successes attained. Science in the abstract, science as the most worthy end of the few capable ones, Renan undoubtedly still believes in as firmly as ever. But the faith in the social career of science, of a wide distribution of intelligence as the basis of a scientifically controlled democracy, has all but vanished; the idea of science as lending itself to art, to a wide idealistic interpretation of the universe, and as flowering in a religious outburst, the conception of an appropriation of truth by all men has become to him the dream of a youthful enthusiasm. He has learned through the experience of mature years that "intensive culture constantly adding to the sum total of human knowledge, is not the same as extensive culture disseminating that knowledge more and more for the welfare of the countless human beings in existence. The sheet of water in expanding continues to lose in depth." Thus it is that "enlightenment, morality, art will always be represented among mankind by a magistracy, by a minority, preserving the traditions of the true, the good, and the beautiful." Instead of science becoming a social motor and thus giving a basis for social organisation at once free and saturated with law, there is now disbelief in the power of science to make its own way and realise its truth in practice: "We have to pay dearly, that is in privileges, the power that protects us against evil." "While, through the constant labor of the nineteenth century, the knowledge of facts has considerably increased, *the destiny of mankind has become more obscure than ever.*" Could any retraction be imagined more complete, I had almost said more abject, than this when compared with his constant proclamation of '48 that *the business of science is just to reveal to man his destiny—that any other conception of science makes it but an elaborate trifling?*



As against the faith of '48 that science is to reveal the meaning incorporate in reality, and that this is the only true idealism, we have the constant identification, in his later writings, of the ideal with certain fond dreams which the cultured man will always cherish for himself, yet without hope of verification. The ideal is no longer the aim indicated by the universe itself, and to be followed as laid bare by inquiry; "it is very clear that our doctrine affords no basis for a *practical* policy; on the contrary, our aim must be carefully dissimulated." As for science and religion, we must give up all hope of attaining, so far as the mass is concerned at least, any faith and enthusiasm based on knowledge. In his "Intellectual and Moral Reform," already alluded to, Renan virtually proposes to the ruling powers a concordat: the ecclesiastic authorities are to allow the savants complete freedom of thought and inquiry, provided the savants, in turn, leave the masses to their existing faith without attempting to extend to them the enlightenment which they themselves have gained. In his preface of 1890 to the "Future of Science" he seriously doubts whether any consensus of belief is open to mankind at large, except upon condition of return to primitive credulity. "It is possible that the ruin of idealistic beliefs is fated to follow hard upon the ruin of supernatural beliefs; that the real abasement of the morality of humanity is to date from the day when it has seen the reality of things. . . . Candidly, I fail to see how the foundations of a noble and happy life are to be relaid without the ancient dreams."

While a study of the reasons which have induced this apparent loss of faith in the larger and social function of science would be even more interesting than the fact itself, I do not propose here to enter at length upon the discussion. Renan himself indicates one reason when he says that at present science seems to be made for the schools rather than the schools for science. So far as much of its spirit and aim is concerned, science is the legitimate successor of the old scholasticism. The forty years since Renan wrote have not done much to add the human spirit and the human interpretation to the results of science; they have rather gone to increase its technical and remote character. Furthermore, Renan does not seem to have realised sufficiently the dead weight of intrenched class interest which resists all attempt of science to take practical form and become a "social motor." When we remember that every forward step of science has involved a readjustment of institutional life, that even such an apparently distant and indifferent region as the solar system could not be annexed to scientific inquiry without arousing the opposing force of the mightiest political organisations of the day; when we recall such things it is not surprising that the advance of scientific

method to the matters closest to man—his social relationships—should have gone on more slowly than was expected. The resistance from the powers whose existence is threatened by such advance has not become less effective in becoming more indirect and subtle. One thing is certain: this decrease of faith cannot be explained as a personal idiosyncrasy of Renan's; it lies deep in the life of the last half century.

I confess to surprise that this partial retraction of Renan's has not been exploited by the reactionaries. It is certainly spoils for those, who, in their assumed concern for the moral and spiritual affairs of humanity, take every opportunity to decry science and proclaim its impotence to deal with serious matters of practice. I cannot but think that the Renan of '48 was wiser than he of '90 in the recognition of the fact that man's interests are finally and prevailingly practical; that if science cannot succeed in satisfying these interests it is hardly more than an episode in the history of humanity; that the ultimate meaning and control will always be with the power that claims this practical region for its own—if not with science, then with the power of the church from which Renan was an early apostate. It is a continual marvel that so many men of science who have abandoned and even attacked all dogmatic authority, should take refuge for themselves in agnosticism—that they should not see that any lasting denial of dogmatic authority is impossible save as science itself advances to that comprehensive synthesis which will allow it to become a guide of conduct, a social motor.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

A JOINT resolution brim full of good intentions has been offered in Congress by Mr. Springer of Illinois. It proposes to amend the Constitution so as to make the President's official term six years long, and to declare him ineligible to re-election. The plan has met with almost unanimous approval by the press; and the prevailing sentiment is well expressed in the following sentence which I quote from one of the great newspapers: "It is probable—indeed it is nearly certain—that if a proposition extending the term to six years and making the President thereafter ineligible to the office were submitted to the popular vote it would be ratified by an overwhelming majority of the voters." No doubt of it, because it is in the direction of toriyism, the Dead Sea of politics, whither the American people are hurrying with innocent fatuity. Within the resolution is concealed a scheme to strengthen the American monarchy and weaken the American republic; to increase the kingly powers of the President and lessen the democratic authority of Congress. It is not progress; it is not even stagnation; it is a reaction toward the substance, if not the form of monarchy. It is an attempt to steal thirty-three per cent. from the value of the maxim "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Better would it be to amend the Constitution by reducing the President's term to two years, and thus bring the Executive and the Legislative elements closer together, instead of wrenching them farther apart by the adoption of a six years term. The people are to establish it in their organic law that the term of one President shall be equal to that of three Congresses, and the President all the time



holding in his hands the veto power. That the people welcome the scheme proves nothing; they like a novelty, a makeshift, and a change. I have heard a prisoner thank the sheriff because he fitted him with a stronger and more elaborate pair of handcuffs as a Christmas gift; and there are times in the lives of every people when "they know not what they do." They have lucid intervals, of course, but these are few.

\* \* \*

Mr. Springer's proposition in its present form is an artful bit of statecraft, confusing two separate and independent purposes in such a very ingenious way that the voter must indorse both of them or get nothing. In the language of the lawyers "it is bad, for duplicity"; it includes two changes within one question, making them stand or fall together, which is in the nature of a cheat. If the proposition is an honest one why not make two questions of it, each to be decided on its own merits, thus: Shall the Presidential term be six years? And, Shall the President be ineligible to re-election? One of these might be adopted, and the other not; or both might be adopted, or defeated; but at least, the voter would have a fair chance to declare his will. Even in the form of separate propositions the people have nothing to gain, for the affirmative of either encroaches upon freedom, and diminishes the share of democracy in the government; a share which ought not to be contracted, but enlarged. A four years reign conferred by one election is long enough for any American king; and why should the people handcuff themselves, that they may not vote for him a second time, or a third time, or a fourteenth time if they choose to do so? Has it come to this, that we are afraid of our own ballots? Or, are we afraid of our own elected President? If we are, that fact itself is evidence that his term of office is already too long, and it is a very good reason why we should not lengthen but shorten his reign. At every presidential election the great parties bet a four years tenure of all the offices in the government, and the magnitude of the stake accounts for the turmoil, strife, struggle, and corruption of the campaign. Mr. Springer would increase the stakes, pleading as an excuse for doing so that the game would not be so often played. The compensation is not valuable enough to justify the sacrifice.

\* \* \*

"Wide open and unguarded stand our gates, and through them passes a wild motley throng, men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes, featureless figures of the Hoang Ho, Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav, flying the old world's poverty and scorn; these bringing with them unknown gods and rites, those tiger passions, here to scratch their claws. In street and alley what strange tongues are these, accents of menace alien to our air, voices that once the Tower of Babel knew. O, Liberty! white goddess, is it well to leave the gates unguarded?" This hysterical apostrophe to Liberty, the "white goddess," and all the rest of it, passes for poetry in the original; and although I have written it in the form of prose, it can be resolved into poetry again by the easy legerdemain of breaking it up into convulsive lines and thereby giving it the appearance of Miltonian blank verse. Any sort of rhetorical delirium, if put into that shape claims the rank and dignity of poetry. The above specimen is by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the American poet, and a very fine poet he is, in spots, but this effort shows that poetry will not lend itself to narrow, inhospitable, and ungenerous things. In this example the scream "O, Liberty!" is a dyspeptic spasm, not poetry. It is not in the power of genius to refine into poetry this offering to the "shut the gate" craze, now raging as an epidemic among the American people, and appealing to our littleness of spirit. Much elevating poetry has been inspired by hospitality; by inhospitality, none. The rudest phrases that express welcome are poetry, as for instance this, "the latch string hangs outside." "Open the gates to the stranger," is poetry and religion too, while "shut the gates," is dull and gloomy prose.

If the threatened scheme to shut the gates is to be carried out it will be a calamity to the American people, greater than the cholera which is drafted into the service as an apology and an excuse. Our character for generosity will be forfeited, our Eagle will droop his crest, and our fame will diminish among men. We shall acquire the reputation of Lord Bacon, and win historic renown as the "greatest, wisest, and meanest" of the nations; which indeed appears to be the ambition of our statesmen. Then we may say of the American republic what Corin the shepherd says in the play of "As You Like It":

"My master is of cholish disposition,  
And little reckes to find the way to heaven,  
By doing deeds of hospitality."

\* \* \*

Last week it was my privilege to attend the banquet of the Evolution Club; and the after-dinner subject of debate was "Vivisection." Many of the members present were physicians, or college professors of biology, physiology, and kindred sciences, so that the learning shown was rather technical, and redolent of medicine. This was to be expected; and as all those doctors and professors were experimenters, using vivisection to increase their knowledge, they were of course defenders of the practice. There was only one man present who took the moral side of the question in opposition to the purely materialistic or utilitarian side, and he was a lawyer. In a speech bristling with horrors collected from the report of a royal commission appointed to investigate the subject, he condemned vivisection as cruel, useless, irreligious, and immoral. He maintained that the lower animals have *rights*, not merely claims upon kindness, but rights which impose corresponding duties upon men; rights which are not at all dependent on the whim, profit, or pleasure of the human race. At the dinner table, this lawyer happened to be "the gentleman on my right," and in the course of conversation, he fired a few psychic puzzles at me. "How do you know," he said, "that there are not invisible beings of a superior order practising vivisection upon you with a spiritual scalpel? How do you know that they have not been testing you with supernatural poisons for their own profit? How do you know that your headaches, rheumatisms, and lumbagos; your pains and penalties, your losses, trials, and disappointments, are not the results of their experiments upon you? As I deny the right of any superior beings on the earth, above the earth, or under the earth, to inflict pain upon you in the interest of their own science, therefore I deny that you have any right to inflict scientific suffering upon those creatures who are below you in the scale of life." All that was too metaphysical for me, and so I laugh at his riddle as wierd and mystical, because I am not able to solve it; a plan which I find excellent in every case of ignorance, and which I can heartily recommend. We have been so busy about the rights of men that the rights of horses and dogs have been forgotten. Vivisection is now forcing the following question upon conscience, "May physiologists cut up healthy animals for the speculative benefit of unhealthy men?"

\* \* \*

It was no trouble for the Evolution Club to analyse the subtle spirit of the universe, and to resolve the Cosmos into its constituent elements, assigning to each ingredient its proper place and duty. It was easy to claim that vivisection was not merely a practice, but a principle of high rank in the religion of Evolution, for the very first commandment in the decalogue of science tells us that "the fittest shall survive." That phrase has been overrated and underrated, and sometimes it has been inversely understood. It has been perverted to the uses of injustice, and the torture not only of the lower animals but also of the lower men. It has become the cant of science, and we apologise for the sufferings of others by pleading that their unhappy fate is only a punishment ordered by the law of Nature in its flippancy formula "the fittest



shall survive." When Herbert Spencer spelled energy with a capital "E," and made it Energy he thought he had created a new deity and given to it a divine potentiality and substance. When we spell nature with a big "N," we think that we have done so too; but I cannot believe that nature or Nature is anything more than a method by which things arrange themselves according to their conditions, neither can I believe that Nature has any authority to create a law of injustice, nor any law at all. Every living creature has an equal right with every other, to say, "I am the fittest; and the world was made for me." That appears to have been the opinion of Pope, who also thought that he had made a divinity of nature by spelling the word with a big "N." He lived before the discovery of Evolution, and he thought that his divinity in conferring life had included within the gift the absolute right to live.

"Know, Nature's children all divide her care;  
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.  
While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'  
'See man for mine!' replies a pampered goose."

\* \* \*

A claim was made that vivisection is forbidden in the gospels, and perhaps it is, but no evidence to that effect appeared. However that may be, strong testimony on the other side is offered by the book of Genesis in the bill of sale given to Adam, granting him "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Under this comprehensive title the sons of Adam have declared and do now declare that they have despotic power over the lower animals and the unconditional right to do whatever they like with their own. Fortified by this authority, Pius the Ninth proclaimed that it was "error to say that man owed any duty to the lower animals." He did not mean to assert the duty of men to be cruel, but he did assert the theological right of man to dominion unqualified over the brute creation. This religious view of it has great influence over the peasantry of Italy, as appears from the testimony of an American traveler in that country, who remonstrated one day with a peasant for cruelly beating a donkey. The man replied, "What of it; the donkey has never been baptised." Had the donkey been baptised, his owner would have regarded him as a fellow Christian, and perhaps have given him better treatment, although it must be admitted that even Christians do not always treat their fellow Christians as mercifully as they might. And this reminds me of a story which I got from that same "gentleman on my right," the lawyer aforesaid. An Irish priest who had never been outside the rural parish in which he lived, went up to London, and while there visited the Zoological Gardens and became greatly interested in the monkeys, especially in one patriarchal monkey who appeared to take an equal interest in the priest. Whatever his reverence did, the monkey imitated him, and at last the priest became so much delighted at the intelligence and feeling displayed by the simian that he exclaimed, "See here, there's nobody looking now, and if ye'll just hand me that cup of water there beside ye, I'll baptise ye this minute." Why not? Surely monkeys need spiritual grace as much as any of us. It may not be an orthodox belief, but I will cherish it, that whether baptised or not, a good monkey has a better chance in a future state of existence than a bad man.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LETTER TO "THE OPEN COURT."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

IT is so long since I have written anything for *The Open Court*, that I think it would be a not undeserved penalty, if I were stricken from the roll of correspondents; and yet I should be sorry to find myself entirely out of relation with a journal so brave and unique.

But as according to the beautiful French custom, at New Year's time, friends however long separated, may make a social call without questions asked, or apologies offered, so I feel disposed to sit down for a little chat, trusting for my welcome, to that love of gossip in human nature, which never deserts us in the last extremity of life.

A paragraph in the morning paper recalls to me a subject of which I have often thought as deserving public recognition. A young lady of twenty-four years of age, having formed a friendship with a lady of similar tastes, remains with her in her home, and her father appeals to legal authority, to bring her back to his house, and others resort to the violent explanation of hypnotism to explain the strength of the new relation.

This seems very strange to one, who for many years has been accustomed to the existence of ties between women so intimate and persistent, that they are fully recognised by their friends, and of late have acquired, if not a local habitation, at least a name, for they have been christened "Boston Marriages." This institution deserves to be recognised as a really valuable one for women in our present state of civilisation. With the great number of women in our state, in excess of the men, and with the present independence of women, which renders marriage, merely for a home, no longer acceptable, the proportion of those who can enter into that relation is diminished, and the "glorious phalanx of old maids" must find some substitute for the joys of family life. These relations so far as I have known, and I have known many of them, are not usually planned for convenience or economy, but grow out of a constantly increasing attachment, favored by circumstances, which make such a marriage the best refuge against the solitude of growing age.

In some cases women of the medical or other professions form a partnership at once social and professional; or frequently a physician finds comfort for her leisure hours in the society of one of literary tastes or possessing the fine art of housekeeping. Sometimes a wealthy but solitary woman is delighted to share heart and home with one less favored by fortune.

In some cases where family ties still have their claims, the parties do not live together, but are constant companions in the summer excursions or the winter studies and engagements, in which they are mutually interested. As far as I have known, these "Marriages" are of long continuance, and I can hardly recall an instance where a decided rupture has occurred. Of course I do not include in this statement those girlish intimacies which are only what flirtations are to serious matrimonial attachments. Naturally these relations are generally between women of middle age, who have learned much from the duties and sorrows of life, and perchance have known the pleasure, or more often the pains and disappointments of love. To such the tie affords a home for the heart, intellectual companionship, and often help in the pecuniary support, which gives value and worth to a period of life, too often very sad and lonely. As such I must look upon them as a great blessing which should not be interfered with or unduly fostered, but recognised in all simplicity and friendliness.

There is one danger attending such unions, when they are entered into by those who are not destitute of family ties, and the married woman and the mother, even sometimes the aunt and sister should be cautious of assuming a relation which may make her less faithful to the natural ties of family life. I rejoice to say that instances of such mistakes are rare, and that in many cases the friend becomes also one of the family, and helps to preserve and deepen the family affection.

I do not propose that we should formally adopt the Boston Marriage into our civil code, and celebrate it with ceremonies and festivities, for simplicity and privacy especially become it, but I do think it is good to think of it with respect, and welcome it as



one of the helps to human welfare, and not let any jealous feelings mar the happiness of those concerned in it.

The approaching festival (in February) of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the New England woman's club naturally leads the mind to consider the wonderful development of the woman's club in the last twenty-five years. It is primarily due to the fact that the club was not the creation of one person or even clique but evidently came from the recognition of a need widely felt, so soon as a means of meeting it was suggested.

The two oldest clubs, the New England and Sorosis, sprang into being quite independently and yet within two days of each other, and the movement has known no retiring ebb but gone steadily on to its present high tide of success. The woman's club is now a powerful and recognised agent in all intellectual reform and educational work, as well as in social enjoyment, and is binding women together in organised life in a way that will enable them to act unitedly and effectually, if ever an emergency occurs which calls upon them to do so.

Looked at in this way, the club well deserves the attention of those who are forecasting the future of America. If united with universal suffrage, and general co-education of the sexes, this movement will strengthen the best forces of the state, and combining moral considerations with political interests, may lead to purer politics and higher statesmanship than we have ever known. But if the separation of the sexes be enforced in political and educational life, a power may grow up, unknown to the state, and perhaps narrow but intense, which may thwart many of the most beneficent purposes of legislation.

I think it is undeniable that the late school election in Boston was carried by a party of women closely banded together, and ruled by one or two dominating motives. By their help the entire school ticket of the Republican party, which had failed to elect its candidates in other elections, was chosen, and the portion of the board elected this year strongly represents the views of a particular clique. Although I happen not to sympathise wholly with this party, yet I believe them to be sincere in their opinions, and I am glad that the power of woman's vote is thus shown, and that politicians will see that they must be considered in the nomination of candidates for the school-board, and that they are equally important in all political matters. But women should work in consultation and on equal terms with men, to prevent the preponderance of one set of opinions, to the exclusion of others perhaps equally true and important.

An item of interest in this connection is, that the school committee of Boston are about to name a new primary school-house of handsome proportions, in the Jamaica Plain district, on the very land where she formerly lived: the Margaret Fuller School. The School Suffrage Association asked for this favor, which request was warmly endorsed by the representative on the board, and the gentlemen of the neighborhood spontaneously offered a United States flag to be placed on the school-house, with a streamer floating to the breeze, on which is the honored name.

Is not this a prophecy that "The Great Lawsuit" will soon be settled and that "Woman in the nineteenth century" will find justice and recognition before its close?

One word more and my long letter shall come to an end. I wish to recommend to your readers a new book by Elizabeth H. Botume called "My First Days among the Contrabands."

Miss Botume has been for about thirty years working for and with the freedmen of the South, and she has given her experiences with them as they first came out of slavery. It is a perfectly truthful, intelligent record of this wonderful time, and is told with such conciseness, simplicity, and humor that one reads every word. It is a valuable contribution not only to our history, but to the study of human nature and ethnical peculiarities. As the publisher said to me "It is a book that will be worth even more fifty years hence

than it is now." It should be read by every American citizen who has to help in solving the great question of how to secure justice to the negro, and enable the two races to live in harmony. It is a small book and is published by Lee and Shepard of Boston.

With warm wishes to all friends of *The Open Court* for a Happy New Year

I remain yours,

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

P. S. It is said that Harvard College has at last consented to open its doors to women, as the old miser Trapbois would do anything "for a consideration"! Cannot Harvard remember the large sums already lavished on Harvard by women, and the mothers and sisters who have toiled to support their young men there, and if lagging behind other colleges at last "rise to the height of this great argument" and open its doors with a welcome to women without a bribe! We would promise its management that they would be no losers by the step.

#### NOTES.

The foremost Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art is *The Week* of Toronto. This magazine has recently changed its shape; so that it now much resembles in external form as well as literary purposes the *Athenaeum* and *Saturday Review*. The tone of *The Week* is of the highest. Its pages are everywhere marked by calmness and evenness of judgment. To all who take an interest in Canadian affairs, in fact to all who wish to keep abreast with current matters generally, we may confidently recommend this magazine. (Toronto: C. B. Robinson.)

More might be said on the topics touched upon by General Trumbull in this number. The six years' term of the presidency is not necessarily an infringement of popular liberty, nor is anti-vivisection, because of its sentimental foundation, more moral than vivisection.

## THE OPEN COURT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES.

Dr. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

All communications should be addressed to

THE OPEN COURT,

(Nixon Building, 175 La Salle Street,)

P. O. DRAWER F.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 281. (VOL. VII.—2.)

CHICAGO, JANUARY 12, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## SAWING AND SPLITTING.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

IF 2 men working one day of 8 hours can saw and split 32 cords of firewood, how many cords can 3 men working one day of 10 hours saw and split?

The Illogical Seminary of Inquirendo Island had gone on for a very long time adhering to what they termed the faith of their fathers. The professors taught dogmatically, and the students received weekly the engrafted word of the Arithmetic, reverencing Mathematics as the only true god.

But in the course of time Providence, or Provident Nature, or the Divine Harmony of things raised up, or lowered down (as one may think) a certain Dr. Hyer Kritik to teach what the orthodox called erroneous and strange doctrine. Dr. Kritik was learned, poetic, eloquent, masterful, plausible, and captivating in his manner; and in his newer light drew after him much more than the third part of all the students.

It would be quite beyond the limits of an article such as this to go into minute details concerning all the new doctrines or new interpretations of old ones. I shall therefore confine myself to a consideration of one single text above quoted, taken from the Rule of Three.

There had been a time in the history of the church when there was a great conflict as to this portion of Scripture; many having been found to say that it was quite enough for them to live under the rule of one. In the end, however, after a deal of controversy and much bloodshed, the book was admitted to be canonical; since which time the faithful have never doubted that it contained a true revelation of the Almighty Mathematics.

As to the exact character of this "revelation" illogicians were much divided, even among those who professed and called themselves orthodox. Some held that this text justified the believer in undertaking to saw and split 16 cords of wood in one day of 8 hours, provided only he had the faith. These pointed out the manifest fact that *if* 2 men could saw and split 32 cords in 8 hours, 1 man could do at least half as much.

Another school of thought, perceiving that no man of ordinary muscle could by any possibility do so much claimed that the inspired word must not be taken literally. Here again opinions divided; some claiming that the "day" referred to was longer in ancient times; while others insisted that for this especial purpose and occasion only, the day had been miraculously lengthened. Another branch of the church took strenuous ground that the word "split" in the authorised version was an interpolation, and that the parties really had to *saw* the wood only, without splitting it. Here again discord crept in, for while a portion held that under mathematical guidance and with due faith, the wood could be *sawed*, others, no less learned and prominent in church circles, denied it, asserting that, even if angels split the wood, the task of sawing alone was beyond human power.

An irreverent outsider suggested that the wood ought to be piled as well as sawed and split, and that while Mathematics was about it he might as well have made a clean job of the matter.

It is perhaps needless to say that this party did not claim to be orthodox.

At this very hour the great heresy trial is going on; Dr. Kritik having been called before the assembled church has re-enunciated his famous thesis—that instead of 32 cords the rendering should be 3 or 2, which he claims would amply suffice to bring revelation and reason into full harmony.

In the mean time there are those (including myself) who hold to the opinion that in this and cognate matters there exists absolutely no room for opinion; that mathematical truth exists in the quoted text as in a multitude of others in the sacred arithmetic, altogether independent of the form of statement.

We hold that the truth of the relations of numbers would be the same no matter what values were employed—whether of men, or days, or hours, or cords, or whether they sawed and split, aye and even piled. We hold, in short, that errancy in fact may exist, and in the text does exist, quite compatible with inerrancy of truth; that there is a truth higher than single facts, and that no text and no book is or can be of more value than the principles it contains.



Alas! how few agree with us. The great heresy trial, as I say, is now on, and both sides (the illiberals and the illiberally liberal) sawing and splitting words of whose use and value both sides are woefully ignorant.

#### SCIENCE.

We propose the following five definitions of science: (1) Knowledge, i. e., a description of facts. (2) Truth, i. e., a correct description of facts. (3) The search for truth. (4) The methodical search for truth. (5) The methods of searching for the truth.

The Latin *scientia*, from which the word "science" is derived, bears a similar etymological relation to *scire* (i. e., "to know") as the German *Wissenschaft* to *wissen* and the English noun *knowledge* to its verb *to know*.<sup>\*</sup> It means, originally, the stock of knowledge we have, and knowledge is "a description of facts."

Knowledge, it must be understood, has to be a correct description of facts; it must be true. The facts must be well ascertained and unmistakably stated. Knowledge means, *eo ipso*, correct knowledge; and correct knowledge is called "truth."

Science, however, as the term is commonly used, is not only the stock of knowledge on hand, but also and especially our endeavor to acquire knowledge: it is "the search for truth."

Science, as the search for truth, presupposes our desire for truth and includes the way to reach it. The methods of science demand: (1) The exact observation of phenomena; (2) the tracing out of their determinative factors; (3) a discriminate statement of the phenomena under observation in comprehensive formulas, called natural laws; (4) a systematising of natural laws; (5) if possible, tests by experiments; and (6) the application of the results of science to practical life.

The amount of matter and energy remaining constant in the whole system of the entire universe, science, in order to trace the determining factors, has to deal with changes of form, which in their succession are called causes and effects.

Science, above all, widens the range of experience by the discovery of new facts; it further purifies our knowledge by the elimination of contradictions and errors; it also systematises the description of facts, so as to survey them with the greatest economy possible; moreover, it aims at completeness, so as to exhaust the subject and comprehend in its formulas all possible cases; finally, it makes its statements serviceable to practical ends.

It is the methods of searching which make the

search for truth truly scientific, and when we wish to emphasise this, we define science as "the methodical search for truth."

The methods of science have come to be called "science" themselves, because of their importance in the search for truth, as forming the essential characteristic of that which is to be regarded as scientific. In this sense we say: Science is "the methods of searching for the truth;" and these methods consist (according to Mach) in an "economy of thought."

The purpose of science is and remains truth, i. e., correct knowledge or an accurate and exhaustive statement of facts. And the purpose of truth is its application to practical life in the various fields of industry, of art, and of moral conduct.

\*                      \*

The basis of science is experience. Experience being the effect of events upon sentient beings, is a psychical act, and thus it is obvious that all science has a psychical basis. This, however, does not imply the conclusion that all sciences are mere branches of psychology.

Every single science investigates one special province of facts, and the limits of this province are artificially established by abstraction. Chemistry investigates the chemical qualities of things, physics the physical, psychology the psychical, botany collects and systematises all knowledge concerning plant life, zoölogy concerning animal life, etc. But there are no things in the world which consist of chemical qualities only. The chemist confines his attention only to the chemical qualities of his objects of investigation, and leaves out of sight their psychical or any other properties. The domains of the different sciences overlap one another and their barriers are erected simply for the sake of order and arrangement. We have to build up our knowledge piecemeal by limiting our attention now to this and now to that fact, and the limitation of each special science is a wholesale act of abstraction.

Thus psychology, although psychic facts are the basis of all experience, is quite a special province of its own. Psychology is the science which deals with the functions of the soul, i. e., it investigates the province of meaning-freighted feelings. The domain, for instance, of the physicist is limited to the physical qualities of things; so he excludes all the rest and accordingly also neglects the fact, that all our physical knowledge is possible only because we are sentient beings. He takes the whole state of things which make physics as a science possible for granted, and leaves their investigation to other men, or, if he desires to do it himself, defers it to another occasion. If this were not so, a general confusion would prevail and we might consider any science as a part of any other science. We might regard astronomy as a branch of

<sup>\*</sup> The ending "ledge" is a distorted form of M. E. *leche* or *lac*, which appears also in *wedlock*. Its root, like that of *lay*, a song, denotes sporting or playing. It is connected with Germ. *Leich*, a song of irregular construction, the root of which is found in Goth. *laikan*, to dance, and Anglo-S. *litan*, to frolic.



logic, because the astronomer has to think in words (mathematical symbols being here included under the term "word") or, *vice versa*, logic as a branch of astronomy, because the logician exists only as an inhabitant of one of the celestial bodies.

Thus every science possesses a domain of its own, the limits of which are drawn by abstraction.

\* \* \*

The world being thus divided among the sciences, must not philosophy, like the poet in Schiller's poem, "*Die Theilung der Erde*," leave the throne of Zeus empty-handed? There is seemingly nothing left; indeed, according to the Comtean idea of positivism, philosophy is nothing but a hierarchy of the sciences. Comte, in order to elaborate a positive philosophy, thought it necessary to present in a very voluminous work abstracts of the various sciences. This was a mistake, for, first, abstracts of the various sciences are better made by specialists, and, secondly, philosophy has other duties than that of dabbling in the spheres of the different sciences.

What, then, is the domain of philosophy?

Although all the different sciences have taken away their parts, there are left some very important objects for investigation: (1) The relations among the sciences, which make of them a systematic whole, so that their unity is conceived as a consistent world-conception; (2) the basis of all the sciences and the scientific method, including the tools of scientific inquiry, which are such ideas as cause and effect, natural law, knowledge and cognition, experience, reason, truth, the criterion of truth, etc.; and (3) the practical application of the sciences as a world-conception to our own existence, with the view of gaining an insight into the nature of being and the duties which it imposes.

An investigation of these subjects is of great importance and constitutes an abstract domain of its own. Yet as all the sciences are inseparable from each other, so philosophy is inseparable from the sciences. Its field is not outside them, but within them. A philosopher must also be a scientist; he must be imbued with the spirit of exact scientific inquiry, as, *vice versa*, the scientist must be a philosopher; he must understand the relation of his specialty not only to the other specialties, but also to the whole system of their common philosophical world-conception. EDITOR.

#### THE ETHICS OF GREECE.\*

##### A SURVEY.

BY W. L. SHELDON.

PHILOSOPHY begins with the query *what*? Ethics begins with *why*? The Greek people were really the first, in the true and deep sense of the word, to make use of these two interrogatives. There

\* Address before the Ethical Society of St. Louis, April, 1892.

had been *opinions* before; but they had been only sentiments or traditions, suggestions or analogies from nature; they had not come from the direct application of the mind to human life, to nature, or to God.

The Egyptian people, for example, had had an architecture and a religion; but they had founded them largely on certain vague and striking analogies which they drew from the natural conditions of that country. The river Nile with its remarkable peculiarities, actually gave them the basis for their interpretation of nature, and the elements of their religion. The Hebrew people, on the other hand, in their splendid theocracy had a basis of truth, great and impressive, but also not philosophical, not scientifically ethical, because it simply tended to answer all questions with the one reply, —the *will of God*. But the people of Greece went beyond analogies in nature, beyond even inferences from the will of the Deity. They gave reasons and developed principles. They sought by their own minds to find a definite, positive answer to the *why* and the *what*. As the first rationalists, they were the first philosophers.

We cannot help feeling a certain sense of awe at the majesty of the work of that particular race, or we might more especially say, of that one city of Athens. We do not forget that that one place in the short interval of about two centuries, established a greater influence on the world than any other city or race or country in any thousand years.

The Hebrews gave us theology and the Bible; the Romans gave us laws and political and social institutions; but the Greeks gave us ideas; with them was born the intellectual life, from them came science and philosophy. What shall we say when we remember that that one city in that short time has taken the permanent lead in five if not six of the greatest spheres of human work: literature, sculpture, architecture, ethics, and philosophy—I was almost going to add, statesmanship. We do not forget that never has there been a single instance of a building which for beauty of architecture could even be regarded as the parallel of the Parthenon. Only two poets, Shakespeare and Goethe, could be accepted at any time as the equal of three of their great dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Even Michael Angelo stands second in sculpture to Phidias. There has not been one solitary mind, in the last twenty-three hundred years, equal in depth to three of the great minds of that people, —Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. I give these facts not as personal opinions, but as the accepted standpoint of the average scholar and student of the present day.

It is a settled fact that probably three quarters of the best and deepest thought we meet in literature and philosophy, can be traced to those writers of Greece. Again and again it has come over me how extensively we could refer the opinions of Spinoza, Hume, Kant, John Stuart Mill, Descartes, St. Augustine, Marcus Aurelius, even Thomas à Kempis to those first three writers and thinkers: Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. We might even say the same in the branch of statesmanship. Many of the most profound thoughts in politics and economics can be traced to those minds of Athens. What shall we say of an individual who could be a great general in war and at the same time have the versatility to write the "*Memoirs of Socrates*," and a volume on "*Social Economics*," as was true of Xenophon? Where too is the parallel, unless it be in the case of the Medicis, of a statesman matchless in his own science and at the same time so appreciative of all the great arts? For my own part I remember nothing in the addresses of statesmen, superior, if indeed equal, to the one celebrated funeral address of Pericles. Much of the deepest thought on questions of state are to be found in this short but magnificent oration. The utterances would be almost as suggestive for us now, as they were at that time. We quote some of those sentences that were reported as coming from that great statesman:

"Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is



true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognised; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor; if he does what he likes we do not put on sour looks at him, which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having a special regard for those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, as well as those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them, the reprobation of the general sentiment."

"We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act, and of acting, too; whereas other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection."

"We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit."

"I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athene, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering they could present at her feast."

"The whole earth is the sepulcher of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men."

We may be told that this was said to please the populace of Athens. No, it was a great deal more than that. The people knew perfectly well that what he had said of them was only partially true. He had shown the wonderful tact of a statesman in suggesting to them what that people might actually become, by apparently telling them what they were. He saw the germs, the possibilities of that ideal among those people and in their institutions. He sketched there for all future time the elements of an ideal democracy which should have respect for law, treat all men equally, and yet pay recognition to superior excellence. Individuality and fraternity were combined. Loyalty to the social organism is suggested. As I read that speech over and over, it ceases for me to be an address on political science, it is no longer a mere funeral oration; it is a master-piece in the science of ethics. It suggests what a state *ought to be*. It holds aloft a magnificent ideal. It suggests a universal Athens. Amid certain elements that were imperfect and crude, but in keeping with his own time, there is probably as much if not more of the universally true and ideal for the science of politics to be found there, than in any other address of any other statesman of human history.

It may be said, however, that the greatness of their sculpture and their architecture has nothing to do with the science of ethics. What does the Parthenon have to tell us about evil and good, wrong and right? What shall we gather there about the idea of justice? I recognise a certain propriety in the question, if it were with reference to the arts of other nations. But the Parthenon does preach one everlasting sermon. Ask ourselves for a moment what is the one supreme contrast between that building and the edifices of our modern world. It lies in the fact that there was not a single block of stone in the entire structure that did not do something or serve some purpose in the building. If there was a column, it bore a weight. If there was an ornament, it filled in a natural

vacancy; indeed we might almost have said, that to have taken out a single stone would have pulled down the whole edifice; whereas in modern times, we might often take out a large part of a building and leave the structure standing. The main thought in their architecture was, that if beauty was to be there, it was not to be *put on*, but just to grow as it were from the normal proportions of the temple. It was a magnificent discovery which brought out the truth, first, that simplicity could be beautiful; and secondly, that beauty itself was something that must come from within and be an essential part of the structure. The Parthenon is simple almost to the point of being tame. We take it all in with a single glance. One look, and we see the building. But the effect of it on the mind is everlasting. Beauty has to be an essential part of the thing it adorns, else it is no lasting beauty at all. That was the great lesson in ethics that came from the Parthenon.

Precisely in the same way we can draw a like truth or discovery from their sculpture. It had been so much the effort of the Assyrians and Egyptians and other people to express greatness by means of the colossal. A king or an emperor was indicated by the huge size of his figure in comparison with those around him. Statues were usually made vastly greater in size than the person they represented. The Greek, on the other hand, was able to portray greatness by having it indicate itself in the mere form or position of the figure or in the lines of the face. We could see a Greek statue of ordinary life size, and be able to say, this was the statue of a king. It was an extraordinary discovery in the science of ethics, that greatness did not consist in size or dimensions, but in quality of form and texture of character,—that it was an essential part of a person, coming as it were by itself, without being sought after or put on. Such was the greatness of Pericles. We look at the figure and look at the face as it has come down to us carved in marble, scarcely more than life size, contrasting it with the colossal heads of the kings of the Orient, Assyria, or Egypt, and it appears of itself to say, "I am a king."

It may be asked in the same way, how is it possible that the poetry or drama should teach ethics? They belong to the sphere of art; surely it should not be expected that they should preach sermons. It is commonly admitted that art loses its power when it begins to moralise. Poetry should be poetry, and nothing else; it should appeal to the sentiments, to the higher feelings, but surely it should not express thoughts and principles!

This may all be very true. Nevertheless it is perfectly possible that under certain conditions we might be able to discover the elements of ethics in the drama. It is not uncommon that an individual soul in a great emotional crisis, when giving utterance to his feelings, should in a sudden outburst let those emotions crystallise in some one great universal thought or principle. This would not be moralising. It would be only a spasmodic illumination of the feelings, as the intellect in one wide grasp appreciates the true meaning or significance of the crisis. Great trial, sudden calamity, will now and then have the effect of making the individual suddenly look deep into philosophy. We not only feel deeply, but we *think* intensely, in such emergencies. It is in this way, I assume, we are to explain the occasional profound thoughts that are expressed in the characters of the dramas of Shakespeare and Goethe. Likewise it was with the equally great, if not greater, poets of Athens.

Probably the deepest and most profound utterance in the whole sphere of ethics was an outburst from Antigone in the play of Sophocles. We are all familiar with her magnificent appeal to the "unwritten law which knows no change." It is now a commonplace in literature:

"It was not Zeus who gave them forth,  
Nor Justice dwelling with the Gods below,  
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;  
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,  
That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass  
The unwritten laws of God that know no change."



They are not of to-day nor yesterday,  
But live forever, nor can man assign  
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear  
Of any man's resolve was I prepared  
Before the Gods to hear the penalty  
Of sinning against these."

When that speech was uttered ethics as a science was born. Until that truth had been discovered, there could have been no such science. But when the heroine defies the law of the state, and says that there is a higher right, an ideal law with which the edicts of the state should square themselves, that that higher law should prevail over the authority of the state, yes, over even the King of Heaven,—at that moment human intellect pierced the veil of authority which had rested on custom and tradition. It brought morality within the sphere of knowledge. That proclamation of an unwritten, universal law, was the foundation of the science of ethics. Was Antigone a philosopher? Not in the least. It was the heroic nature rising above present conditions, conscious that her position was right, and, in the emergency, seeking to explain itself in thought. It is in that way that the greatest moral truths have been discovered. We call them prophetic utterances, as though they had come by inspiration; and it is true, in a way they *are* an inspiration, which the mind gives to the deeper instincts or feelings by venturing to put its interpretation upon them. It is not a question whether the particular defiance of Antigone was right or wrong; but the truth she discovered in the crisis of her emotions was as valuable to the world as the discovery by Newton of the law of gravitation. Justice and right were there laid down as resting on deeper foundations than the state, custom, tradition, or even the will of God.

We could offer a still more pleasing illustration of the form in which the science of ethics may be said to have its origin in the drama of the Greeks. It may be found not only in philosophical utterances, but in types of character. There could also be no true science of ethics until it had been discovered that there was an actual, positive obligation on the part of the individual to human society. It was essential that men should understand that the human soul had to live for something else, than itself and its God. It was necessary that truth should be expressed both in thought and example. We recall, for instance, the play of Iphigenia by Euripides. There too is a heroine. In this case, however, there is no appeal to the unwritten law, but to a sense of human obligation.

We remember the story. It was a question whether the daughter of the king should be sacrificed on the altar to propitiate the Deity. We do not question now whether it was the true method of understanding religion. It is simply the issue whether if the welfare of the people demanded it, an individual ought to make the sacrifice. I know of nothing in literature finer than the speech of Iphigenia;

"Mother do you hear my words, for I perceive that thou art vainly wroth with thy husband. But it is not easy for us to struggle with things impossible. It is meet, therefore, to praise our friend for his willingness, but it behooves thee also to see that you do not be an object of reproach to the army, and we profit nothing more, and he meet with calamity. But hear me, mother, thinking upon what has entered my mind. I have determined to die and this I would fain do gloriously, I mean, by dismissing all ignoble thoughts. Come hither, mother, consider with me how well I speak. Greece, the greatest of states, is now all looking at me, and there rests in me both the passage of ships and the destruction of Troy, and, for the women hereafter, if the barbarians do them aught of harm, to allow them no longer to carry them off from prosperous Greece, having avenged the destruction of Helen whom Paris bore away. All these things I, dying, shall redeem, and my renown for that I have freed Greece will be blessed. Thou hast brought me forth for the common good of Greece, not for thyself only. But shall ten thousand men armed with bucklers and ten thousand oars in hand, their country being injured, dare do some deed against the foes, and perish on behalf of Greece, while my life, being but one, shall hinder all these things? Have we a word to answer? And let me come to this point: it is not meet that this man should come to strife with all the Greeks for the sake of a woman, nor lose his life. But if Diana should wish to receive my body, shall I, being mortal, become an opponent to the Goddess? But it cannot be! I give my body for Greece. Sacrifice it and sack Troy. For this for a long time will be my memorial, and this my children,

my wedding, and my glory. It is meet that Greeks should rule over barbarians O mother, but not barbarians over Greeks; for the ones are slavish, but the others are free."

It might be said that this was superstition, that they ought to have had a different idea of their God. But that is not the question for consideration. What Iphigenia was thinking of, was, not her debt to the Deity, but what she owed to her people. It was the consciousness that the welfare of all Greece was of more importance than her personal life. It was all expressed in that one magnificent utterance, "Thou hast brought me forth, not for thyself alone, but for the common good of Greece." This tells the whole story.

We have there the second truth essential to the birth of the science of ethics. It was the distinct recognition that society had a direct claim on the individual, that we make sacrifices for the good of our fellow-men, not only because we care to do it, or because we must do it, but also because the law of right and justice exacts it from us. The more crude, half-developed nature would have taken the contrary standpoint. It would have stood up in defiance. Iphigenia's appeal was not merely to sentiment, but to a clear and final principle. That is what makes so striking and remarkable this play of Euripides.

It is interesting, in passing, to observe also that the two characters in that literature uttering these profound intellectual truths were women. We may only half appreciate the significance of that unusual circumstance.

I have ventured in this way to give illustrations of the influence of the thought of that people in the sphere of ethics; from their sculpture and architecture in the Parthenon; from the utterances of statesmen like Pericles; and from the sublime and immortal words of Sophocles and Euripides. But the Greek people, as we have said, were not only the fathers of sculpture, architecture, the drama, and statesmanship; we look to them also for the origin of philosophy. It might be said that all the gropings of the mind and heart in the poets, architects, and statesmen, finally culminated in the greatest of all minds,—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

The more I have read the thoughts of those minds, the more it has come home to me how little was left to be said. We ordinarily begin by studying the writings of later thinkers of the modern world. It is a startling discovery when we find that much of the best thought of Kant and Emerson, Hume and Pascal is to be read in the writings of those other earlier minds, who lived fifteen hundred or two thousand years before them. I do not say that all our religion or philosophy comes from the Greeks. We owe an equal debt in another direction to the Hebrews and the Romans. But ethics as a science certainly had its origin with the people of Athens.

It would be impossible in a few paragraphs to give even an epitome or outline of the thoughts of those three philosophers. We cannot say which was the greater or the greatest; but we can only rest assured that they were, and have always been, the fountain-head of philosophy. It began with Socrates, with his everlasting habit of putting questions, not being willing to let things stay as they were just because the fore-fathers had thought them right and wise. He was the one who perhaps for the first time in history did put that question,—why, and wherefore?

It is so ordinary now that we do not appreciate its purport. But there was a time when men first began to hear the query, what are you doing that *for*? why do you act in that way? They had literally never thought of it. They acted from moment to moment, from hour to hour. It was a revolution in human feeling when a man stood forth and said, you must first in your mind grasp the whole purpose of life before you begin to act or work at all; otherwise, what you do is liable to be futile, aimless, and without any result. Socrates insisting on discovering the whole purpose of life, was the philosophical beginning of the science of ethics. It all grew out of that commonplace notion,—if you make a window, do it not



with reference to one single room, but adjust and fashion it according to the proportions of the whole house. Out of the plain science of carpentering came ethics; as indeed we might say, from a plain humble carpenter came the religion of Christianity.

Then came the idealist Plato. He had received the method, he had been given his first principles or suggestions from his great teacher. The principle of adjustment or proportion of each act to the whole life, of every detail to the one supreme purpose,—this was his starting point, as given him by Socrates.

Plato has truly been called "the Father of Idealism." A certain class of minds will always look to him as their leader. It is not the particular theory which he held; his special doctrine may have been somewhat modified. It was the amount of *stress* which he laid on ideas and their influence, which gives him this distinction. We are all somewhat realists and somewhat idealists. Whether we belong to one or the other class will depend simply on the degree of importance we give to the concrete or ideal.

It was of consequence that so early in history a colossal genius should appear which should exalt *pure mind* to so lofty a height. The great Master who had taken the hemlock was no more. He had begun the science; now came the further consideration.

Where was that law of virtue to be found? How should we seek for it? The genius of Socrates had shown itself in the one persistent demand that we should at least set out to find it. Plato's mighty contribution came in the assertion that that law was to be found as a supreme idea *back in the mind or soul itself*. It was an equally grand discovery for the philosopher at that time to have asserted that the soul "could perceive certain things by its own power." It fixed irrevocably the right of pure mind to a certain authority. No agency since that time has been able to draw it from its pinnacle. With Socrates began the science of ethics; but we could still further say, with Plato, in the higher sense, began philosophy, because with him began the analysis of mind and its true power and sphere of influence. He may have exaggerated the degree of its importance. But the assertion has not yet been refuted, that in this soul of ours there is something not quite to be accounted for by what we perceive outside of us. We do from within ourselves contribute something to knowledge.

The law of virtue had been stated as a positive fact to be defined, accounted for, and explained by the first great teacher. The second leader came and sought to give that definition. He it was who put forward the idea of the good, as something to be looked for within the human soul. He did not say that it was something that could necessarily be realised and worked out in complete form; he did not assert that we could ever see it with the human eye; but there was the positive assurance that it was there as an idea or an ideal. We read what he says with regard to the majesty of one of those principles.

"Justice is the reality of which this is the semblance, dealing, however, not with the outward man but with the inward, which is the true self and our supreme concern. The nature of justice and the perfectly just man is only an ideal. We are to look at them in order that we may judge of our own joy or misery according to the standard which they give and the degree to which we resemble them."

There, in a sentence, is the position or standpoint of Plato. The artist is justified in giving a perfectly ideal type, though it could be shown that no such a concrete form had ever existed. The ethical teacher is authorised in the same way to draw from his mind an ideal of the perfect man, although it has no existence in reality.

Plato was trying to do in the sphere of ethics just what Phidias was endeavoring to perform with that magnificent structure on the Acropolis. It is for this reason that I like to think of that father of idealism, out there with his pupils in the groves of the academy, because from the shade of those trees they could look out towards that great mass of rock, and as they talked together could let their eyes fall upon the Parthenon. That building was an effort, and the

most successful of its kind ever constructed, to construct an ideal of beauty out of the mind itself. And it was this supremely, because we are to remember that no models were then in existence, no philosophy or science of architecture then prevailed. Those two men accomplished a like achievement in their two great spheres of work. Instinctively we connect the names of Phidias and Plato.

The philosopher could say: "While thou hast not seen it with thine eye; thou canst behold it nevertheless. Though it never stand before thee in external form, it is there in the presence of thine inward vision. It shall follow thee, stay with thee, live with thee, but not die with thee. It shall hold thee in its grasp and never let thee go. Thou canst flee from it but it will be with thee as the cause of thine own shadow. It stands there fixed as a part of thine own soul, *the law of the good*." This in my own words would be the way I would summarise the entire moral philosophy of Plato.

Finally, to close the trio of colossal minds came Aristotle. He is thought to be the philosopher of the concrete and practical. The idealist thinks of him as dry and ordinary; but we are not to forget that human thought at the present day is more extensively made up of opinions and teachings from him, than from either Socrates or Plato. Through his practical genius the thought of Greece was able to become an influential factor in the intellectual development of Europe. The church adopted it as a means of working out their system of doctrine; the creeds of the past owe very much to his teachings. It is doubtful whether they would ever have been in existence if it had not been for the third of those great intellects of Greece. All that he did in the various spheres of economics, political science, metaphysics, psychology, and even natural science, does not concern us here. We are interested only in one line of his influence. He analysed the virtues, he was the first intellect that undertook to write a detailed catalogue of the duties. That was the one thing essential to establish the fact once for all, that ethics could be a science. We may now-a-days think that we have a finer and more thorough classification of the virtues. It is probably true that he has been superseded in this sphere by Immanuel Kant. But the genius comes in the individual who begins the work, sees the necessity for it, suggests the first broad outlines,—not in him who is merely a successor and carries it out to completion. There was one permanent step to be taken. Socrates had laid down as we have said the demand that virtue be defined; Plato had shown where the law was to be discovered; but there remained the task of determining what was its actual nature in the soul, what were the virtues, what made them different from the other facts or laws of the natural world, how were they related to the structure and growth of the mind and the soul. This had not been clearly explained by the first or second of that trio. Aristotle gave the answer. He drew the lasting contrast between outward nature, and the growth of the inward self.

What is the real difference between the way we grow and the way nature acts? Why, he says, you may toss a stone up a thousand or million times into the air, but the number of times you do it will not in the slightest degree encourage the stone to go up into the air by itself. Its law is fixed and irrevocable. You cannot change it, you cannot make it do other than what is its nature. The stone will not fly into the air by its own effort though you were to keep tossing it there for untold millions of years. But on the other hand how is it with one's self? We do actually induce this body and soul of ours to acquire new ways and new habits, by simply making ourselves perform certain acts a number of times. We can literally to a certain extent change and re-make ourselves; we can root out vices by the steady performance of higher deeds; we can make good conduct natural where at one time evil tendencies had that position. In a word virtues are not merely ideas but they are *habits* of the body, and mind and soul. They are not learned, but acquired.

This was the final discovery which practically brought to a



conclusion the history of the ethics of Greece. The entire foundation had been laid. It only rested for the superstructure to be erected by the thought and labors of Rome, France, England, Germany, and lastly America. We are simply building on those foundations. The basis is there and will be the same forever. Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato established the elements of the one great science which most concerns us,—that of ethics. We can see it in the sculpture of the Apollo and Hermes; we view it in the work of the Parthenon; it is to be traced in the Iphigenia, the Antigone, and the Prometheus. We can recognise it in the efforts of Pericles; it culminates finally in those three colossal minds, the philosophers of Greece.

This may almost seem like a superstitious regard for the work of a single people. We do not mean to say that we cannot advance upon them! But the old truths do not change though we make new discoveries. And so it is that the new elements in this science must be a superstructure resting on that first basis of truth which came from Athens. And yet our work in ethics must continue. The best suggestion I can make in conclusion would be from the English poet who sang of Hellas:

"The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn;  
Heaven smiles, and faith and empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.  
A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far;  
A new Peneus rolls its fountains  
Against the morning star.  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.  
Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath like sunset to the skies  
The splendor of its prime;  
And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
All earth can take or Heaven can give."

What we have to do is told there plainly enough. The Greeks of by-gone days will never come back again. There is no use in attempting to re-establish the position or supremacy of that particular people as they exist to-day. What we have now to do is to build a new, that is, a universal Athens.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in his annual message to the legislature, speaks of the Homestead riot, and compliments the militia for the "zeal and activity" displayed by those amateur warriors in reducing the working men to "peace and submission." These are portentous words; ominous, not only to the working men but also to their masters. When I remember that the most productive estate of its size in all this world, is the piece of land geographically known as Pennsylvania, it seems to me that if a standing army becomes necessary there to dragoon the working men into "peace and submission," something must be wrong in the management of that farm. "Peace and submission" is an irritating phrase when directed exclusively against the working men, for it implies that the laborers are a conquered class; and a conquered class is a rickety foundation on which to build the prosperity of any nation; because men, and especially American men, will never contentedly stay conquered.

A key to the puzzle is furnished by the Governor himself in that identical message, for he complains of another set of Pennsylvania lawbreakers who live in habitual riot and rebellion without any fear of punishment at all; those numerous incorporated conspiracies, which according to the Governor, appear to be in a chronic state of treason. Asking for an enforcement of the Constitution against all corporations that trample it under foot, the

Governor mentions the Reading railroad combination as "an especially flagrant illustration of the manner in which the Constitution is defied." That is positive enough, and it really seems as if the militia might reduce to "peace and submission" that organised assault upon the Constitution. Unfortunately, the militia is intended for the protection of the Reading "combine" and similar bands of powerful men confederated against the law. Property, abusing its rights, and usurping powers by which the Constitution is "defied" provokes the resistance of labor

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An Illinois statesman has offered in the legislature a bill for lengthening blankets by cutting a strip from the top of them and stitching it on to the bottom; in other words, he proposes to increase the demand for labor at one end of our industrial system, by cutting off the supply of labor at the other. He proposes to limit the hours of labor by law, and he makes industry a crime if persisted in longer than eight hours in any one day. In the language of his bill, "It shall be and is unlawful for any person to agree to be employed, hired, or engaged, or counsel or persuade any other person to agree to be, or to be employed, hired, or engaged contrary to the provisions of this act." The scheme is to increase wages by decreasing the products, out of which all wages must be paid; and to increase the demand for laborers by diminishing the hours of labor. He might as well implore the legislature to flog this old earth to a quicker pace, and thus reduce her hours of daily labor from twenty-four to twenty. The bill is morally unsound because it takes away the right of men to work as long as they please, and to make their own contracts; it is economically unsound because it seeks to increase the demand for labor by cutting off the source from which the demand must come. The plan is fallacious because it makes idleness furnish employment for industry. Abundance, not scarcity, furnishes work and wages. The theory of the bill is born of the mistake that if we diminish the supply of labor by one fifth, we reduce the product of labor in that proportion, and therefore a corresponding increase of laborers must be called into the vineyard to make up the deficiency; but this view of it supposes that there is a reservoir of wages somewhere that is not supplied by labor, a reservoir that can replenish itself whether men work or not. Suppose the length of the working day reduced to four hours, or to two, is it not evident that the result would be less workmen at work, and these at lower wages? The principle of the bill is mischievous because it leads working men to the opinion that it is patriotic and brave to withdraw a part, or all of their producing power from the commonwealth of labor. If that is true, surely we ought to honor the noble army of tramps, and sports, and thieves, who have patriotically withdrawn themselves altogether from the competition with their fellow-men in the labor market. The vagrant, instead of being punished, ought to be rewarded. If we depend for an eight hour working-day on the feeble mandate of an Illinois statute we shall waste the time that might be better employed in seeking the reform in a more effective way.

\* \* \*

Another encroachment upon liberty is reported; this time from Cheyenne, in the State of Wyoming. It appeared in the shape of a judicial denial of the right which the citizens of that commonwealth have enjoyed from time immemorial. The case before the court was that of the cattlemen, indicted for high crimes and misdemeanors. The outrage committed by the judge, a tenderfoot by the name of Scott, was this: He instructed the clerk to enter an order that all prisoners appear in court without fire-arms, and the sheriff was directed to see that the order be strictly enforced. This order deprives a prisoner of that privilege which has heretofore always been allowed him by the unwritten Magna Charta of Wyoming, the right to shoot a witness who may be telling too much truth; or "the counsel on the other side," if



he should happen to become too eloquent in his address to the jury. When I lived out on the western frontier I always thought that a ten-inch revolver, visible in the belt of "the prisoner at the bar," was a wholesome check on the fluent vituperation of the prosecuting attorney; and I mourn over the decay of liberty when I see the blessed privilege of shooting a lawyer in the court-room taken away by the arbitrary mandate of a judge. Mr. Justice Scott carried the innovation beyond the bounds of all reason when he made his order apply not only to the prisoners, but also to the witnesses and spectators, whereby the prospect of enlivening the trial by a free for all fight in the middle of it, was grievously diminished. Of course, a stray bullet might have hit "the honorable court," but that is a timid excuse for taking away from the citizens of Wyoming their ancient rights. With proper contempt for the effeminacy of modern civilisation the Wyoming cowboys read this notice on the court-house door: "Before going into court, gentlemen will please deposit their guns in the ante-room." And when the "guns" were all deposited the ante-room looked like the armory in the Tower of London. M. M. TRUMBULL.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE AGNOSTIC ANNUAL. Edited by Chas. A. Watts. London: W. Stewart & Co.

The *Annual* for 1893 is very good reading, and has little that is typically agnostic in it. Mr. Amos Waters's "Reverent Agnosticism" contains most of that which is at all essentially so. This article is thoughtfully and artistically done; and exhibits Mr. Waters's characteristically "sweet" literary style in its best and latest guise. His prediction of a coming philosophico-religious reconstruction will find an answering echo in the minds of many.

The author in chief, however, of the present number, is Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is known to consider the term "agnostic" as descriptive of his general point of view. By him is contributed the opening paper upon "The Moral Sanction." Mr. Stephen holds that to try to discover "a moral 'sanction' in the sense of finding out a motive which shall persuade everybody to be virtuous, is to attempt a contradiction. . . . This argument is generally alleged as telling against the scientific moralist, whether of the Utilitarian or Evolutionist variety, I reply that it is equally applicable upon every moral theory. Every genuine 'sanction' must imply a certain character in the persons whose conduct it is to influence."

Dr. Alfred Momerie—who was compelled to vacate a London chair of logic and metaphysic on account of heresy—discourses upon "Dogmatism in Theology." He very neatly distinguishes dogma from creed as follows: "Creed means that which is believed in the present, dogma that which must not be disbelieved in the future." Dr. Momerie declares that what is now called theology does not possess a single characteristic of true science.

Mr. Samuel Laing compares "Sermons on the Mount" of Ancient Egyptian, Zoroastrian, and Christian sacred books. The result of this comparison is by no means in favor of the latest and most familiar homily.

Mr. Edward Clodd, author of some popular summaries of lore relating to religions and evolution, writes on "Anthropology and Orthodoxy."

Miss C. E. Plumptre, also an author, Dr. Bithell, Mr. Chas. Watts, Mr. F. J. Gould, and Mr. Frederick Millar all send interesting prose contributions.

Poetry is represented by Mr. Gerald Massey's "The Mother Nature," Mr. W. Stewart Ross's "The City of the Dead," and some verses by Mr. G. H. Martin.

The last piece of writing in the *Annual* is especially worthy of note. It is a review, by Mr. Lucian Armstrong, of Captain McTaggart's "Absolute Relativism." This work claims to reconcile idealism and materialism. The author, we are told, "draws a bold and profound line of division between matter and body. Matter," he

affirms, "should stand for the unknown and unknowable substratum underlying both the corporeal phenomena which appeal to human sense, and the phenomena of mental and other forces which are revealed through bodily media."

Body, it appears, is to signify "only" that which can be seen, touched, and so forth. But how if we deny, as Berkeley did, this "unknowable substratum" altogether?

Captain McTaggart holds that "Materialism is the objective explanation to the exclusion of the subjective." While "Idealism is the subjective explanation to the exclusion of the objective." The reviewer, however, does not make clear how his author is able to bring these two points of view to a single focus. Still, every reasonable attempt at the performance of this hitherto unperformed philosophic feat is welcome. And it is to be hoped that Captain McTaggart will not fail to continue the contribution towards a positive system of thought of which the work in question is only volume one.

E. T.

THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW IN GREEK. Edited by Alexander Kerr and Herbert Cushing Tolman, Professors in the University of Wisconsin. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1892. Pp. 116. Price, \$1.00.

It is the aim of the editors of this New Testament series "to emphasise above all else the individuality of the separate writers." They do this by the following methods: 1) by indicating by bold type in the text those words which Matthew alone of the New Testament writers employs; 2) by an estimate of the frequency of occurrence of every word in Matthew; 3) by the designation of the ἁπαξ λεγόμενα in Matthew; 4) by a list of passages peculiar to Matthew; 5) by a summary of the prominent examples of Hebraism in Matthew; 6) by a discussion concerning the original language of Matthew's Gospel with reference to the Hebrew and Septuagint translation in all quotations from the Old Testament; 7) by a vocabulary restricted as far as possible to the use and meaning of each word in Matthew; and 8) by complete Historical and Geographical Indexes, giving reference to all the places of the occurrence of every proper name. Separate sections are devoted to the last seven of these objects. The Greek text is based on Gebhart's eclectic edition of Tischendorf's, Tregell's, and others' recensions (Leipzig, 1891). Little else need be said. The type of the Greek text is very clear, and the text is divided into sections by Latin headings. The book is in every respect neatly got up and printed on good paper.

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## THE OPEN COURT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES.

Dr. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

All communications should be addressed to

THE OPEN COURT,

(Nixon Building, 175 La Salle Street,)

P. O. DRAWER F.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 282. (VOL. VII.—3.)

CHICAGO, JANUARY 19, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## ROUSSEAU.

BY JOHN SANDISON.

IT IS said that there is no monument of importance to the memory of Rousseau in Switzerland, the land of his birth, or in France, where he made his home. But nevertheless he has earned for himself a place in the memory of man which cannot be lost. His writings, notwithstanding their repeated exaggeration of facts, form powerful psychological studies, and are written in such a strangely fascinating style that there is little danger of their ever being lost to view.

Rousseau formed a curious combination of rationalism and an intensely sensitive and imaginative nature, which at times seems to approach insanity, but we must allow for the fact that there was working powerfully within him that new and reactionary spirit which was bound, in the nature of things, to follow upon the unnatural and highly artificial civilization which had been developing for a considerable period in France, and which it was his destiny to overthrow.

Born in Geneva in 1712 he inherited a Calvinistic spirit and a desire for freedom from all authority of the Church, for he tells us: "in addition to the general 'feelings which attracted me to the worship of my fathers, I had a special aversion for Catholicism which belonged to my city. I had been taught to regard it as a frightful idolatry. The sentiment went so far with me that I never looked into the inside of a church, never met a priest in a surplice, never heard the bell of a procession without a shudder of affright, which, though I soon lost it in the cities, often returned to me in country parishes where I first experienced it."

Rousseau, by his love of natural scenery and solitude and simplicity of life, powerfully influenced his contemporaries. We can trace his influence in the outburst of popular fury in the Revolution of 1789, which, shortly after his death, shook society to its foundations. We can follow his thoughts in the poems of Byron and other writers of the early part of this century. He was the originator of the positive school of Humanity, with its ideas of equality and fraternity. He also influenced Herder, the founder of scientific socialism. Goethe, also, early in life, in his "Sor-

rows of Werther," exhibited Rousseau's unsettled and sensitive spirit, but his powerful mind shortly afterwards shook off its morbid effects. Rousseau, however, by his individualism, affected Goethe in another and more important way. For the greatness of Goethe, from a philosophical point of view, just lies in the fact that his monism was never abstract like that of Spinoza—it always was vitalised by an active individualism which could not be passed over or neglected in any contemplation of the "All." From Goethe's point of view, the higher ideals of life sprang from the due recognition of the relationship of man to the cosmos; and while giving due prominence to that unity he never forgot that all true work depended on the activity of man. In "Wilhelm Meister" he says: "Man's highest merit always is, as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of architect, except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine, with the greatest economy and fitness and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his mind."

For a slight sketch of Rousseau's teachings we may divide his philosophy into three portions, viz.: Education, Politics, and Religion.

## EDUCATION.

In "Emile" he shapes out the ideal environment in which the education of a child should be carried out, and he inveighs against all the artificial customs of society in his day, which tended to produce minds utterly at variance with what nature had intended them to be. He proposed that the young should be brought up in the simplest and most natural way. Starting from facts, his problem was to unfold the mind so that it should be natural in the midst of an artificial world. He did not wish to subject the child to book-learning, nor did he care how long it was before the child learned to read. "Always it must be the facts of life that he is to seize hold of." His idea all through was to cultivate the mind and not to indoctrinate.

Rousseau's method was, accordingly, to educate as



closely to nature as possible, and there have been many attempts since his day to carry his ideas into practice.

His call to man to "return to nature" was more negative than positive, and in endeavoring to set forth the life of the "noble savage" in all its supposed simplicity, he found that his enthusiasm had carried him too far; and then he proceeded to explain that the state of nature must be supplemented by a stage of human development beyond it, in which there is the settled order of the family. In this, he says, is to be discovered a "golden mean between the indolence of "the primitive state and the petulant activity of our "selfishness, and it must be the most happy and "durable state." Rousseau shows us here that our rational nature cannot be developed in abstract isolation, and that it requires a basis of rights and duties, such as is found in family life, for realising itself.

#### POLITICS.

In the "Social Contract" Rousseau sets forth his views on politics.

His individualistic conception of man is again stated, but not with the purpose of maintaining the individual in an abstract position, but only as a step in a process. He says: "The passage from the state of "nature to the civil state produces in man a very remarkable change, in so far as it substitutes justice "for instinct, as the guide of his conduct, and gives to "his actions a morality which was hitherto wanting "in them . . . Though by this change he deprives "himself of many of his natural advantages, those he "acquires in return are so great, his faculties are exercised and developed, his ideas are extended, his "sentiments are ennobled, and his whole soul is elevated to such a degree, that if the abuses of his new "condition did not often degrade him below that from "which he has emerged, he would have cause to bless, "without ceasing, the happy moment which forever "rescued him from it, and which, out of a stupid and "unthinking animal, made him an intelligent being "and a man."

Here we find that Rousseau, notwithstanding his apparent failure to recognise the organic idea of society in its fulness, saw the importance of the state, and its educative effects on the individual members; and he shows us that the formal freedom of the individual is attained only when he discovers that his true freedom lies not in mere subjective fancies, but in a comprehensive public life, where new duties and impulses will be continually developing.

#### RELIGION.

The same idea which we have seen in Rousseau's writings on education and politics, occupies also a large place in his thoughts about religion, viz.: his

desire to free man from all the restraints of outward authority of whatever kind, and to allow him absolute freedom of thought.

All his religious opinions have their ultimate authority in the "sentiment intérieur," which, he states, gives to man all ideas of the existence of God and moral laws. He says: "I find in it a natural safeguard against the sophisms of my understanding. . . . "It is that inward voice which reclaims and brings us "back in spite of ourselves to the way of truth." This extreme subjectivity of Rousseau, so typical of his thoughts on all subjects, adhered to him all through life.

\* \* \*

Rousseau gives no indication of a desire to attain to a philosophical conception of a world-order, but still his efforts all tended towards a greater harmony between nature and man in an ideal sense, and prepared the way for the higher unitary conceptions of existence, which occupy so much of the philosophical thought of the present day.

The mainspring of all Rousseau's teaching is found in his idea of liberty—a liberty regarded as largely independent of the rights of others. A freedom of this kind is, however, abstract, and not long after his death his "liberty" became the watchword of the revolutionists of 1789; "his spirit walked abroad" in the bloody orgies and rioting of the Revolution, however much he, as an individual, would have recoiled from such scenes; and thus his abstract principle required to be purified and to be worked back into a more concrete and lasting form.

#### PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Prof. Ernst Haeckel has recently published a pamphlet, bearing the title, "Monism as the Bond Between Religion and Science. The Confession of Faith of a Naturalist." (Bonn: Emil Strauss, 1892.)

This pamphlet of forty-seven pages is vigorously written and shows its famous author in one of his happiest hours. The substance of it is an extemporaneous speech delivered on October 9, 1892, in Altenburg, at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Naturalists' Club of Osterland. Professor Schlesinger, of Vienna, had been the orator of the day; his subject being "Naturwissenschaftliche Glaubens-Sätze." The spirit of his oration aroused some objection among the audience, and Professor Haeckel was requested by several of his colleagues to make a reply. A full report of this reply was published in the *Altenburger Zeitung*, and was reprinted, with some additional remarks, in the *Freie Bühne* (III, Heft ii,) and appears now, in a more complete form, as an independent pamphlet. The author has carefully revised his speech, has here and there



emphasised his propositions, and has added valuable notes, containing further explanations and references.

The tone of the pamphlet bears witness to its origin; it is buoyant and sprightly. The main idea of Professor Haeckel's view is set forth in the title. Professor Haeckel maintains that the doctrine of monism is the bond of union between religion and science, making a reconciliation of them possible. The pamphlet contains his confession of faith, and his faith is exactly the same as that of *The Open Court*; it is faith in the religion of science.

Professor Haeckel recognises as the highest duty of our time (*das höchste Ziel unserer Geistesthätigkeit*) the amalgamation of religion and science in the sense proposed by *The Open Court*, the efforts of which journal he especially mentions in his preface. In a private letter he adds that the differences that obtain between his views and those editorially presented in *The Open Court* appear to him of secondary importance only, and should not hinder us from fighting shoulder to shoulder. We gladly agree with him, and hail him as a companion-in-arms.

The main tenet of the religion of science is the recognition of the fact that there is but one truth, and that science possesses the right method of searching for the truth. There is but one religion: the religion of truth. Religious truth must be investigated and stated not less systematically than any other truth; it must be inquired into with the best, maturest, and most scientific methods at our command.

There are some points of disagreement between Professor Haeckel's position and ours, and we do not intend to minimise them. They are, perhaps, of more importance than they seem. Nevertheless, in the face of our agreement in principle, they may be overcome, and I trust that we shall still come to a complete agreement. Our differences have been set forth in *The Monist* (January, 1893). There is no need of repeating them here.

The agreement between Professor Haeckel's position and ours also appears in his opposition to the attempts to preach pure ethics—ethics that leaves the religious and philosophical questions out of sight. He says in one of his notes (on p. 45):

"All ethics, theoretical as well as practical, stands as a branch of the normative sciences in an immediate connection with our world-conception, and, therefore, also with religion. I regard this maxim as very important and have defended it in an article entitled 'Ethics and World-Conception,' written with special reference to the lately established German society for ethical culture. The society for ethical culture attempts to teach and further ethics without any reference to a world-conception or religion. (See the new weekly, *Die Zukunft*, Berlin 92, No. 5-7, edited by Maximilian Harden.)\*

\* *Die Zukunft* is the same journal of which a late number, containing an article on the education of princes, was confiscated by the imperial authorities.—ED.

The time is ripe for a great religious reform. Even the trials for heresy, as they are prosecuted to-day, bear evidence of the fact that light is beginning to penetrate into the very darkest nooks of our churches. The bats and owls flutter about in dismay, and the whole process, so terrible in former times, has become pleasantly ridiculous.

The generation of to-day is on the very brink of recognising the truth that the God of Moses and the God of Christ is after all different from the God of the presbytery and of the various confessions of faith; he is the same God as the God of Science.

What is the authority of these formulæ of faith? They are not based upon evidence, not upon proofs that can be revised; they were declared to be infallible truths by a majority vote of some bigoted, narrow-minded old fogies, who had not the slightest inkling about the nature of truth and science and still less any authority to pronounce their utterances as the voice of God. How childish it is to reject the revelations of God in nature, wherever it happens to be in conflict with the blundering opinions of a few elders! But their time has come. Man-made religions will pass away, and the religion of truth will prevail.

There is but one God, and this one God is the God of the religion of Science.

P. C.

#### IDEAS, THEIR ORIGIN AND DESTINY.

##### 1. COMPOSITES OF BLENDED MEMORIES.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON, in order to procure truly representative faces, contrived the method of composite portraiture; to wit, he photographed a certain class of persons upon the same photographer's sensitive plate, adjusting the different faces to the same size, and laying one upon the other so that all their eyes fell upon the same horizontal, and their noses upon the same vertical line. The results which he obtained are, as is well known, remarkable. They "bring into evidence all the traits in which there is agreement, and leave but a ghost of a trace of individual peculiarities. There are so many traits in common of all faces that the composite picture when made from many compounds is far from being a blur; it has altogether the look of an ideal composition."

Now, suppose that the photographer's sensitive plate were actually endowed with sentiency. We should in that case have an instance similar to that which actually exists in the brains of living beings. Similar impressions are made through the different sense-organs and registered in their respective sensory centres. Registrations of the same kind are not made side by side; they are not independent single pictures associated among themselves; they are placed one upon the other, all forming a peculiar new formation, viz., a composite memory-structure or an ideal image of all



the objects of the same kind that have come under observation.

The generic images of the mind are, according to Mr. Galton, the product of blended memories, and he suggests that the term "cumulative idea" would be more appropriate than "abstract idea."

The composites of blended memories, built up by successive sense-impressions, acquire meaning and come to represent the various objects of the surrounding world. As such, i. e., as meaning-endowed composite images of living feelings, they form the elements of the soul.

## II. THE NATURE OF PERCEPTIONS.

Perhaps everybody has sometimes in his experience been puzzled by the sight of an object the character of which he was unable to recognise. We see a certain something and do not know what it is. The outlines are perhaps clear, the colors are distinct. Nevertheless, we cannot make out what kind of a thing it is.

What can this psychical phenomenon teach us?

It proves that a sense-impression is quite a different thing from a perception. A sense-impression that is felt is called a "sensation"; and a sensation may be perfect and yet a perception need not be brought about. A perception is only effected if the sense-impression is transmitted to the memory-structures of its class so that it can be interpreted as a certain object, so that it can be identified with former impressions of the same kind, so that it can be recognised as such and such a thing.

That which has been called the cerebral centre of vision, is nothing but the place in which the composite memories of sight-impressions are contained. A creature whose centre of vision has been destroyed has lost the repository of those impressions which it has received through the eye. It is soul-blind, or *seelen-blind*, as it has been called by German savants. Again, that which has been called the centre of hearing is nothing but the place in which composite memories of auditory impressions are contained; and a creature whose centre of hearing has been destroyed can no longer recognise sounds. It is soul-deaf, or *seelen-taub*. And the same is true of all the so-called different centres of soul-life.

Professor Goltz has succeeded in keeping alive a dog whose entire hemispheres have been removed. While all other organs, especially his senses, are in perfect order, he has lost all his memory-structures, and with them the composite images shaped by former experiences. Thus he is a perfect idiot, a soulless creature, capable of receiving sense-impressions through all his sense-organs, but all the various sense-impressions remain meaningless to him.

A perception is the simplest act of cognition, for a

perception is a sensation that has reached and revived its analogous memory-structure. There it is, so to say, subsumed. Having the same or a similar form the sense-impression fits into the form of the memory-structures and is felt to be of the same kind. This classification of things belonging to the same kind is the essential nature of cognition: perceptions are primitive judgments.

## III. GENERALISATION PRIOR TO COGNITION.

There has been much controversy concerning the priority of general or of particular ideas. On the one hand, general ideas were said to have sprung from particular ideas: the *primum appellatum* and *primum cognitum*, it was maintained, were concrete objects. And on the other hand, it was objected that the very first act of naming, and indeed every act of cognition, presupposes the existence of a general idea. The latter view is quite correct; yet, when this view is adduced to prove the mysteriousness of cognition, hinting that there is a break in nature between that which is mind and that which is without mind, we must seriously protest.

When we keep before our minds the physiological process of perception, the reason is obvious why every idea must be at bottom a general idea, and why every act of cognition presupposes some general notion under which a particular notion is subsumed. Every sense-impression is a particular, while the analogous memory-structure, which is ready to receive any sense-impression of the same kind, is, or at least, stands for a general, notion. And this notion is the more vague, the more primitive it is.

Generalisation, accordingly, is not one of the highest faculties of the mind, but its very lowest. Mind begins with generalisation.

The first particular sensation is a particular act; yet it is no notion. Only the first composite of memories partakes of the nature of generalisations, of generic images, of cumulative ideas; and therefore the first perception, i. e., the first and most rudimentary act of cognition is a subsumption; it presupposes already the existence of a general notion.

## IV. APPERCEPTION AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

A perception is, in turn, the most elementary act of apperception; and apperception is the function of consciousness.

When analysing the nature of consciousness, we find that it consists of coördinating, centralising, and intensifying feelings in a focus. A single and isolated feeling cannot exist as an actual feeling. It becomes an actual feeling only when it meets another feeling by which it is felt. Thus feelings are possible only in those organisms in which feelings are so organised or



systematised that sensations are referred to the memories of former sense-impressions. The organ of systematising feelings is called the nervous system.

Suppose a sense-impression were made upon a sentient organism void of memories—i. e., an organism which has never as yet received prior sense-impressions. The isolated feeling produced by a first sense-impression (if feeling it can be called) is very different from later feelings, for its scale of consciousness is not merely extremely low, but actually zero, there is no other feeling to apperceive it. The second sense-impression of the same kind, however, meets with and revives the trace left by the first one. It is received in the memory-structure of the first sense-impression and there it is felt. This act of the memory-structure is the weakest kind of apperception imaginable.

Isolated feelings may be called feelings, but they are not felt. Several or at least two feelings must meet for being felt.

The stronger and the more manifold the memory-structures grow, the more cognisant does apperception become. A sense-impression will in higher stages revive several memory-structures, and their feelings will be concentrated upon it. The object of attention is now focused and the act of its being felt is intensified by a coördination of feelings. Thus dim feelings develop by coördination into clear consciousness, and the organised memory-structures form a more and more definite basis of psychic life constituting a certain character, which when it reaches the domain of human life, is called personality.

#### V. APPERCEPTION AND WILL.

The question has been raised whether or not apperception is an act of the will, and the answer depends upon the meaning we attach to the word "will."

The most elementary kind of a will is to be found in the spontaneity of the simplest processes in nature. The actions and reactions of chemicals, the ether vibrations of light and electricity, and also the gravitation of a stone are motions that take place because the moving object possesses a certain quality which under special conditions makes it act in a certain way. These motions are self-motions or spontaneous motions. Schopenhauer uses the word "will" in this sense.

By "will," however, we generally understand a peculiar kind of that inherent quality of things which makes them move: will is the spontaneity only of intelligent beings. A tendency to pass into motion is called will only when it is accompanied by consciousness. Will is the incipient motion the motive cause of which is a representative image (generally called motor idea) in the agent's mind; the object represented in this representative image being the aim or end to be attained.

Primitive apperception is a spontaneous action, for the act of apperception takes place because of the peculiar qualities of the acting organism. It is an activity of the feeling substance: it is an apprehending and not merely a passive state of receiving impressions.

The peculiar qualities of an organism, which make apperception possible, are (1) psychical, for the memory-structures are endowed with sentiency, and (2) mental, for they possess representative value, they are endowed with meaning. Thus apperception is (in its primitive appearance, and of course in a very rudimentary way) at once a psychical and a mental process. But it does not become an act of will until the memory-structures grow strong and independent enough to exercise a choice and give preference to a certain kind of sense-impressions. By a neglect of any other sense-impressions all available sentiency is focused upon one object or upon the search for one kind of object. This phenomenon, best observable in the hunt for food, is called attention, and attention is "apperception guided by will."

Whether or not amœbas and protozoa exhibit an elementary will when hunting for food is simply a question of terminology. According to Schopenhauer they possess will; according to the customary usage of the term, not. Their tissues demand a restoration of their waste products and they seek to satisfy this want. Their tendencies are much more complex processes than the affinities of chemical substances, but there is no radical difference between the two actions. Dr. Max Verworn has proved that the protrusion of pseudopods in the amœba is caused by their chemotropy for oxygen, while their contraction, (i. e. the return of the plasma to the nuclear substance), after an irritation of some kind which changes their chemical constitution, is due to a chemotropy for the nuclear substances. Their motions are tendencies; they are not actions of a will. We can speak of a will as soon as the irritation which causes a contraction of living substance is a commotion possessing a representative value. There must be memory-structures which not only feel the want for a restoration of the waste products in the tissues of the organism but have also a recollection of its prior satisfaction. This recollection is the primitive form of a motor-idea. It serves as an irritation upon the motor organs of the organism to hunt for food. Thus the cause of the action is a mental state, and the action is planned, however vaguely it may be. The aim of the action is the realisation of the motor-idea. There is no action of the will without either a motive, which is the motor-idea, or without an end in view or purpose, which is the object represented by the motor-idea.

That there is no definite line of demarcation where



tendencies become purposive acts of a will is a matter of course, which, as in all analogous cases of evolutionary products, detracts nothing from the distinction to be made between these lower and higher phenomena of organised life.

#### VI. IDEAS AND THE LIFE OF IDEAS.

Perceptions are the simplest acts of soul-life. But in the course of evolution a higher activity of soul-life grows from them as soon as sounds are employed to designate certain composite pictures. These sound-symbols create a new sphere of mental life with higher possibilities. Meaning-endowed sound-symbols are called "words," and the mechanism of words or articulate speech creates the domain of rational thought, which in its highest perfection is called science.

The meanings of words and of combinations of words are called ideas.

And what wonderful things are ideas, these highest kinds of meaning-freighted feelings! Every idea possesses an individuality of its own. Ideas grow and develop, they migrate from one brain into another, being transferred through the word-symbols of spoken or written language. Ideas adapt themselves to new environments; they struggle among themselves; some of them are victorious, others succumb. Some are exterminated, others survive. Those that survive suffer changes from assimilation among themselves. Some are powerful, others are weak, and a few assume dominion over their companions.

Ideas are real living beings: each one of them possesses a special individuality and all of them are, as it were, citizens of that wonderful commonwealth which is called "the soul."

It has been said that states, churches, and other superindividual beings do not exist. We do not intend to discuss the problem now; but it appears that ideas would have at least the same right to deny the existence of human personalities, for a human personality is only a society of ideas.

We may compare ideas (without going astray or being fantastical) to real persons. At least the idea we have of persons is after all the most appropriate simile we have to characterise their being. Think only of moral ideas, of ideals, of religious sentiments! They enter the souls of men and take hold of their entire existence often in spite of their will. And what a profound truth lies in the dogma of resurrection! Jesus the crucified has actually risen from the dead. Historical investigations have been made as to whether the apparitions of Christ as seen by his disciples, according to the gospels, were not hallucinations; and the possibility of his bodily resurrection has been denied. It is true, and let it be true, that corpses cannot be revived. But what of that? We need not mind

the fate of the body in the face of the truth that the soul possesses immortal life. Christ is actually a living presence in humanity, and his spirit was and is still the most dominating power in the evolution of mankind. The dogmatist, so-called, and exactly so his adversary, the infidel, so-called, imagine that Christianity must be a fraud unless it can be proved that the corpse of Jesus became reanimated. The conception of both the orthodox as well as the infidel are materialistic; both overlook the reality and importance of soul-life.

Ye of little faith and of still less understanding! It is a pagan notion to build a religion on the resurrection of corpses. True religion is based upon the immortality of the soul; and the immortality of the soul is no mere phrase, no empty allegory, no error or fraud: it is fact provable by science; it is a reality without which no higher soul-life, no progress, no evolution would be possible: it is the corner-stone of religion and the basis of ethics.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

A PASSIONATE appeal to Congress is made by a Philadelphia paper against a right which I thought was quite secure from legislative interference, the blessed privilege of wearing rags. In a fit of newspaper hysterics the organ exclaims: "Keep out the rags—this is the first duty of the government. Cholera is certain to reappear in Europe. It is sure to spread along lines of travel. It will come to this country unless it is kept out. It will travel as it always has done by way of the rags. Keep out the rags." This presents to me a dread alternative; and on whichever horn I sit I find it very uncomfortable, but if there is a shade of difference in the danger it is in favor of the cholera. I think it will be safer for me to risk that, than to do without rags. Wool is already kept out; and if rags are to be kept out also, what's to become of me? By the laws of my country I am already forbidden to wear wool, and as a law-abiding citizen, I have adopted shoddy. They now propose to deprive me of that by shutting out rags. This will put me in the situation of Tim Burke of Marbletown, who was asked one day by a shopkeeper to buy a trunk. "What for?" says Tim. "To keep your clothes in," said the trader. "And then," says Tim, "if I keep my clothes in a trunk, what will I wear?" I repeat the question of Tim Burke, and say, If rags are to be kept out of the country, what will I wear? Cotton makes a very good substitute in the summer time, but it is twelve degrees below zero in Chicago to-day, and when the temperature is that low, a blizzard from the North goes through cotton like a knife. I will propose this compromise to Congress; I will agree that you shall keep out rags, if you will agree to let in wool.

\* \* \*

They have lately formed in Philadelphia an "Educational Club," composed of men engaged in the work of teaching or of superintendence in the schools of that city. The object of the club is to advance the standard of the profession of teaching, through the discussion of educational topics, and by means of the work of various committees. The enterprise is praiseworthy, and it might well be imitated in Chicago, because any plan to elevate the standard of teachers and teaching deserves encouragement. No doubt many teachers have much to learn about the science of teaching, and a comparison of methods by means of Educational Clubs must prove useful, not only to the teachers, but also to the pupils in the



schools. At the very beginning, it would be well to examine the methods by which teachers are appointed and removed; because the office of teacher ought to be secure, and reasonably independent; free from outside influences, and especially from the hopes and fears of political rewards and punishments. When teachers are appointed and discharged at the demand of an ignorant saloon keeper who happens to be an alderman, the standard of the profession is lowered so as to meet the lesser stature of an ordinary city council, or something like that. Will the Educational Club give its early attention to the vast quantity of precious brain energy wasted by little children in the study of spelling; in the paragraph system by which they are made bad readers for life; in the copy-book system by which they are taught at the cost of immense time and labor to write a cramped and crippled hand; and in the geography torment which compels them to commit to memory the names of all the towns, counties, kingdoms, islands, continents, mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, oceans, gulfs, and seas? If the Educational Clubs will become societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and will stop that awful waste they will deserve everlasting fame.

\* \* \*

In a letter which I have just received from Mr. George Julian Harney, now in England, he says, "Albert, the last of the Provisional Government of 1848 is dead. A noble man, if ever there was one." That is all; and yet the kindly tribute at the end may last a long time, perhaps longer than a marble monument, for a printed word is nearer to immortality than any other mortal thing. To die, and be called "a noble man" is a triumph over death. Who knows anything about Albert now? Or cares? Noiseless as a bubble on the water, he dissolves into the eternal sea; and yet this man had once the powers of a king in France. He was one of the animating and directing forces of a brave and mighty people in a revolutionary time; a picturesque figure, he stood forth, in bold relief, among "The Men of Forty-Eight." He helped in overturning the throne of Louis Philippe, and in laying upon its ruins the foundations of a promising republic, only to find, what Cæsar found, how fickle are the Gauls. I have before me now the roster of the Provisional Government;—eleven Governors France had then—and amongst them some historic men, like Arago, Louis Blanc, and Lamartine. At the very bottom of the list is Albert (ouvrier), or Albert (working-man). It is a weird coincidence that Albert (ouvrier), is the last on the list of the Provisional Governors, and he was the last of them to die. I have before me also some proclamations of the eleven Governors, in which they command the Sun to stand still on Gibeon, and the Moon in the valley of Ajalon; or in other words, the proclamations in which they decree all sorts of possible and impossible things; the price of bread, for example; redemption by the government, and the restoration to their owners of all the goods pawned by the poor; work and wages for everybody; and wages without work for those who had moral scruples against labor. They thought they could establish an inexhaustible fountain of prosperity in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and connect it by invisible pipes with an imaginary reservoir somewhere in the Delectable mountains; a reservoir which "the rich" would everlastingly keep full. Albert, (ouvrier), was truly "a noble man," but he was a dreamer of dreams; as was, indeed, his colleague, Lamartine, and his other colleague, the famous man of science, Arago, well enough in physical astronomy, but a political astronomer who saw stars in the heavens that were not there; as also did Lamartine, and Albert, (ouvrier). They thought that a people could become dependent on Government for a living, and be at the same time free.

\* \* \*

From one proclamation of the Provisional Government I quote the following sensible decree: "Royalty, under whatever forms it assumes, is abolished. No more Legitimacy—no more

Bonapartism—no Regency." This decree was hailed by the French people with delirious joy, and yet in a few days they relapsed into Imperialistic idolatry and chose for their national chief a most inferior type of Bonaparte. When Albert (ouvrier) saw, or thought he saw, the revolution going backward, a trick that revolutions have in spite of the proverb otherwise; when he saw the republic sliding down, he tried to arrest its reaction by a counterplot in the form of a supplementary amendment to the February revolution, and for two or three hours on the fifteenth of May it looked as if he might succeed; but the middle classes—without whose aid no revolution can succeed in any country—the middle classes, thinking that they saw in Albert (ouvrier) a resurrection of "the terror," fought for the National Assembly, suppressed the new rebellion, arrested Albert (ouvrier) and carried him to prison, where they kept him for ten years. When he came out he saw the Bonapartism that he had abolished, cheered by the ignoble acclamations of the French people, riding rampant over France. Weary at heart, he withdrew, with becoming dignity, to some very humble work that gave him an honest living. From his retirement he watched the mad procession through all its crooked policies and through its treacherous paths of simulated glory to the catastrophe of Sedan. He never stooped for place or power, nor did he ever coin his great political opportunities into money. And so, farewell; a long farewell, to Albert (ouvrier)!

\* \* \*

On the tenth of January the Governor of Illinois took the oath of office at the capitol, and the inauguration ceremonies will excite the wonder of the world. They show us a patriotic occasion diminished by the intolerance of party. A pageant of mutual forbearance and good-will was twisted into a festival of swagger, wherein the triumphant side exulted over the other. An official ceremony of high dignity, in which Judges, Representatives, Senators, and others of opposing politics took part, shrunk to the moral size of a party celebration. When the election of a Governor is ratified and confirmed by both houses of the legislature, by Democrats and Republicans alike, in the form of a solemn inauguration, the very ceremonial itself proclaims that the commonweal is greater than any faction; but the managers of this inauguration evidently think that there is, outside and above the commonweal, a corporate existence known as the Democratic party; and that the claims of that corporation must be considered before the public welfare. It is hardly a matter of civic pride to any of us that in the very middle of the proceedings the Cook County Marching Club, a strictly partisan organization, raising tumultuous yells and "bearing aloft their gorgeous banner," filed into the hall. We can hardly believe it, but the papers tell it, that a big rooster was provided, whose duty it was to crow at a certain stage of the solemnity, which he valorously did. In manner, voice, and style he was the most representative person there, and he spoke for his constituents—the majority. The two most conspicuous actors in the play did much to relieve it of its coarseness. These were the two governors, Altgeld and Fifer. Neither of them said anything or did anything that was not refined and dignified. Considering the magnanimity of Governor Fifer in gracing the triumph of his rival, nothing could have been in more deplorable taste than a glee club greeting him with doggerel songs, explaining how "Joe Fifer's goose was cooked;" and reducing to poetry the additional information that "Altgeld is the man who put him in the soup."

\* \* \*

During the late "campaign," a Republican lawyer of Chicago, conversing with some friends, remarked that he should vote for Altgeld; whereupon one of the party rebuked him and asked him if he had ever read Altgeld's dangerous book and if he knew its character. "No," said the other, "I know nothing about it, but I think it will be such a rare luxury for the people of Illinois to have a governor who knows enough to write a book about any-



thing." The inaugural message of Governor Altgeld seems to justify that reason for supporting him. This message is so eminently direct and practical; so earnestly occupied with "live questions," instead of dead ones, that we painfully miss our venerable friends, the commonplace generalities of old. The Governor is aware "that few people pay attention to inaugural addresses," for which neglect there has hitherto been good reason; but this message will be read, for it will compel the attention of men. It strikes at wrongs that have become despotic, and its accusations must be answered; for instance, this: "Practically, there is neither Magna Charta nor the Bill of Rights for the poor of our great cities." Nothing so bold as that has been said in messages of late, and it is uncomfortably non-partisan. It impeaches Democrats and Republicans alike, for if the specifications that accompany the charge are true, it is very clear that our executive magistrates and our judicial magistrates of high and low degree, of both parties, are all guilty together and equally responsible for the wrong. Both Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights are embodied in the Constitution of the United States and in the Constitution of Illinois, and if those constitutions have been suspended in Chicago, for the oppression of the poor, by the officers and courts appointed and sworn to maintain them, what security have the rich that it may not be convenient some day to foreclose *their* interest in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights? The judges, at least, ought to be examples of "a law-abiding people."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

STORIES FROM THE GREEK COMEDIANS. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With sixteen illustrations after the antique. New York and London: MacMillan & Co. 1892. Pp. 344. Price, \$1.00.

The Rev. Prof. Alfred Church is known as the author of a large number of works designed for the popularisation of ancient literature. The present volume from his hand is made up of representative plays from the three recognised periods of Greek comedy—the old, the middle, and the new. The plays of the first and second period are from Aristophanes ("The Acharnians," "The Knights," "Peace," "The Wasps," "The Clouds," "The Birds," "The Frogs," "The Parliament of Women," and "Plutus"). The plays of the third period are from Philemon, Diphilus, Menander, and Apollodorus, being translations of Terence and Plautus ("The Buried Treasure," "The Ghost," "The Shipwreck," "The Brothers," "The Girl of Andros," and "Phormio"). The book is adorned with sixteen beautifully executed illustrations after the antique, is prettily and appropriately bound and printed on excellent paper. Its cheapness is remarkable.

Professor Church has, in parts, well accomplished his task. Some of the refrains in "The Clouds," "The Birds," "The Frogs," are exceedingly well done and may be read with enjoyment and with the perfect unconsciousness that they were originally Greek. In other parts he has not been quite so successful. Some points are strained and too much emphasised. What should be left ancient is sometimes modernised, and that which should be modernised is sometimes left ancient. But this work of reproduction is very difficult. It can never be the work of one man. Its fulfilment will require perhaps centuries and call into requisition the labors of scores of collaborators. Each shall contribute his mite, each will elaborate some little point; till ultimately a master mind, guided by the efforts of all, fully appreciating the spirit of the production of which he is at work, and possessed of the power of expression of that modern Greek who wrote "Iphigenia auf Tauris," will give to the world a production which will make us forget that Greece and Rome existed thousands of years ago and are not now living among us.

μκρκ.

THE DYNAMIC THEORY OF LIFE AND MIND. By James B. Alexander. Minneapolis, Minn.: The Housekeeper Press. 1893.

The sub-title of this work tells us that it is "an attempt to show that all organic beings are both constructed and operated by the dynamic agencies of their respective environments." It is a large heavy book of 1067 closely printed pages. It may be designated as a compendium of the general facts of the following sciences: Anatomy (comparative and human), Physiology, Embryology, Physics, Geology, Chemistry, Psychology, and Anthropology, Mineralogy, and the Science of Evolution. The author, in this compilation, has made good use of the best authorities, and has, so far as we can judge, faithfully reproduced what is found in them. The book contains 400 illustrations. Its production must have been a matter of some expense. And in view of this fact we think it might have been supplied with a better binding. In the main, little objection may be found to the author's method of procedure. We think, however, that it would have been much better had he confined his expositions to the simple statement of his own peculiar views and left the work of detail for the text-books of the special sciences. The tendency of his doctrine is somewhat towards mechanicalism. He is inclined to see in the physical antecedents of mental phenomena the direct causes of these phenomena. He believes that "mental action is a form of physical energy," that the ether is "the soul of the universe," "the soul of things," and so forth. We think that if the author had combined some philosophical studies with his scientific reading he would hardly have ventured to put forth such hypotheses. Another view which in our judgment mars the work, is the author's belief in telepathy. The medium of the transference of thought, he thinks, is the ether. It is true, the thoughts of the mind are accompanied by motions or vibrations of feeling brain-substance; but it is not the objective fact of motion that constitutes the thought; there is no "meaning" in the simple mechanical fact of motion. How then can any purely mechanical medium like the ether be the vehicle of thought? The ether is an instrument of physical research, not of psychical. Its rôle is motion, not thought. On these grounds we think that the position of the author is, philosophically, an uncritical one, though some of his points of view—for example, his criticism of Bain's theory of pleasure and pain—are well taken.

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## THE OPEN COURT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES.

Dr. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

All communications should be addressed to

THE OPEN COURT,

(Nixon Building, 175 La Salle Street.)

P. O. DRAWER F.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 283. (VOL. VII.—4.)

CHICAGO, JANUARY 26, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## JUSTICE.

THE simplest ideas are sometimes the most difficult ones to define; and the words which are commonly and daily used as catchwords for all parties and for all opinions are, as a rule, vague and undetermined. Yet most of these words denote in their proper meaning very important ideas, which form essential parts of our souls, keeping our hearts and minds well tuned and in good harmony with the welfare of our aspiring, toiling, advancing fellow-men.

As such catchwords have been used, for instance, the words "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité!*" and they were made to mask the fiercest and cruelest terrorism of modern times. Other catchwords of a similarly delusive nature are Reform, Morality, Goodness, Truth, and Justice. Unless these words have a very clear and definite meaning they are at best mere phrases, not unlike a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But, as a rule, they are worse than that: they either actually are or are very apt to become treacherous will-o'-the-wisps, destined to lead the most well-intentioned minds astray.

Let us not rest satisfied with such catchwords, however beautiful they may sound, without properly understanding their meanings; for if we understand the true meanings of these words, we shall not so easily be blinded by a wrong application of them.

\* \* \*

Justice may briefly be defined as "giving every one his due;" but this definition does not include the measure according to which we can determine what and how much is due to the various persons to whom justice shall be done, and this very same definition may be adopted by two opposite parties, each of whom contends that they are fighting for justice.

There are two things implied in the definition of justice as "giving to every one his due," which have to be minded, and a consideration of which will help us to clear away some of our doubts:

First, that justice is a virtue which can exist only in a community of social beings having some important interests, aims, and rules of conduct in common.

And secondly, that justice means equality of rule

under unequal conditions; it means equal measures for equal dues and unequal measures for unequal dues.

Justice is a virtue of social beings. For we cannot give any one his due, unless we have dealings with him, partaking of the nature of a coöperation; unless we are somehow or other allied or engaged in pursuing a common purpose; unless we are in some social relation to each other, so that he has rendered us goods, services, or assistance of some kind. It is, therefore, a very hard thing, indeed it is impossible to establish the idea of justice purely upon the basis of an extreme individualism. He who regards society as a mere aggregate of individuals can see in justice only the right of everybody to the result of his labors. Yet "right" and "justice" are not identical.

Taking the one-sided individualistic view, Mr. Spencer, in his book "Justice," entirely neglects the fact that the very essence of justice is bound up in the social relations of man, and that without these social relations there is no sense in employing the term "justice." Thus Mr. Spencer discusses in his book various rights of living beings but not justice.

Mr. Spencer speaks of

"...The law that benefits received shall be directly proportionate to merits possessed; merits being measured by power of self-sustentation." (P. 6, chap. Animal Ethics).

"That the individual shall experience all the consequences, good and evil, of its own nature and consequent conduct, which is that primary principle of sub-human justice whence results survival of the fittest, is, in creatures that lead solitary lives, a principle complicated only by the responsibilities of parenthood." (P. 13, chap. Sub-human Justice).

"Sub-human justice becomes more decided as organisation becomes higher." (P. 10, chap. Sub-human Justice.)

"Sub-human justice is extremely imperfect in detail," because

"Accidents of kinds which fall indiscriminately upon inferior and superior individuals." (P. 10).

Mr. Spencer apparently regards it as an act of justice that the swallow gets the flies he catches, and the bear the honey he hunts for; while "the multitudinous deaths caused by the inclemencies of weather" are such imperfections in the system of justice as will be overcome in the further advance of evolution.



But to keep all that which one can get, is at best a "right," not "justice"; and suffering through unfavorable conditions is not "injustice," but "accident"!

The whole gist of the book is contained in the sentence:

"Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man."

Of "human justice" Mr. Spencer says:

"Each individual ought to receive the benefits and the evils of his own nature and consequent conduct: neither being prevented from having whatever good his actions normally bring to him, nor allowed to shoulder off on to other persons whatever ill is brought to him by his actions." (P. 17, chap. Human Justice.)

This is explained as follows:

"When, of some one who suffers a disaster, it is said—'He has no one to blame but himself,' there is implied the belief that he has not been inequitably dealt with." (P. 18, chap. Human Justice.)

"A kindred conviction is implied when, conversely, there results good instead of evil." (P. 18, chap. Human Justice.)

"Similarly is it with the civilised varieties of mankind as compared with the savage varieties. A still further diminished rate of mortality implies that there is a still larger proportion, the members of which gain good from well-adapted acts and suffer evil from ill-adapted acts." (P. 19, chap. Human Justice.)

If that is the nature of justice, we ought to speak of injustice whenever a hard-working and virtuous man is killed in a railroad accident.

Mr. Spencer, in our conception, makes an erroneous start. He mentions things which have little or nothing to do with the subject of his title. He frequently uses the word, but he never touches the real problem of justice. Limiting his inquiry on the fundamental conception of justice to the justice of nature toward her creatures, he does not appear to be aware of the fact that this usage of the word is allowable only as a poetical license.

When claiming that the term "justice" must be restricted to individuals living in communities, we do by no means restrict it to human society. Animals that lead a social life exercise justice, according to the perfection attained in their societies, as much as man does, and often with great cruelty. When bees no longer allow drones to partake of the common stock of food, because they have ceased to be able to render useful services to the hive, they commit an act of justice; it may be severe, it may be unfair, it may even be unjust according to the standard of human justice; but it is, nevertheless, an act analogous to human justice.

Mr. Spencer confounds right (*viz.*: the right of power, the ability of holding one's own, the faculty of self sustentation) with justice.

We *may* say that every creature has a right to receive such benefits as are directly proportionate to its merits, their merits being the power to take their ben-

efits. In this sense we speak of the inalienable rights of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but scarcely of justice.

A tiger who hunts down a fat deer has a right to the fat deer, but we cannot call it unjust that some fellow tiger hunts down with ten times more trouble a lean deer. Granting that both have a right to whatever they get, what shall we say of the lion who, after a square and honest fight, despoils both tigers of their righteous possessions? And, granting that all men have the inalienable rights which they assert, why do not all sentient creatures (as the Buddhists actually claim) enjoy the very same rights. No doubt they may claim them, if they can, and if they can assert them, their title is as good as that of the citizens of the United States, who, rightly or wrongly, base upon it their declaration of independence.

We can speak of justice only because of the inequality in the world, in the face of which an inequality of attitude is demanded. Justice is equality of rule for an inequality of single cases.

Justice means giving to everyone his due rewards for merits, and taking away rewards or punishing for demerits. We do justice to a great man in honoring him. The employer does justice to his employee in paying him the full value of his work, and the criminal receives justice at the hands of the sheriff.

Such is justice. Yet the man who earns a thousand dollars by a lucky circumstance, say by the fluctuating prices in the market of certain commodities, or by an unforeseen rise in real estate, without any merit on his part, has a perfect and undisputed right to retain it, but his gain is not founded on justice; his gain is only in so far connected with justice as he is entitled to keep it; he would suffer injustice if he were, in a high-handed way, deprived of it.

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It is peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Spencer's hedonism that he regards those rights which are not conducive to happiness as unessential and even illusory. He speaks of political rights as "rights so called." He says:

"Those shares of political power which in the more advanced nations citizens have come to possess, and which experience has shown to be good guaranties for the maintenance of life, liberty, and property, are spoken of as though the claims to them were of the same nature as the claims to life, liberty, and property themselves. Yet there is no kinship between the two. The giving of a vote, considered in itself, in no way furthers the voter's life, as does the exercise of those various liberties we properly call rights."

We citizens of a republic regard our political rights as a sacred possession. Many of us neglect them when and because their exercise becomes inconvenient. But we propose, nevertheless, to preserve them even though they should not bring us any returns in happiness and property. With all the faults that vitiate our politics,



who among us would be so base as to prefer the greater ease of being comfortably governed, to the troubles of democratic institutions? And if anyone among us were base enough to think so, he would pay the tribute to virtue which is called hypocrisy and be ashamed to openly speak his mind.

Mr. Spencer regards political rights as mere ends to secure our claims on life, liberty, and property. He says:

"Current political thought is profoundly vitiated by this mistaking of means for ends, and by this pursuit of the means to the neglect of the ends. Hence, among others, the illusions which prevail concerning 'political rights.'

"There are no further rights, truly so called, than such as have been set forth. . . . If a man's freedom is not in any way further restricted, he possesses all his rights."

Our ethical criterion is not the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but the fullest and richest and highest evolution of the human soul. The possession of our political rights are not mere means to an end in the sense that Mr. Spencer suggests. It is doubtful whether we can speak of anything as an end itself. "Life, liberty, and property" at least are not less "means to an end" than "political rights." Property, above all, is most assuredly not an end, and the political rights of any advanced nation ought to be holier even than property and life. This has been a sacred tradition in the home of Mr. Spencer and we intend to preserve it here in the new world. Our political rights are as yet imperfect, but we shall not abandon them for the sole reason that they need improvement.

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Mr. Salter, in his article on "Justice," recognises equality and inequality as two ingredients of the idea of justice, but his treatment is different from ours. He expatiates on the equality of all men, "having in mind their essential humanity, those capacities that lead us to differentiate them from the rest of the world and call them men." Justice, accordingly, is to Mr. Salter "nothing but that action which is inspired by equal regard for all men." The equality of justice, in our opinion, consists in the equality of principle or law or rule of conduct; while the inequality consists in the inequality of the persons to whom justice is meted out. The equality of men, which, in so far as all men are rational beings cannot be denied, is unduly exaggerated by Mr. Salter. Admitting that inequalities exist, he says:

"But all such inequalities are, as compared with the great underlying capacities which men have in common, on the surface."

This is not so. The inequalities are not superficial, but essential, and justify, therefore, in the place of "an equal regard" an extraordinary and often a radical inequality of conduct. Without these inequalities, there would be no justice, no discrimination of conduct, but simply indiscriminate equality.

It is a very common mistake to identify justice with equality. Especially the social reformers who clamor most vehemently for justice, frequently demand nothing but equality.

Those who preach that the laborer alone produces values, and that a fortune can be amassed only by fleecing the laborer of his dues, (taking the ground that the whole profit ought to be equally divided among those who do manual work,) are blind to the value of intellectual work. And the most valuable work (most valuable to society) does not as yet consist in the lucubrations of the professor in his study, but in being the practical leader of some enterprise, the thinking head of an industrial organism, the independent captain, on whose vigilance and ability depends the undisturbed livelihood of all those who have embarked with him in the same venture.

A man who starts an enterprise risks his fortune, but when successful he creates new values which did not exist before. Mankind is that much richer through his efforts. Having an attentive eye for the rise of a want he supplies the means to satisfy the want; and in doing so he cannot but help creating new wants, which serve in turn as stimuli for further enterprises. Such a man deserves the full share of his industrious activity and ingenious attention. The capital earned in this way will be in good hands, for it is most probable that he will be the best man to take care of it: he will use it where it will bring the best returns and work most advantageously for a further production or increase of values. On the other hand, it is the duty of this man, and in the long run it is also to his own advantage, to pay the men to whom he gives employment something more than the rate of wages which they could make independently of him.

The full rate of wages which employees could make independently of their employer is their due, and, indeed, it is exactly the amount which they can and, if they look out for their own interests, which they will enforce.

Justice demands that a man who employs men to help him in his enterprise should give them their full due, and we say that the wages due to them is the price which they can enforce: this is for the average laborer that amount which he could realise either in the employ of others or by independent work; and for extraordinarily skilful workmen or artisans it is that sum which represents to the employer the value of their assistance in his enterprise. An employer, if just, will gladly pay those employees proportionately higher wages through whose assistance the returns of his capital are greater.

The statement concerning the dues of the average workman, however, needs a supplementary explanation. We do not call those wages just, which are paid



by taking advantage of temporary emergencies of the men seeking for employment. There are many industrial plants that cut down the pay of the laborer to the starvation point. They are parasitic institutions, parasitic to society at large. If all the employers acted in this way mankind would rapidly degenerate. In order to defend themselves against extortions the laborers of the United States have formed unions, which enable them to fight for their rights more effectually than they could do alone.

It is further unjust to lock out laborers when, after having adapted themselves to one special kind of work, they have become unfit to undertake any other kind (for this is creating an emergency); or when, after having settled in a community, after having founded families and acquired homes, they find it very expensive and also inconvenient, at an advanced age, to begin life over again in some other town or state, they know not where. Such lockouts are worse than taking advantage of emergencies, they are creating emergencies.

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All mankind have one common aim, which is the enhancement, the enlargement, the growth, and constant reformation of the human soul. The rewards for the work done in the service of this idea are, according to the system of society which among all civilised nations of the world has been found out by experience to work best, distributed by a free competition for them. It is no exaggeration to say, that the more the system of free competition is carried out, the more progressive a nation is. We trust that the more equal the chances are for every individual to apply his energies to whatever he thinks himself fittest to do, the better work will be rendered by the community as a whole, and the better will be the returns of the work.

To stimulate the spirit of enterprise and of individual exertion, society insures to everyone and to his posterity, (as the heirs of his very existence, constituting the continuance of his self after death,) the full benefit of his work performed for the progress of the race. On the other hand, in order to give as far as possible equal chances to all in the general competition, this great republic of ours has instituted the public school system, the justice of which is based upon the idea that the education of the children is of vital interest to the community as a whole. Justice includes the performance of duties, and some of the most important duties are to the generations still unborn.

The law has decided that a certain portion of the taxes, without any further discrimination, shall be employed for the support of the public schools. And we see no injustice in the fact that the childless bachelor and also those people who see fit to send their children

to private schools, are obliged to contribute to the maintenance of an institution from which they do not directly derive any personal benefits, either for themselves or their families, but in which they ought to be interested as citizens. It is everyone's duty to help in building up the future of mankind.

It is to be hoped that in time not only the public schools, but all schools, the colleges, and universities, also, will become public institutions, affording quite equal chances of education to the rich and to the poor.

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Justice cannot and should not be done arbitrarily or by guesswork. Accordingly, rules have been devised to regulate duties, and these rules are called "laws" if they are of a general nature, and applicable to the whole community; they are called "contracts," if they are made by private individuals. A society in which duties are or can be thus fixed is called a state, and a state, being the organised common will of the members of a society, has the authority as well as the power to enforce certain duties. A law that is not to be enforced, a contract which the parties are not bound to respect, and a state that has no power whatever over its members, are self-contradictory conceptions. There may be and there are unjust laws, which it is highly desirable to abolish; there may be and there are unfair contracts, in which one party deceives the other; there may be and there are states which are not the organised common will of all citizens, but only of a usurper or of a ruling class. In such cases we have to work for an improvement of the laws, of the state, and of the conditions under which contracts are made, but we should not for that reason propose (as do extreme individualists and anarchists) that laws, as such, clearly defined contracts, and states should not exist at all, for this proposition, closely considered, is tantamount not only to a denial of all duties but also to the abolition of justice itself.

The exact performance of our duties according to laws or contracts, not more and not less, is called justice. To perform duties precisely as the law or a contract prescribes, is justice according to the letter; and justice is the least that is expected of us. If we do less we are in default. Justice, in this sense, is of all virtues the lowest, for its absence denotes a positive vice. However, when justice is accomplished not only in the letter but in the spirit of the law, (always supposing in this case that the law be righteous,) justice becomes the highest virtue, (as Plato maintains,) for it comprises all other virtues. Justice is the fulfilment of the law and the moral ideal of mankind.

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This consideration leads us to the problems as to the source and ultimate authority of justice.

The source of justice is morality. Justice is not



morality, but it is a special application of morality. The moral man will always be just; he has such an attitude toward others that he will, as a matter of course, be careful to fulfil all the claims they have on him. Any injustice on his part can only be caused through an oversight. The just man, however, is not necessarily a moral man, for he *may* do justice for other reasons than from pure good-will. He may, but it is little probable that a man will, practice justice throughout his life, unless his character be so attuned toward the world, that his good actions are simply the expressions of his kind heart. He will not only be just when a contract or a law enjoins a certain duty, but also when equity demands it. There cannot be laws and regulations for every trifle, but we can attend to our duties with a good will and love of duty, as if every detail had been rigorously fixed. The moral attitude of general good-will (in the language of the gospel called "love,") prompts us spontaneously and gladly to perform all justice, and to fulfil the law voluntarily.

The ultimate authority of justice is to be found in the ordinances of nature; and the ordinances of nature are exactly what the theologians call "the will of God." Justice is but another name for the conditions under which alone, according to the natural order of the universe, societies can exist. Justice makes of hordes of wild animals or savages moral communities, and every act of injustice is a breaking down of the foundations of society.

Let us be most careful in being just, and let us implant the love of justice in our hearts. Thus alone we can establish upon earth an increasingly more perfect realisation of the human in man or the kingdom of heaven (as Christ called the religion he preached). Justice is the will of God that shall be done, and the path of justice is the path of progress that leadeth unto life.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

AMERICAN humor may be recognised by its breadth, and the immense distance between the opposite points of it that emphasise a contrast. When a man complains loudly that he is being cheated and swindled, and robbed, he does not give us the smallest hint that there is any comedy in reserve, but when in the middle of his outcry he joins the robbers, and helps them to get away with the plunder stolen from himself the whole grand larceny is converted at once into American humor of superior quality. As a fair sample of the article, I present the following little story, founded on fact. Last Tuesday Mr. Edward Murphy was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of New York, and while the voting was going on, the name of Mr. Kempner being called, that honorable member rose and said, "First, the election of Edward Murphy is dictated by himself and two or three other persons in utter defiance of public sentiment. Secondly, he is not a statesman either of high or low degree, and consequently is not fit to represent this state in the United States Senate." He had just finished "Thirdly," and was going on to "Fourthly," when he was called to order, whereupon he rolled up his indictment, and brought his charges against Mr. Murphy to a comical anti-climax by voting for that

candidate. This contrast between speech and action is by some dull, straightforward people called self-stultification, but it is really American humor laughing at serious life. Something like it may be found in English fiction; as, for instance, in the *Pickwick* papers, where Mr. Blotton calls Mr. Pickwick a humbug, and immediately declares that he has "the highest regard and esteem for him," but that is merely the absurd creation of a story teller; we give the contradiction life and interest by reducing it to actual practice in affairs of greatest moment, thereby throwing over them all a cloak of playful insincerity. I once knew a man who had the habit of cheating himself when playing solitaire; a stupid sort of knavery indeed, but better than none at all.

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It is not easy to spiritualise larceny, and yet it can be done. Cardinal Manning put stealing among the elements of social self-defence, and Judge Springfield of Tennessee puts it on a higher plane than that. He uses it as a religious warning to wicked corporations, and he sanctions it as a justifiable attempt by the poor to recover some of the "natural opportunities" which have been stolen from them by the rich. He announces that "no person in necessitous circumstances will be punished in his court for stealing coal from the coal trust"; and he discharged several men and women who had been arrested in Chattanooga for stealing coal. If this dictum is the higher law in Tennessee where the weather is comparatively mild, it must be the very highest law in Illinois, supreme above the statutes and the decalogue, especially in Chicago, where the mercury has a habit of creeping down below the zero point, and staying there. If the code of the Tennessee judge is morally correct, stealing coal from the trust is a patriotic duty, and I already feel some twinges of a guilty conscience because I have not yet stolen any coal this winter from the coal yards. The higher law of Judge Springfield, is not only ethically bad, but also it is unsound in social economics. It makes me the judge in my own cause, deciding that the world owes me a living, and then permits me as my own sheriff to levy on anybody's property to satisfy the judgment. Of course, Judge Springfield's doctrine is intended for cold-weather only, but he will find it thriving in the summer time, although then it may apply to something else than coal; and it comes handy to this argument that an ice trust was organised yesterday. The judge is like that man in the Arabian Nights who let some imps of mischief out of a box, and then saw them grow so big in a minute that he could not put them back again. Larceny as a social reformer is not reliable, and I have no confidence in it; although I think the confederated larceny committed by the coal trust is ten thousand times more criminal than the petty counter-stealing by the poor. I have one religious comfort left; no member of the trust will ever go to heaven. "I haint got to go no furdur than my testyment for that."

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In spite of all my efforts to protect the dignity of the greatest office in this republic from ungrammatical insult, the illegitimate barbarism "Chief Executive," still usurps the place and majesty of that lawful, stately, and grammatical designation "President of the United States." Little did I dream when I was fighting for my country, that I should live to see the day when the President of the United States would be supplanted by the little, wheezy, epileptic equivocation, "Chief Executive." Merely as rhetoric, the title "President of the United States" is magnificent; and I cannot understand why the American people should be afraid of it, as if it had the measles or the cholera. Before long, the Chief Justice of the United States will sink into the "Chief Judicial"; and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, will be squeezed into the cheap and tawdry abbreviation, "Chief Legislative." It's coming to that, and we may as well fortify our minds to bear the blow. There is no aggravated assault and battery upon our language that the newspapers are not ready to commit; and



even American statesmen, sworn to obey the constitution, are not to be depended on; for no longer ago than yesterday, a statesman in the Senate of Illinois offered a resolution of which the preamble was, "Whereas, we have learned of the death of Rutherford B. Hayes, who for four years filled the high office of chief executive of this nation." As there is no such office, I cannot help weeping when I read that the preamble was adopted by the senate, grammar, diction, mistake, and all. Still, what better could be expected, when a grave and reverend senator, in speaking about the World's Fair, and against opening it on Sundays, declared that no man "had went" farther than he had in support of that great enterprise. I know that as a critic of language, I stand on dangerous ground, because I never studied rhetoric, and I should not know a rule of grammar if I met it on the street. I write, as I play the fiddle, "by ear"; and judging by the ear alone, I claim that "had went" is better grammar, and better sense than "chief executive"; and I am willing to submit that claim to the judgment of any school-teacher in this town. I have said it before, and I say it again, that a man has no more right to jar the nerves of his neighbors by discords in rhetoric than by discords in music, for there are men and women whose nerves are finely strung in sympathy with all the tunes and cadences of pure and classic language. To them the limpid flow of our literature from Chaucer to Longfellow is an eloquent melody whose notes may not be rudely jarred, nor its symphonies destroyed. In justice to the feelings of refined people, I maintain that a man has no right to say "Chief Executive," when he means the "President of the United States."

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Among the superstitions common to our people is the delusion that magic lies in a "diploma," so that if a man can only obtain that, he becomes qualified for any trade, profession, or calling he may choose to put his hand to. It will soon be that a man must have a diploma before he can be permitted to earn an honest living at anything. He must pass an examination before he can be a lawyer, or a doctor or a druggist, or a dentist, or practice this, that, or the other useful trade. The excuse for all that interference with our natural rights is, that society at large is interested in skilful and competent practitioners. Thinking the matter over, I am wondering whether it would not be well to demand some sort of a diploma before allowing a man to practice as a statesman, either in the provinces, or in the National Congress. To be sure, many practicing statesmen would be found ineligible, but is not "society at large" as much interested in competent lawmakers as in competent lawyers, or plumbers, or civil engineers? For instance, would not a diploma have been found useful in the case of that eminent statesman who introduced a bill into the legislature, forbidding oysters or clams to be sold in bulk in the State of Illinois, and requiring that they be sold either in the shells or in air-tight cans? And in the case of his colleague, who proposes a law declaring all persons ineligible to matrimony who cannot show a certificate that they are able to read and write in their own language? And in the case of that congressman from somewhere, who proposes to legislate sentiment into the people by act of Congress, declaring that on and after the thirty-first day of May, 1893, the pansy shall be our national flower, and that it shall symbolise "justice, liberty, union, culture, and peace"? Certainly, the pansy is not a warlike flower, but we have many other flowers that show more "culture," and just as much "justice, liberty, and union." Let us require a diploma from all our statesmen before allowing them to practice.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

HUMAN ORIGINS. By *S. Laing*. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1892. Fifth Thousand.

Important as are the facts of physical science, as bearing on the material progress of the human race, it is none the less true,

as stated by the author of the present work, that the most interesting of the results of modern science are those which bear upon the origin and evolution of the race. It is remarkable within how short a period this branch of science, which under the title of Anthropology was not long ago regarded as unorthodox if not "infidel," has come to occupy a recognised position. This is undoubtedly due to the general reception by scientific men of the doctrine of evolution, under the influence of Darwinism; and Mr. Laing does right, therefore, in supporting his contention as to the vast antiquity of the human race by reference to the requirements of that doctrine. If it be true, for instance, that all the species of a genus of apes have sprung from a common ancestor, we must believe that all the varieties of the human species have also had a common derivation. Such a conclusion necessitates the throwing back of the origin of man to a date so distant, that the time which has since elapsed should be measured in geological periods rather than in years. Three quite distinct European types of *paleolithic* man are known to have existed, and they all appear to be different from the Negro type, which in certain particulars approaches the most nearly to that of the *quadrumana*. The question of human origins is complicated by the fact, that although the Cannstadt type of skull found in Western Europe may be regarded as of a somewhat simian character, yet the still earlier skull of Castledredo and Calaveras in California, which were extracted from Tertiary strata, are of a less brutal character. This would seem to require the first appearance of the really human being to have taken place during the middle Tertiary; unless we are to suppose that his structure was originally more plastic than it is at present, and therefore more subject to variation under the influences of climate and other conditions. The conclusion arrived at by the author would seem to be a proper one. It is that man has existed from the Pliocene and probably from the Miocene period, but that at the earliest date at which his remains have been found there were several sharply distinguished types.

It is not surprising, considering the small portion of the earth's surface that has been examined for human remains, that the ancestral type of man which constituted the "missing link" has not yet been discovered. There are certain facts from which we may infer that the primeval men were of small make, and traces of them may be expected to be met with, if at all, in regions now inhabited by dwarf races. Possibly, however, their original habitat may now be beneath the waters of the great ocean, to become known to science only in some future geological epoch. We have only to suppose that the continental area was formerly as extensive in the southern hemisphere as it now is in the northern hemisphere, and that mankind originated on some portion of that area which is now submerged, and a solution would be found for several interesting anthropological problems. The least developed of the existing varieties of man are all to be met with within the southern hemisphere or not far from its borders, and the time which has elapsed since the destruction of its continental system would probably be sufficient to account for the formation of the different human types after the spread of mankind from the common centre. It is indeed possible that the formation of distinct types may be the result of the long continuance of special geological conditions either within different geographical areas, or successively within the same area, the former being the most probable.

The great difficulty connected with the assignment to mankind of the last antiquity required by the theory of evolution is the extremely short time covered by the historical period. The most distant date which can be brought within this period, according to the teachings of archaeological inquiry, does not carry us further back than about 5000 B. C., the approximate date of the foundation of the Egyptian empire by Menes. The most recent discoveries in Chaldaea are thought by some authorities to point



to the existence of Accadian civilisation in that region as early as 6000 B. C., but the more recent date which carries the historical period more than two thousand years beyond the beginning of the annals of the Chinese empire, is accepted by the author. He points out, however, that in Chaldæa as in Egypt, the country was then in a settled condition, being divided into a number of small states governed by priest-kings. These were in Egypt the *Horseshu*, or servants of Horns, and to them is ascribed the building of the most ancient temples, and also of the great *Sphynx*, which would seem to be much older than the earliest pyramid of Gbizeh, and is an image of *Hormachen*, the Son of the Lower World. These architectural works are evidence of the existence of a considerable degree of civilisation at the above date, 5000 B. C., although it is quite possible that they may have been due to an intrusive roll among a pastoral people, and the origin of civilisation should, therefore, be carried considerably beyond that epoch.

That at a very early date, historically considered, the Semites established themselves as a ruling class, not only in Chaldæa, but also in Egypt, is shown by the monuments, and it is very probable that the earliest Egyptian empire was founded by Semitic conquerors. As the result of recent researches, it is now known that Southern Arabia was the seat of an ancient civilisation, comparable to that of Egypt or Chaldæa, which probably originated at as early a date. Indeed, as pointed out by the author, ancient tradition refers to Southern Arabia as the source of both Chaldæan and Phœnician civilisation. Moreover, the country named *Punt*, which the Egyptians always spoke of with reverence, is supposed to have been Arabia *Felis* and the adjoining coast of North-Eastern Africa, now known as *Somali-land*, and "the physical type also of the chiefs of *Punt*, as depicted on the Egyptian monuments, is very like that of the aristocratic type of the earliest known Egyptian portraits." It is an important fact, as bearing on the question of human origins, that "in Arabia alone we find Semites and Semites only," but it ought to have been mentioned that the South Arabian Semite belongs to a somewhat different type to the Semite of the North. The former would seem to represent the pure stock, and his associations are undoubtedly with Africa rather than with Asia, or at least the central plateau from which the Turanian people of Chaldæa and Elam appear to have issued.

It should be noticed, moreover, that the traditions of the Chaldæans and Phœnicians pointed to the *Bahrein Islands* in the Persian Gulf, or to the Gulf itself, by which we may understand foreigners coming by sea, as the source of their civilisation. This would seem to point to India as its real place of origin, and it is a pity that the author does not say anything with reference to Hindu civilisation, or rather to the pre-Hindu civilisation which the Vedas themselves hint at as existing among the *Dravidian* peoples. Probably he was deterred partly by the scantiness of the materials, and partly by a wish not to intervene in the *Aryan* controversy. There are reasons for believing that India and Egypt were at an early date in close communication, and this is supposed in the conjecture that the tin which enters into the composition of the bronze used for the weapons and tools of ancient Egypt was brought from *Malacca*. But even if the origin of what we call ancient civilisation could be traced to Southern India, and if it had gradually developed there through a period of five thousand years, it would be carried back only to about 10,000 B. C., which is as nothing to the vast antecedent period in the lifetime of mankind, of which we find trace only in the few scattered relics met with in caves, and in gravel beds and other geological strata. These are, however, amply sufficient to establish the fact of man's existence on the earth for hundreds of thousands of years, and there is no reason why an antiquity of a million years should not be conceded to him, if this is required by the actual data.

That the ancients had some idea of the great antiquity of the

human race appears, however, from a fact which has not been allowed its due prominence. Mr. Laing, in referring to Egyptian chronology, remarks that "before the establishment of such historical dynasties we have nothing but legends and traditions, which are vague and mythical, the mythological element rapidly predominating, as we go backwards in time, until we soon arrive at reigns of gods, and lives of thousands of years. But as we approach the period of historical dynasties the mythological element diminishes, and we pass from gods reigning 10,000 years, and patriarchs living to 900, to later patriarchs living 150 or 200 years, and finally to mortal men, living, and kings reigning, to natural ages." In Chaldæa also we have a mythological period, extending over 432,000 years, during which gods and demi-gods reigned, and even 250,000 years are said to have elapsed between the introduction of civilisation by *Oannes* and the Chaldæan deluge. The chronology of the Hindus introduces similar figures, and the Buddhists of Central Asia ascribe to the earliest men lives of marvellous length, giving them in addition enormous size. Now although such statements as these are purely legendary, yet it is quite possible that they may preserve some dim memory of the fact that mankind was not a creature of yesterday, but that he had existed on the earth for a vast period, of which no record remained except in the daily life of the people, and in the vague stories of the reigns of gods and demi-gods.

Before bringing to a close this notice of Mr. Laing's excellent work, reference may be made to a few of its other more striking features. The origin of the week of seven days is clearly shown, and the austerity of the Sabbath connected with its associations as the day ruled over by "the gloomy and malignant" Saturn. The fact is mentioned that the moon supplied the standard for measuring time until it was discovered that the seasons are regulated by the sun. It might have been added that the first time measurers probably dwelt in a region where winter was unknown. The question of the historical element in the Old Testament is treated with great fairness, and the results of modern criticism clearly stated. The author does not, however, throw any new light on the subject, but his statement that the moral atmosphere of the history of the Hebrews "continues to be that of Red Indians down to the time of David" is suggestive. The bearing of Croll's theory of the action of the precession of the equinoxes, in combination with the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, in the production of the glacial period, as restated by Sir R. Ball, is well treated; and the conclusion appears to be justified, that "as man clearly existed in the pre-glacial period, and was already widely spread and in considerable numbers in the early glacial, 250,000 years may be taken as an approximation to the *minimum* duration of the existence of the human race on the earth." The final chapters, which deal with the subject of human origins from what may be regarded as its more purely anthropological standpoint, give a clear summary of the evidence in favor of the existence of Quaternary and Tertiary man. In connection with this subject we would point out that in "the earliest portrait of a man" found in the Grotto of *Les Eyzies*, a stroke which is usually taken for a horse's leg is very suggestive of a tail for the human being! In leaving the work we will say only, that it is excellently adapted to do what the author desires, to stimulate the minds of the young, and of the intelligent members of the working classes to study the subject which he states has been to him "the solace of a long life, the delight of many quiet days, and the soother of many troubled ones," and that it is deserving, moreover, of study by all those who are wishful to know the truth as to human origins. 11.

PRÉCIS D'ÉCONOMIE POLITIQUE ET DE MORALE. By *G. De Molinari*, Paris: Guillaumin & Co. 1893.

The present work is a neat and well-printed volume of 278 pages. The activity of its veteran author, who is a correspondent



of the Institute and Editor-in-Chief of the *Journal des Economistes*, extends as far back as the year 1846 when he published a small volume entitled *Etudes économiques*. The publishers Guillaumin and Co. have the reputation of publishing excellent works in this department: their *Collection des principaux économistes* and their *Nouveau dictionnaire d'économie politique* being especially noteworthy. This work, therefore, needs little comment.

The purpose of the book, the author says, is to summarise and bring within the reach of the general reader the fundamental notions of political economy and the science of ethics, as he conceives these sciences to be constituted. The work is divided into three parts: (1) "The General Economy of Nature," (2) "Political Economy," (3) "Ethics." All the chapters are instructive.

The law of self-preservation, regulated by the motive force of pleasure and pain, is, says Molinari, the fundamental law of existence: it controls man and beast alike. But man has reason and foresight. The beast destroys, man produces; he accumulates, he saves; he makes the labor of one supply the wants of many and thus makes it possible for others to follow higher and different pursuits. On this simple basis the vast structure of civilisation, with its untold wealth, arises; and the domain of Political Economy is created. With economical progress comes the necessity of Positive Law, the necessity of protection, the necessity of security; and beyond positive law, comprising all, ethics, the supreme science of conduct in all human relations. Though economical in its foundation, human society is ethical in its end; its *raison d'être* is ethical. All laws, all customs, if they are just, are the expression of our ethical ideas. And our ethical ideas, if they are correct, are the reflection of the facts of human nature and the conditions of human existence. These ethical ideas must be the guide and governor of the great machine of economical civilisation. Without ethics, in the expressed form of law, no true economical progress. The divorce of the two is the cause of the great crisis which now impends like a lowering cloud over the modern world.

Such is, briefly and positively expressed, in our own words, Molinari's view. This is the fundamental fact of his book. Concerning his opinions on technical points of political economy, we present no criticism: his theories are, as he expressly states, *his own* views of the subject. His style is forcible and clear. His mode of presentation is concise, and unburdened by platitudes or redundant discussions. μκρκ.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE CONSTITUTION. A Study Showing the Play of Physical and Social Factors in the Creation of Institutional Law. By *Morris M. Cohn*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1892.

AMERICA. ITS GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY—1492-1892. Six Lectures Delivered to Graduate Students of the Johns Hopkins University, with a supplement entitled "Was the Rio Del Espiritu Santo of the Spanish Geographers the Mississippi?" By *Dr. Walter B. Scaife*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1892.

These two works are volumes XIII and XI of the "extra volume" series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science—a series conducted under the able management of Dr. H. B. Adams. They contain respectively 235 and 176 pages.

Mr. Cohn's work was written, as the author says, "for the purpose of bringing before the student and reader of our American constitutional system a mass of information which at present lies scattered among the productions of many different writers, inquirers, and thinkers." The monograph is not intended for the special wants of legal practitioners, but is intended to supply the student with those general doctrines of political science which are absolutely necessary to the understanding of any special form of government. Mr. Cohn has made use of the very best authorities in

the production of this work: he has incorporated into his views the opinions of leading modern writers concerning the origin of "law" and "sovereignty," concerning the operation of physical and social factors in the constitution of states, with all that these subjects imply.

The philosophy of law and the science of comparative jurisprudence are studies which until very lately have been much neglected in the United States. Otherwise, one who is acquainted in the least with the history of institutions and with the idea of the evolution of things human and divine, might really wonder why Mr. Cohn should be led to make the remark that "The belief that the constitution of the United States was one out of many, and could have no existence save in connection with well settled and somewhat diversely governed communities which preceded it, early formed itself in his mind and has now grown into an unalterable conviction." He also remarks that the repeated expressions of federal tribunals bear out this conviction. The Anglo-American lawyer hesitates, without the opinion of a court, to pass judgment even on questions of philosophy.

It does not lie within our province to give a detailed critical opinion of Mr. Cohn's work but the erudition which is displayed in the citation of authorities and its appearance in the Johns Hopkins series are a sufficient guarantee of its usefulness.

The second of these books is an interesting monograph by Dr. Scaife on the development of American geography. It is divided into the following six sections: "The Development of the Atlantic Coast in the Consciousness of Europe;" "Development of Pacific Coast Geography;" "Geography of the Interior of Polar Regions;" "Historical Notes on Certain Geographical Names: America, Brazil, Canada;" "Development of American National and State Boundaries;" "Geographical Work of the National Government."

It contains a number of photographs and facsimile reproductions of ancient maps of America preserved in the libraries of Europe and of our own country, and though a treatise on a special subject will be of great interest to the general reader. μκρκ.

## THE OPEN COURT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES.

Dr. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price 75 cents each.

All communications should be addressed to

THE OPEN COURT,

(Nixon Building, 175 La Salle Street,)

P. O. DRAWER F.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 284. (VOL. VII.—5.)

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## RECIPROCITY AND SOUTH AMERICA.

BY GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

IN *The Open Court* of December 29th, commenting on the letters of Earl Grey, I spoke of "Reciprocity," and I now desire to illustrate the subject by the light of The South American Commission and The Pan-American Congress. The experience of the Commission and the Congress demonstrates clearly that the "reciprocity" expedient is a free-trade sign, for it shows the natural desire of every people to trade freely with every other people, if their governments will permit them to do so. The reciprocity device hinders, for the present, the free-trade movement, but it strengthens it for the future by exciting the appetite for freedom. When the United States of America sends agents to other nations, asking them for custom and making bids for business, it confesses that international trade is a good thing, and we have a right to suppose that the more of it the better.

A few years ago the United States government sent three commercial travellers to Mexico, Brazil, and the South American Republics, asking those nations to buy some goods of us, politely assuring them at the same time that it was against our principles to buy any goods of them, excepting, only such goods as we could not get anywhere else, and such as we could not produce at home. Of course, the commercial travellers came back without making or giving any bargains; in fact, without bringing any orders for any goods at all; and there is not among the "archives" at Washington a more comical state paper than the melancholy "report" of those three commercial travellers. One of the most laughable chapters in it is the story of their interview with the President of Uruguay, and from that story I quote the following paragraph:

"The President of Uruguay and his minister, after expressing with great ardor their admiration for the United States, their efforts to imitate our government in all things, and their desire for closer relations, accepted, without discussion, each and all of the propositions submitted by the commission, except that which relates to a reciprocity treaty with the United States. To this they would readily have consented also, had the commission felt justified in encouraging them to expect that the Congress of the United States would consent to a reduction or a removal of the duty on wool, this being the chief product of Uruguay."

Of course, the three commercial travellers did not see that the President of Uruguay was laughing at them; they could not detect the keen irony in the desire of Uruguay to "imitate our government in all things," including, of course, its restrictive policy. "The President of Uruguay and his minister" must have been very much amused at the simplicity of useless commissioners, wandering over South America with an ungracious message from Washington to the South American states, asking them to trade with us, and rudely telling them at the same time that we decline to trade with them.

It is easy to imagine the dialogue that must have been had between the commercial travellers and the President of Uruguay. "We have come soliciting trade," say the travellers. "Very well, says the President, 'what have you to trade?' They answer: 'Woolen goods.' 'Will you take wool for them?' says the President. 'Oh, no,' reply the uncommercial travellers; 'our firm is forbidden by law to take wool.' 'All right,' says the President; 'England will take it and give us cloth in exchange.' Then the uncommercial travellers go to Chili, and the Chilians offer them copper for their goods, but they are not allowed to take that either; and so, at last, they discover that they cannot trade with South America to any great extent, because the protective-tariff policy of their own country will not permit it. Finally they try the Argentine Republic, and the President of that country advises them to go home and tell the American Congress to 'do something at once to make the markets of the United States accessible to the Argentine producers.' If they had been keen enough to see the sarcasm in that advice, they would hardly have put it in the 'Report.'"

Not satisfied with the experiment of the uncommercial travellers, our government invited a Pan-American congress to convene in the city of Washington, to promote Pan-American peace and closer and more liberal trade relations among all the nations of the American continent. The congress met, but the United States tariff, like a barricade in Paris, blocked the way to all the supposed purposes of the congress, and, as might have been expected, it merely



sharpened the free-trade appetite. It showed that an invitation by the United States to the nations of New Spain for closer commercial friendship, on the basis of commercial hostility to Old Spain, is a paradox. Never did protection make a greater mistake than it made when it inspired Congress and the Secretary of State to issue that invitation. The very purpose of the congress was larger freedom, better acquaintance, and more ships. All these mean greater freedom of trade. Even the cool equipoise of Senator Sherman was disturbed by the mere inspiration of the conference. His habitual self-restraint gave way; his well-trained politics grew insubordinate; his soul made a break for liberty; and this man, erroneously supposed to have "no pulse," broke into enthusiasm, and said that he "was almost inclined to be a convert to free trade, if that free trade were confined to American nations." The qualifying clause counts for nothing. The speech of Senator Sherman proves that in thought and by conviction he is a free trader. It is true, the speech was made at a banquet, but sometimes the soul of a man is revealed at a banquet, although successfully concealed elsewhere.

That Pan-American banquet was given at Cleveland, Ohio, but another one given at Chicago was equally full of paradoxes, the most colossal incongruity being the chairman, a Senator in Congress from the State of Illinois; a protectionist in theory, in practice a free trader; by politics a Republican, by occupation a veteran importer of "pauper-made goods from Europe"; a statesman who demands free trade with one hemisphere, and commercial war with the other; a geographical economist who thinks that commerce ought to be longitudinally free, but latitudinally slave. Proposing a toast to the healths of the Presidents of the South American Republics, and addressing the guests from South America, he said:

"We must as soon as possible establish steamship lines to your countries and liberally subsidise them. We must offer you our exports as cheaply as others do; and to that end I shall favor such legislation as will bring about this result, even to the extent of uninterrupted trade between all the countries of this hemisphere.

Senator Farwell meant of course the western hemisphere, so-called; but suppose he cuts his orange equatorially, what then? And what if he thus divides the globe? In this case the United States will be in the same "hemisphere" with England, France, and Germany. Will the laws of political science change on that account? If it is wise to trade southward, can it be foolish to trade eastward? A geographical political economy is like a geographical arithmetic, which adds and multiplies by opposite rules in opposite "hemispheres."

The Governor of Illinois, also a Republican, and a protectionist, followed Senator Farwell, and he knew

enough to know that there can be no definite "hemisphere" until a line is drawn to make it, and he declined to draw the line. He expanded the "uninterrupted trade" felicity far beyond the contracted "hemisphere" patronised by Senator Farwell. The Governor enlarged it until it covered all the world. He said:

"Industry found here new incentives; enterprise and invention found large rewards, head and heart joined alike in the service of humanity; and the inanimate forces of nature harnessed by the devices of free *thought* to the car of progress, carry to-day the burdens once borne by unrequited toil. The swift interchange of thought, wherein, as by the lightning's touch, the heart-throbs of the Nations are felt in the pulses under the embracing sea, tends to make brothers of all mankind."

Somewhat stilted, but ethically true, because the brotherhood of man is broken whenever governments forbid brother to trade with brother. A misprint has marred the beauty of the sentiment, and "free *thought*" has been carelessly interpolated for "free *trade*." The context proves that "free trade" was the Governor's word, otherwise there is no adequate cause for the consequence he praised. He knows that "the heart-throbs felt in the pulses under the embracing sea" are telegraph messages concerning trade. For ten "throbs" about thought, that "pulse under the embracing sea," ten thousand pulse in reference to trade.

Reciprocity treaties rest on the assumption that imported goods are an injury to the country that receives them; and therefore it is only fair political retribution that the country sending them should suffer a corresponding injury by importing something in return. The cheaper the goods the greater the mischief, while to get them for nothing would be the greatest calamity of all.

#### EPICURISM, i. e. ATHEISM, THE CROWN OF CREEDS AND PHILOSOPHIES.

BY R. LEWINS.

"O Happiness, our Being's end and aim."—*Pope*.

IT CAN be easily shown, if things be envisaged in the right way, which they so seldom are, owing to the triviality and wrong-headedness of the mass of mankind, that the above postulate is true. Epicurism, which involves a belief in the eternity of matter, of cosmos or chaos, and therefore which disposes of "Creator" and "creation," quite incompatible with ancient or modern evolution, is without doubt the most rational, indeed the *only* rational, theory of the Universe, but is also the grandest and most sublime. It is even more, for it includes and categorises all other philosophic sects, even the sternest stoicism and asceticism. Happiness, or at least, satisfaction to the instincts and impulses of each nature, is the end and aim of all philosophies that have come down to us from antiquity. Just as much, though in a more cryptic



sense, as of epicurism. Even St. Simon Stylites, on his pillar, amid his sores, absurd battering of Heaven with prayer, including his twelve hundred reverences and genuflections in the twelve hours, is no exception to this rule. He could have descended and led an ordinary life if he had cared to. But there is no disputing about tastes and he could only have remained where he did simply because he preferred the one course of life—eccentric and criminal as we must regard it—to the other more natural, general, and genial one. *The one pleased more than the other.* Consequently even his unparalleled asceticism, and seeming self-denial, was as much self-indulgence, as is even that of the most degenerate “epicure”—falsely called after the name of its founder, whose system really postulated just as much antecedent self-denial and self-effacement as did that of the Portico, or any other philosophic school. All men must seek, consciously or unconsciously, most often the latter—the gratification of their own “pleasure,” the absence of which results in *mal aise*, not *bien aise*, or content. Man never can enjoy self-satisfaction, or anything resembling it, until that *nisus* is realised. Just like the squirming infant in the bath, which generally illustrates the advertisement of Pears’ soap, with the legend, “He never will be happy (easy) till he gets it.”

I think all who read this with an impartial mind must see its relevancy. Only impartial minds are, alas! in such a dire minority. Quite like Virgil’s ships of Æneas: “*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto!*” Dualism, which infers spiritualism, in any shape or form, seems quite untenable when we fathom its heights and depths, with Epicurus and Lucretius. Just as much as with hylo-idealism, which is only the coverse of hylo-zoism or materialism (motherism). In the latter synthesis there is no pretence to deal with objects in advance of the age. For to no mortal is it given to anticipate his era and its *Zeitgeist*. All predicated by automorphic egoism has been in the air, even to dunces, for at least two generations past. Just as Luther said of reformation principles, which he traced back for two centuries to the mysticism of Johann Tauler and others, and as certainly was also the case with Columbus. Only it is the rare exceptional mind that possesses the power of converting facts into general principles. As I have often said, I am willing to rest the whole fabric of hylo-zoism and hylo-idealism on Wöhler’s artificial manufacture of a vital (organic) secretion out of inorganic elements—a matter now sixty years or more old. If this development from inorganic into organic be a “true bill,” of which there is no doubt, and of which grape sugar, indigo, etc., are also examples, all *animism*, on which divine worship is based, is eliminated. It can only exist as a supererogation and useless surplusage. In fact, on the above *data*,

religion, as usually understood by the term, becomes a *reductio*, first *ad absurdum*, and finally *ad impossibile*. How can we worship Deity, when we never can escape from *all-inclusive* monistic egoity? Indeed, even on theistic *data*, all divine worship is hylo-ideal. If we look far enough into the millstone, which so *very* few care or dare, to do, we must be landed in the same conclusion. Clericals, as at the present Church Congress in Folkestone, prate of the “crown rights of the Son of God” (Christ). But, properly speaking, we are all Christs, (equally with that lofty idealist, on the hypothesis of an existing Deity,) i. e., Sons of God. A complete illogicality presides over the very initiative of supernaturalism, which is equally implied in monotheism (Jehovah-ism) or polytheism. One God is as much superhumanism as are the 300,000 of the Hindu Pantheon.

#### A MODERN CHRIST.

WE read in Matthew xxiv, 23, and also in Mark xiii, 22: “If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not.” In spite of this warning, men who pretend to be Christs have arisen at all times; they are still among us, and the State of Illinois, it seems, is at present more blessed with Christs than any other country in the world. Would it not be advisable for the World’s Fair Auxiliary to open during the World’s Fair, a congress of Christs? It is to be hoped that it would be a better success than all the congresses of learning that are planned! It would be something unprecedented and unrivaled, something extraordinary.

Harold Brodrick is the latest pretender to that great title, which mankind has attributed only once, to the Nazarene prophet, the patient sufferer on Golgotha. Mr. Brodrick has announced his coming in two volumes of a work entitled “The Son of Man.” The second volume states on the title page that it is written “By the Christ,” and its dedication reads:

“To my dear Father, God, this volume is dedicated by his son Harold: the Christ.”

In this he tells us all the main facts of his life, his experiences in an English insane asylum and how he came to believe that he is Christ. The man is apparently in earnest, and we do not doubt his sincerity. There is much nobility about him, which lifts him high above Schweinfurth, Teed, and other fellows who assume the same honor to themselves.

Mr. Brodrick’s story is interesting from a pathological point of view. The ecstatic states, of which he speaks, when “the spirit of God came all about” him, (II, p. 124,) and in which God “revealed to him spiritual pleasures,” were succeeded the following morning by a collapse, in which he felt tired. (II, p. 126.) The physicians treated him as an epileptic. The state-



ment of the case, as presented by Mr. Brodrick himself, would be of great interest to Professor Lombroso, of Turin. It should be supplemented, however, by notes of the physician who attended to Mr. Brodrick. Whether or not he was correctly treated, it is impossible to surmise. This much is certain, that our alienists, as a rule, enter too little into the *minds* of their patients. They neither try to gain their confidence, as they ought to, nor do they trouble much to find the mental key to their aberrations, which, if mental, cannot be cured by drugs. It may be true that public insane asylums are too overcrowded to allow of much individual discrimination among their occupants, yet this does not apply to private institutes which receive payment for patients. And a man like Brodrick deserves an exceptional treatment, not only for his personal qualities, but also for all the lessons which his case can teach us.

Mr. Brodrick had ecstatic states, in which, as he says, God spoke to him, and he is eccentric in his ways. That exhausts the case; there is, so far as his own apparently very sincere and complete statement goes, no madness about him. He is not insane in the proper sense of the term; he is no lunatic, and to treat him as such in an asylum might be a serious blunder.

His book is a strange mixture of abnormal extravagances and sensible ideas, which latter compare very favorably with those of religious maniacs and even of cranks. He says, for instance:

"Son of Man is a collective term, and anything that happens to any man on earth happens to the Son of Man." (II, p. 67.)

"There are more men than Harold Brodrick knows of who may yet be Christs." (II, p. 71.)

He regards himself as Christ, because he says:

"I have overcome sin." (I, p. 43.)

and

"God is the most Glorious Father to me. He has chastened me and afflicted me with fever and with those things that are brought on by immorality." (II, p. 39.)

When detained in the asylum, Mr. Brodrick was visited by a friend from his native country, New Zealand. Mr. Brodrick says:

"My father, in the flesh, sent him. . . . I told him that I was all right, and he said, I hear you claim to be the Holy Ghost. I laughed and told him that the Holy Ghost dwelt in me, and I was only trying to practically teach people that He dwells wherever truth is." (II, p. 162.)

It is surprising that he has no spiritualistic tendencies. He says that "nature" is only another word for God, and it is quite consistent for him to say that "God acts as God and as the devil." (Vol. II, p. 148.)

He expresses his ideas of heaven and immortality as follows: "There are no such places as heaven; heaven is in us." "There are no hells, except what

men are in now." (II, p. 44.) He says: "there is no life after death; when men get to be of the ideas of Jesus and of his way of living, then they overcome death." Or, in another passage (I, p. 57):

"God said to me, when I was in prison: 'You shall live for more than a thousand years.' . . . That means only that the spirit of truth that dwells in me shall dwell in all men."

Mr. Brodrick's description of how he recovered his old faith in God, is very touching. He says:

"As a child I had the most perfect faith in God. I did not know where God was, but I used to work on and on, and do my lessons at school as well as I could, and wait on my mother, who was ill; and then after her death I don't think I ever was happy again. I wanted to go to Heaven to be with God. That idea I had for a very short time after her death. Then, I don't know how it began, but I gradually ceased to think there was a God. I have clinched my teeth with rage, and I have blasphemed the name of God many a time since." (I, p. 33-34.)

When travelling from Montevideo to England, he became "as happy as he ever had been." He says:

"It was a very quiet kind of happiness. Perhaps it made me look as if I had been crying, and possibly I had. The fact is that I had got back my old faith in God. I felt that He was taking care of me." (I, p. 32.)

"And I do not mind confessing that I sobbed like a child. I had longed and hungered for that love of God for many a long year." (I, p. 33.)

If Mr. Brodrick had said and written and done nothing but what is in accord with these quotations from his books, no one would have thought of confining him in a lunatic asylum. But there are some additional facts which explain the situation, and some of them are so comical, that even Mr. Brodrick confesses:

"In plain words, God made me a fool in order that I may teach others what fools they are." (II, p. 128.)

and

"It was a foolish thing of me to announce myself as the messenger of God." (II, p. 116.)

The way in which he tried to announce himself must have created a sensation. He may tell his story in his own words. He sometimes speaks of himself in the third person. He says:

"On Monday, the 19th of October, 1891, he went to the public telegraph office in London, and he handed cables in which were to be sent to many parts of the world, and those cables announced that he was the messenger of God. . . . He handed in messages to the President of the United States and to the Governors of the English colonies, and to the Prince of Wales, and with those messages he handed in one that was an ordinary business telegram to Otto Bemberg, of Buenos Ayres. It told him simply that Harold Brodrick did not intend to buy the Elortondo colony, which he had formerly proposed to do. They took those messages after having refused many times, and they thought I did not know what I was doing because I called Jesus my brother; and then, because in another of the messages I said He was my father; and then, in another I said I was the son of Christ. Now Jesus taught men about two thousand years ago that he who believed in Him was His son and brother and father and sister and mother. Those words mean, in the Spirit. They did not send



my messages although they promised to do so. It took me from about ten o'clock in the morning until five in the evening to get those messages out of my hands. I was determined that they should take them. I made them do so by persuasion. They looked solemn until they came to one addressed to the Fiji Islands, and then they smiled, and said that there was no wire to Fiji.

"I was pretty well aware of that fact, but they might, nevertheless, have wired it to New Zealand, and sent it from there by post. However, that is of no consequence. All I wanted was to let men see I was in earnest, and to make them understand that I was the messenger of God." (II, pp. 104-107.)

This is only one of Mr. Brodrick's eccentricities. There are more of them, among which may be mentioned his visit to the Prince of Wales, his anthropological revelations about the inhabitants of Asia and New Zealand, his enunciation of oracular sayings attributed to God, etc., etc. His style betrays the nature of his mind. His sentences are abrupt, and his thought is erratic; a fact which is most striking at the beginning of his book and least apparent in a systematised collection of quotations as presented here.

Whether or not he can be prevailed upon to give up his eccentricities is difficult to say. Being born in 1861, he is too old for a radical change of character and too young still to be entirely unamenable. How he will develop if quietly left to himself it is difficult to say. Let us bear in mind that whole nations have passed through stages of almost incurable eccentricities! And yet they overcame them, at least in part. We are still at work conquering some of the eccentricities of mankind, which the present generation has inherited from mediæval times, and a public teacher is in this respect a wholesale alienist. The editor of this journal, at least, sometimes feels like it when confronted with officially established absurdities, compared with which Mr. Brodrick's eccentricities are trifles.

\* \* \*

Mr. Brodrick being the living example of a man who arrived at the sincere conviction that he is Christ, naturally suggests a comparison between him and Jesus of Nazareth. But this comparison, as must be expected, does not show Mr. Brodrick to advantage. While Jesus is a great figure, powerfully stirring the people of his age, and, through them, all mankind, Mr. Brodrick is simply a curiosity, an anachronism, a phenomenon of mental atavism; he is out of date and (as he is very well aware himself) can only appear ridiculous to his fellow-beings. How grand, simple, and yet pithy are the words of the Christ of the Gospel! There is a moral spirit in them that touches to the quick. How poor is this modern "Son of Man," who has not one great thought of his own! Granted that he is pure of heart and sincere, he is lacking in those qualities which made Jesus the moral leader of mankind. Mr. Brodrick's best ideas are only distorted repetitions of

his elder brother, whose shoe's latchet he is not worthy to unloose.

That which constitutes the greatness of the Jesus of the Gospel is not his self-annunciations as Christ, but the moral contents of his preachings.

There is a mythology woven about the historical Jesus, and David Friedrich Strauss has endeavored to explain it and to trace the mythical threads to their various origins. The labors of critical inquiry are of great value, but that which Christianity is most in want of at present, is not the negative work of a vivisection of mythical figures, but a restatement of the mission of Christ in the light of modern science. The historical Christ is the spirit of Christianity, and the rise of the historical Christ announces a new era in the evolution of mankind. The historical Jesus, it appears, is one of the main factors that formed the historical Christ, and the mythological Jesus was one of the vehicles in which the historical Christ first took shape. The historical Christ, however, is a living presence even to-day, and the more we understand his mission, the less are we in want of any further incorporations of Christ—in the sense of specially chosen instruments of God; while on the other hand, as Dr. Lewins says in his article of this number: "Properly speaking we are all Christs, Sons of God."

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

CONSIDERING that the Isthmus of Panama is on the American continent, and that we have a Monroe doctrine, although nobody knows what it is, it seemed rather unfair that all the profits of the Panama swindle should go to the statesmen of the French republic, and none to the American owners of the Monroe doctrine, the diplomatic sandbag hitherto available whenever European governments have attempted any enterprise on this continent. While that opulent stealing was going on, the Monroe doctrine, instead of ramping round as formerly, lay peaceful as a kitten on a rug, chloroformed into quiet by the French Commissary Generals of the Panama canal. It seems from the evidence obtained in France that we were not altogether cheated out of our honest dues, for two million four hundred thousand dollars was distributed in America to keep the Monroe doctrine still. Our self-esteem increases when we learn that the French freebooters respected the vigilant guardians of the Monroe doctrine, and estimated their value at such a liberal sum. Like a blind man groping his way with a stick, Mr. Fellows, a member of congress from New York, offers a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to find out who got the money.

\* \* \*

The long struggle over the office of United States Senator for Wisconsin has resulted in the triumph of Mr. Mitchell. This was inevitable, and according to the eternal fitness of things, for Mr. Mitchell owns many millions of dollars, and his proper place is in the United States Senate. His chief competitor General Bragg had nothing to recommend him but fame, services, and ability, therefore it was an act of presumption in him to aspire. It was thought by the innocents that on the break up of the Knight forces they would vote for Bragg, the poor man, but a person with no more foresight than a weather prophet might have known that most of them would flock to the rich man, as they did. One of them, voting for Bragg, said that he did so "because the sentiment



of nine tenths of the Democrats of Wisconsin is in favor of the soldier statesman General Edward S. Bragg. Therefore I vote for the choice of the people, for the choice of the democratic masses of the State of Wisconsin, General Edward S. Bragg." (Applause from the Bragg men.) Rarely do we see such a fine example of self-restraint. For thirty ballots, extending over three weeks of time, this eloquent advocate kept his enthusiasm down, and voted mechanically as a clock against "the soldier statesman, the choice of the people." It was very unkind in his colleague to remark in a taunting way, "Well, if you believed what you say, why didn't you vote for Bragg?"

\* \* \*

A week ago, in speaking of the statute that compels an aspiring genius to get a "diploma" before beginning to practice law, I suggested that the rule might be beneficially expanded so as to require a man to obtain a diploma before venturing upon the business of law making, and before attempting to practice as a statesman. I desire now to offer another amendment requiring any candidate for judicial rank to obtain from some competent authority a certificate showing that he is morally and mentally able to perform the duties of a judge. Such a regulation appears to be greatly needed, especially in Illinois. It is not pleasant for a citizen of this commonwealth to see the judiciary laughed at for its law, and condemned for its injustice. Long ago, one of the judges, now Governor of Illinois, showed in a book filled with evidence, that our jurisprudence is not only vacant of law, but also of that moral intelligence without which not even the decisions of a Marshall or a Mansfield can be relied on. And now the *Albany Law Journal* impeaches the Supreme Court of Illinois, and accuses that high tribunal of weakness, vacillation, inconsistency, and careless disregard of the Constitution and the law. The charge that the decisions are made by individual judges, instead of by the whole court, seems to be successfully denied by the clerk of the Supreme Court himself, who certainly ought to be believed; but the other accusations yet remain. The decisions quoted by the *Albany Law Journal* are so discordant, and so feebly reasoned, that they diminish our confidence in the learning of the court, and in its judicial impartiality. The indecision of the decisions deprives the law of strength and symmetry. No suitor, however just he knows his cause to be, can depend upon the law. No lawyer, however confident, can safely advise a client.

\* \* \*

As if to justify the censure of the *Albany Law Journal*, the Supreme Court of Illinois now reverses the judgment in the Cronin case, for errors which it sanctioned in the Anarchist case. By this reversal it has passed a solemn sentence on itself, and conjured ghosts out of the shades of Mannheim, and into the temples and mansions of Chicago. We may whistle aloud to keep our courage up, but in spite of our affected bravery a mysterious fear creeps over us, that, perhaps, after all, the so called anarchists were denied a legal trial by jury. If the latter decision is right, the former decision was wrong, and its consequences a tragic and melancholy mistake. This fear awakens the general conscience and finds expression in the following words, which I quote from a leading paper in Chicago. Deploring the opinion in the Cronin case, it says: "An argument like this could easily have been made in the anarchist case, for there was an abundance of technical errors in that upon which a reversal might have been based. If there was a miscarriage of justice in the Cronin case for the reasons set forth in this opinion, there was also a miscarriage of justice in the anarchist case, and no other conclusion can be reached than that Spies and his fellow conspirators were judicially murdered." The inward, silent monitor that accuses us is neither to be deceived nor soothed by adjectives, and the "abundance of errors" cannot be exorcised by verbal incantations such as "technical." An illegal jury never was a merely technical error, but always a substantial

wrong, especially in trials involving life or death; but of course, in a time of mob frenzy and judicial anarchy a different rule prevails.

\* \* \*

The "immigration" question appears to be responsible for a great deal of "native" bad manners and inhospitality. It has become the fashion for men of words, especially at banquets, to lecture the "foreigner" on his duties, and to complain of his ways. Those patrician censors are very superior persons. They cannot condescend, like the rest of us, to be equal fellow-citizens of this country, because they own the country, and mounted on their oratorical stilts they patronise and criticise the foreigner in a very conceited and ungenerous way. Whatever he may do to please them, they are not satisfied. When he calls himself Irish, German, Scandinavian, or anything else, they tell him that he is disloyal to his adopted country, and that he ought to be an American, and nothing but an American. When he adopts that advice and calls himself an American, they tell him that he is using false pretenses and that he cannot be an American, because he was not born in America. When he tries to compromise the difficulty by describing himself more fully as an Irish-American, or a German-American, the hyphen makes them swoon, and they drop into a feminine faint. Is there anything disloyal about a hyphen, which innocently helps to describe an American citizen who is by birth a foreigner? Last week a New York American bearing the very Dutch and very honorable name of Roosevelt, spoke in Chicago at the annual banquet of the Hamilton Club on "Americanism and Immigration." With eloquent rage he pounced upon the "hyphenated American," and magisterially proclaimed who must not come into this country. Next year the Hamilton Club will invite him to come back and tell us who shall not stay. He would exclude the "uneducated"; a harsh proceeding, which might put Mr. Roosevelt himself in danger, if his description of America and the Americans is to be taken as a test of what he knows. He said: "America is more than a geographical expression, and Americans more than human beings who happen to inhabit a particular section of the world's surface." Only a very small fraction of that is true. To be sure, there are a few Americans, like Mr. Roosevelt and the members of the Hamilton Club, who are "more than human beings who happen to inhabit a particular section of the world's surface," but the most of us are merely human beings who are called Americans, because we happen to inhabit that bit of the earth which is known in geography as America. Mr. Roosevelt further said that "America, as a nation, is to be regarded as an organic whole, indivisible itself, and sharply sundered from all others." This is such an extravagant mistake, that I cannot help thinking that "America" is a misprint for "China," of which latter country the words of Mr. Roosevelt give a very fair description. They are less applicable to America than to any other nation on the globe. There never was a country, not even Rome, so closely connected with all others as the United States is now.

\* \* \*

That a man ought to be a good citizen is plain enough, and it is well to tell him so, but our political schoolmasters of the Roosevelt order think that nobody but the foreigner needs exhorting, and that the native is always good. I am sorry to confess that I have many times detected foreigners engaged in political rascality, but in every instance I found some native Americans among them, directing operations and sharing in the spoils. Mr. Roosevelt has no doubt that the Americanism worn by him and the Hamilton Club is the genuine article, and that every other kind is counterfeit; but, if we test it by the Declaration of Independence, by the Constitution of the United States, by the history and traditions of the American people we may find that it is not Americanism at all, but English Toryism covered all over with cobwebs, like old port of a vintage as far away as the reign of George the Third.



At the Hamilton Club the members applaud sentiments which are as contemptuously anti-American as anything ever uttered at the Carlton Club in London, and I cannot accept from them as Americanism of good quality the reactionary Toryism of Pall Mall. While they are lecturing the foreigner on his civic duties, they might profitably drop a patriotic word into the ear of the native, too. It is coming to this, that the foreigner, in order to satisfy his critics, must give up not only his political allegiance to his native land, but also the sentiments, manners, thoughts, and customs of his own people, and that natural allegiance of love and veneration which no good man ever withholds from the home of his forefathers. Mr. Roosevelt is separated from Holland by several generations, but has he no pride in the Dutch people from whom he sprung; a people who have done greater things with smaller means than any other people under the sun? I would not give much for the political allegiance to America of any foreigner who can renounce, as if it were an old coat, the natural allegiance which he owes to his native land.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

### THE DEAR OLD HAND.

BY G. L. HENDERSON.

She sits alone in her room;  
 She knits the livelong day,  
 Or clasps her hands in the gloom;  
 Her thoughts are far away.  
 'Tis dear old mother we know;  
 The same dear hands knit the stocking,  
 The same dear foot did the rocking  
 Of our cradle long ago.

She's back in her mountain home,  
 A loved one holds her hand.  
 He says: "You are mine; oh, come!"  
 She enters fairyland.  
 Beautiful mother! we know  
 The same dear hands knit the stocking,  
 The same dear foot did the rocking  
 Of our cradle long ago.

She hears the patter of feet,  
 She kissed them every one,  
 She works, they play in the street,  
 Her work is never done.  
 A busy mother, we know  
 The same dear hands knit the stocking,  
 The same dear foot did the rocking  
 Of our cradle long ago.

One by one, they go away,  
 Ever in memory stored;  
 Same are dead—one brave son lay  
 Where guns for freedom roared.  
 A faithful mother, we know;  
 The same dear hands knit the stocking,  
 The same dear foot did the rocking  
 Of our cradle long ago.

The heart she still loves lies cold;  
 She's near his empty chair.  
 Her love will never grow old;  
 We kiss her silv'ry hair.  
 Darling mother! we know  
 The same dear hands knit the stocking,  
 The same dear foot did the rocking  
 Of our cradle long ago.

Life rolls on like a river,  
 Purer, clearer, stronger.  
 Love digs her channels; ever  
 Broader, deeper, longer.  
 Still other mothers, we know,  
 Busily will knit the stocking,  
 Lovingly will do the rocking;  
 All as ours did long ago.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NO TRIBUNAL FOR RELIGION.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

I am not interested in *The Open Court*. Its name alone even without its expressed aim is enough to condemn it in the eyes of a Christian.

To insinuate that religion—the religion of Christ—is a thing to be brought before the bar shows a sad ignorance of the word of revelation that tells us "the faith was once delivered," or a sadder unbelief of that revelation.

A man might as well begin to inquire if he ever was made, as to examine and strive to find out the truth about God by reason. If God is a Spirit, the Infinite, the Almighty, the Adorable, how could man know much about Him unless it was revealed to him? That God exists the Bible assumes (not attempts to prove) and man's consciousness attests.

It seems to me like an insult to send such a paper to a clergyman.

When I have become familiar enough with the Bible to understand its obscurer parts, to know under what circumstances each part was written, perfectly well posted on all its geography and history, I may have time to reconcile science, so far as it is not merely so-called science with it.

I am afraid I have not written in a conciliatory spirit, so that you will hardly heed my request that you will make the Bible more your study, and literature less. If, however, you would do so and act upon what you find therein, you will not have the heart nor mind to sanction the utterly useless and debasing horrors of vivisection.

Truly yours,

B. ROTHER PLYMOUTH.

[We respect every sincere opinion, and are glad to let every side be heard. It is strange, however, that our correspondent imagines that he represents the cause of Christianity. "To insinuate that religion, the religion of Christ, is a thing to be brought before the bar," he says, "shows a sad ignorance of the word of revelation," etc. Yet to insinuate that we should not inquire into the truth and reliability of that which is regarded as the most important thing, denotes either a lack of religious interest or what is sadder still, of confidence in the truth of our religious convictions. Who ever saw truth afraid of being brought before the bar? Truth need not mind and does not mind the closest scrutiny. Thus, he who stands up for truth will rather encourage than prevent inquiry.]

Our correspondent advises us to study the bible. We have studied the Bible; not only its geography and history, but also its spirit, and we must confess that we regard the Bible as far superior to that orthodoxy which erroneously claims the biblical authority in its favor.

Revelation and tradition are two different things. A revelation of which we have no direct knowledge, but only the indirect information of traditions, is, as a matter of course, to be classed as a tradition. It is, first of all, the pretense of a revelation which has to prove its claims.

It is expected that during the World's Fair all the various



religions will hold public services. How shall we decide their respective claims except (as Jesus suggested) by their fruits? And how shall we judge of their fruits, except by closest scrutiny and most exact, most rigorous, and scientific inquiry?—Ed.]

## BOOK REVIEWS.

SOCIALISM EXPOSED AND REFUTED. By the Rev. *Victor Cathrein*, S. J. A Chapter from the Author's Moral Philosophy. [From the German.] By the Rev. *James Conway*, S. J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 164, 75 cents.

This booklet is a translation from a chapter of Cathrein's comprehensive work on "Moral Philosophy." It was published separately in the original German and met with a most cordial reception. Five translations have already appeared, in French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, and Flemish. The English translation is the sixth one. Its German origin will be a sufficient explanation why the criticisms of the book are so little applicable to American life. Our conditions are so different, and having no Social Democracy, few people will understand the refutations hurled against its doctrines. The author explains (in Chap. I) the nature of socialism as well as its development up to the time of the Erfurt programme, and avers (Chap. II) that the principles of socialism are untenable. He declares that there is no absolute equality of the rights of all men as demanded by socialism, that undue emphasis is given to the industrial phase of life, and that human life is treated only from its temporal or earthly standpoint. The socialistic theory that value is created exclusively by labor is rejected, and liberalism is declared to be the root of the evil. The impracticability of socialism (Chap. III) is treated of in six sections. The author grants more to socialism than from the premises of the first part could be expected. He says:

"We do not maintain that a social order, such as that devised by the socialists, involves a contradiction or is impracticable under all conditions. If men generally were entirely unselfish, industrious, obedient, filled with interest for the common weal, always ready to give everybody else the preference, and to choose for themselves the last and most disagreeable place—in short, if men were no longer men, as they are, but angels, a social order, according to the plan of the socialists, would not be impossible."

Now, the experiment has been made repeatedly, not only several times of late in America, but once almost 2000 years ago in Judea; and we do not doubt that the first Christians who had all their goods in common, thus making a noble experiment from which later generations could learn, were truly religious, unselfish, serious, diligent, obedient men, filled with the interest for the common weal, and yet they failed in their aspirations.

We think it is strange that the Rev. Father does not even mention that Christianity in its very origin was socialism. If he had kept this fact in view, he might have judged the socialistic aspirations in a less unfavorable light.

## NOTES.

The German branch of the Society for Ethical Culture is now publishing a weekly journal, entitled *Ethische Kultur*, the editor of which is Prof. George von Gizycki. The first number contains an editorial, explanatory of the aims of the society. "By 'ethical culture,' the society understands a state in which justice, truthfulness, humaneness, and mutual esteem obtain," and an article by Professor Jodl answers the question *Was heisst ethische Kultur?* in a similar sense. We believe in the necessity of preaching morality, so we wish that the new society may prosper and do a good work. We do not believe, however, in the maxim proposed by the Society for Ethical Culture that ethics can be preached without regard to science, religion, and philosophy; and this error of

theirs has been pointed out at once by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, in *Die Zukunft*, and by Dr. Th. Barth, in an editorial of *Die Nation*. We fully agree with both critics; and this is the reason why we have little confidence in the future of the societies of ethical culture on this side as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, we trust that their good intentions are worth something, and their labors will not be entirely lost. Yet the main value of their work, it seems to us, lies in this, that the churches receive with this new competition a fresh impetus, which will strengthen the liberal, humanitarian, and moral elements in the churches, so as to overcome the old, narrow dogmatism.

## THE MONIST.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF

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NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 285. (VOL. VII.—6.)

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 9, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE MONISTIC METHOD.

BY W. STEWART ROSS.

THE small but truly fraternal prandial meeting in Anderton's Hotel, London, to welcome Dr. Carus was not in anything special in regard to somatic comestibles but has certainly proved remarkable as a feast of reason and a flow of soul—to this day the reason is to the fore, and the soul is still flowing.

My capable friend F. J. Gould reported for *The Agnostic Journal* the speeches of Dr. Carus and myself on the festive function at Anderton's. Dr. Carus reproduced Mr. Gould's transcript in the columns of his excellent hebdomadal, *The Open Court*; and my gifted friend, Amos Waters, has contributed an illuminative article on "Agnosticism *vs.* Monism" to that journal; and now Dr. Carus himself has cogently and courteously traversed the report of my speech which he had reproduced. It is with one or two of the learned Doctor's comments and strictures upon my position, or his conception of it, I now propose to briefly deal.

1) Dr. Carus, joining issue with my thesis that philosophy is *not* dependent upon natural science, contends that it *is* dependent; and, in support of his contention, observes:

"Aristotle was a first class naturalist. Familiarity with the results of science is less important to a philosopher than to be versed in the methods of inquiry. Yet who would deny the great influence of natural science upon Aristotle's philosophy."

I fear the appeal to Aristotle is not altogether fortunate. The less stress laid upon Aristotle's natural science the better. Lewes, in his "Aristotle," fully exploits the character of the "Science" of the Stagirite. Even giving full weight to Dr. Carus's pertinent observation that "familiarity with the results of science is less important to a philosopher than to be versed in the methods of inquiry" hardly renders his appeal to Aristotle more valid, unless the Doctor contend that *astrology* involves the scientific "method" and that *alchemy* and the pursuit of the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone involve the exact and positive research and codification implied in modern scientific inquiry.

But in support of my contention that philosophy owes little or nothing to natural science, Aristotle's philosophy proper is not obsolete, but significantly ex-

tant. His *physics* is abrogated; but what essential advances have been made upon his *metaphysics*, his *ethics*, or his *logic*, which is the most perfect analysis of thought of which human mentality is capable! Many have dealt with, but no one has as yet actually *developed* the logical system with which he dowered the world. And scientist or not, in his *general* world-conception, Aristotle arrived only at the same result as the non-scientific Socrates with his *demon* and Plato with his deific *intuition*. The God of Aristotle is only that of Socrates and Plato arrived at by another *venue*; God is with him the logical completion and unity of his system of thought, the One, the Totality in which the multiplicity of ideas reach their necessary consummation in Unity, in the *Monos* of the school of Dr. Carus, in the *Unknown* the Unconditioned Absolute of the agnostic. Even grant that Aristotle was the first scientific philosopher, in his world-synthesis he did no more than endorse the finding of his unscientific predecessors. So much for the *evidence* that philosophy is dependent upon science.

2) I am reported as having said: "Where science and philosophy break down, we require religion." To this proposition Dr. Carus writes: "Here I must respectfully differ." And here I must respectfully ask for information. Dr. Carus's monism is ostensibly "devoted to the work of conciliating religion with science." Truly a most laudable work to be devoted to. But what has hitherto restrained me from unreservedly endorsing the monistic doctrine is, I have never been able to clearly discover where the "religion" came in, although of the "science" we have had *quantum suff.* To me, but if I am wrong I earnestly desire to be put right, Dr. Carus's reconciliation of religion and science is the proverbial reconciliation between the lion and the lamb, effected by the latter lying down *inside* the former. If religion does not come in where science and philosophy can minister no further to intuitional aspiration, I much want to know where it does come in. Dr. Carus must, perforce, admit that it comes in somewhere or he would not devote his able journal to the task of reconciling it with science.

3) Dr. Carus states: "God in my opinion is the reality which surrounds us and of which our very being



consists." Granted. This is all very well in a Hegelian regard. But how does the learned Doctor who challenged my statement of the inadequacy of the five senses *find* this God? Is, with him God the obverse of his brain-processes? He tells what, in his opinion, God is, but how, by his method, does he reach him?

4) Evidently it is by no third faculty, apart from sense and reason, as posited by Max Müller that Dr. Carus finds God; and yet, from the following in his stricture upon my speech he alleges that he cannot only find the infinite, but "understand" it.

"Even the infinite is a conception which is as plain or even plainer than anything finite. Ask a mathematician whether man possesses besides sense and reason a third faculty, 'the faculty of apprehending the infinite.' The mathematician will inform you that reason is quite sufficient to understand the nature of the infinite; and that if such a third faculty existed its reality should be doubted if indeed it were in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason. If reason were contradicted by sense, or sense by reason, in what a sorry plight would science be?"

Is it possible that my learned friend is more concerned for his darling "science" than for truth? If the inevitable conclusion of the eternal verities go against "science" who cares whether she be "in a sorry plight" or not? If reason aspire to "understand" the infinite, the reasonable will expect to find her in "a sorry plight."

5) Since reason is so potent it is important to know what Dr. Carus means by reason. His definition we may gather from the following:

"Mr. Ross mistakes my position when he says that I 'would exclude . . . everything which does not appeal to the five senses and approve itself to the sensational school.' Mathematics is a science from which all sense elements have been excluded, and logical arguments appeal to reason, not to the five senses."

Now this "reason" is, according to Dr. Carus the faculty by which we can, not *apprehend*, mark you, but "understand" the infinite. Reason evolves the processes of mathematics "a science from which all *sense* elements have been excluded." Dr. Carus thinks that at last he can proceed independently of the five senses upon which I opined he laid undue stress. Even here I doubt if the learned Doctor has shaken himself clear of his besetting *incubi*, the senses. It has been pointed out by Bain that all reach marches of deduction are *material*, and that even the highest mathematical symbols themselves are more or less *material*, in their way. Pure form is unthinkable. Surely any student of the *living processes* of thought as worked out by Spencer or Bain, who talks of reason operating "upon the basis of the laws of form" speaks for the study, not for the world of reality. The "laws" are, at best, only verbal formulæ.

6) To me there is, near the end of Dr. Carus's criticisms upon my position, a passage from which I have derived much satisfaction. The Doctor writes:

"The ultimate aim in which all feelings may be represented to find satisfaction, may be sought in infinity it may be called God or Theos, it may be characterised as an illusion or an ideal, that much is certain that the elements of our soul, the feelings out of which the human mind grows, are yearnings. Reason does not create these yearnings; they are facts; they are the data of our soul-life."

This, after all, from the pen of Dr. Carus, the Monist, looks like a forcible expression of a statement I, the Agnostic, have insisted upon, in varying forms, times without number. The five senses, however, and the scientific method he advocates, do not form the entire basis for the "feelings," to which the Doctor here refers, and which in disregard of his own set processes, he introduces *per saltum*, over his own head, as it were, to complement his own monistic world-theory. It seems to me that, after pursuing an incorrect method, his intuition, which he would fain ignore, is so keen that he abandons his incorrect method and at a bound reaches the correct result. If "reason does not create these yearnings," then there is, as Max Müller contends, something beyond reason after all; and Dr. Carus himself uses it for a purpose much akin to Dr. Müller's apprehension of the infinite.

To show that in this last quotation I do not unfairly catch Dr. Carus making an inadvertent admission, let me give his corollary:

"There is a truth in Saladin's position which I do not wish to deny, and there is a truth too in the sentences quoted from Max Müller and from Tyndall; but I should express it differently. I should say: The religious sentiment is now the same as it was in the days of Job; we feel attracted by a power that, mystically speaking, loves us with an everlasting love and therefore with loving kindness is drawing us. The yearning of our soul, which is unlimited, unfathomable, infinite, is a power 'independent of sense and reason,' and 'neither sense nor reason are able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both reason and sense.' For this yearning is the master, sense and reason are his servants. Sense and reason stand in the service of the will. They are his torch-bearers and illumine his path."

"Monism, as it is upheld in *The Open Court*, does not exclude the sacred promptings of the religious instinct; on the contrary, it includes them; nay, more so, *The Open Court* is the work of these promptings. The founder of *The Open Court*, in spite of all the accusations of narrow-minded bigots who call him a pagan and an infidel, because he carries the torch of reason into the dark chambers of religious dogmatism, is of a deeply religious nature."

"The religion of *The Open Court*, however, (mine no less than Mr. Hegeler's,) does not originate in the breakdown of science and philosophy, but it permeates and is permeated by science and philosophy. The more science we have, the purer, the grander, the truer will be our religion. If science and philosophy should break down, our religion would break down with them. Science and philosophy are inseparable from religion, and religion could not exist without them."

Of course religion, from its ethical side, may run *pari passu* with science and philosophy, as indicated by Dr. Carus; but religion in the unity of its force, as the yearning and passionate at-one-ment of the soul with the All, comes in with its solution where, as I



contended, science and philosophy break down. I do not hold that if "science and philosophy should break down, religion would break down with them"; although, of course, if civilisation were to break down, the expressions and symbolisations of the religious sentiment would degenerate.

Dr. Carus arrives at what are essentially my own conclusions; but, it appears to me, he so arrives not by his scientific method, but in spite of it. He leaps out of the chariot of his choice and outruns it. He says philosophy "inquires into the subjective and objective conditions of cognition." But, if philosophy do so, *in the very act it becomes* metaphysic, as now understood by our advanced thinkers. The study of the conditions of knowledge is metaphysic, as Von Hartmann himself observes. Even Dr. Carus's study is metaphysical, as he so far transcends the phenomenal as to believe in *extra subjective material objects*, which subsist whether perceived or not. A true *positive* thinker must not soar beyond his data. The Doctor gets to what I submit is the proper goal, but only through treason to his own positive method.

I am grateful to my critic for the, for him, rather ample formulation of the "religion" he seeks to reconcile with science. But I earnestly invite him to say more, and I assure him, if he will do so, he will be better understood, on this side of the Atlantic at least. I submit that discursive thinking, with its conceptual *abstractions*, has nothing to do with the pure religious *feeling*. Religion, in one aspect, is akin to poetry, and the art-emotions generally. It is not *thought*, but *felt*. But besides its emotional, it has its intellectual side or aspect, and here I am willing to concede to my acute critic that philosophy may intervene. Religion in this aspect has been defined as "philosophy speaking *naïvely*." Schelling argued for a coming creed which should weld religion, poetry, and philosophy into one. Dr. Carus, in one or two points he has touched, has, by suggestion, opened up so wide a field that I have had to place myself under considerable restraint to prevent my being drifted away into regions only remotely bearing on the discussion at issue. I have not been able to do more than honestly try to touch upon and elucidate one or two salient headings, with a view to letting my esteemed critic and myself respectively know for certain what we respectively mean. And it does seem that after all, though we do work out the proposition with a different nomenclature and with a different diagram, we arrive at practically the same result, the same monistic and divine solution of the Problem of Existence.

I have been encouraged to write freely by the consciousness that I was dealing with a thinker, who, despite his philosophic reputation and his recognised

acuteness as a dialectician, is above all a simple, earnest, and unprejudiced truth-seeker, independent of school or cult; and with the view that truth may be elicited, and utterly oblivious of any considerations of either personal triumph or defeat, I have written as freely and fraternally as I spoke when I was by his side at the festive board at which this friendly comparison of opinions originated.

#### THE HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

IN REPLY TO MR. W. STEWART ROSS.

SAYS the esteemed editor of *The Agnostic Journal* in his rejoinder concerning religion :

"Besides its emotional, it has its intellectual side or aspect, and here I am willing to concede to my acute critic that philosophy *may*\* intervene. Religion in this aspect has been defined as 'philosophy speaking *naïvely*.'"

This, it appears, is the main difference between him and myself. He says *may* while I say *must*. Philosophy, science, experience, reason, all the best methods of inquiry at our command must be called upon to guide our feelings and our religious enthusiasm. Religion is not identical with science; religion is the enthusiasm of applying that knowledge, of whose truth and potency we are unwaveringly convinced, to practical life. Science is in many respects opposed to and very different from religion; for science is of the head and religion is of the heart. Yet science and religion should keep abreast with each other. They should be allied. One should be the complement of the other. Schiller says in his "Philosophical Letters" :

"*Lasst uns hell denken, so werden wir feurig lieben.*"

There is a close connection between thought and feeling, so close that the tenor of our feelings will also have its effects upon our thought and *vice versa*. Only he whose heart is hopelessly chilled by ill will or egotism, will be little benefited by the enlightenments of science. Science may help to show him the futility of ill-will and the irrationality of egotism, and thus slowly cure him of his irreligious disposition. But upon the whole Faust's words will remain true :

"*Wenn Ihr's nicht fühlt, Ihr werdet's nicht erjagen.*"

That this, my view of religion comes in *per saltum* is new to me. I see no break in my logic; I have made no use in the least of intuitive faculties; I have simply employed the usual methods of reasoning.

\* \* \*

The question of the relation of religion to science is the salient feature of our controversy. There are, however, a few additional points of minor interest, concerning which a few remarks will not be out of place.

\* Italics are ours.



1) No doubt Aristotle's physics is abrogated. But can there be any doubt that Aristotle acquired his insight into the methods of science by actually pursuing scientific studies? Aristotle's physics are not abrogated in the sense that his investigations in natural science were never of value. On the contrary, they were of great value; and later inquirers used them, modified them, added to them, and sifted them.

2) The *daimon* or *daimonion* of Socrates is historically not well ascertained, and of course for the present issues it matters little whether or not Socrates claimed to have special informations through a *daimon* and also whether or not Plato believed he had received any knowledge by a deific revelation.

3) Concerning the adequacy or inadequacy of the five senses, I should say that our senses are quite adequate to our present purposes. We might have acquired other senses, an electrical sense, etc., and might be better off if we had it. I doubt it, but I gladly concede the possibility.

Sensation is the beginning of all experience; but our experience contains other elements besides the sensuous. The world of things consists not only of matter, but matter appears in definite forms, and these forms make the things what they are. The analogous world of sensations also does not consist of feeling alone. The various feelings possess certain forms and present various inter-relations. Man is able to view the formal element of his experience apart from the feeling element. He can think in abstracts, and can acquire an insight into the mechanism of his thought. Reason is nothing but a name for this mechanism of combining and separating, and recombining, the various elements of our experience. Reason accordingly is not an additional sense; reason is something quite different from the purely sensuous. Reason is the method of handling our ideas.

4) Reason, as practically applied, deals with material objects, but pure reason so called is engaged with purely formal concepts. Thus, in pure mathematics the material element is excluded by abstraction; its object being purely formal. Pure form is not unthinkable, although we grant that pure forms *as such* have no real and separate existence.

5) Science being the search for truth, how is it possible that truth can come in conflict with science? Should we find out that the results of our scientists are wrong, their science so called would be proved to be a pseudo-science, and we shall have to establish another and truer science upon better foundations. From my standpoint eternal verities can never go against science or flourish upon the wrecks of science.

6) The term metaphysics is used in various senses. I do not use it in the sense in which Mr. Ross does.

If it is metaphysical to soar above the data which

we have, every logical inference leading us by the laws of thought from the known to the unknown, from given facts to other facts, viz. to the facts inferred, and thus widening our sphere of knowledge, would also be metaphysics. This is certainly not the accepted usage of the term.

As to my belief in extra-subjective material objects, I do not reach them in any metaphysical way. First, I deny that the data of experience are purely subjective. The data of experience are subject-object relations; and thus, secondly, I maintain that both ideas, the subjective as well as the objective, are reached by abstraction. I do not assume the reality of objects, but I define a certain quality of my experiences as real or objective. This may appear to the old-fashioned idealist as an evasion of the problem. But in fact it is simply the recognition that the idealistic problem is a self-made puzzle.\*

The last point I have to make is a short reply to the question:

"He tells what, in his opinion, God is, but how, by his method, does he reach Him?"

God (as I conceive God) is not a concrete thing or an individual being. Thus, God cannot be recognized by sense-experience. God is a certain quality of existence, being that feature of reality which enforces a definite conduct. The idea of God, accordingly, is a very abstract and complex thought. Briefly defined, God is the ultimate authority of what is generally called moral rules. Being an abstract idea, God can be reached only by reason. Take away a man's reason, and he loses the faculty of thinking God.

Must I add that the ability of thinking God is different still from the religious sentiment of loving God and doing his will? The will of God is, in our opinion, only a religious way of speaking of "the moral commands." It is not sufficient that we understand the moral commands, we must also comply with them, and the more we comply with them willingly, unhesitatingly, and with our whole heart, the better it will be for us.

I conclude by expressing my sincerest thanks to Mr. W. Stewart Ross for the interest he takes in *The Open Court* and for the amiable inclination he shows, in spite of our difference of standpoint, to appreciate and understand our work. This disposition, I can assure him, is mutual.

P. C.

#### HOLY DAYS

BY THE REV. PERRY MARSHALL.

"The sabbath was made for man."—Mark ii: 27.

In the Bible are two accounts of the origin of the sabbath. Genesis, second chapter, tells us that the seventh day was made a sabbath, because Elohim, the

\* For further details see my review of Avenarius's book, (*The Monist*, Vol. II, p. 453,) and my article, *The Origin of Mind*, in *The Monist*, Vol. I, p. 69, republished in *The Soul of Man*, pp. 36-37.



gods, rested on that day after the weary work of creation.

Deuteronomy, or the second law, fifth chapter, tells us that it was instituted and to be observed in commemoration of the deliverance from Egyptian bondage; and it appears that no trace of its Hebrew observance can be found from Moses to Josiah, a thousand years after the escape from Egypt; and the book of Deuteronomy, according to the best Bible scholars, was written in Josiah's time. This was undoubtedly the book mentioned in II Kings, xxii: 8-12, where Hilkiyah, the high-priest, says: "I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord." The book doubtless had its origin at that time.

If neither of these disagreeing accounts of the origin of the sabbath are to be taken literally, can others be suggested?

Astronomy is the oldest of sciences, and some of the planets, as well as "Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades," were early known by the shepherd ancestors of the Jewish people. And the phases of the moon, which take place weekly, could not have been unnoted. The division of time into years, months, days, and also into weeks, is a natural division, and so the sabbath is a nature day, to which we, who hold a natural and not an artificial religion, may, if we will, lay special claim, as we may to summer, autumn, and other nature festivals.

And, observe, the fourth commandment does not require observance of the seventh day of the week, but the "seventh day" after six of labor upon which a community had previously practically agreed. It does not say the seventh day of the week, and we now observe the first, needing no authority for taking a different day from that observed by the Jews. The sabbath was long used as a day for sacrifice and special service to Yahveh. It was his day and not man's.

Since the Reformation two views, one the stringent, puritanical view, and a second, more liberal one, have obtained on the continent throughout Europe. According to the strict view children must put away all playthings Saturday night and not touch them on Sunday; nor hardly might they smile that day. They must go to church twice and endure two long, dry sermons. The day, interpreted in accord with the legendary idea that the Lord once struck a man with instant death for gathering a few sticks thereon, was the gloomiest of all the days, dreaded by the children, and even good deacons were glad when it was gone.

Jesus held the more liberal views, which were the first to get him into trouble with the sabbatarians. They said: "We know this man is not of God, for he keepeth not the sabbath."

Then he enunciated a new principle, saying: "The sabbath is not God's day more than others; the sab-

bath was made for man." Had it been God's day, "man" had been made "for the sabbath," as they supposed. The sabbath view that oppresses man must be wrong.

Sabbath means rest, and our labor agitators may take comfort in the idea that perhaps it originated in a labor movement for fewer days! Certainly the laboring man who does not defend it, does not know the right use of it.

It certainly should be a day of rest for all who toil and can therefore appreciate rest. This rest is not secured alone by sleep. Rest comes by change—change of clothing, change of scene,—and by seeing worthy sights, in museums or in fields, and by hearing discourses properly presented. Some people excuse themselves from church attendance, because they want rest, but are more weary after a day of lounging. They forget that ideas—if there chance to be any in the sermon—and interchange of friendly greetings are restful. Even the shaking of hands is restful.

The sabbath is a day for every good work. It is a day to inspire men, and for men to be inspired by discussion of the great and important subjects connected with every branch of reform. It is a day to forget our care and remember our neighbor who needs us. There remains, therefore, for us a keeping of the sabbath. All religions have their holy days, and we of the nature religion have ours.

We also have our holy days, and indeed we have more than others. Have you one holy day in every week? I have seven. Paul says, (Rom. xiv: 5): "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day." All the days are holy. Have you fifty two holy days in a year? I have three hundred and sixty-five or six, in which I may not think any impure or dishonest thought, much less do any impure or dishonest deed. Have you six days, or one day, one hour, or one minute in which you may,—I will not say do the unholy thing,—but even think the unholy thought? That one minute may be your ruin; for it is in those little beginnings of the minutes, sheltering shallow and unseemly thought, that the work of ruin gets its starting place. But for that one unholy minute in the start, the note had not been forged, the theft had not been committed, virtue had not been seduced. The burglary, the arson, the murder, all had their origin in an unholy minute.

He who is not content with a religion of tradition, but aspires to the religion of nature, must have all days holy.

Remember, "the sabbath was made for man."

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

STIMULATING as a drink of morning bitters, the scheme to annex Hawaii excites American politics, and our statesmen, intoxicated by patriotic ambition, get ready to steal and fight. A dozen



residents of Hawaii, men of money, interested in the American sugar bounty, enter into a conspiracy with outside speculators and make a revolution in Liliuput. They depose the queen, declare themselves a provisional government, and beg the powers at Washington to steal the Sandwich Islands, and then annex them politically to the American republic. Without waiting for the ambassadors, or caring to hear the case, our Jingo politicians hurriedly sanction the revolutionary plan, under the plea that "if *we* do not seize this opportunity, England will." How comes it that when territory is likely to be stolen, the suspicion of the civilised world immediately falls upon two Englishmen, the Englishman of the United States, and his kinsman in Great Britain? It is corroborative evidence against both of them that they instantly suspect each other. Neither of them fears that a larceny of the Sandwich Islands will be attempted by Russia, Japan, China, Germany, or France. By signs of mutual distrust they justify the opinion of mankind that if the islands are to be stolen at all, the stealing will be done by one of those Englishmen or the other. Before the spark that brought the revolutionary news was cold, Mr. Chandler offered a resolution in the Senate, looking to annexation, and he was eagerly assisted by Mr. Dolph, of Oregon, who said: "The time has arrived for a well-defined aggressive American policy." Why should we be "aggressive"? Aggressive persons are a neighborhood nuisance. One of them is enough to impair the comfort of a whole block, while three of them can depress the value of a street. Mr. Dolph thinks that "the time has arrived" for the American republic to make itself "aggressive" and a universal nuisance, the champion prizefighter among nations.

\* \* \*

The ethics of international piracy is now advocated with religious fervor by the politicians and the press. In this morning's paper I find a sermon on that subject, preached by a moralist who has for a long time lived in the Sandwich Islands, and, speaking with authority, he says: "The natives are incapable of self-government." This argument was inevitable; it has always been the excuse of strong governments for the oppression of the weak; and in the present instance it ignominiously fails. The depravity of the "natives" is additional proof that their country ought to be taken from them, and their wickedness is thus described: "The 'Kanakas' are a clever, interesting, gentle people. They are not lazy exactly, but act as though the earth belonged to them by right, and that others lived on it by sufferance." The latter part of this description applies more correctly to some other people than to the "Kanakas," for those poor natives have never claimed that any part of the earth excepting the Sandwich Islands "belonged to them by right," and certainly that much of their claim is good. If we take their country from them, that bit of the earth will belong to us by wrong. Another reason for abolishing their nationality is this: "If they think you want something very much, they will charge extravagant prices for it." This weakness has a strong resemblance to the English and the American way of doing business, and it is excellent evidence that the "Kanakas" are *not* "incapable of self-government." "But," says the moralist, "if you admire that self-same thing and comment on its beauty, they will give it to you." This courtesy never was learned from the English or the Americans, but it suggests a plan worth trying. Instead of stealing the country, or buying it, let us admire it and "comment on its beauty." Then, perhaps, those "clever, gentle, interesting people" will give it to us for nothing.

\* \* \*

I am well aware that in discussing the World's Fair Sunday closing question I am threshing some old straw over again; but as the threshing still goes on in spite of me, I think that I have as much right as anybody else to take a hand at the flail. My text will be found in the testament according to Charles Dickens, "Little Dorritt," Chapter III. Arthur Clennam has just returned

from France to London. It happens to be Sunday evening, and as there is no place open that he cares to go to, he sits in a desolate room at the tavern and hearkens to the cling-clang of the church bells, calling the people to prayer. Listening wearily, he translates the language of the chimes as the tramp Whittington did when, resting on the mile-stone, he heard the very same bells talking to him like poetry, and saying, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London":

"Mr. Arthur Clennam sat in the window of the coffee house on Ludgate Hill, counting one of the neighboring bells, making sentences and burdens of songs out of it in spite of himself, and wondering how many sick people it might be the death of in the course of a year. As the hour approached its changes of measure made it more and more exasperating. At the quarter it went off into a condition of deadly importunity, urging the populace in a voluble manner to Come to church, Come to church, Come to church. At the ten minutes it became aware that the congregation would be scanty, and slowly hammered out in low spirits, They won't come, They won't come, They won't come. At five minutes it abandoned hope and shook every house in the neighborhood for three hundred seconds with one dismal swing per second as a groan of despair."

Not altogether of despair, for the bells had sweet revenge. They had the power of saying to the laggard people, "If you will not come here, you shall not go there. We have closed all the good places in the city except the churches, because we fear not the competition of evil, but only the rivalry of good." That is the sentiment of the churches in Chicago now; and up there in the steeples we can hear the threat of discordant theologies warning us that if we will not come to church we shall not go to the Exposition. One step farther backward brings us to the law that compelled the people to go to church whether they would or no. During the war I had in my command a regiment of colored soldiers, and amongst them was a sergeant who had been a baptist minister. While we were stationed at Fort Smith he started a revival that lasted several days. He got many converts from the negroes round about, and he baptised them in the river. Among them was a zealous woman who did good service in singing, praying, and exhorting; but her own son, George Washington, was obdurate. Either he would not, or he could not get religion. Out of all patience with him at last, his mother made a loud appeal to the minister, and said, "Sergeant, take dat good for nuffin George Washington by de scruff o' de neck and baptise him anyhow." I cannot help thinking that if the man who will not allow me to go to the Exposition on Sunday could have his own way, he would coax me to church "by de scruff o' de neck" and baptise me anyhow.

\* \* \*

A motion for a rehearing of the Lake Front case has been filed in the Supreme Court of the United States by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which motion will very likely be denied, not on its merits at all, but for the insurmountable reason that the Supreme Court never grants a rehearing unless one of the judges who concurred in the decision expresses a doubt as to his own wisdom; and this of course he never does. Whether the property in dispute was owned by the city of Chicago or by the Illinois Central Railroad was the question, and it conspicuously seems as if seven "distinguished jurists" ought to have easily agreed in solving so simple a conundrum; but no, four of them thought it belonged to the city; and the other three decided that it belonged to the Railroad; as nearly a tie vote as you could get without cutting one of the judges into two halves; in which case, no doubt, one half of him would have decided for the city, and the other for the railroad. The motion offers many "legal" grounds for a rehearing, but carelessly enough, the common sense reason that the court was as evenly divided as it is possible for seven men to be, was not presented at all. In the Solomon-like wisdom of the law, the opinions of the minority count for nothing; all the property in dispute goes to the city, and ethically, this appears to be unfair. I once tried a case in Marbletown concerning a kiln containing one hun-



dred thousand brick, the ownership of which was disputed by two men. The jury after being out all night, came into court and reported that they were unable to agree; that they stood seven to five, and would stand that way until the burning lake "froze over." I then proposed that as my client had a majority, we divide the one hundred thousand brick between the litigants, seven twelfths for my man, and five twelfths for the other. This was agreed to, and when the division came we had another law suit over the fraction, because neither of the claimants would accept a broken brick, and it was mathematically necessary to break a brick in order to make the division arithmetically exact. I merely mention the celebrated Brick-Kiln case to illustrate a principle which ought to govern in the Lake Front case. As there were seven judges, four on one side, and three on the other, equity requires that the property in dispute be divided according to the judicial ratio, four sevenths to the city, and three sevenths to the railroad.

\* \* \*

In spite of evidence to the contrary, envious persons, and even some of the Chicago papers, persist in slandering the city by retailing the stale calumny that the gambling houses are running "wide open," and that gambling in all its "hydra-headed" forms is flourishing in Chicago with the assistance and connivance of the police. It is a pleasure to contradict that libel, the falsity of which is proved by the following item which I quote from the *Herald* of to-day. "Officer Steve Rowan raided a crap game last night in the east corridors of the city hall. Twenty-five Italian newsboys, fifty cents in coppers and a 'come-seven-eleven' outfit were the results of the raid." The success of this courageous raid upon a formidable gang of gamblers proves the vigilance and efficiency of the police. Not only that, it is hardly more than a month since a dashing raid was made by the police on a den of Chinese laundrymen. On that occasion the guardians of the city morals caught no less than ten Chinamen down in a cellar in the very act of playing "bung loo," for stakes amounting to as much as thirteen cents. All this proves that gambling in Chicago has been effectually "stamped out," because it stands to reason that the police would not suppress "come-seven-eleven" or "bung loo," and allow the gilded bells of the city to flourish on the profits of poker, faro, and roulette.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### ANNEXATION AND INTERNATIONAL STEALING.

INTERNATIONAL stealing is as bad as private stealing, but I cannot help thinking that there is somewhere a flaw in the idea that the annexation or conquest of a country is to be regarded under all circumstances as robbery, and that aggressiveness is once for all to be condemned.

Taking possession of a country *may* be robbery, but it need not be. Those who hold property without a perfect title become in time real owners, "by right of prescription," as the phrase runs, on the condition that they do so in good faith. But stolen goods can never become the legal property of the thief. If conquest or annexation were to be classed as stealing, the thieves would be obliged to give up their stolen possessions.

What a confusion would arise from this maxim! To begin with ourselves, we should have to rehabilitate the redman in the possession of this country. The Norman aristocracy of England would have to give their titles and lands to their Saxon tenants. The Saxons again would have to yield their claims to the Britons, whom they providentially exterminated. That, however, is apparently no reason for leaving the lands in the possession of the Saxons, unless we accept the rule (sometimes adhered to in practical life) that the more paltry the offence, the severer the punishment, the greater the crime the higher the reward.

If General Trumbull's idea were correct, and if humanity had always acted according to the rules of peaceful and inoffensive morality, where would civilisation be to-day? The hunter would

probably never have yielded his rights to the tiller of the soil, and progress would have become an impossibility.

The fact is that struggle is an essential factor of progress, and the power of holding one's own is an indispensable attribute of the right of possession. The claims of the Indian to this country amount to about the same thing as the claims of the Bourbons to France, or the Guelfs to Hanover; that is, their claims are simply ridiculous so long as they lack the power to uphold them.

The better man has to prove his right of existence by survival. He must not only be better in his own eyes, or from some ideal standard of a lamb-like, goody-goody morality, which avoids offence and keeps peace for the sake of peace, he must also be stronger. This is true of inventions of new institutions, of whole civilisations, of world-conceptions—in brief, it is true generally. Every step in advance must be struggled for and has often to be made under great sacrifices, not only of those who identify themselves with the cause of progress, but also of those who advocate conservatism and are destined to be losers in the fight.

Whether or not Hawaii is to be annexed, whether or not we have a right to either annexing or conquering it, whether or not annexation would only promote the interests of a few private persons, we do not presume to decide, for we are not sufficiently informed about all the details of the problem. We only wish to state that the grounds upon which our friend and contributor condemns an aggressive policy are, in our opinion, insufficient.

And truly if aggressiveness were reprehensible, how divided would the sentiments of those be who, like ourselves, are delighted with the undaunted, vigorous spirit which we are wont to find in General Trumbull's "Current Topics." If aggressiveness were a sin in international politics, would it not be a sin also in the world of authors and journalists? Are not General Trumbull's remarks so pungent, pithy, and invigorating because he himself is a staunch wrangler for progress, freedom, and justice? The truth is that the combative nature of the Saxon is extraordinarily strong in him, and it would be a great pity to eradicate it together with the aggressive spirit of international politics.

P. C.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS. By *Karl Heinzen*. Preface and Postscript by Karl Schmemmann. Second Edition. Price, cloth \$1.00; paper 50 cents. Detroit: Karl Schmemmann.

Despite the jests of newspaper paragraphers, the solemn warnings of the clergy, and the conservatism of courts, the rights of women remain a living issue. It must be met, and it cannot be adequately met by jokes, protests, or judicial appeal to precedents. Rights are radical, and the plea for them must therefore be made from a thorough radical standpoint. This is the great advantage of the plea made for women by Karl Heinzen in his book above mentioned. The character of the author appears in his writing, and what that was may be known from his motto: "Learn to endure everything, only not slavery; learn to dispense with everything, only not with your self-respect; learn to lose everything, only not yourself. All else in life is worthless, delusive, and fickle. Man's only sure support is in himself, in his individuality, resting in its own power and sovereignty." Here, then, was a man who had little respect for authority in matters of opinion. What he thought he said with directness, and with indifference to the prejudices which might be offended. "Besides, he was a writer who knew how to wield his pen as none of his German contemporaries in this country; who as none else, knew how to express his thoughts in the most pregnant, incisive, and energetic form—a master of pure classical style," quoting the words of the publisher of the book.

He opens up his subject with an historical review of the legal position of women from the age of savagery, and in this illustrates



the origin of the circumstances which have hedged them round and kept them in one degree of slavery or another ever since.

From this review of the history of woman the author passes into the heart of his subject and discusses the nature of marriage, what constitutes it, etc. He is dealing with obstinate vices, and he goes at them with energy, convinced that the first thing to do is to destroy them. Consequences he would leave to take care of themselves. He believes that nature will take care of itself if left alone. He denies that it is inherently bad, and holds that it has been made so because of the restraints upon it.

Summing up his teachings, Heinzen says, women must see that "their degradation is founded on the rule of force, the rule of money, the rule of priests. It must, therefore, have become clear to them that they cannot depend on an improvement of their lot before the liberty and right of all men have been attained, the existence of all men have been secured, and the essence and dignity of all men have been recognised in purely human conceptions.

Everything that they can be and can wish for depends on these three points: their liberty, their rights, their dignity, their social position, their marital happiness, their love, their education, their everything.

Women must enter the ranks of the revolution, for the object is the *revolution of humanity*." x.

#### NOTES.

An interesting article in the *Century* for February entitled "Preliminary Glimpses of the Fair," by C. C. Buel, makes reference to the part played by cranks in life. Mr. Buel says:

"As was to be expected, the fair has attracted the indigenous and numerous American 'cranks,' as well as foreign persons with mental and moral crotchets. These, and also youthful geniuses, have besieged, personally and by letter, the Ways and Means Committee. A few examples will indicate how much of human nature as it really is will not be on exhibition at the fair: An American was early in the field with a divine revelation of the site which had been foreordained for the fair when the foundations of the world were laid, and an Englishman has desired to be put on exhibition as the Messiah. Two boys 'of respectable parentage' in western New York have offered to walk to Chicago, and to camp on the Exposition grounds with the purpose of illustrating the life of tramps, and of lecturing on its vicissitudes. Another boy of sixteen recommended that a number of nickel-in-the-slot phonographs fixed to repeat amusing fish stories might be placed in the Fisheries Building and about the grounds; he urged that a royalty on the suggestion would enable him to help his widowed mother. An enterprising dealer in cosmetics asked space to exhibit an old woman, one half of whose face was to be smoothed out with his preparation and the remainder left with its mortal wrinkles until the end of the fair, when he would smooth out the other half in the presence of the multitude. The parents of a 'favorite orator' of six years offered his services as introducer of the chief orator at the dedicatory ceremonies, which would, they thought, lend emphasis to the portentous importance of the occasion. A mathematician [sic!] asked for standing-room where he might show the world how to square the circle. Out of Indiana came a solver of perpetual motion; he was informed that space could not be allotted for the exhibition of an idea, so he would have to bring on his machine; later he informed the committee that his self-feeding engine, which had been running a sewing-machine, had unfortunately broken down, 'but the principle remained the same.' A Georgian asked for a concession to conduct a cockpit, and another son of the South knew of a colored child which was an anatomical wonder, and could be had by stealing it from its mother; for a reasonable sum he was willing to fill the office of kidnapper. Innumerable freaks of nature have been tendered; and the pretty English barmaid has in several instances inclosed her photograph with an offer of assist-

ance to the fair. A very serious offer came from a Spaniard, who had been disgusted with the weak attempts to give bull-fights in Paris during the recent exposition. He offered to fill the brutal void at the Columbian fair if he could be assured the privilege of producing the spectacle "with all his real and genuine circumstances."

Whether or not the managers have succeeded in keeping the crank out, remains to be seen; for there are voices heard in Chicago that some cranks have even been smuggled into the headquarters of the fair, and that especially the World's Fair Auxiliary is full of them.

The February *New England Magazine* opens with an excellent description, by William Morton Payne, of the literary awakening in Chicago, with a commentary upon the most notable literary characters who have made their reputations there. The article is well illustrated. "There are many indications of an intellectual development near at hand that will give to Chicago a prominence porportioned to her wealth and population," writes Mr. Payne. "Two causes in particular are going to operate powerfully in bringing about this result. Within a very few years Chicago will be the second, if not the first, library centre of the country. The Public Library, the Newberry Library, the Crerar Library, and the University Library will be four of the largest and richest collections of books in the United States, and their combined influence will attract scholars of all sorts from all directions. The new University of Chicago, just opening its doors to the public, begins its career with an equipment of men and means that place it at once in the front rank of educational institutions, and it cannot fail to have a leavening influence upon the whole community. It does not seem unreasonable to think, in view of these facts, that Chicago, having sufficiently astonished the world by her commercial prosperity, is preparing a final astonishment in the form of an intellectual development that will overshadow her material achievements, until of her, in Mr. Ruskin's phrase, 'It shall not be said, 'see what manner of stones are here,' but 'see what manner of men.'"

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER,

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 286. (VOL. VII.—7.)

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE MARRIAGE OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

What is science? The dictionary will say that it is systematised knowledge. Dictionary definitions, however, are too apt to repose upon derivations; which is as much as to say that they neglect too much the later steps in the evolution of meanings. Mere knowledge, though it be systematised, may be a dead memory; while by science we all habitually mean a living and growing body of truth. We might even say that knowledge is not necessary to science. The astronomical researches of Ptolemy, though they are in great measure false, must be acknowledged by every modern mathematician who reads them, to be truly and genuinely scientific. That which constitutes science, then, is not so much correct conclusions, as it is a correct method. But the method of science is itself a scientific result. It did not spring out of the brain of a beginner: it was a historic attainment and a scientific achievement. So that not even this method ought to be regarded as essential to the beginnings of science. That which is essential, however, is the scientific spirit, which is determined not to rest satisfied with existing opinions, but to press on to the real truth of nature. To science once enthroned in this sense, among any people, science in every other sense is heir apparent.

And what is religion? In each individual it is a sort of sentiment, or obscure perception,—a deep recognition of a something in the circumambient All, which, if he strives to express it, will clothe itself in forms more or less extravagant, more or less accidental, but ever acknowledging the first and last, the *A* and *Ω*, as well as a relation to that Absolute of the individual's self, as a relative being. But religion cannot reside in its totality in a single individual. Like every species of reality, it is essentially a social, a public affair. It is the idea of a whole church, welding all its members together in one organic, systemic perception of the Glory of the Highest,—an idea having a growth from generation to generation and claiming a supremacy in the determination of all conduct, private and public.

Now, as science grows, it becomes more and more

perfect, considered as science; and no religionist can easily so narrow himself as to deny this. But as religion goes through the different stages of its history, it has, I fear we must confess, seldom been seen so vitalised as to become more and more perfect, even as judged from its own standpoint. Like a plucked flower, its destiny is to wilt and fade. The vital sentiment that gave it birth loses gradually its pristine purity and strength, till some new creed treads it down. Thus it happens quite naturally, that those who are animated with the spirit of science are for hurrying forward, while those who have the interests of religion at heart are apt to press back.

While this double change has been taking place, religion has found herself compelled to define her position; and in doing so, has inevitably committed herself to sundry propositions, which, one by one, have been, first questioned, then assailed, and finally overthrown by advancing science. Seeing such a chasm open before her feet, religion has at first violently recoiled, and at last has leapt it; satisfying herself as best she might with an altered creed. In most cases the leap has not seemed to hurt her; yet internal injuries may have been sustained. Who can doubt that the church really did suffer from the discovery of the Copernican system, although infallibility, by a narrow loophole, managed to escape? In this way, science and religion become forced into hostile attitudes. Science, to specialists, may seem to have little or nothing to say that directly concerns religion; but it certainly encourages a philosophy which, if in no other respect, is at any rate opposed to the prevalent tendency of religion, in being animated by a progressive spirit. There arises, too, a tendency to pooh-pooh at things unseen.

It would be ridiculous to ask to whose fault this situation is chargeable. You cannot lay blame upon elemental forces. Religion, from the nature of things, refuses to go through her successive transformations with sufficient celerity to keep always in accord with the convictions of scientific philosophy. The day has come, however, when the man whom religious experience most devoutly moves can recognise the state of the case. While adhering to the essence of religion,



and so far as possible to the church, which is all but essential, say, penessential, to it, he will cast aside that religious timidity, that is forever prompting the church to recoil from the paths into which the Governor of history is leading the minds of men, a cowardice that has stood through the ages as the landmark and limit of her little faith; and will gladly go forward, sure that truth is not split into two warring doctrines, and that any change that knowledge can work in his faith can only affect its expression, but not the deep mystery expressed.

Such a state of mind may properly be called a religion of science. Not that it is a religion to which science or the scientific spirit has itself given birth; for religion, in the proper sense of the term, can arise from nothing but the religious sensibility. But it is a religion, so true to itself, that it becomes animated by the scientific spirit, confident that all the conquests of science will be triumphs of its own, and accepting all the results of science, as scientific men themselves accept them, as steps toward the truth, which may appear for a time to be in conflict with other truths, but which in such cases merely await adjustments which time is sure to effect. This attitude, be it observed, is one which religion will assume not at the dictate of science, still less by way of a compromise, but simply and solely out of a bolder confidence in herself and in her own destiny.

Meantime, science goes unswervingly its own gait. What is to be its goal is precisely what it must not seek to determine for itself, but let itself be guided by nature's strong hand. Teleological considerations, that is to say ideals, must be left to religion; science can allow itself to be swayed only by efficient causes; and philosophy, in her character of queen of the sciences, must not care, or must not seem to care, whether her conclusions be wholesome or dangerous.

#### RELIGION INSEPARABLE FROM SCIENCE.

THERE is no limb or organ of the human body which is entirely separated from the rest or leads an independent existence; and in the same way, there is not one action or operation or domain of operations in man's being which can be regarded as disconnected from his other activities: for man's entire activity constitutes one interconnected whole. Thus, when we speak of science and religion, of art or of ethics we create certain artificial boundaries more or less definitely determined, but which do not constitute separate domains.

Science may briefly be characterised as the search for truth, and religion as a certain conviction regulating our conduct. Now whenever the result of thought or inquiry is of such a nature as to be a conviction which

serves as a norm of our moral life, a scientific idea has become a religious ideal.

Says Professor Peirce:

"Teleological considerations, that is to say ideals, must be left to religion; science can allow itself to be swayed only by efficient causes; and philosophy, in her character of queen of the sciences, must not care, or must not seem to care, whether her conclusions be wholesome or dangerous."

Certainly, when we search for truth we must not approach a problem with a foredetermined conclusion. Scientists and philosophers must make their inquiries without any anxiety about the conclusions to which their results will lead. In this way alone truth will be found. But to say that "teleological considerations," that is to say, ideals "must be left to religion" is in so far incorrect as we cannot dispense with science as a critic of our ideals. We cannot by mere religious sentiment determine whether or not an ideal is truly feasible, practical, and advisable. There are some ideals so-called which closely considered are mere dreams or mirages, and to pursue such will-o'-the-wisps would not only be a loss of time but might even lead us into danger. If there is anything that must be subjected to the most rigorous critique of an unbiased inquiry into truth, it is our teleological considerations. If our purposes, plans, and ends are not in concord with the real state of things, we shall soon find our position to be very difficult. And this is true not only of our business enterprises when we attend to affairs which seem to concern merely ourselves and our own well-being, but also and even more so of our religious convictions which serve us as guides for the regulation of our moral relations to our fellow beings and to mankind in general, including the future of the human race.

We can nowhere, neither in practical life nor in our religious sentiments and convictions, dispense with a rational inquiry into truth; that is to say, religion is inseparable from science.

P. C.

#### THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN LITERATURE.

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER.

AN important discovery has been made within this century by writers of history. The discovery consists in the recognition that the "personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts and intrigues of favorites," "drum and trumpet history" in short, is not so vital a subject for investigation and record as the manifold quiet, common incidents of that "constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself."

A corresponding discovery awaits recognition in literature. In the coming of the people to their own in literature, as in government, consists the real eventfulness of the time. If literature is to deal with this it must paint it in the imaginative glow that belongs



to it as truly as it ever belonged to knightly adventures and mediæval coils, or to edifying specimens of aristocratic sighs and smiles. In the day when feudal ideals, or aspirations of the *noblesse*, and proprieties of the *bourgeoisie* were timely, literature shaped itself to fit and to lead the best impulses of the people. These old-time ideals are not dead while they live in their appropriate literature and body forth the impress of man's growth: but if they are to be echoed forever in modern books, present-time ideals will become as dead, and current literature will be able to tell the future of nothing but its clever pedantry. If literary advance is still to be an intimate and necessary part of life, then the annalist of the inner experiences, the emotions and desires of the race, must follow the historian along the path that leads away from the throne and up and down among men of all sorts and conditions. To trace the beginning and development of the new power of the commonalty in the intellectual life will be more to the point than to furbish up representations of literary art in affected imitation of methods grown archaic.

Writers have not been lacking who have felt the stirring of the new impulse and sought to show it forth, but they have lacked public comprehension of their purpose and appreciation of their bold new art. For almost no critics have yet contemplated a method of criticism that would take account of new literary phenomena. At each original work they are staggered. They look at each other and shake their academic curls and sneer. They can measure any new phenomenon only by rods cut the length of certain safe old patterns, and if any one venture to say: "But these measures do not fit," they howl against the impious impudence that claims superiority over classic standards, regardless of the fact that the true contention is not for superiority, but for difference and adaptation to the time. And so, in an age when the critic, such as he is, is omnipresent, intervening everywhere between authors and readers, and when, therefore, he might hold a more useful office than ever before, his increased influence is turned against literary progress instead of towards it. Does any one know of any long-established periodical in this country which does not throw its weight backwards instead of forwards? Mr. Howells, indeed, has ventured to doubt the present propriety of antique literary canons; he has lifted up a single voice, gainsaid by other pages of the magazine he served, and a flood of malevolent personalities has come down upon him in lieu of counter-argument.

Our need is not only a literature true to the Present, however enriched by the Past, for we have had signs of that, here and there, in condemned pioneer writers, who yet have made their way against the pricks; we need, also, a new criticism that will recog-

nise the fact and the good of evolution both in literary subject-matter and in literary art. If hesitating critics with scholarly prejudices lack originality enough to find the right criterion for new literary portents or cannot relate these new portents rightly and without contradiction to the Past that bred the Present and all its witty inventions, then a new race of critics must arise who can. As old history must have new historians and new methods when the centres of civil life shift, so the old literature, with the new that has grown out of it, must have new critics and new *criteria* when it is evident that the corresponding centres of literary life also have shifted. For the existence of a new ideal is, virtually, a new fact. Towards it civilisation tends, no matter under what obstacles it pursues its way, no matter in how few heads the dream dwells, or how crazy most heads think those few heads are. It implies, necessarily, the formation of a new literature. Former methods in authorship and in literary criticism were of a piece with the government and manners of a lapsing society. Exclusiveness was their distinguishing mark. Inclusiveness, on the other hand,—inclusiveness for the sake of thorough knowledge, complete experience, and the fit and timely freshly energised ideal—must be the beacon of the democratic movement in literature and in literary criticism.

When the new ideal of cosmopolitan or democratic brotherhood is accepted, every original phase of art, whether in subject-matter or workmanship, will have a right to receive due consideration as such; and every nation will have a claim to let its poets and expressers contribute their share to the commonwealth of literary life and world-experience. A criticism of literature which shall be a criticism of the life in literature is in prospect from this mount of observation. Within the limits of the old, aristocratic, narrowly patriotic system, on the other hand, the critic's eye is shut, and the mouth of him open only to eulogy of picked men and properly selected subjects and to the exact labelling of styles according to set standards. All talents outside the line must be ignored as barbarous, or patronised as foreign; and philological study of the classics may be indulged, in order to stick a feather in the cap of the specialist, to which end, also, there may be an endless threshing of the old straw of texts, technicalities and antiquarianism, but all quite bare of vital relation to the present wants of a democratic world.

So, also, it is in literature itself, in creative literature, that is, considered apart from criticism: if the new ideal of the separate worth and development of each individual integer of the social sum-total be accepted, then new literary territory must be added to the old domain of art. Everybody has a right to be found, or to be made, interesting in a democratic era. But the "process of the suns" towards this equality has been



long. Literature tells the tale of growth towards it even more clearly than history, for it shows not questionable facts alone, but that which is more trustworthy—the state of thought. In a drama of the first rank, in India, only gods could be the *dramatis personæ* and only mythological tales could constitute the plot. Demigods and mortal heroes of war and conquest were admissible in stories of a lower order. The play in which the common people were introduced belonged in the lowest grade. In early European literature the conquering hero, son of the gods, or miraculously befriended by them, was the master-theme of the minstrelsy which ministered to his social pre-eminence. The unreality and wonder of the interplay in poesy of gods with heroes magnified the deed the bard celebrated in the interest of his liege lord, and set it aloof from the every-day life of the unchronicled and unprivileged classes. Not only the spaciousness and perspective of the Greek theatre made the mask and the cothurnus requisites of the stage; the conventional notions of beauty they subserved helped, also, to conserve the old order, civil, religious, and literary. It was undermined by such touches of realism, such allusions to matters of common experience—to every-day talk and manners—as that dangerous fellow Euripides introduced in his versions of time-honored myths. The revolutionary moral and social ideals that lay at the root of Euripides's innovations were buried in the Roman conquest and the darkness of the Middle Ages. They emerged again, strangely enough, in the popular approach English literature made in Shakespeare towards the literary artist's command of the real. Mixed though this splendid popular art was with real and mock euphuism and with other aristocratic literary freaks and class obeisances, its distinction above the other work of the time lay in the breadth of its realism. Yet this humanisation of art got no further by way of the stage in England. The Latin supremacy that entered by way of the universities stifled originality and freshness. The Shakespearean heir-apparent, prophesying anew of the "marvels of the real," was born at last in the novels of Dickens and George Eliot. Fresh ranges of subject-matter, new modes of treatment congenial with modern ways of living and thinking are the tokens of this new-old power of humanised art.

In the golden days of caste, demi-gods and courtly heroes wore the crown the story-teller weaves. Now, various sorts and conditions of men may make up the body of subject-matter, literary and poetic, as they make up the body politic. Under the prevailing theory of civil society no one is privileged to receive consideration as a theme of art merely on the score of superficial attributes—"£1,000 a year and good gifts." The creative attention of the artist cannot be refused

to one whose condition is altogether unblessed externally. Inquiry must go deeper, below surfaces, whether promising or unpromising. So, indeed, has it always penetrated in the best creative literature of every period. But deeper yet must be the literary insight, and more freshly constructive the literary art which shall use the time and sift it with the energy derived from it. Nothing may be scorned, nothing may be accepted, all must be proved, all

" Virtues, methods, mights,  
Means, appliances, delights.  
Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,  
Smug routine and things allowed;  
Minorities, things under cloud."

Artists and critics alike may understand that the new literary task will need their utmost force and fire. For it requires not less but more imagination and spiritual control to portray and put in vivid action the genuine regal power of the commoner undistinguished by the conventional badges of kingship; and it takes not less but more culture and critical acumen to perceive and enjoy the uncrowned good in contemporaneous tendencies.

#### THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

BY MARY PROCTOR.

IF THOSE theories be sound, according to which each planet during its extreme youth is as a sun, glowing with fervent heat, and in extreme old age is like our moon, cold, (save where the sun's rays pour upon it,) even to its very centre, we should regard the various portions of the middle age of a planet as indicating more or less of vitality, according as the signs of internal heat and activity are greater or less. Assuredly, thus viewing our earth, we have no reason to accept the melancholy doctrine that she is as yet near the stage of planetary decrepitude. She still shows signs of intense vitality, not, indeed, that all parts of her surface are moved at the present time by what Humboldt called "the reaction of her interior." In this respect, doubtless, changes slowly take place, the region of disturbance at one time, becoming after many centuries a region of rest, and *vice versa*. But regarding the earth as a whole, we have every reason for believing that she has still abundant life in her. The astronomer who should perceive, even with the aid of the most powerful telescope, the signs of change in another planet, (for instance, Mars, our nearest neighbor among the superior planets,) the progress of the change being actually discernible as he watched, would certainly conclude that our planet was moved by mighty internal forces. While mountain ranges are being upheaved, or valleys depressed, race after race are living out their life on earth, and underground subterranean forces are still engaged upon their great work. Mountain ranges are being raised to a differ-



ent level, old shore-lines shift their places, table-lands are being formed, great valleys are being scooped out, whilst the sea advances in one place and recedes in another. Nature's plastic hand is still modelling and remodelling the earth, making it ever a fit abode for man.

In an article on "Great Earthquakes," written by my father in the year 1885, he remarked as follows :

"We have had such remarkable evidence during the last ten or twelve years of the energy of the earth's internal forces, that many are asking whether the earth's vitality has not of late been increasing rather than dying out, as had been supposed, or rather whether her normal vitality has not for a while changed into feverish disturbance. If we consider, however, the real nature of the processes which are going on in the earth's interior, (so far as the evidence enables us to judge,) we shall see that while on the one hand there is no reason to expect any recognisable loss of energy in periods so short as a few thousands of years, there is, on the other, no reason to fear any great accession of subterranean activity. In former times, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes were attributed to internal fires, generating from time to time great volumes of gas and vapor, (steam, in particular, was recognised as a potent disturbing factor,) by which, at length, the resistance of the crust was overcome, and an outlet of escape found for the imprisoned gaseous and molten matter, the crust rending as the outburst was effected. While we still recognise internal heat as the immediate cause of subterranean movements, we recognise as the cause of this heat the energy pervading the earth's mass. It is the earth's attractive energy, steadily acting upon her crust, which generates the heat by which that crust is disturbed. 'By virtue of this force, [as he pointed out in a number of *The Contemporary Review*, published during the year 1884,] the crust of the earth is continually undergoing changes, as the loss of heat and consequent contraction, or chemical changes beneath the surface, leave room for the movement inward of the rock-substances of the crust, with crushing, grinding action, accompanied by the generation of intense heat.' Thus, so long as the force of gravity continues to have matter to act upon efficiently, the earth's vitality will continue. The force of gravity itself will last forever, we may be well assured, but as the matter of the earth's crust is steadily drawn inward, terrestrial gravity will have less and less work of contraction to do, and the earth will show less and less of that kind of vitality which is shown by earth-throes. But the amount of contraction taking place in a year, or in a life-time, or even in the life-time of a nation or a race, is so small that it might be regarded almost as nothing. The earth's vitality is apparently the same now as it was a thousand years ago, and as it will be a thousand years hence."

Earthquakes and volcanic disturbances are the outward and visible signs of the inexhaustible vitality within the earth's crust. For several centuries Vesuvius was at rest before the great outburst nearly two thousand years ago, when the crater, supposed to have been extinct, suddenly sprang into new life, and since then it has sometimes been at rest for more than a century, and at other times in active eruption many times in twenty years. During the years 1883 and 1884 foolish prophecies were promulgated, respecting the perihelion passage of the giant planets, the internal passages of the great pyramids, and other such absurdities. But there have been far worse years than

1883 and 1884. Consider the year 1784 for example. The Grimms of those days, (for these gloomy prophets are always with us,) pointed out that surely now at last their predictions of the world's coming end were about to come true—after a few thousands of years of failure. Not to mention an extraordinary number of minor earthquakes, six thousand lives were lost in a single shock in Armenia, and in Iceland a volcano flung forth from fifty to sixty millions of cubic yards of lava and scoriæ. Not only was there a widespread destruction throughout the south-east parts of Iceland, but the very depths of the sea were invaded. Flames broke forth through the sea-waves, and the sea was covered with pumice for more than a hundred miles from the shore. Iceland was covered by a thick canopy of ashes for a year, and atmospheric currents carried the ashes over Europe, Asia, and America. "The very sun was darkened, and showed only as a ball of fire," says Gilbert White, of Selborne, "while, throughout the year, frightful hurricanes and tremendous thunderstorms prevailed in such sort, that many believed the world was coming to an end."

Yet a century has passed, and the world still rolls on undestroyed.

In an article read at the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, on January 30th, 1870, by M. St. Meunier, reference was made to the time when the air and ocean must pass away, when all living creatures on the earth must perish, and how the final desolation of the earth shall come about.

"At present, the interior of our planet is described as a molten fluid, with a solid crust outside. As the world cools down with age this crust will thicken and crack, and crack again as the lower part contracts. This will form long, narrow chasms of vast depth, which, like those of the moon, will traverse without deviation the mountains, valleys, plains, and ocean-beds; the waters will fall into these, and, after violent catastrophes arising from their boiling by contact with the hot interior, they will finally disappear from the surface and become absorbed in the pores of the vastly thickened earth-crust, and in the caverns, cracks, and chasms, which the rending contraction will open in the interior. These cavities will continue to increase, will become of huge magnitude, when the outside crust grows thick enough to form its own supporting arch, for then the fused interior will recede and form mighty chasms, that will engulf not merely the waters, but all the atmosphere likewise."

At this stage the earth will be a middle-aged world like our moon; but as old age advances, the contraction of the fluid beneath the outside solid crust will continue, the rainures will increase in length, depth, and width, as M. St. Meunier maintains they are now growing on the moon. This must continue till the centre solidifies, and then these cracks will reach the centre, and the world will be split through in fragments, corresponding to the different rainures. Thus we shall have a planet composed of several solid fragments, held together only by their mutual attractions.



but the rotatory movement of these will, according to the French philosopher, become unequal, as the fragments present different densities and are situated at unequal distances from the centre. Some will be accelerated, others retarded, and others again will rub against each other and grind away those portions which have the weakest cohesion. The fragments thus worn off will, "at the end of sufficient time, girdle with a complete ring the central star."

At this stage the fragments become real meteors, and then perform all the meteoric functions, excepting the seed-carrying theory of Sir W. Thomson; "the hypothesis, that life originated on the earth through moss grown fragments of another world."

Sir W. Thomson has calculated "that the earth must have solidified at some time a hundred millions or two hundred millions of years ago; and there we arrive at the beginning of the present state of things, the process of cooling the earth, which is going on now. Before that time it was cooling as a liquid, and in passing from the liquid to the solid state, there was a catastrophe which introduced a new state of cooling. So that by means of that law we come to a time when the earth began to assume its present state. We do not find the time of the commencement of the universe, but simply of the present structure of the earth.

If we went further back we might make more calculations and find how long the earth had been in a liquid state. We should come to another catastrophe, and say at that time, not that the universe began to exist, but that the present earth passed from the gaseous to the liquid state. And if we went still farther back, we should probably find the earth falling together out of a great ring of matter surrounding the sun and distributed over its orbit. The same thing is true of every body of matter if we trace its history, for we come to a certain time at which a catastrophe took place; and if we were to trace back the history of all the bodies of the universe in that way, we should continually see them separating up into small parts. What they have actually done is to fall together and get solid.

If we could reverse the process, we should see them separating and getting fluid; and, as a limit to that, at an indefinite distance in past time we should find that all these bodies would be resolved into molecules, and all these would be flying away from each other. There would be no limit to that process, and we could trace it back as far as ever we liked to trace it. So that on the assumption (a very large assumption) that the present constitution of the laws of geometry and mechanics has held good during the whole of the past time, we should be led to the conclusion that at an inconceivably long time ago the universe did consist of ultimate molecules all separate from one another and approaching one another. Then they would meet to-

gether and form a great number of small hot bodies, and there would be the process of cooling going on in those bodies exactly as we find it now.

But we have no evidence of such a catastrophe as implies a beginning of the laws of nature. We do not come to something of which we cannot make any further calculation. We find that however far we may like to go back, we approximate to a certain state of things, but never actually get to them. Thus we have a probability, about as great as science can make it, of the beginning of the present state of things on the earth and the fitness of the earth for habitation.

According to Professor Clifford:

"We know with great probability of the beginning of the habitation of the earth about one hundred or two hundred millions of years back, but that of the beginning of the universe we know nothing at all."

Now, with regard to the final catastrophe, we know that existence upon our earth depends upon the heat given by the sun. The process of cooling is going on in the sun, as the process of cooling is going on on our earth. When the heat of the sun is exhausted, we shall be frozen. On the other hand, if we consider the tide which the earth makes upon the sun, instead of being a great wave lifting the mass of the sun up directly under the earth, it is carried forward by the sun's rotation; the result is that the earth, instead of being attracted to the sun's centre, is attracted to a point before the centre. The immediate tendency is to accelerate the earth's motion, and the final effect of this upon the planet is to make its orbit larger. That planet disturbing all the other planets, the consequence is, that we have the earth gradually going away from the sun, instead of falling into it. In any case, all that we know is that the sun is going out. If we fall into the sun we shall be scorched; if the sun goes out, or we get further away from it, we shall be frozen. So far as the earth is concerned, we have no means of determining what will be the character of the end, but we know that one of these two things must take place.

An end of life upon the earth is as probable as science can make it, but in regard to the universe we have no right to form any conclusion at all. Long after the earth shall have ceased to be the abode of life, other and nobler orbs will become in their time fit to support millions of forms, as well of animal as of vegetable existence; and the later each planet is in thus putting on life, the longer will be the duration of the life-supporting era of its own existence. Every orb may in turn become the scene of busy life, and after its due life-season become inert and dead. We see, in imagination, change after change, cycle after cycle, till:

" Drawn on paths of never-ending duty,  
The world's eternity begun;  
Rest absorbed in ever-glorious beauty  
On the heart of the All-Central Sun."



## CURRENT TOPICS.

THE death of a party chieftain is a political advantage which his old followers like to improve. In that hour of amnesty when his enemies must be silent his friends can speak. In the shadow of the pall we have a right to speak well of the dead, and if we expand the funeral privilege so as to say a little evil of the living, we may properly do so in vindication of the "time honored" party on the one hand, or the "grand old" party on the other. The funeral orations lately delivered on eminent Republicans have been tender as Minie bullets to the opposite party. Like Falstaff's men, the Democrats have been "well peppered"; and the best of it was, that under the laws of magnanimity they could not fire back. I contend that no funeral praise is too extravagant for a dead statesman who for years was the leader of my own party; and when I hear that in eloquence, diplomacy, and all political wisdom, he was a combination of Bismarck and Gladstone, I approve the flattery, and add a few superlative qualities which I pretend were lacking in the German and the Englishman. When a very eloquent eulogist at the solemnities appointed by the Union League Club says that the departed leader had "the courage of a Patrick Henry, the originality and the creative genius of an Alexander Hamilton, the logic and comprehension of a Daniel Webster, the magnetism and the eloquence of a Clay," I applaud the tribute, for the orator is bravely doing his duty. He is appointed to say nothing but good of the dead, and as much good as it is possible to say. At the same time, party loyalty requires him to "improve the occasion," to assail his political opponents, and challenge controversy at the grave. Otherwise there is no political profit in a great man's death. Even Julius Cæsar, "foremost man of all this world," does no good by dying, unless Mark Antony can make a little "party capital" at the funeral.

\* \* \*

In its own way, the funeral oration delivered at the Union League Club in honor of Mr. Blaine, was as politically ingenious as that made by Mark Antony at the funeral of Cæsar. Cutting off reply by warning the other side that "there is no partisanship in the mourning of American patriotism," the orator applied the sentiment in the following non-partisan way. He described those who had opposed the aims and policies of his departed friend as "detractors who may have to shield their own eyes with the smoked glass of party prejudice to find the spots that may exist on the full orb of his splendid and undying fame"; and he attributed their opposition to "unthinking ignorance, or the envy and jealousy of ambitious mediocrity." This funeral oration may not have been magnanimous, but it was as sound in party doctrine as anything we can get, even in the excitement of a political campaign. Just after the surrender of Lee and Johnstone, a general in the National Army had command in one of the cities of the South, and some of the returned confederates, assisted by the citizens, made themselves rather disagreeable, so that he issued an order forbidding certain manifestations which he thought were disrespectful to his flag. A committee of the offenders complaining of the order as harsh and tyrannical, reminded the general that magnanimity was due from the victors to the vanquished; and his answer was, "magnanimity is due also from the vanquished to the victors." They accepted the rebuke, and confessed that they had never thought of that. So it ought to be at the funeral of a great political chieftain. The orator of the occasion speaks under a flag of truce which he should be careful to respect. At such a funeral there ought to be magnanimity on both sides.

\* \* \*

There seems to be a painful calm just now in our "aggressive" politics, due to a suspicion that the scheme of the Hawaiian revolution is not so much to annex the Sandwich Islands to the United States, as to annex the United States to the Sandwich Islands. This gives the subject a different appearance, and General Jingo

Filibustero is not mixing so much gunpowder with his whiskey as he was a week ago. There is an opinion growing among our statesmen that the project of annexation is not yet ripe, and that we had better wait until the Islands drop into our lap like apples out of a tree. This picturesque figure is borrowed from the *Philadelphia Times*, which, jealous for international justice, declares that "we must defend those people from foreign aggression and see that no other power shall interfere with their independence. The apple will fall into our lap when it is ripe, and we do not want it prematurely." There is hardly anything so disinterested as that in the annals of political morality. No "aggressions" but our own must be allowed; and "no other power" but ourselves must "interfere with their independence." The *Philadelphia Press* appears to think that the Islands are worth stealing, not only for their own value, but also for the sake of practice, as it were. "It will familiarise the public mind," says the *Press*, "with the acquisition of other territory which must be contemplated in the near future"; and the *Philadelphia Ledger*, rural and innocent as a confidence man asking what o'clock it is, says, "The first impulse of nearly all Americans is to oppose annexation, this country being singularly free from any desire to extend its dominions; but there is a possibility at least that annexation of Hawaii, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico may become necessary some day." Why people should go to comic books for humor when they can get it every day in editorial moralising, is marvellous to me. We propose to take Hawaii, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico "some day," but in the meantime the world must understand that we are "singularly free from any desire to extend our dominions." And those are the sentiments of the Quaker city founded by William Penn, who never would take any territory from the aborigines, without giving them some glass beads for it, or something.

\* \* \*

The strike of the preachers at Columbus threatens a spiritual scarcity, and still farther complicates the labor question. The legislature of Ohio has been in the reprehensible habit of using non-union religion, and even getting it for nothing; a practice which has brought forth a protest and the promise of a boycott from the Pastors' Union. At a meeting of the Union held last Monday, it was determined that spiritual grace be withheld from the legislature unless paid for at regular union rates. A feeble show of resistance was made by the Rev. Mr. Patt of the First Baptist church, who thought it "would be too bad to deprive the legislators of all spiritual advice without warning"; but the majority thought it would be serving them just right, and so the resolution was unanimously adopted, after an eloquent speech by the Rev. W. C. Holiday of the Mount Vernon Avenue Methodist church, who declared with proper indignation that he had "long ago resolved that he would make no prayers in the General Assembly without remuneration." It is thought that the strikers will win, that the legislature will surrender, that non-union prayers will be discontinued, and that hereafter all prayers offered in the General Assembly of Ohio will bear the blue label of the Pastors' Union. I think the Union is right, because if the Ohio legislature is worth praying for, the prayers are worth paying for; but, on the other hand, if the honorable members are past praying for, there is no use in wasting money for prayers. Thirty-five years ago, when I was member for Marbletown, every preacher at the capital acted as chaplain in his turn, so that we got every variety of spiritual grace that could be had for cash. The Union rate at that time was three dollars a prayer, which we cheerfully paid,—out of other people's money,—drawing the line, of course, at Universalists and Unitarians, whose prayers were under a boycott of the Pastors' Union, and therefore worth nothing.

\* \* \*

The prayer question seems to be making some discord among the Directors of the World's Fair. It appears that the executive



committee has voted \$5,000 for the opening ceremonies, and has omitted from the programme both poetry and prayer. At first it was thought that the omission was merely an oversight, but it seems not, for the committee, on cross-examination, confessed that it was intentional and deliberate. The Pastors' Union refuses to accept the insufficient excuse that the dedication ceremonies in October had prayers enough in them to last the Exposition all through the sickly season and far away into the fall. The Union maintains, and with reason, that the whole Board of Directors and all the field and staff will need a great deal of praying for about the first of May, and from that time on to the end of the Exposition. I have no doubt that the pastors will win in this contest, for if they are not allowed to pray for the Exposition, they may pray against it and ruin it altogether. Besides, they may appeal for help to Congress, because if that highly religious assembly has the right to make a law closing the Exposition on Sunday, it certainly has the right to command that it be opened with prayer on Monday. The Poets' Union has not yet been heard from, and there will probably be no protest made against cutting out the "ode." I hope not, for among all the minor torments of this life there is hardly one so able as an "ode" to create "that tired feeling" in the human soul.

In the *Indianapolis Journal* I find the following appeal, which I present as a very creditable specimen of what I call oblique impeachment, a charge in the form of a question, or a puzzle to be solved:

"The country would like to know just how much truth there is in the rumor that President-elect Cleveland held a large block of stock in the Whiskey Trust and got caught in the recent slump in prices. If he is in a position to make a positive and explicit denial of the statement he cannot do it too soon."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Cleveland will immediately explain this matter, either by going to Indianapolis, or by letter to the *Journal*, if that organ will kindly excuse him from personal attendance. The editor of the *Journal*, as the censor of public morals and public men, is merely performing a melancholy duty. He would not insinuate anything; he is merely speaking for the country. It is the country that would "like to know," you know. As soon as Mr. Cleveland has answered that conundrum, the *Journal* will want to know how much truth there is in the rumor that the President-Elect formerly served as a pirate under Captain Kidd. The comical audacity of this mode of political warfare puts me in mind of a joint debate which I once heard in Iowa, between two rival candidates for Congress, where one of them thus addressed the other, who happened to be editor of a newspaper: "What I want to ask my honorable friend is this: How did he get the money to start his newspaper? Did he or did he not live in Ogle county, Illinois? Did he or did he not insure his father's life for five thousand dollars? Did he or did he not murder his father, draw the money, come to Iowa, and start a newspaper with his ill-gotten gains? Let him answer those questions if he is in a position to do so."

I acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of an invitation to the "first meeting of the American Psychical Society." I hope to attend, so that I may get some revelations of, by, or from a disembodied soul; some sign of immortality visible to the mortal eye, palpable to the sight as the ghost of Hamlet's father, and able to talk like that uneasy spirit; able to tell of deeds done that I knew not of, and of deeds that shall be done. For this evidence I have hitherto sought in vain, or found it only in unreliable dreams, when my reason, sleeping on duty like a drowsy sentinel, left me defenceless. I am sceptical of all psychical phenomena, but not irreverent, for I am not vain enough to doubt that there are minds more purified from earthly dross than mine; minds able to see spiritual realities invisible to me, and to hear warnings and prophecies that

my faculties are not refined enough to hear. I may not believe it, and yet it may be true that just men have "walked with God."

Mr. James Payn, in his delightful "Note Book," on the first page of the *Illustrated London News* for December 24th, sprinkles a little sarcasm on the Psychical Society of England, and reproaches the society, because Mr. Dickens failed in all his experiments with psychic science. Mr. Payn says: "Charles Dickens, though disposed to give things a fair trial, had in his later years very little patience with the haunted-house theory. At one time, whenever he heard of such a dwelling, he used to obtain permission, with his friend Mr. W. H. Mills, to pass a night in it,—some of his experiences were published in one of his Christmas numbers,—and they turned out to be unmitigated frauds." He means that the haunted houses and the ghosts, not the experiences, were "unmitigated frauds"; and in either case his language is too harsh; and besides it was based on a mistake, as appears from a letter printed by Mr. Payn in the "Note Book" for January 7th. That letter was written to him by Mr. Charles Dickens the younger, who says: "You are not quite accurate in the 'Note Book' as to my father and the haunted houses. He never obtained permission to pass a night in one. He tried to do so often enough, but the difficulty was that no haunted house could ever be found. The most promising stories melted into thin air on close examination. There was a party always ready to investigate any phenomena anywhere: it consisted of my father, W. H. Wills, Edmund Yates, myself, and the two big dogs who lived in the stable-yard at Gad's Hill. But no employment was ever found for us." No wonder. The reason for the failure is plain enough, and I submit that Mr. Dickens did not give the ghosts a "fair trial." He ought to have gone alone. No prudent ghost is likely to expose himself, even in a haunted house, to the criticism of four vigorous men and "two big dogs who live in a stable-yard."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 287. (VOL. VII.—S.)

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## AUTOS-DA-FÉ.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

MORAL philosophers have often expressed the opinion that no change in the by-laws of ethics will ever affect the stability of certain conventional maxims—not strictly compatible, in all cases, with our present conceptions of ideal justice. Among the numerous proofs demonstrating the permanence of those international compromise axioms we might mention the facts that Might has always biased the standards of Right, and that no protest against the atrocity of individual sufferings has ever been permitted to interfere with the promotion of principles supposed to involve the supreme welfare of the community.

Alexander the Great, in his sober moments, appears to have been anything but a despot, and some of his paladins were men of conspicuous clemency, and represented the most cultured cities and countries of the universe, but they all agreed on the necessity of striking terror to the heart of their Asiatic foe. The welfare of Greece seemed to demand the intimidation of her Eastern rivals, and the staff of that army of civilisation, in cold blood, ordered the crucifixion of twelve thousand prisoners of war.

The law of Lycurgus, as a rule, sacrificed both class-privileges and the claims of mercy to the principles of stern justice, but state interests suggested an exception in the case of the rebellious Helots, and the multiplication of the obnoxious race was prevented by a combination of barbarous cruelty and worse than barbarous treachery—perpetrated by men who in their dealings with other enemies often preferred death to a breach of faith.

The ecclesiastic diatribes against the despotism of the Roman Cæsars are refuted by the simple fact that for centuries an empire of 4,500,000 square miles could be kept quiet with a standing army of 95,000 men, and the *Pax Romana*, inaugurated by policy of the Emperor Augustus, will perhaps remain the nearest earthly approach to the realisation of the millennium dream. But the successors of Augustus recognised the fact that the turbulent elements of the vast metropolis could be pacified by means of liberality more easily

than by daily massacres. They also believed in the necessity of popular pastimes, and realised the wisdom of propitiating the leaders of victorious armies, and under the best as well as under the worst of the twenty-six world-kings the significance of the *ux victis* was brought home to vanquished foes and captured criminals in those orgies of bloodshed which have been called the "foulest stain on the records of the human race."

Yet among the Roman writers who utterly failed to anticipate that verdict of posterity, there were some exemplars of Stoic ethics, and some who frequently denounced acts of *wanton* cruelty to animals and men. Cicero, who treated his slaves more kindly than our modern Cæsars their soldiers, and entrusted his fortune to the care of one of his freedmen, defends the arena-games on the ground that "compelling guilty men to fight is the best possible discipline against effeminacy that can be presented to the eyes of the multitude." The second epistle of the præfect Symmachus, after urging the wisdom of equanimity and the renunciation of what Christian moralists would call the vanities of earth, mentions the "impious suicide" of some prisoners, which he had purchased for the purpose of making them fight at the funeral of his son, and who would have exhausted his patience under the spite of fate if he had not recalled the fortitude of the martyred Socrates. (Symmachus, "Epist." II, 46.) Pliny, the eloquent advocate of humane reforms, extols the merit of Trajan in "discouraging amusements that enervate the souls of men," (dancing and the comic drama, etc.,) and giving preference to those inspiring a noble contempt of wounds and even of death." The same writer endorses the petition of the citizens of Verona, who had asked permission to establish a circus of their own, and remarks that "to refuse so general a request any longer would be cruelty rather than firmness." ("Epist.," VI, 34.)

Trajan, the idol of the golden age of paganism, devoted at least 200,000 men to the spectacles of the arena, (10,000 of them once on a single day,) and Titus, whose kindness of disposition had so endeared him to his subjects that the news of his death threw the inhabitants of all the Mediterranean coast-lands



into mourning—the same “World’s Delight” ruler attested, in the opinion of his biographer, his amiability of character by “jesting with the people during the combats of the gladiators.” (Suetonius, “Titus,” VIII.)

The inhumanities practiced by hundreds of mediæval abbots in the treatment of their monks reached the *ne plus ultra* of systematic cruelty—since additional afflictions would have produced a speedier death, and the tortures of heretics in many parts of southern Europe were such as to justify the belief that pity had flown from the world; yet a plurality of those same ministers of woe were undoubtedly men of humane disposition and of unselfish devotion to what they considered the best interests of the human race. Their creed had made them connect the promotion of that interest with the sacrifice of natural reason and the natural instinct of pity on the altar of faith, and in their crusade against the champions of rationalism they would have considered it a preposterous aberration of weakness to weigh the transient horrors of an auto-da-fé against the eternity of torture prepared for all whom the influence of the condemned sceptic might have caused to swerve from the path of orthodoxy.

Pedro Rodriguez, one of the most active of the Spanish inquisitors, was so averse to the sight of human suffering that he always withdrew from the sessions of his tribunal when the judges ordered the torture of a witness, and the personal appeals of some of the condemned caused him more than one sleepless night and repeatedly made him pray for death as the only refuge from the cruel conflict between duty and inclination.

The Dominican Planedis, who signed innumerable sentences of death, was so scrupulous in the examination of evidence that he sacrificed the fortune of his family in paying expenses exceeding the available resources of the court, and at last lost his life (1235) on a journey undertaken for the purpose of examining additional witnesses. Torquemada himself was a man of charitable and even generous impulses, and his replies to the appeals of his victims often suggest the answer of the Gascon captain, whose regiment had received orders to grant no quarter: “*Demandez-moi toute chose, monsieur, mais pour la vie, pas moyen*,” said he, when a captured ensign asked to be spared in consideration of his youth.

Torquemada darkened the sunlight of Spain with the fumes of burning misbelievers, but the absolute sincerity of his religious zeal is attested by a list of the legislative amendments enacted at his advice. He diminished the emoluments of the church by abolishing the privilege of suspected heretics to waive examination and furnish coined security for his promise of sub-

mission. He extended the time of grace intervening between an ecclesiastic injunction and the institution of criminal proceedings, and he multiplied the number of indulgences granted to minors and “pagans” (Mohammedans, etc.) recently arrived from foreign parts. He was, in all his private transactions, a righteous man, and his thousands of ultra-savage and ultra-bestial cruelties were not acts of passion or malevolence, but in the strictest sense, acts of faith.

In 1869 the gardener of Capt. Elphinstone was torn to pieces in the suburbs of Lucknow by a mob of Hindu fanatics who had seen him shoot a Hanuman monkey. That mob was composed of men who treat their children and servants with infinite kindness and who would rather submit to the decimation of their crops than lift a stone against a rice-bird, but they were firmly convinced that the murder of a sacred ape would call down the vengeance of heaven, and they lost no time in averting the ruin of the community by the sacrifice of the reckless offender. Autos-da-fé, in honor of Brahmin dogmas, are not limited to the present century, for three thousand years ago the mild rulers of Hindostan enforced a law that punished with death every participant in a riot against the authority of a Brahmin. He who contradicted a priest of Brahm was punished with the loss of his tongue; a blow was avenged by the amputation of the right arm, intruders upon the privacy of a praying *Rishi* could be attacked with a club, and slain on the spot, if they refused to leave. It was the barbarity of dogmatism, the aberration of a mild-mannered, patient, and passive people, becoming cruelly active in the interest of faith.

The decadence of religious fanaticism has not obviated the possibility of such aberrations. The glare of publicity shed upon the recent fire-orgies of Judge Lynch at Paris, Texas, puts that fact in the clearest light. The perpetrators of that portentous outrage were no border-ruffians. They were, as a class, men of education, of charitable habits, of rather liberal views on questions of politics and municipal administrations. They have abolished oppressive rent-laws and seem to favor the cause of temperance. Their school-commissioners discourage Knout-methods of education. Their county rejected a proposed tramp-law, rather than involve the destitute home-seeker in the fate of the shiftless vagrant. But they emphatically believe in the expediency of self-helps in dealing with certain forms of crime which seem to defy the remedies of the law, and which are never condoned in communities where a penchant for manslaughter is included among the venial foibles of an impulsive character. The managers of the public auto-da-fé also believed in the necessity of purging their county from the reproach of judicial delays, and above all, they associated the welfare of their community and their state



with the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the Caucasian Race—at the cost even of another civil war. The dread of political subjection to their former Helots overshadows the prospects of their country like a dark cloud, and stimulates all classes of white citizens to a passionate readiness for summary and instant coöperation in averting the impending danger. “The truth is, we dare not break the solidity of our battle-front,” said the Southern correspondent of a leading political journal, “our prosperity, our very existence, depends upon the chance of maintaining our ground against the common foe.”

If a Mexican, an Englishman, or even a notorious partisan of the Republican faction, had harangued the mob in the name of humanity, the emphasis of his remarks might have been condoned in consideration of his motive; the slightest protest on the part of the black fellow-citizens of the victim would have been answered with a volley of rifle-balls.

On the Rio Grande the bugbear of a Mexican revolt is sometimes paraded for oratorical purposes, but the plurality of the Saxon colonists do not believe in the reality of that danger and discourage acts of violence against the life or property of their Spanish-American neighbors. They do believe in the possibility of Negro-rule with its train of odious consequences, and the efforts of the State Government will utterly fail to secure the punishment of a participator in the horrid cruelties of an act of predominant faith.

#### ABSTRACTION.

##### I.

THE importance of understanding the process and scope of abstraction is very great, for abstraction is the very essence and nature of man's method of thought. The ability of thinking in abstracts distinguishes him from the rest of the animal world.

Abstraction is a very simple process, and yet some of the greatest philosophers have misunderstood it. He, however, who is not clear on this subject, or neglects the rules of abstraction, will never be able to attain lucidity or accuracy of thought.

The greatest difficulty for a child when he learns to walk is, not to stumble over his own feet. Similarly, the greatest difficulty with philosophers is, not to stumble over their own ideas. All our ideas are abstractions, and different abstractions represent different qualities of the objects which we meet in experience. In order to preserve clearness of thought, we must not confound the different ideas, and must not transfer a certain abstract that belongs to one set of abstractions into another quite different domain of abstractions. At the same time, we must never leave out of sight that the reality from which our abstractions are made is one inseparable unity.

The very existence of many problems proves how little the nature of abstract ideas is understood. There is, for instance, the question which has again and again been raised, whether the soul can be explained from matter or energy. The question itself is wrong, and proves that the questioner stumbles over his own ideas. We might just as well ask whether matter can be explained from energy, or energy from matter. Matter and energy are two different kinds of abstraction, and feelings, or states of consciousness, are again another kind. We cannot explain any idea by confounding it with other heterogeneous ideas. What would we say, for instance, of a man who spoke of blue or green ideas, or who attempted an explanation of mathematical problems from the law of gravitation? What should we say of a philosopher who proposes the problem whether ideas can be explained from the ink in which they are written?

Our abstracts are stored away, as it were, in different drawers and boxes. Any one who expects to solve problems that confound two sets of abstractions, has either stored his ideas improperly or searches for them in the wrong box.

\* \* \*

If a problem is hopelessly entangled, we cannot solve it, and being led to regard the confusion of our mind as a true image of the world: we come to the conclusion that the world is incomprehensible; that is, we fall into agnosticism. But such is the confusion which generally prevails, that the man who reaches the conclusion that all things are at bottom utterly unknowable, becomes the leading philosopher of the time. Mr. Spencer actually declares in his famous work “The Data of Psychology” that “the substance of mind” (sic!) is unknowable.

Mr. Spencer searches for his explanation of mind in the wrong box.

Misunderstand the nature of abstraction and an impenetrable mist will cover all our thinking and philosophising.

Says Professor Huxley in an address on Descartes's “Discourse”:

“If I say that *impenetrability* is a property of matter, all that I can really mean is that the consciousness I call *extension* and the consciousness I call *resistance*, constantly accompany one another. Why and how they are thus related is a mystery.”

He first abstracts two qualities, viz., extension and resistance, from one and the same thing, and then wonders why they are constantly found together. By the bye, extension and resistance are not always joined unless we identify both ideas. The surrounding air is extended but does not perceptibly resist unless so closed up that it cannot escape. Extension and resistance, of course, always accompany one another if, as in physics, extension is used as a synonym of re-



sistance, if extending means exercising a pressure or resisting. Where is the mystery that fluidity is always accompanied by liquidity, that inflammability is always found together with ignitability, etc., etc.?

Professor Huxley has stored ideas which belong in the same box in different boxes.

\* \* \*

Some philosophers forget very easily that our ideas are not reality itself, but representations of reality. They are symbols, representing certain features of reality. While our ideas of different spheres partly overlap, partly exclude each other, reality itself from which they have been abstracted, is not a "combination" of heterogeneous existences. On the contrary, we must always bear in mind that the totality of the world is an inseparable unity. All reality is one great whole and our ideas draw limits between the different provinces that are of a purely ideal nature.

Ideas, and especially abstract ideas, are symbols which serve for orientation in the world. They help us to find our bearings. Energy is not matter, and matter is not energy, but for that very reason there is no matter without energy, or energy without matter. In the same way consciousness is neither matter nor energy, but consciousness for that reason is not a thing in itself. It is not an independent existence that exists apart from matter or energy. Things in themselves, in the sense of separate and independent entities, do not exist. But philosophers are too apt to regard their abstract ideas (their noumena) as representing things in themselves. Thus time is not space, and space is not time, and neither the one nor the other is material; but therefore we are not justified in conceiving of time or space as things in themselves. In brief, all abstracts represent features of that great inseparable whole which is called reality, the world, the universe, or nature. Matter is not an inscrutable entity but a name for that quality which all material things have in common. Space and time are thought-constructions built of abstract notions representing certain relations of things. And the inside world of man, the states of his consciousness, his sensations, perceptions, and ideas, no less than all other abstracts, form one special sphere of abstraction—the domain of psychology.

## II.

The words *abstract* and *abstraction* are derived from the Late Latin *abstractum* and *abstractio*, the latter being the act of abstracting, the former the product of abstraction. The old Romans did not use the words *abstractio* and *abstractum* in a philosophical sense. These ideas are a product of the great nominalistic controversy and appear first in the twelfth century. Abstraction was originally used in contrast to "subtraction." Abstraction was the consideration of form

apart from matter, and subtraction the consideration of the essence without heeding its form.\*

Modern usage has dropped the scholastic distinction between "abstract" and "subtract" entirely, and places the abstract in opposition either to the "concrete" or to the "intuitional," i. e. the direct perception of objects.

Abstraction means "to single out, to separate and hold in thought."

For instance: when observing the whiteness of snow, we concentrate our attention upon the quality of whiteness to the neglect of all the rest. Attention, accordingly, is the condition of abstraction. Special wants produce special interests; special interests produce a special attention, and a special attention singles out and keeps in mind that which is wanted.

Abstraction is first a concentration of attention, which involves a neglect of everything else, then a mental separation of the part or quality upon which the attention is concentrated, and finally the establishment of a relative independence of the product of abstraction. This completes the function of abstraction, and as this can be done only by naming, abstract thought is identical with rational thought, which is the characteristic feature of the thought of speaking beings.

This is the reason why abstract thought is upon earth the exclusive prerogative of man; and why brutes are incapable of abstract thought. The process of naming is the mechanism of abstraction, for names establish a mental independence of the objects named.

As soon as the color of the snow has been denoted, the word denoting snowish color or whiteness becomes applicable as a thought-symbol to the same quality wherever it is found.

\* \* \*

The verb, "to abstract," is used, according to Drobisch, either in a logical or psychological sense; in the former we abstract certain qualities *of* a given complex, in the latter we abstract our attention *from* certain objects. (See Mansel, "Prolegomena Logica," 3d ed., p. 30.) Hamilton regards the former usage as improper. Says Hamilton:

"I noticed the improper use of the term abstraction by many philosophers, in applying it to that on which the attention is converged. This we may indeed be said to prescind, but not to abstract. Thus, let A, B, C be three qualities of an object. We prescind A, in *abstracting from* B and C, but we cannot without impropriety say that we abstract A."

In agreement with Hamilton, Sully remarks:

"Abstraction means etymologically the active withdrawal of attention from one thing in order to fix it on another thing."

The Century Dictionary adds to this quotation:

"This is all founded on a false notion of the origin of the term."

\* See Century Dictionary, s. v. abstract.



The old quarrels between Nominalists and Realists, important though they were, are forgotten. The distinction between "abstract" and "subtract" has lost its meaning. Hamilton and Sully's usages have not been accepted outside some narrow circles of English scholars; and the most natural and common usage of the verb "to abstract," it seems to us, is in the sense "to form abstracts," or "to make an abstraction." We abstract a certain quality of a certain thing, (say whiteness,) and treat it in our thought as if it were a thing itself.

\* \* \*

Intuition, in the proper sense of the term, furnishes the immediate data of our sense-impressions. Intuition is the German *Anschauung*, an exact analogous term to which does not exist in English. We have coined the word "atsight," to supply this defect. Like *Anschauung* it denotes that which we look at, or the present object of our sight.\* Although an innovation, this word seems to be the most appropriate substitute for *Anschauung*.

The terms "*Anschauung*," "intuition," "atsight," originally denote the contents of the most important kind of sense-perceptions, those of sight; but they have been extended to mean the perceptions of all senses.

Man's thought, i. e., the properly human mind-operations, consists in an analysis and reconstruction of his *Anschauungen*, intuitions, or atsights, i. e., of the data given him in his sense-impressions. With the assistance of language, man separates and recombines certain features of his atsights; he constructs ideas, which enable him to find out in the events of nature the determining factors and to make them, on a large scale, subservient to his wants.

Man's ideas, and most so his general ideas or generalisations, in so far as they are represented by names, are products of abstract thought. The idea "horse" is not the actual and concrete reality of the sight of an individual horse, but a generalisation; it is a name representing to every English-speaking man the composite image of all horses, or pictures of horses seen, and including, in addition, all the knowledge he has of horses. The general idea of a horse thus stands in contrast to real horses; it is not the horse itself, but a thought-symbol signifying horse in general.

Abstract thought is decried as pale, colorless, shadowy, and unreal. True enough, in a certain sense, for abstract thought is not intuition, it is not *Anschauung*, and therefore it cannot possess the vivid glow of sensuous activity, the reality, individuality, directness, and immediateness of the objects presented to our

senses. Yet, in another sense, abstract ideas are by no means unreal.

The atsights of our sense-experience are the basis of all abstract ideas. The atsights are the real facts, our abstract ideas, however, are artifices invented for the purpose of better dealing with facts; they are reality-describing symbols and well-designed mental tools.

### III.

The main mistake of former philosophers has been the habit of regarding abstracts as independent real entities, or essences. The pagans represented beauty as a goddess and worshipped it, and Plato thought that ideas were beings that possess an independent existence outside and above the sphere of reality, of that reality which is faced by us and depicted in our sensations.

It is customary at present, as the pendulum swings from the one extreme to the other, to regard abstract ideas in contradiction to the old view as mere fictions and nonentities. One error is naturally followed by the opposite error. But abstracts are not mere fictions, they are symbols *representing features of real existence*, and as such they cannot be overestimated, for they form the properly human in man, they create his dignity and give him the power he possesses.

Even our systems of mathematics, arithmetic, and other sciences of pure thought are not mere fictions or arbitrary inventions, but constructions made of elements representing actual features of reality, of pure forms and of the relations of pure forms. To be sure, they are fictions in a certain sense; they are inventions, but they are not mere fictions and not arbitrary inventions. To operate with pure forms, as if pure forms as such existed, is a fiction. But exactly in the same way it is a fiction to speak of whiteness as if whiteness in itself existed. The processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, involution, evolution, the usage of logarithms are inventions, but they are as little arbitrary inventions as, for instance, the method of naming things. All these inventions (like other useful inventions) have been called forth by special wants; most of them have been eagerly searched for, and they serve certain practical purposes.

\* \* \*

Abstract thoughts are comparable to bills or checks in the money market. Bills and checks are not real values themselves, but being orders to pay out a certain amount, they represent real values, thus serving to facilitate and economise the exchange of goods. In the same way the realities of life are the data of experience as they appear in our *Anschauung*; abstract ideas, however, are derived from and have reference to these basic facts of our existence. If the values of our abstract ideas are not ultimately founded upon the

\* See the article "What Does *Anschauung* Mean?" in *The Monist*, Vol. II, No. 4, p. 527.



reality of the given facts of experience, they are like bills or drafts for the payment of which there is no money in the bank.

It is comparatively easy to palm off counterfeit abstracts at their nominal value upon ignorant or uncritical people who know not the difference; for the poor fellows who have thus been cheated are likely to die before they discover the fraud.

Most people being uncritical, we need not wonder that the philosophical world is flooded with abstracts that possess no merit beyond being high-sounding words. There are plenty of philosophical wild-cat banks flourishing and booming, and this is quite natural, for our average public are no better than the savages of darkest Africa with whom glass pearls pass for money, the same as if they were genuine pearls.

\* \* \*

The term "abstract" is confined to such products of thought-operations as "whiteness, goodness, virtue, courage," etc.; but it is sometimes also employed to denote generalisations such as "star," meaning any kind of a star, or "triangle," meaning any kind of a triangle. The fact is that generalisations can be made only by the method of abstraction. The term "abstract" is not used, however, to denote sensations. Sensations are the materials which by abstraction are analysed into their elements, for sensations are that which is given in our intuition, i. e. our *Anschauung*, and abstracts are contrasted to the intuitional.

This is very well, and we do not blame this usage of the word; but we wish to point out that even sensations are in their way a kind of abstraction. Our sense-organs perform the function of abstracting certain features of the objects impressing us. Thus the eye abstracts only certain ether-vibrations called light, and transforms them into vision, the ear abstracts only air-vibrations and transforms them into sounds, the muscular sense abstracts resistance and transforms it into the notion of corporeality, the skin abstracts temperature and transforms it into sensations of heat and cold. The tongue and the nose actually abstract and bodily absorb certain particles, and transform the awareness of this process into taste and smell.

Thus it is evident that abstraction is a function of fundamental application in the domain of psychic life, and the method of abstraction is, properly considered, not limited to that sphere which, according to the generally accepted terminology, is called the domain of abstraction.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Chicago Board of Education is making vigorous efforts to limit the scope of education in the public schools, under the pretense of abolishing what they classically call "fads." This war upon certain kinds of learning is itself a mischievous "fad." Its capital stock consists largely of nicknames, and the reformers who

are conducting the campaign of non-education think that any study in the school is quite sufficiently condemned when they choose to stigmatise it as a "fad." In the scornful vernacular of those critics modelling in clay is "mud pie making," and the satire is applauded by a generation of fools. One of the most useful employments for children is the making of mud pies, and clay modelling is merely an advance from that to experimental and solid lessons that make abstract learning easier. The Board of Education met last night, and a committee appointed at a previous meeting brought in a report recommending that the following "fads" be abolished, namely, clay modelling, German, physical culture, drawing, sewing, and singing. The report was referred to the committee of the whole which will meet February 23d. There are some Boards of Education that make me nervous whenever they handle educational questions. They make me feel just as I would if Jack Hicks who used to fiddle "hoe downs" for us on the frontier, should with profane fingers attempt to play the overture from Semiramide on Ole Bull's violin. His brother Joe used to rattle on the tambourine what passed with us for a Beethoven symphony, and he played it quite as intelligently as the Chicago Board of Education plays on "fads."

\* \* \*

The public interest at this time seems to be almost equally divided between statesmen and prizefighters, the advantage, if there is any, being on the side of the prizefighters. The following important piece of information appears in the telegraphic dispatches of this morning, and is dated New York, February 13. "Austrian Billy Murphy was about town to-day for the first time since his recent fight with Griffin. Outside of a broken nose and a couple of scars he is looking pretty well." By a queer psychological coincidence the very same consolation—in finer language of course—was offered by Col. Turner, the orator of the occasion, to his fellow members of the Marquette Club in Chicago at the Lincoln banquet held on that identical February 13, when he introduced the Republican party for the admiration of the company. Translated into ordinary prose, his remarks were these: "Outside of a broken nose and a couple of scars the Republican party is looking pretty well." Col. Turner is described in the papers as the "famed post-prandial speaker"; and allowing the usual discount on "post-prandial" talk, it must be admitted that his oration was more eloquently inconsistent than is usual even in speeches of the after dinner kind. He condemned the Republican party for attempting to give the colored man political rights, or as he called it "black supremacy." In addition to that, he said, "the Republican party is in defeat for clinging to dead issues," also "through lack of statesmanship"; likewise for "lack of ability in leadership"; and because "in the Republican Senate money has superseded brains." Supplementing these reasons, were "pension laws which offer a bribe for coöperative perjury," together with other bad legislation which caused the orator to regret that the new leaders of the Republican party were not "in the grave" instead of the old ones. After talking like Dick Deadeye until all the wine turned sour, Col. Turner made a "post-prandial" contradiction of himself by proclaiming that the hope of the country lay in "the garnered intelligence and stalwart courage of the Republican party." He meant, of course, the Republican party as it will be when all its present leaders are "in the grave."

\* \* \*

Although I may never know what the Monroe doctrine is, I am very sure that it is a piece of national property; and as a proud citizen I like to see it bring a high price whenever it is offered for sale in a foreign market; a price corresponding to the size and dignity of this nation. With patriotic pleasure I learn that the Panama Canal syndicate was compelled to pay several million dollars for the Monroe doctrine, but no more than it was worth, because, without it the syndicate could not have swindled anybody,



not even the French people. This is clear from the testimony given yesterday by Mr. Seligman before the investigating committee appointed by Congress, and Mr. Seligman was the man who negotiated the purchase of the profitable doctrine. He admitted that the effort to obtain subscriptions in Paris for the Panama Canal had failed "because of the apprehension in France that the United States was hostile and would put in force the Monroe doctrine." Any man with a genius for "business" must admire the American statesmanship that created the "apprehension," without which the Monroe doctrine would have brought nothing in the market. It soon became evident to De Lesseps and his colleagues that before the French people would make subscriptions to the Panama scheme, the Monroe doctrine must be bought and paid for, so the "American Committee" was formed by the Seligmans "to protect the interest of the canal and secure the neutrality of the United States in relation to it." It was important that some great American should be at the head of the committee, so they baited the trap for General Grant, but although the cheese on the hook was tempting he would not nibble. Seligman offered him \$25,000 a year *for life*, but the offer was rejected, and Grant escaped from an enterprise that would have steeped his name in scandal. The chairmanship with a salary of \$25,000 a year was then given to Mr. Richard W. Thompson, a member of the cabinet. The result of it all was the ruin of thousands of innocent French people whose confidence having been gained by those proceedings threw their money into the canal. In spite of the ruin wrought, Mr. Seligman gave his testimony with a cynical gaiety that reminds us of the complacent equanimity of Mr. Jay Gould.

\* \* \*

Commenting, in *The Open Court*, some weeks ago on the fantastic substitutes for law and equity doled out by the courts of Illinois, I advised all disputants before becoming litigants to put the whole subject of controversy into a poker game and gamble for it. Or, easier yet, flip a penny and settle the difference by the appeal of "heads or tails." I showed that by the laws of chance alone the verdict of the copper would be right six times out of twelve, which is more than can be said of the judgments of our courts; and besides, expense, vexation, anxiety, time, and a large quantity of profanity would be saved. Although I gave that advice in serious good faith, some persons erroneously thought I spoke in irony or jest. It is, therefore, with some pride and satisfaction that I see my plan surely, although slowly, penetrating that very dense thicket of confusion, which is called the "public mind"; and even the press is giving some approbation to my scheme. In *The Chicago Herald* of this morning I find the following indorsement: "Out of nineteen cases considered by the appellate court of this district, in which opinions were rendered on Tuesday, thirteen were reversed and remanded. The fact is significant of the quality of law and justice dispensed—or dispensed with—in our local courts. In view of such a state of affairs, it would be far cheaper for litigants to 'flip a penny' in order to reach a decision of the questions at issue, and the chances are far greater that by such a course they would reach a legal and equitable adjustment of the difficulties than by appealing to the courts." Thirteen from nineteen, and six remains, so that of all the causes decided by the "jurists" in our trial courts, a little more than two-thirds of them are reversed by the "jurists" in the Appellate Court; and when those lucky six go up to the Supreme Court, the most of them will be reversed and remanded by the "jurists" there. And rarely the right comes uppermost, and seldom is justice done.

\* \* \*

We are indebted to the Associated Press dispatches of this morning for a revelation of clerical crime peculiar in its enormity, the delinquent being the Rev. E. P. Gardner, pastor of the Con-

gregational Church of Marion, Mass., "at which Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland worshipped while they were residents of Marion." Religion can hardly be sufficiently grateful to such eminent people for their patronage, and as a loyal snob I wriggle with joy to know that the President of my country not only attended the Congregational Church at Marion, Mass., but also that he "worshipped" there. The crimes and misdemeanors of the preacher would not have been so trying as they are to the nerves of cringing sycophants if we had not known that he was pastor of the very church where Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland formerly "worshipped." I think the champion psychologist will be the man who can pick out the "worshippers" from any congregation; and I doubt that any mortal man will ever be able to do it, because the genuine worshippers may not be among those who preach, or pray, or sing. Only the angel appointed for that purpose can perform the feat, and some of us who think that we are prominent worshippers may be surprised at the "great day" to find that he has passed us by. Nothing but the awful fact that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland once worshipped in the Congregational Church at Marion could magnify the trivial doings of the pastor into crimes worth printing in a newspaper. Had not Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland once worshipped in the church, the accusations against the pastor would not have been thought worth laying before the people. What else could have made it a high misdemeanor that Mr. Gardner "had promised to call on a sister and had not kept his word"? That he "had made false statements about a coal scuttle"? That he "had contradicted himself in regard to the day of his birth"? and "last and finally,"—I quote from the indictment,—and "last and finally," plagiarising "ten sermons on Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and palming them off as his own." The church "where Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland worshipped" seems to have been rather punctilious and exacting, making it very hard for Brother Gardner to tell which way he ought to go. If he had kept his promise to call on a sister, he would probably have been tried for that. In fact, I believe this is the only case to be found in the records of ecclesiastical jurisprudence where a pastor has been tried for *not* calling on the sisters. So, in the case of the ten sermons; while I think that any man hardened enough to preach ten sermons on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" deserves punishment, yet I think he has a right to plead in extenuation of his fault that he did not write them. Here is another case where plagiarism deserves praise.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

GOETHE'S FAUST. Edited by Calvin Thomas, Professor of Germanic Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1892.

"In undertaking this edition of 'Faust,'" says Professor Thomas, "I was chiefly actuated by a desire to promote the study of the poem as a whole." To effect this end, in every aspect from which Goethe's masterpiece might be viewed, the editor conceived that the publication of the revised text of the poem, with suitable notes, would be the best method, and one much preferable to the publication of a commentary. The present volume contains the text of the first part of the poem, and it is promised that the second will soon follow. The text is preceded by an introduction of eighty-two pages, in which the editor discusses the importance and literary status of the poem, the data of the Faust legends, the preparatory experiences of Goethe, the history of the execution of the poem, and gives short sketches of the principal characters. It is an exact reprint of the Weimar edition; the notes occupy one hundred and four pages, the appendices fifteen pages. In dealing with the vast literature which has grown up in the criticism of the Faust poem, Professor Thomas's aim has been "to be useful, rather than to seem acute or learned." It has been his rule to



avoid controversy and the rehearsal and discussion of conflicting views. He has formed his opinions independently, from an examination of the original data, and corrected and revised them by comparison with the views of the commentators. Then he has presented in the notes the results of his judgment, without argument. Everything has been done to attain the utmost brevity consistent with the satisfactory treatment of the real difficulties that a student is likely to encounter. Everything that has not been needed for scientific illustrations has been excluded. "According to my conceptions," he says, "the one great purpose of an editor's notes to a classic should be to help the reader to enter more than he otherwise might into the thought and feeling of the author." No philological lore has been admitted that does not illustrate the author's peculiarities of diction and give the author's exact linguistic point of view. Yet the editor has, confessedly, "wrought as a philologist and a lover of definiteness." The aim sought is the *understanding* of the poem, and this could not be attained without some attention to philological details. He has not imparted into the poem any philosophical views of his own, but has treated his subject from an entirely objective standpoint.

We can only say that Professor Thomas has very well accomplished the task which he has set himself, and that the book will be a very useful one, both for the general reader and the classroom student.

μκρκ.

## NOTES.

Mr. Moncure D Conway kindly sends for our inspection a letter of Madame Renan, incidentally saying, "It is, I fear, too complimentary to me for publication." We hope we commit no indiscretion in publishing Madame Renan's letter, for the objection made by our esteemed contributor does not appear sufficient. Mr. Conway's address, given at South Place Chapel, London, on Ernest Renan, appeared in the last number of *The Monist*, January, 1893. This is the letter:

"Le 3 Février 1893.

Cher Monsieur Moncure Conway,

J'ai reçu "*The Monist*" et je veux vous dire combien j'ai été touchée du discours que vous avez prononcé à South Place Chapel. Je le lis et le relis avec émotion, car personne n'a mieux compris que vous les idées philosophiques et religieuses de mon mari bien-aimé. Vous avez compris aussi son grand cœur, sa bonté. La seule consolation que je puisse éprouver est d'entendre parler de celui que je pleure comme vous en avez parlé. Je vous remercie donc encore et vous prie de me rappeler au bon souvenir de Madame Conway et de votre fille.

Veuillez agréer nos sentiments affectueux et dévoués.

Cornélie Renan."

## MOSES.

BY ARTHUR A. D. BAYLDON.

True man is he, who doth all joys eschew,  
All doubts, hopes, fears, griefs, promptings—everything  
That cajoles conscience, of his mind sole king,  
Whose barricades no furious thoughts burst through.  
He subdues minds who can his own subdue  
By trampling Passion down, whose senses cling  
To Truth and all its duties, combating  
Hell's fiends at every point, who sleuth-hounds, too,  
Each separate passion with unsleeping eyes,  
Lest in one evil hour he trip and fall.  
O Moses, Prophet! thou wert surely wise,  
Yet thy great virtues could not keep in thrall  
Thy scornful pride—hush! they immortalise  
The statue gone from Sinai's pedestal.

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 288. (VOL. VII.—9.)

CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS: A STUDY IN EXTERMINATION.

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

IN THE attention which has been given to the gradual disappearance of the lower races of mankind, there is danger that we may lose sight of an allied movement which promises ere long to culminate in one of the mightiest changes in the domain of organic life ever experienced since the advent of man. The passing away of the barbarian is in some respects of even minor importance when compared with the extermination of the brute. The savage is going to the wall in almost recent times—the lower animal has been engaged in his unwilling retreat since the glacial period. And the beginning of his retrocession carries us back to a period when all that there was of humanity lay amid the angry elements of the lower life like an islet which the flood is about to engulf. It is not easy to realise that the beast we now ostracise once occupied every habitable part of the globe. It is even more difficult for the ordinary mind to look back to a period when the lower animal was not only tolerated as an equal, but sometimes worshipped as the abode of the divine. All the more need is there to recognise that we inherit from the brute much that we are accustomed to regard as distinctively and exclusively human. The lower animal is our ancestor in a far truer and deeper sense than is the Goth, the Roman, or the Greek. Not only has it yielded us the general features of its structure: it imposed upon man the first conditions of nascent human life during immense periods, and may thus be said to have laid the foundations of his civilisation. By far the greater part of the stress of competition through which the human ascent was made possible came from the brute environment. Even when man definitely gained the upper hand, the lower animals ruled his imagination in spite of the superiority of his intellect: they supplied symbols for his earliest religious conceptions, and tinged with their influence the whole fabric of his mental life. Impressed with the immense power wielded by the beasts around them, and understanding power only as expressed in organic shapes generically like their own—knowing the maleficent and beneficent forces of the external world only

through the familiar animal, now hostile to them as enemy, now useful to them as food—our ancestors not unnaturally imaged their earliest deities in brute form. The first religions were thus, in one aspect, great societies for the protection of animals—systems of propitiation whereby honors were paid to the few to secure more or less immunity from the many. Gradually, as men became more self-conscious, and grew to understanding of their superiority over the brute, human characters began to modify the purely animal shape of the primitive gods. The first stage of this mental ascent is represented by the wholly brute divinities of certain tribes of American Indians, the Hindu elephant deity Ganesha, the bird god of the Japanese, the fish deity of the islander of the South Pacific, the divine snake of the Aztecs, pictured as the mother of the human race, as well as by numerous other forms familiar to students of mythology. In the second stage come shapes like those of the Egyptian pantheon, where the deity is half human, half animal—where, on human shoulders, rest the heads of lion, ape, giraffe, crocodile, ram, serpent, ibis, jackal, and hawk; the fish god of the savage now acquires a human face; man and brute mingle together in the winged colossi of Assyrian halls; to the same stage belong the cherubim of the Hebrew, the horse-headed Kinnaras of the Hindu, the satyr, the centaur, the minotaur of the Greek. There is thus a gradual fall in the dignity of the animal that takes place *pari passu* with the rise of human self-consciousness, the slow ascent of man to recognition of his superiority; and when, in the last stage of popular religion the deity appears in wholly human shape, the brute is *ipso facto* pronounced to be no longer worthy of association with man in symbolic representations of the divine. But this gradual degradation of the animal does not culminate until Christianity adds to the discrimination against it the crushing weight of a belief that gives man the hope of an immortal destiny from which the brute is for ever excluded. Under the influence of the new faith, some of the fairest “humanities of old religion” are pronounced pagan; organisms once protected in the name of the All-Father are banished in his name from the mercy of the universe; and at last numerous animal



forms make grotesque or horrible the sacred temples to which they were once welcomed as divine. Through a change due not to the spirit, but to the mental attitude, of Christianity, the tolerant gospel of the oneness of life passes away; with the apotheosis of man there comes, naturally enough, the diabolisation of the brute.

As the sons outgrow the fathers and come to look upon them as rough, uncultured, and inferior, so human beings have come to treat with contempt the ancestral forms that gave them being and made even their highest endowments possible. No sooner have we made good our ascent than we hasten to kick away the ladder which has made it possible. As civilisation advances, nature retreats; as man spreads in swarms over the habitable globe, the lower animal shrinks fearfully from the territories once his own, until at last we find the most fair and wonderful of its kind in a few forgotten tracts where the savage man still lingers, flourishing there for a while under the shelter of pagan customs that still picture the brute as half-divine. And if a few of the lower wild have been hemmed in, as it were, by the advancing tangle of cities, we shoot these down for amusement, even when we do not need them for food. In our modern ethics of progress, the larger brute not in the service of man, yet strong enough to carry on the business of existence for himself, is an outlaw by common consent.

Though each age may have chosen its special victims and exterminated in its own way, the disappearance of the larger animals may in almost every period be traced to the same human agency. If the New Zealanders could kill out the stately moa, we may be sure that our ancestors were not more merciful to the *dinotherium*, the *palapteryx*, or the *dinoceras*. In the American South the wandering children of the pampas first overcame the *megatherium*, and then built their fireplaces in his bones. It was no doubt owing to the assaults of man that the roaring of the sabre-toothed *machairodus* so soon died out from the Pentelican Hills, that the *glyptodon* finally threw aside its armor in tropical Brazil, and that the arrow-hunted *mastodon* and *mammoth* laid their bones in tundra and morass, in river bank, and ocean marge, of every continent under the sun. Where, now, is the *hipparion* that swarmed more plentifully than the *quagga*; the great auk, once known to both shores of the Atlantic; the dodo and the solitaire? As of old, with arrows, with poison, and with pits, one culture stage was used to supplant another, so to-day we let light into dark continents with hunting-knife and Remington rifle. A few years hence the river-horse will be seen no longer, and thus an animal already made picturesque by the poet will come to be known only through the descriptions of the paleontologist. A like fate is rapidly overtaking

the rhinoceros: in the Valley of Opam, along the Ganges, by the water courses of Abyssinia—in Borneo, Sumatra, the land of the Malay—this beast with plated sides is fast yielding to the assaults of the hunter. The far West persecuted the bison till the prairies ran with buffalo blood; in the far East the giraffe is yielding to the pressure of civilisation, and when Africa shall have been converted to the gospel of progress—which signifies the progress of the most mighty—this beautiful high-feeder will have gone the way of its extinct congener, the *helladotherium*—into museums of comparative anatomy. Remembering that the reindeer was exterminated in Europe ages before climate would have become its persecutor, and that the stag, formerly slain in England by hundreds, is now kept in precarious existence as a species by the careful nursing of armed gamekeepers and the interested protection of the law, we need not ask how long the American moose will survive the attacks of those who pursue it in the name of legalised sport.

Extirpation goes on in river as well as on shore, by sea as well as on land. Note how rapidly the beaver is disappearing. Once this animal was known throughout the world: scarcely a rood of territory where water kissing land did not bring to the busiest commune that ever thrived, the bliss of a familiar environment. In countless shores, in the banks of lakes, rivers, and ponds—under fifty skies and climates—the social rodents blithely pursued their handicraft. They had the franchise of nature and nature's expansive smile. But when man came he cursed their innocent industry with avocations of his own. Where, now, is the weaver with branches, the builder of dams? Twenty centuries of human quest for pelt and pelf have left him scarcely a foothold even in the Siberian north, to which he has been driven in one hemisphere, or in the New World, where his presence is becoming rarer day by day. So a like pursuit menaces with early extinction the *leviathan* of the deep. Time was when this mightiest of mammals could suckle her young unharmed in waters arctic and antarctic—in meridional oceans and polyneesian seas. From the Bay of Biscay and the coasts of Britain and France; from the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea, and the Indian Ocean, the fleets have thrust her farther and farther poleward into the regions of unyielding cold. During ages of pursuit the whaler's needle of assault has pointed the northward way until Greenland knows the shrinking shoals no longer, and their spouting has died out from the waters of Baffin's Bay. So vast has been the slaughter that for hundreds of miles along the Polar Sea men have used the bones of the slain for the habitations of the living. In warmer oceans—off the coasts of Africa, Patagonia, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands—cetacean blood marks the track of the blubber hunter: for a few barrels of



oil the giant product of countless ages of nature's travail must be flung upon southern waters as the food of the petrel and the albatross. Yet commerce is not content. Once she armed the whaler with a mere barb of iron, and a ruin was wrought that threatened to turn the seas putrid. Now she gives him the Howitzer shell, the bomb lance, and the explosive bullet charged with gunpowder, strychnine, and curari. As long as a single carcase remains to be converted into money, she will follow it to the ends of the earth.

The habitants of forest and jungle are never much respected when the territory they occupy is needed for the uses of men. Yet the sportsman is usually far in advance of the civiliser, and wild animals are shot down by wilder men long before there can be any pretense that the good of human society demands their removal. To one of the proudest and most magnificent of forest animals—feeding, like man, on oxen, and therefore denounced for his carnivorous habits—no mercy has been shown. Since Tiglath-Pileser “destroyed 920 lions, of which 120 were laid dead at his feet, and 800 captured with his chariots of war,” the slaughter of this ruler among lower organisms has gone forward unceasingly. Upon ruthless exterminators like Cumming, Anderson, Baker, and Gérard, the world has lavished more praise of the mature, more admiration of the young, than has fallen to the lot of all the philanthropists that ever lived. The lion of rocky Macedonian fastnesses, that dared dispute with Xerxes the Great his passage through Thessaly—the lion figured by classic story and modern picture as nightly prowler among Egyptian ruins—the lion of Syria and of Palestine—all these have vanished, and the green kingdoms they once ruled lie buried beneath the dust that clings to the feet of men. A few generations more, and the maned carnivore will have ceased to exist. The rising tide of Anglo-Indian domination has driven him to forest islets soon to be submerged: already he ceases to be the alarm of the jungle, the victim of the shikar. Even in Africa the camp fires of progress obliterate his footsteps where to-day, between hunter and Hottentot, our enlarging civilisation hems him in.

The elephant, too,—by far the grandest and most marvellous of all organisms reared on forest lands,—is passing away in the very countries which nature made his own. Thousands of years distant from ours, men hunted him in the Tigris Valley, and the fashion thus set by Assyrian monarchs never died out. From Africa's northern fringe of culture they have hurled him back until scarcely a forest, however hidden, can give him shelter from the native spears. In India we see him driven southward into Ceylon, and northward to the chain of the Himalayas. From the Punjaub, where the Hindu Baber held imperial hunts; from the

jungles along the upper Indus, once the place of royal sport for Alexander, the Greek; out of Dshema forests and from Nepaul, the “one handed beast” has vanished utterly. The Indian potentate wasted his energies in the petty pomps of state; the European hunter massacred whole herds of his kind for the wanton pleasure of seeing giants fall; the native dug him pits, gave him poison, roasted him in the corral alive. But the deadliest of his enemies have been the lovers of ornament, the users of ivory, the world over. Men have coveted him for his tusks since the beginning of commerce. Is it wonder, when so large an organism can be slaughtered for so small a thing, that the elephant is dying out?

The time is thus near at hand when all these organisms—and many gentler and fairer than they—shall have become extinct; when the children of our successors will learn of their former existence only in books and museums; when naturalists will study them as a philologist studies a dead language. A later age than ours will fail to comprehend, not only the beauty of many aspects of brute existence, but also that wonder and fascination which particular animals impose upon us in spite of ourselves—feelings, such as William Blake has expressed in the lines:

“Tiger, tiger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?”

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned that fire within thy eyes?  
On what wings dared he aspire?  
What the hand dared seize the fire?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?”

It cannot be regarded as strange that the savage found something of the divine in the mysterious on-goings, the stealthy tread, the extraordinary might of the great carnivores, each reflecting, as it were, in its glittering eyes, the flashing lights that symbolise universe power in the heavens—each suggesting, in its tearing jaws and talons, its monstrous grip, the overwhelming forces of wind and wave. But when the day finally comes in which no man can say that he ever saw, or ever heard from any one who saw, a lion or tiger, a deer or a gazelle, a serpent or a jaguar—in which our posterity will have ideas as vague and inaccurate of the elephant as we to day have of the megatherium—in that day the living key to the mysteries of ancient myth and religion will have been for ever lost.

There are, of course, two aspects of this movement of extermination, and in ordinary speech they may be described as the sentimental and the practical. For while it is natural that we should regret extermination



and look with horror on the cruelties with which it is so often carried on, it seems to be equally natural that we should practice extermination, and stop our ears to the cries of the wounded animal which we pursue in sport or butcher for food. In these two aspects we see what we may call the synergic and the sympathetic attitudes of an organism towards its parts, and of the parts towards each other. An individual organism of which the parts are in closest relation to one another, all of them being subject to the will of the whole, is ever seeking to eliminate such of its parts as are useless and dangerous to its welfare, such as threaten its comfort or existence. In doing this it is exercising the function of synergy—the acting of all the parts as whole in the interest of all. In this case the function of sympathy is absent because the essential condition of sympathy is sense of likeness, and because an organism cannot have co-feeling with a minute part of itself. But in the collective human organism, where the parts are discrete individuals, generically like each other, each possessing feeling and will of its own, there exists both synergy and sympathy—on the one hand, the organised force of the whole mass dissociating or destroying parts inimical to it, on the other the sympathy of the individual part with another part or parts that suffer and are under stress. The application will now be clear to the case of animals. As men have spread over the earth and come more and more into contact with the lower life, the larger brutes, at any rate have entered into such close relations with human beings as to form with them co-parts of a great organism of terrestrial life. Man is naturally the dominant part of that organism; and while on the one hand, exercising the function of synergy, he has been eliminating elements hostile or useless to him, there has grown up within him as individual the new and essentially modern function of sympathy—the power of co-suffering with the injured, of feeling harm done to others as harm done to self. The wider aspects of these two functions cannot, of course, be discussed here. It is none the less important to bear in mind that the synergic function is destined to decrease, and the sympathetic function to increase in importance, as time goes on. In the lowest stage of human society the synergic function is at its highest and the sympathetic function at its lowest; in the highest stage of that society synergy will be at its lowest and sympathy at its highest. For sympathy is one of those characters of the higher individuality—here to be carefully distinguished from egoism, or lack of individuality, in the savage—which are destined to re-shape the whole social structure, for the reason that the social structure, being a product of the individualities which compose it, must take part in and express their ascent. It is this gradual modification of synergy by sympathy which is mani-

festated in all the humanitarian tendencies of modern life; it is the same movement of ascent by which men, at first co-feeling only with their fellows, have acquired the power to co-feel with and protect the lower animals. But the movement is one which will culminate far too late to operate to the advantage of the larger organisms now awaiting their *coup de grace* at the hands of civilisation. It is already clear that only those can survive which are either useful to man as food, or capable of being employed in his service. And if we view the process which is going on in the light of the conversion of energy, it may be shown that, in a very true, if not literal sense, the lamb is devouring his old enemy the wolf, and the ox is eating up his ancient tormentor the lion, while the tiger, the giraffe, and the elephant are being as rapidly converted into show heifer and prize pig. Only when this metamorphosis has been fully accomplished can it be veraciously said that man wields dominion over the beasts of the field.

One other aspect of the relation of man to the lower animals is the remarkable fact—correlated with a triple aspect in the movement of mental development—that in the last stage of the human ascent men tend to go back to the essential characters of the pagan attitude towards the animal. In the first stage (apart from religious beliefs), men regarded themselves as on the same plane as the brute. In the second stage they deem themselves superior, the animal inferior. In the third stage the brute is viewed as belonging fundamentally to the same class as the human being. Science now formally recognises the lower animal as differing from man only by a difference of degree, and not by a total difference of kind. It is a manifestation of the tendency of the third stage that we have begun to regard domestic animals as entitled to our protection, and that even from a theological point of view man discusses the question whether the lower organisms are not as much entitled to a future life as ourselves.

It is also to be noted that men pass through like stages in their views of the universe. In the sacred song of the Hindu we read of Purusha, and that from the sacrifice of him sprang horses and all animals—the moon from his soul, the sun from his eyes; from his navel arose the air, from his head the sky, and from his feet the earth. The Scandinavians also pictured the universe as one; for the sons of Borr took the universe-giant Ymir, and of his flesh they formed the earth, of his blood the seas and waters, of his bones the mountains, of his teeth the rocks and stones, of his hair all manner of plants, of his skull the firmament, and of his brains the clouds. In Chaldean story, Bel, having cut the world-woman Omorca in twain, converts the two halves of her body into heaven and earth. For Egyptian, as for Greek, plants, stones,



metals, and other natural objects arose by like metamorphosis from the bodies of once worshipped gods. Among the Iroquois Indians Chokanipok was a universe-giant, whose limbs, bones, and blood had been utilised to the making of the world. To this day the South Australian regards the universe as the Great Tribe, to one of whose divisions he himself belongs, and all things animate or inanimate which belong to his class as portions of the body corporate, of which he himself is part.

What the savage thinks, what early man thought about the external world, is what science is thinking and proving more and more every day, namely, that the universe is no other than the living God of the theologian, and that out of the energy which constitutes it have been made all perceptible shapes and structures; that the universe is in truth the Great Tribe, that the differences which men note in their classifications are merely divisions of that tribe, and that all things, whether we call them "animate" or "inanimate," are portions of the body corporate of which man and the lower animals are themselves but parts.

#### GRIEF AT UNBELIEF

THE REV. B. ROTHER Plymouth has written again in reply to the remarks made in connection with his letter to *The Open Court*, (published in No. 284, p. 3549,) as follows:

"To the Editor of *The Open Court* :

"Thank you for the copies of February 2d, containing the letter that I hastily scratched off to you without second thought, never imagining that it would appear in print.

"I intimated no fear of the most rigid examination for the Christian religion, only irritation at having a paper like yours sent to a clergyman who is supposed to know what ground he stands on in professing that religion.

"A righteous man has no fear of the bar of justice, but is it not an insult to bring him there? So with the religion of Christ. It has been attacked over and over again, and since it has successfully met every assault, it is a little vexing to have the same old weapons burnished up or remodeled and pointed against its impregnable walls, and those inside called on to examine their defences, that they may surrender before it is too late.

"The Christian faith courts examination from the honest inquirer, but some would attempt the pick and dynamite and call it examination.

"Unbelief *should*, I confess, awaken in me, as it did in my Master, only grief. Truly yours, B. ROTHER PLYMOUTH."

Is this grief at unbelief justified? We think not. True Christianity should be grieved at indifference only; it should welcome doubt and unbelief, for unbelief and doubt lead to inquiry, and inquiry is the search for truth. Truth, however, is exactly that which we want, not Christianity, nor dogma, nor blind faith. We want Christianity only if it is truth.

There are two kinds of Christianity: the one is the spirit of the lesson taught mankind in the life and death of Christ, the other is a system of dogmas which

historically originated with Jesus and claims that the acceptance of these dogmas is the indispensable condition of salvation. The former Christianity is the very soul of our civilisation, the latter an embarrassing dead weight on the feet of mankind obstructing all progress and higher development. The Jesus of the Gospels speaks in parables, but his followers prefer to have the dead letter to believe in, for, (as says Mephistopheles in Goethe's "Faust,"):

"An Worte lässt sich trefflich glauben,  
Von einem Wort lässt sich kein Iota rauben."

[On words 'tis excellent believing,  
No word can ever lose a jot from thieving.]

It is so convenient to take parables literally. While it is troublesome to understand the living spirit, it is very easy to believe in a dead letter. The letter of Christian parables has been formulated by the fathers and ancient bishops into a system of beliefs, confessions of faith so called. There is a wonderful logicality about them, and they are admirably constructed in their joints; but let us not forget that they are subject to criticism, for they are the work of man, not of God, and, indeed, we have at present outgrown these old formulations of a past creed. But the authors who fashioned these confessions of faith stepped boldly forward and said to the people: "These be thy gods, O Israel"; and there are to-day many who still believe that these historical documents are the words of absolute truth."

We do not deny that parables are good things. On the contrary, parables are the vehicles which convey truth. All our words are symbols, and we communicate our ideas through symbols. Greek poets symbolise beauty as Aphrodite, time as Kronos, etc. There is no objection to this method; but he who ingenuously believes in the symbol itself, and not in the meaning conveyed by the symbol, is a pagan, an idolator, a heathen; and the Christian who believes in the literal truth of his symbolic books, parables, and confessions of faith stands upon the same standpoint: he also is a pagan, and we may qualify him as a Christian pagan.

Christianity, the true Christianity, is a moral factor in the world,—nay, it is *the* moral factor in the evolution of mankind.

Christianity teaches us that life is serious, it is not mere play. We do not live for happiness, but for the performance of duties; and the performance of our duties can be perfect only if the main-spring of our actions is love—love of that which is our duty, love of our neighbor, love even of our enemy. And our path naturally leads *per aspera ad astra, per crucem ad lucem*, through self-sacrifice to victory. This truth, mythologically and allegorically expressed in the Gospels in so many various ways, is a truth that science corrobo-



rates more and more. Let the mythology of Christianity go, the significance with which its symbols are filled is true.

This is the Christianity which animates the columns of *The Open Court*. This is the Religion of Truth, taught in those revelations of the All-Beings in whom we live and move and have our being, which surround us daily, and which in common parlance are called "facts." And this truth being provable by the usual scientific methods, has been called by us the Religion of Science.

Unbelief, doubt, the spirit of keen criticism, should not cause in the soul of anybody grief. Let him who doubts search for the truth, and he will find, perhaps after many anxieties, that the truth quickens and comforts.

If Jesus of Nazareth were in our midst to-day, and if he came unto his own, they, most assuredly, would receive him not. Think of Jesus in our churches of to-day! Would not the scene in the temple be repeated? Would He not again cast out those that sell and buy, and overturn the tables of the money-changers? And would not afterwards the result also be the same or similar?

We do not pursue the method of Jesus in the temple, for we are convinced of the impracticability of the task. We do not regard it as our duty to purge the temple of paganism and impurities. We leave the negative work of denunciation and destruction to others. Our work is constructive. We endeavor to build up, in the hope that errors will crumble away as soon as the positive truth has been recognised.

Christ's Christianity is not the dogmatism of the Christian churches, and we boldly claim that there is more of the spirit of Christ's Christianity in the unbelief, so called, that is propounded in the columns of *The Open Court*, than in the unshaken belief in dogmas taught in most of those journals which call themselves Christian.

P. C.

#### UNION OF LIBERAL CLERGYMEN.

THERE was a great meeting of liberal clergymen at Chicago last Monday, concerning which the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones writes to the *Chicago Sunday Post* as follows:

"For me the recent coming together of the liberal ministers of Chicago in social compact for coöperative study, and, if possible, for coöperative work, is an event that deserves more than a passing notice. These men are forced together by outside pressure. The distrust in which they are all held by the so-called orthodox religionists of this city establishes their first bond of union. But there are more central forces that lead to this union. The unity of negations is cold and always uncertain. These men are finding each other, not on account of their common denials, but on account of their common affirmation. Not having to legislate about their convictions, discarding all creed tests and creed standards, they can the more cordially recognise the common principles that inspire them.

"These men find themselves inspired by a common faith in

progress, a common reverence for law, a common gratitude to science, a common openness for new revelations further on. These men find themselves in substantial agreement as to the nature and purpose of the church, the scope and power of religion. To them the church is a comradeship in the interests of the higher life, a school of the humanities, a training school for those who would help the miserable, a workshop where love is foreman. The church is for this world and not the next; character is the aim.

"The evangelical churches so called have been forced into the wisdom of coöperation. They present a common front not only against the moral evils of society but also against what to some of us seem to be great intellectual and social good. They are suspicious of intellectual progress, they are pledged to curtail theological thought. They call philosophers, naturalists, and theological investigators: heretics, infidels, foes of religion and dangerous to the spirit. We recognise in these men helpers of the spirit, friends of the higher life, allies, not foes to religion. When the laymen and women that are in essential accord with these liberal ministers find each other out and stand together they will be able to make a dent upon the superstition and bigotry that bans so many men and things religiously which are blessing immeasurably these very men.

"These liberal ministers represent an organised strength in the city of Chicago, which, taken together, already outweighs in influence, wealth, and intelligence probably any one of the great orthodox sects in the city. This fraternity includes in Chicago and immediate vicinity the independent societies presided over by Professor Swing, Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Acton, of Aurora; five Universalist societies under the pastoral charge of the Revs. Canfield, Harris, Dinsmore, White, of Englewood, and Johannot, of Oak Park; three congregations of Reformed Jews, represented by Drs. Hirsch, Moses, and Stolz; six Unitarian societies in charge of Messrs. Fenn, Milsted, Blake, Jones, Gould, of Hinsdale, and Penny, of Geneva; the Ethical Culture Society, led by Mr. Mangasarian, and that large, uncounted class of people, the thoughtful, truth-seeking, unchurched, but earnest believers in the fundamentals of universal religion. For, as Dr. Thomas says, 'there are no outsiders in our fellowship. In our collective capacity as liberal ministers, at least, we propose to take them all in and offer our hand to any one who is willing to take it. Believing with Longfellow:

"That in all ages every human heart is human,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened."

"We have no revolutionary plans, no startling departures to suggest. We do not propose to interfere with the autonomy of any existing society or denomination. Thus far these ministers are but haltingly following, not leading, a great movement—a movement so great and so deep that it is hardly felt; it is a groundswell and not a wind; it is a movement towards the great free church of America, democratic in its recognition of the intellectual liberty of each individual, and republican in its government that will brook no hierarchial or priestly interference.

"There are not many indications that this coming liberal church of America is to take the name of any of the most liberal denominations now in existence, but there are many indications that the liberal denominations are making great and direct contributions to this liberal church. In the West, at least, there will be few churches organised in the future that will take distinctively the name 'Unitarian' or 'Universalist.' The three liberal organisations perfected within the last few months in the State of Illinois have avoided the name in order to better get the thing, viz., the people's churches at Princeton and Peoria and the Church of Good-Will at Streator. But all the same the coming church will be the church of Channing's faith in man, Theodore Parker's thirst



for truth and love of progress, Ballou and Chapin's and Whittier's trust in the eternal goodness, the redeemed and released thirst after righteousness of Judaism and Emerson's 'Gospel of Light'

The West is full of 'people out in search of a religion.' Will not a religion that is scientific and a science that is religious, a reverent reason and reasonable reverence, satisfy them?

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

WHEN Robinson Crusoe rescued his man Friday who was about to be roasted at the cannibal barbecue, the grateful heathen crawled in the sand and placing his head under the foot of Crusoe signified thereby that henceforward Friday would be the slave of his deliverer. The gratitude of the barbarian atones for his act of self-abasement, but what shall redeem from utter contempt the servility of those degenerate Americans who from pure 'umbleness grovel in the sand before a hero, and figuratively place his heel upon their heads. Man worship in this country has nearly reached idolatry, and the ancient spirit of self-respect is fading out of us. The office of laureate has been abolished in England, but not in the United States. Here, every newspaper employs professional flatterers and laureates to praise the very shoestrings of a President, and metaphorically stick his hat like old Gesler's, on a pole, for the admiration and homage of a people whose fathers fought a king.

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A laureate on the staff of *The Chicago Herald* telegraphs from Washington that "Mr. Cleveland, Mrs. Cleveland, and Baby Ruth, will stop at the Arlington Hotel." This relieves the public anxiety concerning little Ruth, and we shall no longer be afraid that her parents will leave her on the road somewhere, or send her to some second class hotel; a proceeding not altogether without excuse if what the laureate says is true that "The presidential board bill will be \$475 a day. I thought at first it was \$4.75, but I find that there is no misprint, and that it means \$475 (four hundred and seventy-five). It is none of my business, of course, but I think the figures are high, especially when "as soon as it was learned that Mr. Cleveland had engaged quarters at the Arlington the proprietor was obliged to refuse applications almost daily from persons who offered \$50 a day and upward"; not \$0.50 nor \$5.00, but \$50 a day. With such a profitable guest causing such a rush of idolators to that hotel "the proprietor" might afford to board Mr. Cleveland, and Mrs. Cleveland, and even Baby Ruth for nothing; as he very likely will.

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Reading a little further down in the dispatches, I am not so sure that \$475 a day is too much, considering the style and splendor of the furniture, a catalogue of which is given by the laureate who describes it all in the exuberant and superlative rhetoric of an auctioneer; "soft draperies, delicately wrought lace, and lustrous silk." Of course "the walls are covered with rare pictures, and rich rugs adorn the floor." A vein of poetry runs through the information that "luxurious chairs and divans invite indolence," but the rest of it seems to have been copied from an advertisement which the laureate found in the *Herald*, "a glittering array of china and cut glass, handsome bronzes, famous pottery, beautiful and frail"; all of which combine, says the laureate, "to render the apartment most regal in its splendor." But all that "regal splendor," all that glory and magnificence are but the array of an ordinary lodging house compared with the imperial spoons, borrowed especially for this occasion to give a tinge of monarchy to the rest of the furniture and remove any taint of democracy that might linger in the rooms. All snobdom throbs with ecstasy to learn that those American carpets and other paraphernalia are to be presented at court, as it were, under the patronage of some second hand cutlery and crockery from the palace of St. Cloud. "It may be interesting to know," says the laureate, "that Mrs. Cleve-

land will use a knife and fork and spoon which were once the property of the Empress Eugenie, and that Mr. Cleveland will drink his coffee from a cup that once belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte." "Interesting to know" is too mild a phrase for it. We cannot be sufficiently grateful for the information that our American manners are to be ornamented by some faded veneering from the old curiosity shop of an empire.

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So many hypocritical excuses, mostly patriotic, have been offered for the pension system, that I feel as if I were taking moral refreshment when I hear an honest politician frankly declare in the United States Senate that the public money is a campaign fund available to both parties as payment for the soldier vote. With admirable candor Senator Palmer in opposing some amendment aimed at the pension system said that no political party "would ever refuse to make proper appropriations for pensions." This, while unusually ingenuous, might have been more sincere if he had said "proper and improper," for that was what he meant, or there is no force in the rest of his argument. He said, "it has been a race between political parties for many years as to which should be most earnest in its liberality to the old soldiers." This was very true, and then like a magician taking an audience into his confidence and showing how his tricks were done, Senator Palmer thus uncovers the reason for this munificent "liberality"; he "apprehended that that race would continue so long as the old fellows amounted to so much as they now do at the polls." With such a confession as that made in the United States Senate, I wonder not that the country waits impatiently for the veterans to die. What the "old fellows" amounted to in the war counts for nothing; the question is, what do they amount to now "at the polls"? I think a pension must be a perpetual enjoyment, but if I should get one for the battles and the marches, I would rather not hear it proclaimed in the national senate that I got it for my services "at the polls."

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Yesterday was Washington's birthday, and Chicago honored the anniversary in a somewhat stilted and artificial way. The celebration, while not exactly exclusive, was a very select "affair." There was no spontaneous uprising of the people, no patriotic magnetism in the streets, no enthusiasm among the multitude. There was a good deal of sounding brass at the Auditorium, and some tinkling cymbals at the Union League Club, but the popular spirit was not warmed; it was not even appealed to, for the genius of the American revolution was not welcome at the festival. The Tory patronage bestowed on Washington gave a chill to that resistance-to-tyranny Americanism, that fight-for-liberty Americanism, of which Washington was the most illustrious example in his day. It seemed as if the intention was to conceal rather than to reveal Washington. Edward Everett Hale, himself a great American, a man of genius whose massive head is crowned with the glory of a life of work well done, was so limited and fettered by the spirit of aristocracy hovering about him, that at the banquet of the Union League Club the colossal Washington shrunk in his hands until it became the statuette of a country squire; and something even smaller than that, "the ideal American gentleman." And he "hoped that some young American artist would be inspired by his hint to picture Washington acting as foreman of a county grand jury." I hope not. Let the young artist paint Washington at his greatest and his best; as President of the Constitutional Convention, if he will; or better yet, as President of the United States; or, best of all, as the chief of a brave and liberty-loving people fighting for independence.

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At the beginning of his oration on Washington, Mr. Hale gave us a key to the mysteries of the festival in these words: "When Putnams, the great publishers, asked me to write for them the life



of Washington, I said I would do so on one condition: I must omit all reference to the French war; I proposed to say nothing about the American revolution, and I proposed to leave the Presidency to some other historian." This explains the reason why there was no backbone in the celebration. Mr. Hale was to speak of Washington, and "say nothing about the American revolution," a subject which is rather disagreeable at a high toned meeting; for 'pon honor, you know, there is nothing so rasping to the nerves of Lord Dundreary as a reference to the American revolution; and we have more Dundrearys in America than they ever had in England. The biography of Washington, leaving out of it the French war, the American revolution, and the Presidency of the United States, would fit hundreds of other men of his time; and so far as Mr. Hale described Washington, outside of all there was of Washington, he did his work excellently well; as also did a little girl, nine years old, who lives in the same street with me. The other day she went to her grandfather and said: "I have to write a composition on George Washington; will you help me to do it?" And the old man said: "No, it is not fair to the other children that grandfathers help little girls to write their compositions; you must do it yourself"; and she did it in these words: "George Washington was the first President of the United States. He was born in Virginia, and his birthday was the 22d of February. He never went to college, and his school-books are still kept, and they are very neat. He was a strong boy and could manage horses well; and he was the only boy that never told a lie." Now, that biography, expanded so as to fit the Auditorium, is very much like the composition of Mr. Edward Everett Hale. Although the little girl does say something about the Presidency, she agrees with Mr. Hale in leaving out all reference to the French war and the American revolution.

\* \* \*

Under the present law in Illinois a two years' course of study is necessary before an aspirant can be eligible for admission to the bar, but a bill is now before the legislature, which, if enacted into law, will add another year to the length of this probationary term; the intention being to make it thirty-three per cent. harder than it is now for a man to adopt the lawyer trade for a living. In its own feeble way the proposed law will help to make liberty dearer and life harder. It is the old mendicant appeal of mediocrity for protection against genius. The excuse for the change is that it will "raise the standard of the profession" and give us better lawyers, the very reverse of which is true, for excellence in the profession will be more easily attained by throwing down every barrier to genius, and by making the law trade absolutely free to every form of talent and to every variety of learning. Let any man practice law who feels within himself that he has a "call" to the bar; and instead of adding another string to the barb-wire fence, let us remove the two strings that are already there. If our law-makers are not willing to do that, let them leave the bar as it is for the present and try to raise the standard of the bench. Let them pass a law, declaring that before any man shall be eligible to the great office of judge, he shall spend five years in the diligent study of the law, and two years more in the equally diligent study of moral science. Then let him be examined by competent men, who shall decide whether or not he has learned anything in the seven years.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

SOCIALISM FROM GENESIS TO REVELATION. By the Rev. F. M. Sprague. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893.

"This work," says the author in the preface, "was begun as an investigation, continued as a study, and completed as a conviction. That conviction is, that some form of Christian Socialism affords the only basis of peace between the hostile forces of society." Mr. Sprague is a serious thinker and an enthusiastic be-

liever in this peculiar solution of the labor problem. We find many admirable sentiments in his book, but must confess that he has not succeeded in convincing us.

#### NOTES.

THE author of "The Dear Old Hand," the beautiful poetical tribute paid to a mother, which appeared in No. 284 of *The Open Court*, makes the following statement as to how the poem came to be written:

"The poet of poets assures us," he writes, "that there is a 'destiny that shapes our ends.' I assure you that we had a providence in the form of a loving mother, who provided for our extremities stockings and mittens for a period of over three-quarters of a century. The stitches taken must have reached far into hundreds of millions, for she passed her ninetieth year before she sur-rendered the knitting needles. The song refers to a son, Thomas Henderson, who fell at the battle of Shiloh, fighting in defense of his adopted country. Another son lost a leg at the battle of Corinth, and she continued to knit his stockings as long as her hand retained its cunning and her eyes the light of love, and even after their light was partially quenched in the gloom that ends in that night called death. Perhaps the amount of yarn consumed during the seventy-five years of her motherhood would fill a large room from carpet to ceiling, and the threads would surely reach at least three times around the planet. The double click of the knitting needles seemed always to say, ever and ever: 'I love them! I love them!'

"The author of the song had been the glad recipient of two pairs of soft, white lamb's wool stockings on a cold December evening, knit by the dear old hand after she was ninety years of age. He sat down and composed these verses before he slept and sent them to her at Dale Delight, on Henderson Prairie, Iowa, by the next mail.

"She lived six years longer and heard them sung annually on her birthday by a chorus of voices, including over sixty of her descendants, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren."

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 289. (VOL. VII.—10.)

CHICAGO, MARCH 9, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year,  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## AN AMERICAN MORALIST.\*

BY PROF. L. M. BILLIA.

DR. PAUL CARUS, one of the editors of *The Monist* and *The Open Court*—periodicals which rank among the most important of the socio-philosophical reviews of the United States of America—proposes, in three lectures upon the "Ethical Problem," the adoption of a course which might be considered as a compromise between the utilitarian and the objective-moral, or, as he terms it, the "intuitionalist" school. He meets the utilitarian principle at the outset by the following declaration:

"We may say that the pursuit of happiness is a natural right of man, but we cannot derive the moral "ought" from the pursuit of happiness. And the mere pursuit of happiness is not sufficient to make a complete and worthy human life. On the contrary, the mere pursuit of happiness wherever it prevails unchecked in the soul of man is a most dangerous tendency, which unfits man for business as well as for family life, and above all for ideal aspirations. What is the reason that trustworthy persons, competent workers, dutiful men and women are so rare? It is simply because most people are too eager in their pursuit of happiness.

"The pursuit of happiness is not wrong. Enjoyment is not a sin, and recreation is not improper. Yet it is wrong to make happiness the sole aim of existence. We cannot live without enjoyment; enjoyment keeps our minds healthy and buoyant; yet enjoyment is not the purpose of life. Recreation is the rest we take after our work is done. We do not work in order to have recreation; but we seek recreation in order to do more work.

"If the pursuit of happiness is not sufficient to make man's life complete and worthy, what then is needed to make it so? We all know what is needed: it is ethics. Then let us have ethics—not mere theories about pleasurable sensations, but true ethics—ethics that are nobler than the mere pursuit of pleasure."

If these lofty conceptions do not suffice to gain our sympathies for him, the author acquires a new claim on us by virtue of the following declaration:

"I shall be glad to learn from my critics; and wherever any one will convince me of an error, he will find me ready to change my opinion and to accept the truth whatever it be."

Both from a scientific and a practical point of view, I find his disagreement with those who would promote the elevation of moral life without regard to philosophical or religious opinions, or without fundamental principles, a very serious matter.

Dr. Carus's book had its origin in a controversy between the author and the "Society of Ethical Culture," represented by *The Ethical Record*, of Philadelphia. Although we cannot agree with him in his position that supernatural revelation is an impossibility, we, nevertheless, approve of his conception of the necessity of a philosophico-scientific basis of ethics—a necessity which, in our opinion, is a logical objective exigency of speculative thought, and, socially, a subjective exigency of our time and of modern education. This view is, in our opinion, fully in accord with Antonio Rosmini's "Philosophy of Ethics" and "Philosophy of Right (*Diritto*)."

The author, possessed of a happier memory than ours, very well recollects the time when man was an animal, living in herds with others of his kind; and he knows also, that at that early day higher ethics had received but little development. But, as little by little a higher ethics grew, society emerged from barbarism into the light of civilisation. And here criticism grows somewhat laborious; for, notwithstanding his earnest profession of scientific research, the author's method of procedure is that of the statement of aphorisms and definitions, each of which we should be justified in calling in doubt. In fact, it is these very aphorisms and definitions from which he proceeds, that should, first of all, have been submitted to critical examination—even from a historical standpoint—if the author really wished to give ethics a scientific basis. In agreement with Comte's conceptions of the three natural stages of development, he declares that the question, whether ethics is a science and can be founded upon a scientific basis, is the same as that of the reconciliation of religion and science, or of the development of religion from infancy to its state of maturity, from dualism to monism, from the mysticism of a vague supernaturalistic speculation to the light of positive certainty, from an authoritative and credulous faith to the faith of scientific knowledge.

However correct and honest the intentions of the author may be, we consider as truly deplorable his arbitrary conception of religion, which, in his presupposition undiscussed, and, for him, admitting of no discussion, is nothing but a human fact, while to us

\* Translated from the Italian. The article appeared first in *Il Nuovo Risorgimento Rivista di Filosofia, Scienze, Lettere, Educazione e Studi Sociali* (Milan), a Roman Catholic magazine, and was republished in pamphlet form.



the elevation of man to the Absolute is itself a work of God. If the author's supposition were true, his course would have to be approved of, although the difficulty would remain, whether a scientific religion could be understood by the multitude, who might know it generally, but not scientifically.

Nor are we less surprised at the author's confounding the ideas "vague," "supernatural," and "fantastic"; the fantastic, the ideal, and the supernatural being three orders much at variance with facts. Altogether, Dr. Carus's point of departure differs in nothing from that of Comte.

And thus, when he comes to establish the "basis" of ethics—always in aphoristic form—he states the hypothesis, that knowledge is a representation of facts—a definition of which our readers know, beyond doubt, is disputable.

It is true, the author attempts to found ethics upon reason, upon the immutable and necessary order of things, and he deserves praise for thus having elevated himself above the level of the utilitarian; but, in default of tradition and through excessive fear of the supernatural and mystical, he falls into the error of a material monism and fails, at the same time, to give his doctrine a foundation.

However, the author is worthy and capable of something better, as may be seen in his beautiful observation in censure of the ferocious and pharisaical theory, which pretends to derive all moral sentiment from egotism. Here he is entirely in accord with the Italian school, and I doubt if the remarks he makes could be improved upon.

Only it is deplorable that, owing to his disregarding a great part of ancient and modern philosophic speculation, he should not be able, while face to face with the utilitarians, to perceive others than the ranks of those whom he terms intuitionists, wrongfully accusing them of ignoring and of refusing to demonstrate, by natural and scientific methods, the reasons or motives underlying morality, of making duty a mystery, etc., etc. All this we naturally read with something akin to ill-will here, in the home of the philosophy of right (*diritto*); in fact, in Europe generally, where for so many centuries the supreme motives of the good have been scientifically investigated.

He likewise touches upon the problem of freewill and believes to have found its solution, but does not seem to be well aware of the main difficulty, which consists in this, that, on the one hand, the fact of freewill is attested by the consciousness; on the other hand, that will without motive is an absurdity. Certainly. But, with the usual defect of Anglo-Americans—the tendency to vaporings, as in the McKinley bill, so in philosophical speculation,—the work of centuries,—he falls into a twofold error: historical and

philosophical. His classification of those who have entered into an investigation of this problem into theologians, who hold freewill a will without motive and an inscrutable mystery, and freethinkers, so called, who place it among illusions, is much too superficial. Assuredly, these two views are both false; but, if our author had kept accurate account of philosophical tradition, and above all, if he had paid closer attention to Italian philosophy, and to that of Rosmini in particular, he would have observed that the difficulty has been by many not only recognised, but also surmounted.

In fact, the doctrine of practical judgment, in our opinion, while, on the one hand, it justifies the existence of freedom of choice, is not satisfied with merely affirming it, but demonstrates the operation by a keen analysis; and, on the other hand, confutes in the best possible manner determinism, physiological, as well as psychological and rationalistic. And what is this "best possible manner"? That of conceding, or rather, of comprehending whatever truth there may be in those views, in order the better to avoid the fallacies they may contain. An act not determined by a reason is an absurdity. Decidedly. But a free will consists precisely in the ability to determine, in the ability to make real a given reason, a given impulse, a given sentiment. How is freewill reconcilable with the evident subjection of our acts to the status of the nervous system, the status of health or disease, adventitious or constitutional, individual or hereditary? Free choice is an act of reflection, or rather, one of the higher acts of reflection. Now, reflection requires a certain status of order and calmness in our functions, which, for instance, does not exist, at least not without great expenditure of force, in fever, hysterics, excessive pain, extraordinary somnolence, or any ardent superexcitation. But it is none the less true that these same conditions, favorable or unfavorable as they may be to reflection, and to the exercise of free choice, have for the most part their origin in liberty of choice itself, as in disease which has been neglected or aggravated, or criminally transmitted to descendants, or in cases of exaltation not restrained at the outset, or to assume a less ignoble case, in any excessive lassitude or strain, whether of muscle or brain, consequent upon hard labor.

At times Dr. Carus recognises the difficulty, but then again, following the imperfect theory of some German moralists, he confounds liberty of will with freedom from passion, and ends by admitting liberty solely in connection with the Good. Now, it is very true that liberty makes for the Good. It is very true that he who does good is freer than he who works evil; that the practice of virtue not only educates and refines sentiment, but also strengthens freedom of will,



just as, on the other hand, yielding to certain vices weakens, and, in the end, almost entirely nullifies it. But it is none the less true that liberty presents itself in connection with the Evil as well as in connection with the Good. So true is this that, before entering on the examination of certain crimes, men often sustain fierce struggles with themselves in the endeavor to silence the voice of nature, of conscience, of blood; as may especially be noticed in criminal cases of a political nature, and in all those which are executed with open predetermination and which are designed to some end of vast importance. Nor is it the case that those who have preceded Dr. Carus have not well distinguished between necessity and compulsion—a very old and well-known distinction. On the contrary, he himself does not well distinguish *libertas a coactione* from *libertas a necessitate*, in which freedom of choice precisely consists. *Libertas a necessitate*, we repeat, does not in itself denote absence of reason, but determines to itself the preponderant reason.

We must say, however, by way of *causerie*, as the French would put it, that we have been better entertained than we at first expected to be, by this work of the author of "Meliorism."\* We find two good reasons for not being displeased with it.

The first is the author's innate goodness and loftiness of spirit, which constantly reveals itself in his combating egotism, in his lifting up his readers out of the slough of "Spencerianism," and in the fact that he reposes the supreme ethical law in *truth*. Although rejecting his doctrine of representation,† we cannot but congratulate Dr. Carus on his happy declaration: that ethics should recognise as its principal basis the search for truth and adaptation thereto; that an honest inquiry into truth is the condition of all ethics, and that faithfulness and obedience to truth includes all the laws that a system of ethics could contain.

#### ROSMINI'S PHILOSOPHY.

PROF. L. M. BILLIA is a Roman Catholic and a disciple of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati. There is a deep-seated and radical difference between our view and that of our critic, and yet there is also in some points

\* This is the title of another of the author's works, and, in fact, the one which he applies to his system.

† For the convenience of our readers, especially the young and strangers, we may repeat the reasons upon which we reject the theory of representation: That which is known is the truth; that which is known is the idea. Idea and truth are entirely wholly one, and are wholly one also with the object thought of. If, instead of saying that the idea is the object thought of, we say that the idea is, through sense-remembrance, a representation of the object, it would come to pass that we could never think of any object, but always of its representation; therefore, I could not think: one, two, three—the thought itself would be impossible. Moreover, the representation could not be thought, if not by means of a certain resemblance or similitude with the object thought of; this similitude is what is actually thought; it is a common element; it is the unity of the representation and that which is represented. Idea in this sense is the representation of many things similar to each other, but this is not its definition. (See Rosmini, *Psychology*, vol. II, p. 1339.)

of great consequence a striking agreement. As there is no hope of a conversion on either side, we may forbear arguing the case and be satisfied with a simple statement, which will contrast the two world-conceptions. But before entering into a discussion of the present subject, it seems advisable to sketch the philosophy of Professor Billia's great master, who may fairly be regarded as the most representative Roman Catholic thinker of modern times.

Rosmini was born in March, 1797, in Roveredo, Tyrol, the eldest son of a wealthy and noble family. He attended the Lyceum at Trient and the University of Padua, and selected in 1821 the ecclesiastical calling with the avowed purpose of giving to theology a sound philosophical basis. In his love of the church and eagerness for reform, he became the founder of a new religious order, the Society of the Brothers and Sisters of Charity, popularly called in Italy "The Rosminians." He joined Piedmont in 1830 and Pope Pius IX. in 1848, under whose reform-ministry he became the papal minister of education. At the outbreak of the Roman revolution, he retired from public life and died July 1st, 1855 at Stresa.

In spite of all his devotion not only to the church but also to the Pope personally, whom he followed into his exile at Gaëta, one of his writings "On the Five Wounds of the Church" has been placed upon the Index.

Rosmini's numerous, and partly very ponderous, writings are little accessible to the English speaking world. His works were collected (according to Meyer's *Konversations-Lexikon*) in seventeen volumes (Milan, 1842-44), and he wrote, according to Davidson, not fewer than ninety-nine various publications, books, and among them very voluminous books, articles and pamphlets, on philosophical, theological, ethical, legal, and miscellaneous subjects. Among them are claimed to be the most important ones, "Nuovo saggio sull'origine delle idee," 3 vol.; and "Philosophia del diritto." The best known Italian works on his life are by Thomaseo (Turin, 1855) and Bernardi (Pinerolo, 1860).

There is a translation extant of Rosmini's "Nouvo saggio sull'origine delle idee," entitled "New Essay on the Origin of Ideas" (London, 1883-84), published by the English branch of the Rosminians which is attached to the ancient church of St. Etheldreda, Ely Place, Holborn. The most convenient work for English readers will be Davidson's book "Rosmini's Philosophical System" (London, 1882).

In order to overcome doubt and unbelief Rosmini attempted to establish a rational basis of the Christian faith, thus to work out a conciliation of reason and religion. He opposed the sensualism and empiricism as represented in Italy by Gioja and Ramagnosi, and propounded a philosophical system which in accord with



Descartes's idealism was expected to be in agreement with the doctrines of the church.

The Encyclopædia Britannica characterises Rosmini's philosophy as follows :

"Rosmini, contemplating the position of recent philosophy from Locke to Hegel, and having his eye directed to the ancient and fundamental problem of the origin, truth, and certainty of our ideas, wrote :—' If philosophy is to be restored to love and respect, I think it will be necessary, in part, to return to the teachings of the ancients, and in part to give those teachings the benefit of modern methods' ('Theodicy,' n. 148). Pursuing, therefore, the now generally approved method of the observation of facts, he most carefully examined and analysed the fact of human knowledge, and obtained the following results :

"1) That the notion or idea of being or existence in general enters into, and is presupposed by, all our acquired cognitions, so that, without it, they would be impossible.

"2) That this idea is essentially objective, inasmuch as what is seen in it is as distinct from and opposed to the mind that sees it as the light is from the eye that looks at it.

"3) That it is essentially true, because 'being' and 'truth' are convertible terms, and because in the vision of it the mind cannot err, since error could only be committed by a judgment, and here there is no judgment, but a pure intuition affirming nothing and denying nothing.

"4) That by the application of this essentially objective and true idea the human being intellectually perceives, first, the animal body individually conjoined with him, and then, on occasion of the sensations produced in him *not by himself*, the causes of those sensations, that is, from the action felt he perceives and affirms an agent, a being, and therefore a true thing, that acts on him, and he thus gets at the external world,—these are the true primitive judgments, containing (a) the subsistence of the particular being (subject), and (b) its essence or species as determined by the quality of the action felt from it (predicate).

"5) That reflexion, by separating the essence or species from the subsistence, obtains the full specific idea (universalisation), and then from this, by leaving aside some of its elements, the abstract specific idea (abstraction).

"6) That the mind, having reached this stage of development, can proceed to further and further abstracts, including the first principles of reasoning, the principles of the several sciences, complex ideas, groups of ideas, and so on without end.

"7) Finally, that the same most universal idea of being, this generator and formal element of all acquired cognitions, cannot itself be acquired, but must be innate in us, implanted by God in our nature. Being, as naturally shining to our mind, must therefore be what men call the light of reason. Hence the name Rosmini gives it of ideal being ; and this he laid down as the one true fundamental principle of all philosophy, and the supreme criterion of truth and certainty."

We are in sympathy with the aspiration represented by Rosmini, of rationalising the Christian faith. We do not believe that Rosmini was successful in his efforts ; indeed, we think that he could not be, because he took a wrong start and was blinded by the firm and fore-determined conviction that the Christianity of the church was undeniable and indubitable truth. Nevertheless, we regard the effort of any man of conciliating his religion with science and rational thought as praiseworthy, and we go so far as to say that the gist of Christianity, i. e. the main tenets of Christian ethics, admit

indeed of a perfectly rational foundation. We deny, however, the possibility of rationalising the dogmas of the church. We see in them only the crystallised mythology of past ages, which, when regarded as a mythology, is profound, venerable, full of oddly and mysteriously expressed truths, but when regarded as truth itself, are utterly absurd.

We agree with Professor Billia in substance while we disagree in form. We agree in rejecting hedonism, or the pleasure theory in ethics, and we agree in accepting the ethics of a stern search for truth. Neither of us can think of speaking of ethics as independent of a definite world-conception. Both of us regard morality simply as the practical application of our deepest religious convictions concerning that which we have found to be the truth. Yet we disagree as to the form in which we cast our convictions. Rosmini and his school favor mystical expressions and extol the tradition of the church in comparison to the results of modern science. We, on the contrary, do not rest satisfied until the mysteries disappear like fog before the sun ; and while we place little reliance upon ecclesiastical traditions, we rely mainly upon that which God's revelation in nature teaches us through science.

Thus my Roman Catholic critic who enjoys the advantage of living in the cradle of an ancient civilisation and the very home of the "*Filosofia del diritto*" jokes at my ingenuousness of accepting the theory of evolution. He does not attempt to overthrow the theory of evolution, and does not seem to expect me to take the trouble of proving it to him. I hope, he will not be offended when I openly confess that the smile was fully reciprocated on my part. It is not ignorance of the philosophical and ecclesiastical traditions, nor a horror of the supernatural that prevent me from accepting an ecclesiastical philosophy as is that of Rosmini's. Yet Professor Billia, it appears to me, does not appreciate the full weight of overwhelming proofs which give evidence to the truth of the theory of evolution.

Professor Billia, so it seems to us, still regards religious truths (i. e., the moral tenets which confessedly contain the gist of religion) as incompatible with the results of modern science. This may be excusable in the face of the fact that almost all modern ethicists who accept the theory of evolution, Spencer, Höfding, Gizycki, etc., are hedonists. We trust that the theory of evolution, far from overthrowing the moral truths of religion will give them a scientific and reliable basis. If evolution is true, we must live in obedience to the law of evolution. In that case, we cannot fashion our lives according to our pleasure, for the facts of nature sternly demand, by penalty of degeneration and perdition, a constant progress and higher development of our souls. Here we are in accord with



the old Hebrew and Christian tradition. Ethics is not subjective; our rules of conduct are not self-made; there is an objective authority which must be obeyed, whose will is plainly recognised in the laws of nature and in the course of evolution.

We have no "fear of the supernatural"; we simply regard its conception as an error. To Professor Billia religious truths are acquired by a supernatural revelation, and scientific truths by a natural revelation. The former only are regarded as holy and infallible, not the latter, which are rather dubitable and unreliable. To us all truth is holy. In so far as truth is a statement of fact, a description of some feature or part of the objective reality in which and of which we are, truth is always divine. Thus religion, or our attempt of living the truth, no less than science, or our search for the truth, are in one respect "human facts" and in another respect "a work of God."

The main difference between our Catholic critic and ourselves consists in this: that he regards the traditional authority of the Church as ultimate, while we replace it by the authority of objective truth, provable according to the usual methods of science.

We do not intend to enter into a discussion of minor points; so we abstain here from repeating our doctrine of freewill, simply stating that we do not feel guilty, as Professor Billia maintains, of having confounded "liberty of will with freedom from passion"; on the other hand, we do not see how the Italian school can boast of having solved the problem, while claiming to have confuted "in the best possible manner determinism, physiological, psychological, and rationalistic." We further abstain from discussing whether or not and how far there is an agreement of our position with Auguste Comte's positivism. We concur with Comte in the recognition of the scientific method; we depart from his agnosticism and many details of his philosophical views; and, finally, we only hint here that when the author of "The Ethical Problem" spoke of the "intuitionists," he did not have reference to the "Objective school" of Rosmini. Intuitionism is a peculiarly English phenomenon, which can only in one point, indeed, in the main point, be compared to Rosmini's view, viz.: in its strange tenet of the intuitive apprehension of truth. This latter point, however, is of sufficient consequence to deserve a few additional remarks.

Professor Billia regards it as a matter of course that "the doctrine of representation" is wrong. By doctrine of representation he understands our proposition that knowledge is a representation of facts and that truth is a correct representation of facts. According to his view "idea and truth are wholly one, and are wholly one with the object thought of." This sentence, if I understand this rather mystifying explanation cor-

rectly, means, that ideas are directly perceived in the same way as sensations—the *Anschauungen* of our senses. Our sensations (i. e., in Kant's terminology our *Anschauungen*, often translated by "intuitions") are not subject to doubt; they are immediately perceived as real; and a similar immediateness has been attributed by many philosophers to certain very general or universal truths.

Rosmini regards "being" and truth as identical. We make a distinction between reality and truth. Sensations are "real"; we cannot say that sensations as such are either true or untrue. For instance, I feel a slight pang of hunger in the stomach: Is there any truth or untruth in this feeling? Or a certain color sensation takes place in the eye: Is there any truth or untruth in this sensation? Sensations are simply real; they are the data of our experience, out of which we construct our ideas. But these ideas if they properly represent the objects sensed, are true; if not, they are untrue. Truth and untruth always presuppose mental activity. If I, having a color sensation which is a subjective hallucination, judge that there is an object before me, I am mistaken; the sensation in that case is not wrong, but my judgment of it is wrong. The sensation is right enough; it is caused somehow according to the laws of nature; but I have allowed myself to be misguided by its appearance.

Thus truth is never a thing of immediate perception, but always the product of mental activity. The very laws of mind would have to be reversed, should truth be directly perceived as are sensations.

Professor Billia assumes that if an idea, "through sense-reminiscence," were "a representation of the object,"

"It would come to pass that we could never think of any object, but always of its representation; therefore,

he adds,

"I could not think one, two, three—the thought itself would be impossible."

Why? Is this not self-mystification? Let us not stultify ourselves. By having and thinking a representation, we think of the object represented. A certain feeling, being caused somehow, say by a certain sense-impression, comes to represent an object, and thus it stands for it; it symbolises it. This is the nature of thought. Whenever the symbol is felt, the object represented in it is thought of.

There is a long distance between Alessandria in Northern Italy and Chicago in the prairies of Illinois, but it almost seems to us that the distance between the spiritual roads of Professor Billia and ourselves is greater still. Centuries seem to lie between us. But in spite of all our divergencies we observe with pleasure a certain concurrence in some most important



points. We have in this sketch attempted to represent the case with faithful impartiality, not attenuating and not extending either the differences or agreements.

P. C.

#### KNOWLEDGE.

WE define knowledge (1) as a representation of facts in sentient symbols; and (2) as a description of facts (Kirchhoff). In the former sense we limit the term to sentient beings, in the latter we apply it generally. The usage of the verb "to know" is limited exclusively to the former sense, for we do not say, that a book "knows" something. The latter sense is more general. We say that a man has knowledge, and also that a book contains knowledge.

The root of the words *to know*, *gnoscere*, *γινώσκειν*, *erkennen*, etc., is the same as in *ken*, *can*, *können*, denoting an ability to do something.\* It signifies the mental disposition which makes a man fit to accomplish his purpose. It is his state of being acquainted with the facts with which he has to deal.

What is the nature of this state, and how does it originate?

The origin of knowledge, i. e., the act of becoming acquainted with things, of acquiring knowledge, of perceiving, is called cognition.

A sentient being is exposed to impressions of the surrounding world. The various objects make various impressions upon the different senses, and these impressions are remembered. Certain characteristic features of their forms remain and can be revived by an appropriate stimulus, so as to be felt again. As soon as a certain event (say a ray of sunshine previously registered by the eye as light and by the skin as a peculiar kind of warmth) impresses itself upon the sense-organs, it revives the memory-structures of the same kind. The feeling of the present sense impression is felt to be the same in kind as those prior sense-impressions, the vestiges of which are preserved in the revived memory-structures. The reference of a sense-impression to the memory-structure of its class is a primitive perception, and perception is the simplest act of cognition.

Facts are pictured in sensations, and these pictures represent the facts. A certain feeling has come to stand for a certain object, event, or phenomenon. The presence of this feeling signifies the presence of its

respective and analogous object, event, or phenomenon, and this state of the representativeness of various feelings, in its higher perfection, is called knowledge. On a higher level of mentality facts are described in names or word-symbols,\* and these names represent whole classes of facts.

Knowledge is rendered definite by naming. A sentient being can be said to really know a thing only when he has named it. We know only that which we can clearly describe in words. Names label things and enable us to handle them in our minds without difficulty. They are symbols of the essential features of things.

Briefly: Knowledge is an appropriate representation of facts in mental symbols, and the purpose of knowledge is the ability of appropriately dealing with facts.

The amount of mentality of a mental being is measured by its knowledge, or rather by its ability of operating with knowledge. Knowledge is that which constitutes the power of mental beings, and without knowledge man's dignity would be naught. Knowledge is and must be the basis of all action; for actions without knowledge are mere reflex motions.

Knowledge being of paramount importance, the acquisition of knowledge forms an indispensable and the most prominent department in human life. The acquisition of knowledge is the department of science.

The aim of science is to make knowledge not only reliable, but also handy. The former is obtained by critique, the latter by classification, and both are called "system."

System means the arrangement of all parts into one whole. A set of facts or events (in order to be systematic) must be formulated so as to include, in a methodical order, all possibilities. This will exhaust the subject and at the same time allow us to survey the whole field, as it were, at a glance. System renders facts *übersichtlich*.† Having knowledge systematically arranged, we can readily assign new facts of a well-known class to their proper places in the system; we understand them at once and can predetermine the course of their events even before a renewed observation. We can also exercise critique. We can judge of the reliability of accounts concerning facts, for we recognise at once contradictory elements as inharmonious with the rest.

\* The verb "to know" is used in Genesis iv, 1, in the sense of "causing to bring forth, or to produce." So the German *erkennen* (a reflex causative verb of *kennen*, meaning "causing one's self to know") and the Greek *γινώσκειν* have the same double meaning. Is it a strange coincidence only or a fact of deeper significance that these verbs are used to express two so heterogeneous acts as "knowing and begetting"? If it is a confusion between two roots of a similar or the same sound, it is certainly very, very old and dates back to the period before the separation of the various Aryan branches. Should the coincidence arise from the same conception which in more recent times gave two meanings to the words "potent" and "impotent"?

\* Mathematical and algebraic symbols must in this connection also be regarded as words.

† There is an appropriate word missing in English to denote the German *übersichtlich* and *Uebersichtlichkeit*, "surveyable and surveyability." Surveyability is more than "clearness" or "lucidity"; it is a systematic arrangement in which one readily finds one's bearings. It is that order which makes a domain of science easily surveyed. Surveyability is attained by methodical arrangement; it is the product of "system"; it is the advantage derived from methodical arrangement.



Thus system, on the one hand, implies the completeness of parts presented with greatest economy, and on the other hand, affords the means of criticism for the elimination of faulty statements, contradictions, and errors.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

In a tone of apology the Chicago papers deplore the unavoidable absence of Chicago "sports" from the prize fights at New Orleans. Even the suburban village of Oshkosh displays more public spirit than we do in this matter, as appears from the following humiliating confession which I find in this morning's paper: "A delegation of twelve from Oshkosh will pass through the city bound for the fights to-day, but the Chicago contingent at the arena promises to be very small." The best that Chicago can do under the circumstances is to send "regrets" and the customary fashionable excuse of a "prior engagement," to meet the President of the United States. There is also an explanation to the effect that the prize-fighting element, and the patrons of the prize ring in Chicago are all Democrats, whose presence is earnestly desired at Washington to give tone to the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. A proper complaint is made of the bungling mismanagement by which two such interesting Democratic festivals as the inauguration of the President at Washington, and a prize-fight at New Orleans should have been appointed so near in time together, and in cities so far apart, whereby the Chicago "contingent" was prevented from attending both entertainments. The prize-fight should have been at Washington, or the inauguration at New Orleans.

In the *Forum* for March is an article on "The Science of Municipal Corruption," by a skilled professor who prudently withholds his name. He speaks with the confidence of an expert. It is a very unpleasant article, because after you have read a page or two of it, you cannot help doubting your own honesty. When the professor says, and proves it, that of the "typical Legislature, City Council, or Board of Education," two thirds are open to bribes, and only one third is honest, we cannot help thinking that the odds are two to one against ourselves, and that if we were members of the "typical Legislature or City Council" we should probably be numbered among the two thirds. Riches breed corruption, and character too often depends on opportunity. Considering the low standard of public life, we have reason to be proud that thirty-three and a third per cent. of our public men are honest men.

Having, very likely, been for a long time in the business of buying and selling men, the professor has no trouble in sorting them into grades and qualities as if they were potatoes in the market; and the information he gives about prices will be found valuable to those who may have occasion to buy a few men for any particular purpose. He says that the cheapest are "the leaders of workmen and farmers' political movements." I hope this is not true, but it agrees with the opinion of a railroad-lawyer of my own acquaintance who told me that a "granger" legislature was the cheapest he ever bought. Second in cheapness come "the editors of country newspapers, and newspapers in small cities,"—the editors in big cities, of course, command higher prices,—but next in cheapness to the country editors come "country lawyers, and a certain class of city lawyers"; and then come "clergymen who drift into practical politics"; these, remarks the professor, "can almost always be bought by indirect methods." It will be noticed that the scale of prices rises as men rise out of poverty, the poorest being the cheapest, and the gloomy moral at the bottom is this: never elect or appoint a poor man to office. "Moral reputation," says the professor, "is a flimsy security for conduct; financial competence is a good security." While there may be a

grain of melancholy truth in that, it only adds to the glory of the poor men who have characters above temptation, and the number of these is legion. They are immensely in the majority; and I would rather trust with an office a poor man of "moral reputation," than a rich man who is honest because he has money enough to make him so.

An unfortunate accident happened last Tuesday at the Democratic convention; an American was put on the ticket by mistake. His name is Gastfield, and he was nominated for the office of city clerk. The explanation of the blunder is that the convention was cheated by the German shape of his name. When the philologists of the party discovered the mistake it was too late to correct it, for the nomination had been made. They showed, however, that if the convention had possessed any linguistic sense it would have detected the imposition, for had the name been really German it would have been spelled Gastfeld, and not Gastfield, a very clumsy forgery or imitation of German. The leading Democratic paper of the city, referring editorially to the misadventure, says: "Gastfield was chosen on the mistaken inference that he was a German. A fair estimate of the convention's regard for and acquaintance with Germans and the German language may be gathered from the fact that the terminal syllable of Gastfield's name was accepted without question as an assurance of his being a German of the Germans. As a matter of fact Gastfield neither speaks nor understands the German language." Many strong partisans, interested in the success of the ticket, express a hope that Mr. Gastfield will yet be able to prove to the satisfaction of the party that he is not an American.

Some time ago I made a plea in *The Open Court* in behalf of "distinguished," a flattery weary and worn. I thought it was time to take the word "off post" as we used to say in the army, and relieve it of duty; but my plea was disregarded, and the tired adjective is working harder than before. If we must please one another by an exchange of genteel compliments why not press into the service "eminent," "celebrated," and "illustrious"; handsome, full-sized words, which with scarcely anything to do, are idling their time away. Nearly all the work of mutual admiration is thrown upon "distinguished." Not long ago I visited the Illinois Legislature, and my first impression was that the General Assembly was not quite so refined a body of statesmen as a legislature ought to be, for every member was smoking like a Chicago tug boat, and the Speaker of the House was just faintly visible through a dense tobacco cloud that wrapped him in a halo like a London fog; but I soon found that my estimate was wrong. I discovered that the Legislature was composed of extremely courteous men, for whenever one member spoke of another he always referred to him as the "distinguished gentleman" from Pike, Jo Daviess, Cook, or whatever the county was. Not even a council of Spanish grandees could have been more punctilious in exalting one another, but the performance became insipid at last from pure monotony. It was like the tintinnabulations of a cow-bell. It had no musical "scale," no positive, comparative, and superlative degrees. Every man was "distinguished"; neither less nor more than that, and it would have been a relief to have heard the word "illustrious," or even "pusillanimous," for a change.

It has been intimated that my former comments on "distinguished" came from envy; and that I was merely jealous of greater men. I do not believe that, and yet I am not bold enough to deny it, for I doubt that any man can tell how much of the censure he scatters about him springs from ignoble jealousy. The taunt, however, will not fit me now, for since I wrote that other criticism, the "distinguished" compliment has been given to me. Last week an eloquent writer of Chicago presented me with one



of his books, and on the fly leaf he spoke of me as his "distinguished friend." I am very proud of that, and I think better of the word than I did when almost everybody was "distinguished" except me. Still, I favor a change, for the flattery is becoming too promiscuous altogether. Within a week I have read of the "distinguished" fighter Corbett, and the "distinguished" Apostle Paul. Also, I have seen the falls of Niagara complimented as the "distinguished" cataract, while the Vice-President of the United States at a banquet spoke of Mr. Stevenson as "the distinguished gentleman who will in a few days succeed me." I think there must be a change, for the word has reached the climax of adulation in a description of that identical Mr. Stevenson, who appears in Monday's paper as a "distinguished communicant," because he went to church on Sunday and patronised the sacrament. The courtly chronicler says: "While the pastor did not allude personally to the distinguished communicant, there was something in his discourse that seemed to fit the honors he has achieved." Even the Lord's supper became "distinguished" by the presence of Mr. Stevenson. Above all that fawning praise, I hear the tones of Thomas Hood's democracy ringing like a chime of bells:

"One place there is—beneath the burial sod,  
Where all mankind are equalised by death;  
Another place there is—the fane of God,  
Where all are equal who draw living breath."

\* \* \*

A dispatch, dated Sydney, February 26, says: "King George Tubu, of the Tonga Islands, is dead." This is an important announcement, for the death of that monarch presents a fine opportunity for statesmanship. I know not where the Tonga Islands are, but I am quite sure they will make an excellent "coaling station" for our fleet in case of war, and that if we do not "seize" this opportunity to annex them, England will. As King George Tubu is dead, we can get the islands without having to pay him a pension of \$20 000 a year. Besides, they will be some consolation for the loss of Hawaii, a bit of prey, which, having eagerly pursued for a few days, we are now as anxious to let alone as was the eager hunter when he overtook the grizzly bear. Slowly, but majestically, the American conscience rose above the scheme of conquest and buried it. Extent of territory and material achievement may make a nation big, but it requires moral heroism to make it great.

\* \* \*

The House of Representatives at Washington was very disorderly the other day, and so riotous were the proceedings that the Speaker "ordered out the mace," whatever that is, and rebuked the tumultuous members by saying: "Gentlemen, I hope you will remember that this is the House of Representatives and not a bear garden." This was rather severe upon the bear garden, and reminds me of old Squire Chandler, formerly Justice of the Peace at Marbletown. I always thought that he put on too much dignity and style in his contemptible little court-room, especially as the District Court was very indulgent and permitted us to throw books and inkstands at one another, without inflicting any greater punishment on us than a reprimand. One day a couple of us were trying an exciting case before the old Squire, and just as the discussion had reached ninety degrees in the shade, when the inkstand-throwing had only just begun, he fined us ten dollars apiece, saying: "I'll teach you gentlemen that you are not in the District Court now." So Bruin, the Speaker of the bear garden, might very properly say, when his colony was extremely rude: "Gentlemen, remember you are not in Congress now."

\* \* \*

For a hundred years or so, the Christian churches of England and America have been sending regiments of missionaries across the sea to convert the Mohammedans of Asia. They have not

been successful; and now in a spirit of reciprocity the children of Islam reply to us and say, "Since you have not been able to convert us, we will try to convert you"; and their missionaries have already started from Bombay, some to England and others to America. The Mohammedan invasion has begun, and the standard of the crescent is already unfurled in the city of New York. In six weeks we shall see it in Chicago. The propaganda is said to be under the direction of rich Mohammedans in India, and their pioneer missionary is Muhamed Alexander Russell Webb, an American, formerly Consul of the United States at the Philippine Islands, where he became a Mussulman. He is now founding a publishing house in the city of New York for the printing of Mohammedan tracts, and very soon he will have a mosque established there. Some of the New York and Chicago papers have given him a sneering welcome, and yet their sarcasm had a nervous flutter in it, as if they were a little bit afraid of him and would rather he had not come. Now, it accidentally happens that I know something about Muhamed Alexander Russell Webb. An intimate friend of his is an intimate friend of mine, and for the past two years I have been permitted to read the letters and lectures of Mr. Webb. These prove him to be spiritually and intellectually a very able man; and I can assure his Christian critics that if they meet him in a comparison of creeds they will find him able to justify his own. I advise them to strike at the weak spot in his armor: the Mohammedan practice of polygamy. It may be true that this is more social than religious, but it is permitted by the Moslem church and therefore it attaches to the faith. Mr. Webb will find it a stumbling-block in his way.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 290. (VOL. VII.—II.)

CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## INDIVIDUALISM AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY VICTOR YARROS.

THESE are certainly critical and trying times for the political economists. The science of political economy is on trial, and the fate of its professors is being decided. Will the verdict mean life or death,—independent and fruitful existence, or complete disappearance from the leaves of the book of future intellectual activity? Will political economists find their occupation gone, or will their occupation acquire new importance, value, and dignity? Before attempting to predict the future we must glance at the remarkable career of English political economy.

Shortly after the publication of Ricardo's volume, De Quincey, certainly a keen and logical thinker, wrote: "Mr. Ricardo had deduced *à priori* from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy mass of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussion into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis." To Colonel Torrens it seemed perfectly certain that "twenty years hence there will scarcely be a doubt respecting any of the fundamental principles" of Ricardian political economy. To understand and sympathise with this optimistic view we need but to bear in mind that scientific men believed it to be true that (as Cairnes expressed the claim subsequently) "the economist, starting with a knowledge of ultimate causes," is "at the outset of his enterprise at the position which a physicist only attains after ages of laborious research." Senior undoubtedly voiced the belief of most of his predecessors and contemporaries when he proclaimed political economy's independence of facts and enunciated the proposition that the whole science, glorified by Cobden as the highest study of the human mind, is firmly built on four practically self-evident postulates. In a word, it was then believed that there existed a science of wealth whose laws, universal as well as immutable, men had only to learn and obey,—a science in whose names various theoretical and practical proposals were dismissed with hasty and scornful contempt as Utopian and unscientific. Nothing that emanated from sources other than those recognised by the

economists, especially if it in anywise diverged from some accepted economic principle, was considered worthy of serious attention.

But does not all this appear like ancient history when we turn to survey the present condition of economic discussion? The word *discussion* is purposely employed in lieu of *science*, since it is generally agreed that there is really no such thing extant as a "science" of political economy. "Young men ask," said Bagehot, in a lecture, "whether this [economic] science, as it claims to be, will harmonise with what we now know to be sciences, or bear to be tried, as we now try sciences; and they are not sure of the answer. . . . We find the state of the science to be almost chaotic." Arnold Toynbee bluntly declared that Ricardian political economy "is at last rejected as an intellectual imposture," and Jevons reluctantly admitted that "the public would be happier in their minds for a little time, if political economy could be shown up as an imposture." Professor Cairnes complained that only from six to ten students attended his lectures, while in all London no more than a hundred persons visited the public economic schools. Professor Marshall confesses that "economics is yet so much in its infancy that it has but little to teach." And even that "little" is so little respected by scientific men that in 1876 an active attempt was made by the representatives of the preliminary sciences in the British Association to excommunicate the economists and abolish the Economic Section as no better (to quote Mr. P. Geddes) than a disgrace to a scientific association; and this humiliation was averted only by the economists choosing as champions such men as Dr. Ingram, who, though ostensibly eager to save the reputation and independence of their group, actually, (to quote the same writer,) "unconditionally surrendered the citadel" and even "took up arms on the side of the invaders."

The contrast between the past and the present of political economy, the disparity between the early promises and the actual achievements, will be conceded to be sufficiently striking to justify the inquiries that have been made into the causes of the radical change. But it cannot be said that successful explanations of the revolution have been furnished.



Toynbee was certainly in error when he described it as entirely the result of the "chill breath of intellectual criticism," for we do not know of any such crushing criticism; and the latter-day economists of the "historical school" are no less mistaken when they attribute it to the discovery of the importance of supplementing and guiding deduction by induction, for this, as Marshall avers, was well known before. Marshall's own opinion is that the change is not chiefly attributable to any particular attacks on economic doctrine, but "is due to the discovery that man himself is in a great measure a creature of circumstances and changes with them." Ricardo and his followers, he thinks, "regarded man as, so to speak, a fixed quantity, and gave themselves little trouble to study his variations"; whereas "in different ways Goethe, Hegel, Comte, and other writers called attention to the development of the inner character and outward institutions of man, and worked their way towards the notion of tracing and comparing the modes of growth of the different sides of human nature." But the proper and satisfactory answer seems to be that many influences, direct as well as indirect, great as well as small, have contributed to the effect. It is conducive to clearness to recall in this connection the luminous observations of Lecky in reference to the process by which popular beliefs get driven out of circulation and are supplanted by new ones radically different. Any complete change in public opinion, according to his view, "may be the result of a controversy which has conclusively settled the question, establishing to the satisfaction of all parties a clear preponderance of argument or fact in favor of one opinion, and making that opinion a truism which is accepted by all enlightened men." But "it is possible also for it to be effected by what is called the spirit of the age. The general intellectual tendencies pervading the literature of a century profoundly modify the character of the public mind. They form a new tone and habit of thought. They create new attractions and new antipathies, and they eventually cause as absolute a rejection of certain old opinions as could be produced by the most cogent and definite arguments." In the case of political economy, while it is doubtless true that both of Lecky's "classes of influences" were brought to bear, the spirit of the age is nevertheless to be held responsible as the chief factor. Special and definite parts of the body of old economic doctrine were destroyed by direct controversial attack. To the polemics of Cliffe Leslie, Toynbee, Thorold Rogers, Thornton, Ruskin, Carlyle, and other writers we have to attribute the fact that the Ricardian theory of rent, the Malthusian population hypothesis, the wage-fund theory, Senior's "four unchallengeable postulates," and rent-the-forward-of-abstinence theory, are now by common con-

sent relegated to the region of "unsettled problems"; while the profound and general distrust of political economy as a whole we must acknowledge to be the work of the spirit of the age. The theological and philosophical doctrines which Smith and Malthus explicitly adopted and laid at the foundation of their economic structure, and which Ricardo tacitly assumed, could not fail to be thrown overboard, as utterly unfounded, when the application of scientific methods to sociological problems began to yield conclusions respecting social life and growth as irreconcilable with the physiocratic assumptions borrowed by Adam Smith, as is the theory of development with the notion of special creations. The economist's plea for *laissez faire* necessarily came to be regarded as the result of an optimism no less innocent than Dr. Pangloss's conviction that everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds; and with the destruction of this corner-stone was involved the total collapse of the old economic system. The *laissez faire* doctrine, Cairnes felt, had brought disaster and disgrace to the science which came to be regarded as "a handsome apology" for the existing arrangements, and he naturally favored the relinquishment of the pernicious and fatal doctrine.

Bagehot, who had little faith in the socialistic schemes which elicited sympathetic consideration from Mill and Cairnes, sought to preserve at least the skeleton of the old system by limiting and qualifying it in every direction. We were told, in the first place, that political economists are not speaking of real men, but of imaginary ones; not of men as we see them, but of men as it is convenient to us to suppose they are." In the next place, the original claim to universality and immutability was withdrawn, and the modest statement made that English political economy "is the theory of commerce." Finally, Bagehot cautioned us against the suspicion that political economy aspires to regulate practical affairs and solve real problems arising in the world of material interests. It only says these and these forces produce these and these results, and there it stops.

Such a method could not succeed, however. To say nothing of the obviously fatal objection that an abstract political economy which guides no one and aids no one in practical difficulties is worse than useless, it is evident that such an interpretation could not check the advance of socialism, which professed to deal with things as they ought to be and to show a way out of the complications between capital and labor. In fact, the rise of socialism is coincident with the definitive rejection of *laissez faire* as the corner-stone of political economy. Unwilling to expose themselves to ridicule, the economists declined to defend free competition, which they knew the founders of the school rested on teleological assumptions, and enlisted



in the army of their old-time antagonists, the socialists. It is no secret that the strength which socialism has acquired lately, in and out of legislative councils, is mainly derived from the patent tendency of modern economists to assimilate and appropriate socialistic doctrines. The economists do indeed hope to preserve their independence; but the logic of events is against them. The real and consistent alternative is the communism of Mr. Bellamy, with equality of income and total suppression of individuality. Under Mr. Bellamy's system, exchange is superseded by common ownership of products, free contract by enforced solidarity. The triumph of the principle, "To each according to his needs, from each according to his capacities," implies the extinction of political economy.

But are there not among the economists wiser and more perspicacious men who know how to avoid the errors of the old school without embracing the blunders of socialism? Passing over the so-called empirical school of economists, which has done nothing of value, let us examine the proposals of the philosophical economists,—of men like Cliffe Leslie and Dr. J. K. Ingram, who appear to suggest profitable measures for the elevation of economics. They argue that political economy properly constitutes a branch of sociology; that its discoveries and principles, when arrived at in accordance with scientific canons of research, should be viewed as provisional and preparatory to the development of truly universal sociological principles; and that, since men's various interests are interrelated, political economy, which deals only with wealth, cannot pretend to be capable of furnishing instruction regarding conduct in general, but merely of indicating more or less probable tendencies. Political economy, they hold, is not a separate science, but a branch of social science. The "jargon" of natural harmony, natural liberty, etc., they unhesitatingly reject, although they are not prepared to advocate increased interference of government in industrial relations. In fact, while they discard theoretical *laissez faire*, they would have government *practise laissez faire*, because they realise with Bacon that luciferous research must come before fructiferous, and agree with Herbert Spencer that methods that answer are preceded by thoughts that are true. There being as yet an extreme want of true thought and scientific ideas upon sociological subjects, they deprecate haphazard legislation, and are content with the work of spreading clear conceptions and of urging upon all students the vast complexity of social problems.

That this advice is sound and healthful as far as it goes, cannot be denied. The theoretical position is impregnable, and the practical suggestion both opportune and sensible. But there are some considerations that Dr. Ingram overlooks. As Professor Marshall

says: "It is vain to speak of the higher authority of a unified social science. No doubt if that existed, economics would gladly find shelter under its wing. But it does not exist. . . . There is no use in waiting idly for it; we must do what we can with our present resources." Were it possible to induce society and legislatures to respect and accept present conditions until the science of society should throw a flood of light upon all our difficulties and make wise action possible, then we should gratefully accept Dr. Ingram's advice and "learn to wait." But society will not and cannot wait. The masses clamor for state intervention and regulation, and well-meaning reformers are ready with all sorts of plans for eliminating social evil. Laws are manufactured by the legislative mills without number, and their operation naturally produces important changes in social relations. To remind us of ignorance, is useful, but utterly inadequate. Moreover, it is far from being true that, as Professor Marshall avers, sociology "shows no signs of coming into existence," and that "the only resources we have for dealing with social problems as a whole lie in the judgment of common sense." Nobody would claim that we have a complete and strict science of society; but it is emphatically true that some truths have been established, some generalisations formed, that not only afford the illuminating principle essential to the proper interpretation and classifications of facts, but permit the direction of practical affairs in approximately correct ways. In political economy, no less than in other branches of the sociological science, it is perfectly possible, not only to carry on theoretical investigations in a scientific manner, but to map out and guide more or less safely our practical course by the light (dim as it is compared with what we hope it may become) of those large truths and important generalisations which sociological authorities have placed at our disposal.

First, there is the law of justice, or the principle of equal freedom, justly termed the first principle of human happiness, which Mr. Spencer, the greatest of our sociologists, has established and placed upon a strictly scientific basis. It having been demonstrated that the principle of equal freedom has the highest warrant imaginable and an authority transcending every other, it becomes necessary to test existing economic arrangements and current notions, and pronounce upon them from the point of view of equal freedom. It will scarcely be contended that justice may be safely ignored or violated in the sphere of economic interests; hence the need for defining the nature of just economic relations. It has also been established by Mr. Spencer and other sociologists that the progress of society is from status to contract, from compulsory coöperation to voluntary coöperation, from a condition in which agreement results from authority



to a condition in which authority results from agreement. It is further insisted that in the transition state it is absolutely impossible to decide upon the utilitarian merits of any measure or proposal save by constant and intelligent reference to the ideal formed of the future through the study of evolution and the factors and agencies which prevail in the present. Now what are the logical conclusions from these premises with regard to political economy, which, we have seen, is urged by the most competent thinkers to adopt the philosophical method and conduct its investigations in the light of modern sociological knowledge? Political economy has to deal with the problem of national wealth and prosperity,—has to teach the true and proper principles of production and distribution. But facts need to be correctly understood; they require classification and systematic grouping,—which cannot be accomplished except by the aid of a guiding principle, a theory. Modern economists complain of the lack of such a guiding principle. The physiocrats, and their English disciples, had the principle of “natural liberty,” the theory of *laissez faire*, which they borrowed from the theology and philosophy of their time. The fact that their principle was arbitrary and unscientific, their doctrine vague and nebulous, and that consequently their superstructure had to fall when the philosophy was supplanted by one more positive and true,—this fact does not at all militate against their wisdom in basing their economic beliefs on those principles. There is nothing surprising in the fact that their economic beliefs were as untenable as their theological, metaphysical, and philosophical notions. The economists of *our* day, therefore, must go to *our* sociologists and philosophers for their criterion of economic right, for guiding principles. And what have the latter to impart? This, briefly: that ideal economic relations are perfectly free relations, that the fundamental law of equal freedom negatives government meddling and regulation of production, exchange, and distribution, and that all economic teaching which contemplates less than justice is necessarily *un-economic* as well as immoral, that is, conducive to social misery and distress. And this is tantamount to declaring that once again *laissez faire* must become the corner-stone of economics. Back to the old formula, whose meaning, however, is entirely new. Instead of the “natural state” of the physiocrats, there is the *ideal state*, which society is bound to reach if its natural progress is not violently obstructed, and which evolution marks as the goal of our endeavor. The state of nature was a fiction, natural harmony an arbitrary assumption, but the ideal state is a strictly philosophical conception. We must, as Mr. Spencer says, keep an eye on the compass which tells us whereabouts the ideal lies, so that the changes we may make may

be towards it, and not away from it. Absolutism is needed in economics as well as in ethics, and the lesson to be impressed upon the minds of those who deal with temporary needs is that in industrial relations, no less than in political and social relations, nothing can be right and advantageous that checks or retards the movement towards justice or equal freedom, and that nothing can be wrong that wisely promotes that movement.

Dr. Ingram, Professor Huxley, Thorold Rogers, in criticising the modern *laissez faire*-ists, do not betray the faintest perception of the fact that Mr. Spencer's reasons for advocating non-interference are totally different from those of the believers in a code of nature. To speak, as does Professor Huxley of “a new Rousseauism,” *à propos* of this revival of *laissez faire* doctrines, is to be guilty of a grave oversight. Modern *laissez faire*-ists have the support of science, not of metaphysical assumptions; in adopting the formula of the metaphysical school, they only accept the conclusion, reserving the right to find the logic for it. Hence the arguments that put to flight the old believers in *laissez faire* leave the moderns unmoved. Unaccountably short-sighted is Dr. Ingram in thinking that Mr. Spencer is simply the (as yet) unconverted champion of an exploded doctrine, the last representative of an extinct school of theorists; and that his pleas and protests will be like a voice crying in the wilderness. The truth is that Mr. Spencer was the first thinker to proclaim the necessity for a new departure in practical politics and legislation, to correspond with the new truths and generalisations of sociology. He was the first to hold up the new ideal and to indicate the way leading to its realisation. His comparative isolation (which led some English politician to insinuate that Mr. Spencer is against “all England”) is due to the fact of his being the founder of a philosophical school, the leader in a new movement, *not* to his being engaged in perverse and futile attempts to maintain a lost cause. It is safe to predict that Mr. Spencer will not go to sue for peace at the hands of Dr. Ingram and his friends, who doubt everything but doubt, and who have nothing definite and positive to offer; but that they will at no remote day find themselves constrained to go to him.

A reconstruction of economics is declared to be urgently needed by economists, and they are searching for philosophical foundations. Mr. Spencer's “Justice” is respectfully recommended as supplying their want.

#### THE ABSOLUTE.

THE mischief which the term “absolute” has caused in almost all the antiquated philosophies is hardly imaginable. The absolute actually plays the part of a fetish among a certain class of sages who re-



quest their readers and adherents to bow down into the dust and worship the absolute as soon as their thinking capacity, either from innate inability or from natural laziness, ceases to accomplish its purpose.

The absolute is an idol which is still worshipped and which must be broken to make room for a purer, clearer, and truer conception of philosophy.

We present the following definitions of the term absolute\*: (1) That which is not related. (2) That which is not conditioned. (3) That which is entire, complete, or perfect. (4) That which is viewed without regard to its relations or conditions as a complete whole.

The term "absolute" is used in contradistinction to "relative." That which is not relative is absolute. The most important relations being those which condition the existence of a thing, the term came to be identical with the unconditioned or that which has the conditions of being in itself. This raised the dignity of the word above all its comrades and it became a substitute for God, for God alone can be described as "unconditioned." Those philosophers, accordingly, who have ceased to believe in God, but have not outgrown the paganism of antediluvian religions, find it very convenient to enthrone a divinity of their own make and to treat it with the same awe and reverence which marks the behavior of all fetish worshippers.

Let us review the philosophical meanings of the term. Absolute is used in the sense of "that which is not related." Very well! Such a thing as "that which is not related" does not exist. The world is a system of relations and there is nothing that is or can be unrelated. Even the God of Genesis (i. e. according to the traditional notion) is not an absolute being. He stands in a definite relation to the world as its creator, ruler, and master. The God of the New Testament being He in whom we live and move and have our being can still less be called absolute; and the Universe as such, the All, the totality of being (whether we include God as a part of it or regard the Universe with materialists or atheists simply as a big lump of material atoms) is as little absolute as either a supernatural or an immanent God, for the All has certain relations to its parts.

In one word, the absolute in the first sense is simply a humbug.

The "absolute" in the second sense, as that which is not conditioned, is, perhaps, admissible, although it would be an improper expression for that which ought to be called the unconditioned. For the "unconditioned" or "that which has the conditions of its being in itself" is not a concrete thing, a special being, or a big person inside or outside of the world, but a certain

feature existing in all the realities to be met with in experience. All things, all creatures, all concrete realities or beings, as such, are forms; they originate by being shaped, they disappear by being dissolved, but there is a certain something in them which abides in all the changes, and this certain something is part and parcel of their existence.

Here is not the place to discuss what this feature of an abiding something in all the various forms of being is. It is most certainly not only matter and energy as the materialists say, it is also the elementary something of that which in its highest evolution appears as consciousness and mainly that peculiarity of the formal laws which establishes harmony and makes them so axiom-like self-evident (as they have been called) that through them the whole universe becomes transparent like glass to the eyes of the initiated. In all these abiding features of fleeting existences there abides an inalienable consistency of being with itself which gives to the world the character of *Gesetzmässigkeit*, so that uniformities prevail which can be formulated in so-called "natural laws," so that the totality of the world is not a chaos but a cosmos, a whole in which order prevails.

Something "unconditioned" in this sense exists in the abiding features of the various existences. But it is obvious that this something that abides is not absolute; it is not without relations to the other more or less fleeting forms of realities. Moreover, we cannot so much say that it is unconditioned as that it is conditioning the very existence of every thing that is.

The absolute in the third sense is identical with the All, including everything and anything, past, present, and future, also all the chances of its possible formations. The All alone is a perfect entirety, a complete whole in itself, which has no relations to things outside, because there are none, the All including everything.

This conception of "absolute" is quite legitimate, but the expression "All" being free from the mystical tinge that still adheres to the term "absolute" is preferable. We can only use the term absolute in this sense as an *epitheton ornans* for the All in All, not as its name; yet as an *epitheton ornans* it has little significance.

The "absolute" in the fourth sense expresses, not a quality of or in things, but a certain attitude of the thinking subject. In this sense, it has a loose and rather popular application. Thus we speak of the "absolute certainty" of mathematics, meaning thereby simply its universal reliability\*; there may be special cases, but there are no exceptions to mathematical

\* The word is derived from the Latin *absolutum*, meaning that which has been loosened from.

\* Mathematical axioms possess absolute certainty in the sense mentioned above; they are reliable statements. But they are not absolute truths, i. e., truths which need not be proved.



theorems. We speak of "absolute monarchy," looking at monarchy abstractly and meaning thereby that according to the law of the country the monarch is not bound to give account to any one for the acts of his rule or misrule. We speak of "absolute (i. e., the highest imaginable) perfection," of "absolute (i. e., perfect) beauty," "absolute (i. e., pure) alcohol," "absolute zero" of temperature, which is  $-459.4^{\circ}$ . All these terms and many more similar phrases are sanctioned by usage, but nowhere is there any really absolute as a quality of things; there is only a relative absoluteness, a lack of relations in some special directions or a perfection or finish of some kind.

Thus the usage of the term "absolute" in these and similar connections is not to be understood in any strict or philosophical sense of the word, but is a license quite allowable for special purposes.

It would lead us too far here to refer to all the nonsense that has been written by those philosophers who seriously declare that "philosophy is ultimately, by its very nature, a search for the Absolute" (with a capital A).

No greater absurdity has been excogitated by a great man than the idea of things in themselves, which really means "things absolute." (See *The Monist*, Vol. II, No. 2, "Are There Things in Themselves?") Hegel's system has been characterised as the philosophy of the absolute. He maintains, as Flemming sums it up, that "all existence is strictly a manifestation of the Absolute in the evolution of Being, according to dialectic." The truth is that all existence is existence, and the idea of absolute existence is nothing but a pale thought, an abstract symbol created by dialectic to represent those qualities which all existences possess in common. To represent the absolute, this shadow of being, as real, and existence as a mere manifestation of it, is turning the universe topsyturvy. P. C.

### TRUTH.

TRUTH is correct knowledge, i. e., a statement of facts that is perfectly reliable. In other words: Truth is the agreement of a representation with the object represented.

No objection can be made to Thomas Aquinas when he defines truth as "*adaquatio intellectus et rei*," which, in more modern form, means "conformity of thought to thing." *Intellectus* or thought is the mental symbol, the idea, the conception of something, and *res* is the reality represented in the mental symbol of an idea, it is the object thought of.

Truth, accordingly, is the adequateness of a relation, to-wit, of a mental relation. Without mind no truth. Truth does not dwell in non-mental facts. It is a misnomer to speak of objects or objective facts as

being true. Facts are real, while the facts represented, i. e., statements of fact, if correct, are true.

A single sense impression is a fact, but the perception of a sense-impression as a certain object is either true or untrue. Facts are real, or, if they do not exist, unreal; ideas are true or untrue.

There is a great difference between truth and reality. The facts of reality are always single, concrete, and individual. Every fact is a *hic* and *nunc*. It is in a special place, and it is as it is, at a certain time. All facts are definite and of a particular kind. Yet truth, although representing facts, i. e., objects, or relations among objects, is never a concrete object, nor is it a *hic* or a *nunc*. It rises above facts, and views facts from a higher standpoint.

The simplest truths are statements as to the reality of facts; they are declarations that a certain thing, or event, or relation, does or did or will, does not or did not or will not, obtain. Higher truths are the statements of natural laws, describing certain regularities of facts in general formulas. Truth accompanies mind in its growth; and the higher a mind rises, of the more consequence will be the truth or untruth of its ideas.

The kinship of truth with mind endows truth with a generality that is lacking in the particularity of the single facts.

We cannot speak of the truth of mere sensations. The sense-organs furnish us with facts; they present certain data; and if our sense-organs perform their work with sufficient regularity, they furnish under the same conditions the same sensations. Properly speaking, we cannot say that there is truth in these sensations; these sensations are as yet non-mental realities. Yet when sensations are recognised as representing certain objects, i. e., when they become perceptions, they acquire the power of being either true or untrue. Perceptions are elementary judgments; they are the first mental functions, and from them the mind rises into existence. Should it happen that a sensation is registered in a wrong place, it will be mistaken; it will cause errors. Thus truth originates together with mind. Truth and error are the privilege of mind.

The development of mind means the development of truth. Sentient beings observe in a certain group of facts, in spite of all variety, some features of sameness. Such features are noted by brutes, then named by man, and finally, in the scientific phase, they are expressed in exact formulas. These formulas are called natural laws. If a natural law describes all the cases precisely and exhaustively, we call it a truth.

Truth in one sense is objective; it represents objects or their relations conceived in their objectivity, in their independence of the subject. This means that the representation of certain objective states will, un-



der like conditions, agree with the experience of all subjects—i. e., of all feeling beings having the same channels of information.

Truth in another sense is subjective. Truth exists in thinking subjects only. Truth affirms that certain subjective representations of the objective world can be relied upon, that they are deduced from facts and agree with facts. Based upon past experience, they can be used as guides for future experience. If there were no subjective beings, no feeling and comprehending minds, there would be no truth. Facts in themselves, whether they are or are not represented in the mind of a feeling and thinking subject, are real, yet representations alone, supposing they agree with facts, are true.

We distinguish between true and real. We have further to distinguish between true and correct. Purely formal statements, such as  $5 \times 5 = 25$ , have no direct, but only indirect reference to objects. They are empty forms which have to be filled with contents from the realm of our experience. General usage agrees in denoting such statements of purely formal construction, if made with strict consistency, according to the rules of our mental operations, not as "true," but as correct.

The very name of truth has something holy about it, and rightly so! For if the All-existence in which we live and move and have our being is God, truth, viz., the representation of this All-existence, is God's revelation. Christian mythology calls God our father, and the word of truth, or the Logos, his only begotten son. It is the mission of Christianity to found an empire of truth, the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and this empire of truth which is within us (i. e., in the souls of men) must be acquired by our own efforts, or as Christ says: The kingdom of heaven suffers violence whenever men are eagerly searching for the truth.\*

Considering the relation between mind and truth, it is natural that *mind yearns for truth*. The yearning for truth constitutes the deepest impulses of the mind. It cannot be otherwise, for *truth is the fulfilment of mind*. Truth, however, is not only a correct representation of facts as they are now and here, but also as, according to conditions which constitute a given state of things, they must be here and everywhere. Mind expands in the measure that it contains and reflects the eternity and universality of truth.

The criterion of truth is the perfect agreement of all facts, of all interpretations and explanations of facts among themselves. If two facts (such as we conceive them) do not agree with each other, we must revise them; and it may be stated, as a matter of experience,

that our mind will find no peace until a monistic conception is reached. A monistic conception is the perfect agreement of all facts in a methodical system, so that the same law is recognised to prevail in all instances, and the most different events are conceived as acting under different conditions yet in accord with the same law.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

PICKING up my morning paper of March 8th, I was greatly shocked and overcome to find that the returns for only one day showed bribery hard at work helping and hindering legislation in Indiana, Nebraska, and Kansas. Revelations of the same character from other states are promised in the reports for to-morrow, and we mourn the decay of public morals; but sad as the prospect is we are not altogether without hope. In an age of legislative corruption it is cheering to see the General Assembly of Illinois, superior to the venal temper of the time, wrapped in its Roman toga, going into quarantine against temptation as against cholera, and defying the tempter to bring on his gold,—and plenty of it. A few days ago a bill appeared in the Legislature granting another ten thousand dollars to the World's Fair, and by a queer coincidence every member received in a letter that morning a ticket or "pass" giving him the freedom of the Exposition until the 30th day of April 1893, a somewhat ironical privilege, considering that the Fair will not be opened until the first of May. The temptation was bravely spurned in a "ringing" preamble and resolution which, reciting the facts declared them to be "an attempt to improperly influence the honorable members of this General Assembly." This, while rather paradoxical was virtuously proud, but the next paragraph is more high-spirited still, and it condemns with senatorial dignity the cheapness of the "pass" offered in return for a grant of ten thousand dollars. Thus manfully rings the preamble, "Whereas, if any honorable gentleman were inclined to be thus influenced it is worthy of note that those passes all expire April 30th, the day previous to the opening of the Exposition." This appeal to civic honor, suggesting also the danger of low prices, was followed by a resolution declaring "that all members should virtuously and promptly return the passes to-day received." Since the celebrated attempt to bribe the Iowa Legislature with apples, the cheapest offer made for an "honorable member" is a pass to the World's Columbian Circus, good until the day before the opening of the show. It ought to be "virtuously" returned. Had the tickets been good until the close of the Exposition, they might, like the railroad passes and some others, have been "virtuously" retained.

\* \* \*

The attempt to make the Joliet Penitentiary sectarian is meeting with much indignant opposition, and the Governor of the State is called upon to interfere in behalf of all denominations. The complaint is that religion in the penitentiary is under the control of a trust composed exclusively of Lutherans and Roman Catholics; that the convicts must get spiritual food from those denominations or go hungry altogether; and that as the state at large must pay for the food the discrimination is unfair. A settlement of the trouble is not easy because we have no moral standard by which to measure a practice alien to the constitution of the state, the appointment of chaplains for public institutions. Where a state religion is unlawful a state chaplain ought to be unlawful too; but if we must have the luxury of a chaplain for the penitentiary, or the legislature, or the insane asylum, the constitution being broken in his appointment, what matters it in which religious direction the lines of the fracture go? What matters it whether the chaplain of the penitentiary be Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, or Jew, except as the convicts themselves may have an interest in

\* We read in Matthew ii, 12: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," which means that efforts are made to realise it.



the question; and in that case, they ought to be allowed to decide what faith should or should not be preached in the penitentiary. It may be that the religious views of the convicts have been consulted in the selection of chaplains, and if so, that ought to be satisfactory all round. If the convicts are mostly Lutherans and Catholics, what right have the Methodists or the Baptists, or the Presbyterians to complain that a Catholic or a Lutheran is chaplain? If those complaining sects can prove that they are more largely represented in the penitentiary than the Catholics or the Lutherans, that is another matter. The church that contributes the largest number of convicts ought to have the chaplain.

A storm of sleet and wind and snow blighted the coronation pageantry at Washington on the 4th of March, and threw a chill over the festival. This was ominous, and dismally pathetic of a political "cold wave," more bitter than wind or snow, a chilling frost blighting the promised harvest of a patriotic multitude, camped around the capitol and clamoring for the offices earned by political toil. I can hardly believe it, and yet the papers tell it, that Mr. Cleveland "has definitely decided and has authorised his cabinet to announce to applicants for appointments, that all officials now in office, against whom no charges are made, will be permitted to hold until their commissions expire." It is also estimated that the enthusiastic legions who cheered the President on his triumphal march have paid \$2,500,000 to the hotel-keepers of Washington, and where is the compensation for this ruinous "drain of gold"? How are the cohorts to get their money back, unless they get the offices won by their valor in the late campaign? "Put not your trust in princes," is a Scripture warning, to which might well be added, "nor in presidents." They remember not their friends. The Democratic transparencies, banners, and badges flaunted in the late campaign are now mute symbols of a barren victory. The bugles that inspired the hosts are silent, and the returning braves chant mournfully the "Hymn to Ingratitude," from Shakespeare:

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot.

Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not,"

That is the dirge of the disappointed, and I am not surprised to read in the dispatches from Washington, dated March 8th, that "if they had suspected such a situation last summer they would not have attended the Chicago convention in such numbers and whooped it up so violently in the campaign." Certainly not; and the pathetic story reminds me of something equally sad that occurred in my own experience. In the summer of 1861, the regiment in which I served was on the march in Missouri, and one evening we went into bivouac in the woods near a little town called Shelbyville, where we were tantalised and exasperated by a building that bore on its arrogant front the opulent word "bank." About midnight a party of the soldiers stole quietly out of camp, entered the bank, loaded the safe on to a wagon, and carried it into the woods, where they might open it without making too much noise. They worked all night at the safe without success, but about daylight, by the aid of axes and gunpowder, they broke it open, and all the reward they got for their honest toil was a few papers "of no use to anybody but the owner." The outrage being discovered, our Colonel ordered an investigation, but the marauders were not found, and after breakfast we resumed our journey. We had hardly gone ten miles before I noticed three or four of my men dozing on the march, and at last, one of them towards the front of the column, addressing a sleepy comrade a few files back of him, said: "Tom! What good is a bank that has no money in

it?" With similar disgust the Democratic soldiers who "whooped it up so violently in the late campaign," are now saying to one another: "Tom! What good is a victory that has no offices in it?" And the pathos in the question moves the very stones to "rise and mutiny."

For the past two or three weeks my conscience has been disturbed because of a charge brought against me by a respectable body of citizens called "The Tailors' National Exchange." This confederation, at a session held in Milwaukee last month, "presented a report," in which it was charged that 100,000 American tourists go abroad every year, each bringing back on an average two suits of clothes, "thus entailing a loss upon American tailors of between \$3,000,000 and \$6,000,000." As every guilty man, whenever a crime is mentioned, thinks himself accused, so the statistics given by those tailors read like a special indictment against me. I feel as the smitten David felt when accused in a parable by the prophet, because a few years ago I actually was an "American tourist." I wandered away to Europe, and I wickedly did bring back with me two suits of clothes that I bought in London. Avarice tempted me, for I got the two suits for the precise amount of money that I should have been compelled to pay for one suit in my own country. There is a moral puzzle in the case, and the ethical problem arising from the facts is this: in buying two suits for the price of one, did I cheat the tailors; or do they cheat me when they compel me to pay two prices for one suit? I think the answer will be against them, because they demand and receive the assistance of a law, that enables them to do so. The only remedy for the tailors is the passage of another law preventing Americans from going abroad at all. This is easy and simple, like the plan of the Nebraska statesman who has introduced a bill into the legislature of that state, forbidding the use of gas for illuminating purposes, because, as he logically says, when gas is abolished fools will not be able to blow it out, and thus endanger their lives. If Americans are not allowed to go to Europe, of course they will not buy any clothes there; they will be effectually restrained from "thus entailing a loss upon American tailors."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 291. (VOL. VII.—12.)

CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LEGERDEMAIN.

BY MAX DESSOIR.

(Translated from the German by Mrs. Emily S. Boyer.)

I STILL well remember how I felt when for the first time I was present at an exhibition of the magic art. Soon after the opening of the doors I took my place and waited with beating heart a full hour for the moment when the curtain should rise upon that world of wonder. And when at last the witches' revelry began, as eggs changed into dollars, dollars transformed themselves into pocket-handkerchiefs, bird cages vanished in mid air, and empty chests dispensed an incomprehensible wealth of treasures,—then I seemed to be living in a land of dreams, far, far away from earth.

Nowadays, if one wishes to study the methods of the juggler, it may be done very easily. A number of dealers in magical apparatus will sell to you what you most desire: wooden pins, cups, rings, balls, false cards, double dollars, etc., and accompany each article with "Instructions." Books without number, from the thin sheets distributed at fairs, to elegant illustrated volumes, promise to initiate you into the secrets of the black art. But all of these books\* and instructions tell only *in what a trick consists*, not *how it is done*, without ever mentioning that just the most interesting part of the art of the adept has been kept a secret, or at least revealed at a particularly high price. Apparatus and instructions do not reveal the kernel of "modern magic." When you know how it happens that a dollar disappears, you still know nothing; you may nevertheless be deceived by this trick a hundred times: and if you try the same thing exactly according to directions, with that alone you will not obtain the least result.

That which makes prestidigitation an art of deception, is not its technical appliances, but its psychological kernel. The working out in the realm of the senses of certain capacities of the soul is something incomparably more difficult than any finger-skill or machinery. To prove this fact and analyse it theoretically, forms the theme of the following lines. First,

however, I will make the reader acquainted with the company into whose deeds and doings I propose to introduce him.

I.

The history of jugglery forms a significant chapter in the long history of human illusion. From the rise of the Egyptian priesthood down to the beginning of the Middle Ages extends the first epoch, in which the arbitrary accomplishment of apparently impossible results was accompanied with pretensions to superhuman skill; stragglers with such a purposely deceptive aim have maintained themselves up to the present time, as spiritualistic mediums. To a second epoch belong the conjurors of the Middle Ages and later times; these confess that their tricks are performed by natural methods. Finally, the third era dates from the opening of our own century: then for the first time, jugglers appeared on the stage, they were taken into society and acquired a certain culture, they omitted from their programme all conjurors' methods and worked with cards, gold-pieces, pocket-handkerchiefs, and the like. Naturally the conjurors did not on this account disappear from the scene, but they withdrew into the villages, and had no association with their better established professional comrades; just as it is with us at present. Only occasionally did one of these nomads advertise himself. Thus the Signor Castelli, who in the second decade of this century passed through Europe with a travelling troupe, excited attention everywhere by the statement that he would devour a living man. The solution of the puzzle was that the brute would actually begin to bite his victim in the arm, whereupon the latter took his leave in the speediest manner imaginable, and thus the execution of the experiment was rendered impossible.

The better class of performers, mostly French and Italian, called themselves *physiciens* or *escamoteurs*; the term *prestidigitateur* originated with Jules de Rovère. Rovère belonged to the leaders of that old school in which also Olivier, Préjeau, Brazy, Comus, Chalons, Adrien père, Courtois, and Comte attained great prominence—not to speak of Lichtenberg's famous Pinetti.

The most distinguished of these was indisputably

\* As a noted example may be mentioned Hoffmann's *Modern Magic*, (London, 1885) a book from which I have borrowed many important statements.



Comte. French from head to toe, he accomplished extraordinary things in tasteful form and a delightful manner. One of his delusions, performed for a small group of spectators, bore the stamp of a deception carried out with the finest humor. He declares in a joking manner that he will transform all the ladies present. Naturally, therefore, surprise and merriment among the gentlemen. Comte quiets them with the assertion that he will arrange everything to their satisfaction, then grasps in the air with his empty hands and brings out of space a handful of beautiful roses. He goes on, "*J'avais promis d'escamoter et de métamorphoser toutes ces dames; pouvais-je choisir une forme plus gracieuse et plus aimable? En vous métamorphosant toutes en roses, n'est-ce pas, mesdames, offrir la copie au modèle? n'est-ce pas aussi vous escamoter pour vous rendre à vous mêmes? dites-moi, messieurs, n'ai-je pas réussi?*" Now he begins the distribution: "*Mademoiselle, voici une rose que vous avais fait rougir de jalousie.*" Before another dainty maiden the flower changes into the ace of hearts, and the gallant magician fittingly adds: "*Voulez vous, madame, mettre la main sur votre cœur. . . Vous n'avez qu'un cœur, n'est-il pas vrai? . . . Je vous demande pardon de cette question indiscrete, mais elle était nécessaire, car bien que vous n'avez qu'un cœur, vous pourriez les posséder tous.*"

Such word-plays are told by the hundreds of Comte. To be sure, in our day when we have neither *salon* nor *conversazione*, the old-fashioned manners with their delicate perfume are very seldom interesting, and we even look in astonishment upon the juggler who expresses himself in too clever forms of speech. Besides, the joke readily turns the attention from the object itself, the trick, and moreover, sets the audience into a commotion which is often little to be desired.

The names Philippe and Torrini mark a considerable advance in the development of our art. Torrini especially, possessed such an extraordinary knack in the manipulation of cards, and such an incredible boldness in execution, that the public irresistibly yielded to him its unqualified admiration. His piquet trick was simply unparalleled. In other matters too he displayed remarkable daring. Being an Italian nobleman whom adverse circumstances had thrust into the calling of prestidigitation, at one time while he was in Rome, he was invited to give a performance before the Pope. By chance on the preceding day he saw at a watch-maker's a costly watch of which the owner assured him that it was the only counterpart of the famous watch of Cardinal X . . . , and had just arrived from Paris the day before. Torrini bought the time-piece for the respectable sum of twelve hundred francs after he had bound the watch-maker to secrecy and had assured himself that the Cardinal would be present at his performance. At the close of his entertainment

he now ventured the following stroke. He asked for some very expensive object and if possible for one whose like did not exist in the world. The result of this request was that the Cardinal, at the command of the Pope, though with evident reluctance, handed over his watch to the artist. Then Torrini took a mortar and pestle, and to the horror of the spectators, shattered the valuable treasure into a thousand fragments. The Cardinal averred in a trembling voice that there could be no question of a mistake here, as he recognised the remnants, piece for piece; in reality, however, it was the recently purchased counterpart that had been destroyed. The performer took advantage of this moment of excitement, to slip the genuine watch, unobserved, into the pocket of the Pope, and as soon as quiet was restored he challenged the audience to designate to him some person who by no possibility could be a confederate of his. As he desired, all pointed to Pius VII. "Very well," he continued, as he made a few mysterious motions, "I now will that the watch be restored, and be found in the pocket of His Holiness." The Pope, with every appearance of entire disbelief, reached into his pocket and, red with embarrassment, drew out the watch and handed it to the Cardinal as quickly as if he feared he might burn his fingers on the uncanny object. It is easy to imagine what an excitement this bold stroke created in Rome. Torrini never had occasion to regret his expensive but original advertisement.

In the matter of advertising, however, no one was more ingenious than the great prestidigitateur, Anderson, "the celebrated Anderson, the great wizard of the North." Once, in the forties, he sent to all London butter-dealers wooden molds, on which were carved his name, "titles," and the hour of his entertainment, with the request that the recipients should have these stamps printed for a certain period on the butter they sold. In consideration of the fact that eventually every one finds it necessary to eat butter, the idea certainly deserves imitation. Another time he offered a silver vase as a prize for the best joke which should be made during the intermission. Any one had a right to relate a joke, and the public must make the decision by the strength of the applause. But that was not enough: Anderson had all these more or less worthy witticisms stenographically recorded, and sold them in shilling pamphlets. "The great wizard" knew quite well how willing most people are to see themselves in print. Of the approximate extent of his income from this source, we may form some opinion when we learn that each pamphlet contained over a thousand jokes.\*

Whether Philadelphia, Döbler, and Bosco were

\* Compare *Confidences de Robert-Houdin. Une vie d'artiste. Théâtre et prestidigitation.* 2d ed., Paris, 1861, Vol. II, p. 144.



really so superior as one would suppose from their reputation remains a question. Of Bosco we know almost certainly to the contrary. He spared no means to accomplish his purpose, and in his brutality went so far that it was often necessary to kill doves, not apparently, but really, on the open stage. He used every opportunity to display his craft; in the stage-coach, at the table d'hôte, in the café and salon, in short, everywhere he performed his little feats. Last, but not least, his odd but euphonious name helped to make him quickly popular. To the same circumstances, a decade later, Bellachini owed his fame.

But all we have named, and a countless host of unnamed, were overtopped, head and shoulders, by Robert-Houdin.

Robert-Houdin has related the events of his life in a book, which, by reason of its fascinating, varied contents, and its unpretentiousness of style, forms very agreeable reading. He has, with wonderful frankness, exposed the secrets of the order whose chief master he was, and exhaustively described all his mechanical, technical, and, especially, his electro-technical devices. While most jugglers are jugglers and nothing else, Robert-Houdin must be described as a man of polite education, a graceful writer, and a technical genius. Even when a child, he worked upon the instruments in the workshop of his father, a watch-maker. This early love of everything mechanical grew into a passion of strength, such as book-lovers feel for manuscripts, collectors for coins, and players for cards. The boy investigated everything that was complex and was always attempting to repair or construct something. He also had some wholly original ideas. At boarding-school he devised the following means to awaken at the proper time. He bound a cord to the great toe of his right foot, carried it through his half-open window out to the garden gate, and fastened it there, so that at the opening of the gate it would be violently pulled. Thus, in the morning, when the old servant opened the resisting gate, our little Robert found it necessary to jump quickly out of bed, and was thus in every case effectually awakened. From such primitive devices to his famous "enchanted villa" was indeed a great distance, but the former were related to the latter just as any promising beginning to a happy ending. The country seat of the retired magician attracted universal attention in its time; there were electric wires from cellar to garret, mysterious automatons haunted every nook and corner, descending floors and secret panels connected the rooms, bells, traps, and self-acting revolvers kept thieves at a distance—in a word, it was a truly "enchanted house."

It is easy to suppose that such a mind should feel itself irresistibly drawn to the allurements of the black

art. A mountebank, a fair-ground performer of German descent, gave the ten-year-old boy his first notion of jugglery, and a book later informed him concerning some of the more important tricks. How he afterwards continued to instruct himself, and, finally, to the dismay of his family, entered on the career of *escamoteur*, we read in detail in his biography. Enough, that one day, on the Paris bulletin-boards, the following hand-bill glittered:

AUJOURD'HUI JEUDI, 3 JUILLET 1845.

PREMIÈRE REPRÉSENTATION

DES

SOIRÉES FANTASTIQUES

DE

ROBERT-HOUDIN.

AUTOMATES, PRESTIDIGITATION, MAGIE.

The automatons, however, played a very subordinate part. Robert thought very rightly that people did not come to the magician to see apparatus perform; true prestidigitation should not be the work of instrument-makers, but of the performer himself. For the same reason he introduced a very important reform. He abandoned the long, draped table formerly in use and substituted small, bare side-tables. Likewise he threw into the lumber-room the eccentric costumes of other *escamoteurs* and appeared in a simple frock-coat—a Talma of his art. He also gave another form to the *boniment*, or harangue, which accompanied the tricks, always seeking so to compose it as to give each feat the semblance of truth. Above all, Robert-Houdin laid the greatest stress upon carrying the deception to its greatest completeness. Here is an illustration: The artist devised the trick of suspending a person from a pole, apparently without support, (though in reality he was fastened by a corset-like halter,) at a time when all the world was talking about ether. The ether, accordingly, he introduced into his performance by holding to the person's nose a flask of this substance and apparently narcotising him. The flask was really empty, but behind the stage at the same moment a few drops of ether were spilled, so that a strong odor penetrated the room and considerably heightened the illusion. The whole arrangement of his performances abounded in such delicate touches.

During the intermission Robert distributed an elegantly designed miniature newspaper, whose contents changed from evening to evening. The title read: *Cagliostro. Passe-temps de l'entre-acte (ne jamais lire passe-t-en). Ce journal, paraissant le soir, ne peut être lu que par des gens éclairés . . . le rédacteur prévient qu'il n'est pas timbré (le journal)* . . . In one of the numbers, under the head of "Faits divers," occurred the



following dainty bon mot: "*Le Ministre de l'Intérieur ne recevra pas demain, mais le Ministre des Finances recevra tous les jours . . . et jours suivants.*" The whole was enclosed in a ribbon band with the following explanation: "*À M. et Mme. \* \*, demeurant ici. Votre abonnement, finissant ce soir, le gérant du journal vous prie de le renouveler demain, si vous ne voulez pas le voir expirer (l'abonnement).*"

But the history of his triumphs would fill a volume. Before emperors and kings, before the workmen at Manchester, before African savages, this wonderful man performed his feats of magic, always with brilliant success. Nor did success forsake him at Berlin. He performed at Kroll's from the last of October, 1853, to the middle of January, 1854, certainly an extraordinary number of entertainments for the conditions of that time. As proof of the attractive power of this magician *par excellence*, two journalistic testimonies are given herewith. An anonymous writer in the *Spenerischen Zeitung* says, concerning the first "soirée fantastique" of Mr. Robert-Houdin, prestidigitateur of the *Palais Royal* of Paris: "Mr. Houdin is king of escamoteurs, emperor of jugglers, the chief of magicians. Had Horace known Mr. Houdin he would surely have given up his stupid *nil admirari* creed. Although the gold disappears in his hands more quickly than in many a state's treasury, still one may be at rest, for after a few moments it comes to light in the pockets of its former possessors, without having suffered diminution. We should never have believed it, had we not seen it. The public will do well to inform themselves personally, else they will think we are relating Munchausen stories and fables; but all this actually took place in the year 1853 at Berlin, and at Kroll's, whereof each and every one may learn for himself for ten silver gro-schen."

The dreaded Rellstab published a hymn in the "Voss," a few portions of which may be of interest. "Now at last I may again converse! now at last I am permitted to make my appearance in public places, since I have now seen him, the man of public admiration, the cornerstone of the day's interest, the magnetic pole of the air-currents, the—no more! Of whom can I speak but of the great magician Robert Houdin,\* who not only charms, but enchants, even the reporters and critics, formerly as impossible as the quadrature of a circle." Rellstab then describes a few of the artist's tricks, as follows: "He wraps up a lovely turtle-dove in a sheet of silken paper; we see it struggling there, he breathes upon it, and—a breath of air is all there is within the silken paper! Gone is our little dove through space. 'Oh, we have often seen the like before.' I believe you; but how? You never

saw it like this before. . . . I will relate to you a fable that is a true history. The magician graciously requested a handkerchief and ring from a beautiful hand, wrapped the ring in the handkerchief, and tied it carefully into a little package. An egg, a lemon, and an orange were placed before us, and the choice given in which of the three the handkerchief and ring should be found. The Right cried, 'In the orange'; the Left, 'In the egg'; the Centre, 'In the lemon.' Oh, why is not Mr. Houdin made a minister? How he could unify the most divergent parties! He would have settled (even if he had not answered) the Oriental question at a cup of after-dinner coffee! 'Nothing is easier,' he replied, 'than the harmonising of these three wishes. I shall put the egg in the lemon, and the lemon in the orange, so shall all three be in one, and the handkerchief in all three.' And the thing was actually and truly done."

Since Robert-Houdin the art of sleight-of-hand has had no new reformer. It travels still, for the most part, in the same paths as forty years ago, and seeks to gain a new impetus by a pretended usage of spiritualism and mind-reading. There are no longer magicians who command the entire field with equal skill. The two best living representatives, M. Hermann of Berlin, now of New York, and Cazeneuve of Marseilles, are very good only in certain fields. The former excels in hand tricks with cards and dollars, and the latter in card tricks. And of the thousand others it may be said that they perform well, but not that they perform excellently. The black art is going to ruin, like many another art and isolated craft. It waits anxiously for its Messiah.

Beyond mere technical knowledge, which any one with proper patience may acquire, what is there then needful in order that a person may become a good sleight-of-hand artist?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### EXPERIENCE.

EXPERIENCE is the effect of events upon sentient beings. The condition of experience is memory. Grant that in a world of changes sentient beings are possessed of memory and the result will be exactly what is commonly understood by "experience."

That experience is the sole source of human knowledge has been doubted by three classes of men only: (1) by mystics, (2) by believers in supernaturalism, and (3) by Kant and strict Kantians.

Mystics believe that there exists some kind of inspiration which bestows knowledge at a glance and in full completeness as it can otherwise be acquired only imperfectly and piecemeal by many years of experience. This extraordinary source of knowledge is called "intuition," because mystics describe their ecstasies as

\* The real name of the artist was Robert; the family name of his wife, Houdin, he first added in the forties by legal permission.



visions. We state simply a tautology when we say that knowledge derived in a mystical way by intuition is "visionary" in the literal sense of the word; but the intuitionist's "visionary" is now so discredited that the very word has become a synonym for the fantastic, the unreal, the fabulous, the chimerical, the impossible.

Believers in supernaturalism declare that some truths were not acquired in the natural way but by the special intercession of an extramundane God. They regard "revelation" as a better and more reliable source of knowledge than experience.

Two kinds of truth can be distinguished which, according to the statement of supernaturalists, were acquired by special revelation: first, such moral truths as love of enemies and self-sacrifice for ideals higher than self, and secondly, mysterious statements concerning extramundane affairs. The former have been proved to be of natural growth; for they have been developed without any supernatural intercession among people who are denoted by Israelitic, Christian, and Mohammedan supernaturalists as gentiles, pagans, and *giaours* respectively.

The maturest and most careful investigations of ethical science show that all vices lead to destruction, so that the noblest and most elevated virtues are exactly that which, according to natural laws, possesses the power of preservation. Moral truths, accordingly, are not unattainable, and if it were true that Jews, Christians, and Moslems did not and could not naturally develop their moral ideas, which in a less complete form were naturally developed among other nations, this would prove only the mental or moral inferiority of their races.

The second class of supernatural truths, i. e., mystical statements concerning extramundane affairs, are partly vague and partly absurd, so that they can neither be explained nor understood: they have simply to be believed. And this is the opinion of the supernaturalists themselves. St. Augustine says: *Credo quia absurdum*.

Kant is neither a mystic nor a supernaturalist; yet he objects to the proposition that experience is the sole source of knowledge, and Kant's objection is characteristic of his entire philosophy—indeed, it forms its starting point.

Let us briefly review the antecedents of Kant's ideas.

Locke followed but the old tradition of philosophical thought as handed down from Aristotle, as insisted upon by Bacon, as held by Spinoza, that experience is the sole source of knowledge. "Our observation," Locke said, "employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our mind, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which

supplies our understanding with *all* the materials of thinking." (Italics are ours.) "Essay on Human Understanding," II, ch. i.

Locke discards the theory of innate ideas proposed by Descartes and compares the mind to a *tabula rasa*, a white sheet of paper, and all ideas are written upon it through sense-experience. His theory is contained in the sentence: *Nihil est in intellectu quod non antea fuerit in sensu*.

The weakness of Locke's system is apparent. If sense-impressions are comparable to the writing on a sheet of paper, whence is the mind that receives these sense-impressions. It may be granted that nothing is *in* the intellect but that which has been before in the senses. This explains how the intellect can acquire knowledge by impressions, but it does not explain the intellect itself. Leibnitz accordingly extended the sentence in this form: *Nihil est in intellectu quod non antea fuerit in sensu, NISI INTELLECTUS IPSE*. (Nothing is in the intellect which was not before in the senses—except the intellect itself.)

This weakness in Locke's system became apparent in his followers, especially in Hume. Hume granted that all ideas might be resolved into impressions except one, viz., that of necessary connection. We meet with "constant conjunctions" in experience, but not with necessity, and thus the basis of all science, the law of cause and effect, remains a mere assumption. This consideration made of Hume a sceptic.

Kant was aroused from his dogmatic slumber, as he states himself, by Hume's scepticism. But Kant saw what Hume had overlooked: that there are many more conjunctions to which we attribute necessity; foremost among which are mathematical theorems, the certainty of which was never doubted even by Hume.

Mathematical truths are not products of sense-impressions. Mathematical reasoning is purely formal. The sense-element is carefully eliminated from them. And yet we have ideas of purely formal reasoning, and these ideas are not only perfectly clear, but have also been regarded since times immemorial as the model of all reliability. We do not hesitate to attribute to them universality and necessity.

Thus Kant concludes that there is another source of knowledge, which cannot be resolved into and which does not rise out of the experience of sense-impressions. This other source is the pure understanding or pure reason.\* Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" was the result of this suggestion received from Hume.

We have now to call attention to the ambiguity in which the term "experience" is used. Locke's usage of the word reflection is not clear. He might have

\* Kant fails to make a clear distinction between reason and understanding.



accepted our definition of experience, viz.: as the effect of events upon sentient beings; but the school to which he belonged regarded the sensational element of impressions, caused by these events, as sufficient to explain the rise of ideas. Hence the name Sensationalism. Hume and Kant followed Locke and the so-called school of sensationalism in the usage of the term "experience." Kant defines experience or empirical cognition as "a cognition which determines an object by means of perception," meaning thereby the sensory element of sensations, contrasting it to the formal cognition of mathematics, arithmetic, logic, and other sciences of pure reason.

Kant unfortunately introduced two terms which have proved very inadequate to express his views. He called cognition by sensuous impressions *a posteriori*, and cognition by pure reason *a priori*.

The term *a priori* gave much offence and produced a great confusion, for Kant's philosophy was considered by many of his adherents and adversaries as a revival of the old and antiquated "innate ideas" of Descartes. That this is not so is evident from the first sentence of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Kant agrees with Locke that all knowledge "begins with experience"; he only denies that all knowledge "rises from experience."

If by experience is to be understood the sense-element of experience only, it is quite natural that purely formal knowledge cannot be resolved into, or explained as arising from, experience. Experience, however, as we use the term, is not restricted to the sense-element alone, but comprises the whole effect of events upon sentient beings. The sense-impressions of experience possess certain shapes; they stand in relations among themselves; they are not merely sensory, but contain also a formal element. And this formal element of experience is not less, but rather more important than the sense-element.

At a certain stage of the evolution of mind, a sentient being learns to think in such abstracts of purely formal ideas as numbers. Numbers are abstracts of pure form. They are derived from experience, i. e. not from the sensory features of experience, not from experience as Kant uses the term, but from the formal element of experience. By counting, we construct a system of numbers which soon becomes a most essential part of the mind as a schedule of reference.

When stating that my table has four legs, I do not derive the idea "four" by a direct abstraction from the entire sense-impression called table, but by referring to that system of numbers which exists in the mind as a part of the mind; which existed *a priori* to the present experience, i. e. long before I saw this table.

The same is true of other pure forms. As numbers have naturally risen by creating an abstract sphere, so

all the other formal sciences are domains of wholesale abstraction. Mathematics starts with purely formal space-relations and constructs of them systems which in the same way as numbers serve as models and references. Logic starts with purely formal thought-relations and constructs such frameworks of thought as the categories, which serve as mental shelves or pigeon holes for an orderly and systematic arrangement of ideas.

According to Kant, sense-experience by itself is blind, and formal cognition by itself is empty; and indeed perfect knowledge would not be possible if experience consisted either of its sense-elements alone or of the formal alone. A perfect knowledge of realities becomes possible only by a coöperation of both. The formal and the sensory are the web and woof of knowledge.

Kant saw that the formal and the material (viz., the sense-element of experience) are inseparable in the subjective realm of thought, but he did not see that they are also inseparable in the objective realm of real existence. He regarded the formal element of real things as added to the material by the mind, as if formless things could exist. No wonder that things became unknowable to Kant.

Kant is a very great philosopher; he is a giant among thinkers. Nevertheless, it is true that his great fame was not so much due to his greatness, but to his mistakes. He proposed a problem to mankind which has kept philosophical minds busy ever since. His ability consisted in seeing the problem, not in solving it. His own solution, or rather lack of solution, (for he never inquired into the origin of what he termed the *a priori*), cast a glamor of mysticism over his philosophy which had not been intended by him but proved a source of great fascination to all those minds who take delight in the chiaroscuro of a systematic or apparently systematic ignorance. And this class of thinkers—the philosophasters of mankind—are still in the majority. Their applause, like that of the galleries in the theatre, counts most.

After this exposition of the objections made to the doctrine that experience is the sole source of human knowledge, we need hardly add that modern science and philosophy are to be based upon experience.

No other source has as yet been proved reliable. That which Kant calls the *a priori* is a systematic construction of the formal elements of experience. The visionary knowledge of intuition has been entirely abandoned, and the theory of a supernatural revelation is an erroneous interpretation of the religious experiences of past ages. God reveals himself to mankind in exactly these data of experience; and religion will not be free from pagan elements until this truth is recognised.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

WILL my genial friend Robin Goodfellow of the *Newcastle Chronicle* allow me to say a few words to him in a private and confidential way? In the *Weekly Chronicle* of March 4th he complains that a bill was presented in the House of Representatives last February, dividing the Dominion of Canada into states, "with suitable and exact boundaries, and with Representatives in Congress," and many other things, all in anticipation of the admission of said province of Canada into the American Union. Adopting our own idiom, he inquires if this is not a little "too previous"; and he thinks that before proceeding to apportion Canada, the House of Representatives ought to have required at least "some evidence that there is a disposition on the part of the people of Canada to join their fate with that of the United States." Here the House of Representatives is made responsible for the eccentricity of a single member, and this I rise to complain of as unfair. "I wonder," says Robin, "what our American cousins would say if a member of the House of Commons were to introduce a bill providing for the government of Maine, Massachusetts, and other parts of New England, when the inhabitants of these sections shall express a desire to become part of the Dominion." Well, we should advise him to wrap himself up in his ears, and rest. We should give sympathy, instead of censure, to the House of Commons, and we should wonder how such an inverted statesman ever got out of the lunatic asylum and into Parliament. Will our English cousins charitably look upon our feeble-minded statesmen in the same way?

\* \* \*

In a Chicago paper of this morning I find an editorial article, entitled "Clearing Up a Muddle," and the clearing up is done by stirring up the sediment from the bottom and making the muddle a little thicker than it was. A correspondent in Indiana asked the paper if it was true that the fifty cents merely admitted the visitor to the grounds of the World's Fair, and if it was true that an additional fee was to be charged for admission to each building. In answer, the editor with some irritation says: "It would be idle to search for the origin of this grotesque rumor. Of course, it has no foundation. All the exhibition buildings and all the exhibits under the control of the World's Fair directors are to be seen for the one fee of fifty cents." He then proceeds to lay a very broad and firm foundation for the rumor, in this way: "The Irish, German, Turkish, and Moorish villages, etc., being concessions to individuals and corporations, paid for by private capital, and managed by their owners, are no parts of the World's Fair proper, and these of course take fees from persons who visit them." This explanation may be sufficient, but it says enough to justify the "rumor" that came to the man in Indiana. It shows that there are to be several exhibitions on the grounds, some of them under the control of the Directors, and others not. Besides, there may be more exceptions in the "etc." than in the main statement. It reminds me of the showman who came to Marbletown with a panorama, which he advertised as the "transit of Venius, showing that beautiful planet revolving round the sun in the company of Mercury, Mars, etc." It will be noticed that all the other heavenly bodies were in the "etc."

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One evening a famous temperance lecturer was arrested for being drunk and disorderly. Reproached next morning for the variance between his professions and his practice, he excused himself by saying that although he was religiously opposed to the use of intoxicating liquors, he was not bigoted on that subject. This fable will apply to the Republican convention which met in Chicago yesterday and nominated a candidate for the office of mayor. The Democrats nominated their candidate several days ago, and ever since they did so, they have been subjected to a great deal of patriotic censure, which, by the way, appears to be deserved.

Their candidate has been assailed as the patron and protector of the law-breaking element, the centre of a corrupt "ring," the genius of the "gang," who, if elected, is to make the city hall a sanctuary for the criminal classes. The Republicans having played that inspiring tune for about three weeks with fifty variations, found out all of a sudden that the "law-breaking element" was very large in Chicago, and that it would be just as well to conciliate it for election purposes. So, in order to show that while denouncing law-breaking in the abstract they are not bigoted, they adopted the following resolution:

"That while all ordinances should be enforced, with the view to the suppression of vice, the executive department should construe the laws in the spirit of tolerance, with due regard to the cosmopolitan character of the population of Chicago, so that the customs and habits of the various peoples be not interfered with, nor their personal liberty and individual rights impaired."

Surely nothing can be more liberal than that; and if the "various peoples" who occupy Chicago think there is not enough "tolerance" in it, let them offer such amendments as they desire, and the platform will be made more elastic still. The mayor and the police will respect "the customs and habits of the various peoples," when they happen to run against the statutes of the city. In that case, the laws and ordinances will be "interfered with," but not the customs and the habits. If any man in the city has an unlawful habit it is to be charged up to his nationality, and the frailty itself placed under the protection of a plenary indulgence, granted by the mayor. The resolution is a promise that if the candidate shall be elected, he will "construe the laws in a spirit of tolerance," the meaning of which is that they will not be impartially enforced, and some of them not enforced at all.

\* \* \*

Reading a newspaper a few days ago, I found therein a very attractive advertisement to the effect that any person able to prove that Simpson's extract of cocoa is injurious to health, would receive ten packages of the extract free. This temptation reminded me that in my legal practice I had known men to commit suicide for the benefit of their wives and children, the purpose being to cheat the life-insurance companies. This excellent and pious plan usually failed, and all that the bereaved families got out of it was a lawsuit, the companies refusing to pay, for the reason that suicide broke the policy. A cheap and easy way to "shuffle off this mortal coil," without arousing the suspicion of the insurance companies, is to prove the deleterious nature of that extract, get ten packages of it gratis, and use a portion of it every morning as a slow poison, under the pretence that it is a breakfast beverage. Ten packages would probably be enough to finish anybody, leaving a clear gain to the family of the insurance money, less funeral expenses; and even these may be saved by careful economy, for I find in the Chicago papers the following liberal offer: "Funeral expenses of all persons using Chippewa Spring water exclusively will be paid gratuitously by the Chippewa Spring Water Company, 21 Quincy street." Considering how very expensive it is to die since the passage of the McKinley bill, this generous proposal is worthy the attention of all economical householders. I have ordered a barrel of "Chippewa" for my own use.

\* \* \*

A very aristocratic dinner was given on the 16th of March by the very aristocratic Hamilton Club of Brooklyn, to Mr. Tracy of New York, who filled the office of Secretary of the Navy in the late administration, and who has just retired from that important place. "By a happy coincidence," as the paper joyfully said, "the new Secretary of the Navy, Hilary A. Herbert, was enabled to be present," paying a compliment gracefully non-partisan, and in harmony with the spirit of the banquet. Of course, there was a liberal exchange of civilities, in the line of mutual admiration between the two Secretaries, but that sort of thing, unless it is "too much done," smooths the rough edges of social intercourse,



and adds to the charm of life. Wealth, luxury, rank, elegance, and eloquence graced the banquet, and every guest was in the full dress uniform of gentility, yet the speeches forced once more into prominence the humiliating question: "Is the United States a gentleman?" Shall we never learn, while respecting ourselves, to respect the feelings of others? Where is that gentle courtesy and sign of high breeding which often flashes from the instinct of a common laborer, and which many men of rank and money seem utterly unable to show? Can we never meet around the banquet board without boasting, like prize-fighters in their drink, that we are able to whip somebody or anybody? It was entirely proper for Mr. Tracy to boast that he had built a navy, but the comparisons he made might have come out-of the "forecastle," they showed such lack of magnanimity and good taste. Selecting Germany for objective illustration, and caring nothing for the feelings of the Germans at the table, Mr. Tracy said:

"I am aware that this is the first public announcement of our superiority to Germany, but the statement is made not unadvisedly, but after careful comparison of the two navies, ship by ship. From such comparison it appears that with the ships which constitute the fighting force of the two governments the United States can throw in any one direction at a single discharge 31,000 pounds of metal against 25,000 pounds by Germany. In speed and efficiency our cruisers far surpass those of the German navy."

Then follows some hundred-ton bombast to the effect that "ship by ship there is nothing in the world superior to the ships of recent American design and construction." "I know this is good poetry," said an author to an editor, "for I wrote it myself." "I know," says Mr. Tracy, "that there is 'nothing in the world' superior to our ships, for I built them." The explanation of all this glorification of ourselves comes from that "Rule Britannia" spirit of defiance, which we have inherited from England, and which we have expanded to the continental size of the American republic. But there is a proper place for it. Without offending anybody a party of Englishmen roystering at a tavern may proclaim in song, for the patriotic encouragement of one another, that their nation "rules the waves"; but we may be sure of this, that Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., when he was at the head of the Queen's navee, or afterwards, would never at a banquet, in a speech made for publication, direct the attention of the nations to the naval weakness of a friendly power. M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE LYNCHING AT PARIS, TEXAS.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

I must protest against the article of Dr. Oswald, defending the burning and torture of the negro criminal at Paris, Texas. I do not believe that this crime against Texas was due to any political interest, but was simply due to a false standard of ethics, which is common in the less civilised parts of the South and the Far West. If the law is not able to take care of such people, as the negro who was burned, then the country is uncivilised. But I suppose that the law is perfectly able to do right for the people in that part of Texas. I believe that such acts are due in this, as in most other such cases, to a desire to gratify a disposition to sanguinary cruelty, which exists in some people of the baser sort. Such people take pleasure in committing a murder, if they think they can do so without punishment. This is the real motive behind lynchings. The crime, or supposed crime, of the prisoner is the excuse, but it is evident that a desire to do justice is not the principal motive in such acts. Governor Hogg did well to denounce the crime of Paris, and the prosecuting attorney would have the support of the civilised people of the United States in seeing that its perpetrators are punished. As to the town, the sooner its name is changed the better, if it is to remain on the map.

Yours very truly,

E. D. COPE.

## NOTES.

German, gymnastics, singing, sewing, drawing, and modelling in clay have been branded as "fads," the latter being honored by the special name of mud-pie making.

It is most ridiculous to regard the training of the voice and hand, the drill of the body as a useless specialty that can be dispensed with. Still more ridiculous is the statement that the city of Chicago has no means to pay for these disciplines. If we have no means for these important branches of education, let us rather abolish our whole public school system, for in that case our public schools will soon be degraded into pauper schools.

Chicago is over a third German, perhaps more, and it is highly advisable that the children of German parents should receive some good instruction in the language of their parents. This is necessary lest parents and children be estranged, which would destroy in their homes the wholesome moral influence of the former upon the latter; and it will be beneficial, for the German spirit will in this way be preserved, and many good qualities of the German nationality will thus be introduced into American life.

The teaching of German should, as a matter of course, be conducted with discretion. German should not be obligatory to such an extent as to force it upon those to whom it would be a burden, although there are instances among children of Anglo-American and Irish descent who gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to learn German. Nor should German be taught with a view of supplanting the English. Aspirations of this kind will not have and do not find any sympathy in leading German circles. There is no danger that the German language will crowd out or suppress the English.

The mere idea of regarding such important branches of education as fads is folly. How much wiser it would be to reduce or drop the monotonous spelling lessons. Spelling might easily be taught in a more ingenious and more systematic way than is done at present. Spelling, as taught at present, is not a fad, but a nuisance.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 292. (VOL. VII.—13.)

CHICAGO, MARCH 30, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## VAMPIRE LORE.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THERE are vampires in these days. We know that European peasants still claim to have seen them. And so, there should be no doubt whatever that there are such monsters. Else, why are Hungarians, Poles, Wallachians, and other Slavonic peoples so afraid of the blood-sucking and blood-thirsty dead? For, as every peasant in Transylvania knows, wicked men come back after death as vampires. According to Dr. Friedrich Krauss, the belief in vampires is universal among the Kroats and Slavonians.\*

Now, what do you think the village people do in order to keep vampires away? Why, as soon as the suspected person is dead, they burn the straw upon which the body lay. Then, they lock up all the cats and dogs, for, if these animals stepped over the corpse, the person would come back as a vampire (Bukodlak) and would suck the blood of the village folk. There is no doubt about it.†

Another simple but barbarous plan is to drive a white-thorn stake through the dead body. That will render the vampire harmless (*macht man den Vampyr unschädlich*). To this day the peasants in Bukowina drive an ash stake through the breast of the corpses of suicides and vampires.‡ This brutal treatment of suicides was once common in England and Scotland. The Wallachians drive a long nail through the skull, and lay the thorny stem of a wild rosebush on the corpse.§ In very bad or obstinate cases, the Roumanian peasant cuts off the head and puts it back into the coffin with the mouth filled with garlic. Sometimes they take out the heart, burn it, and strew the ashes over the grave.||

All these and many other precautions are still taken by village folk in Europe to keep vampires away. And yet, no vampire has ever been caught in the act. No specimens are to be found in the Museum of Nat-

ural History. There are, of course, some people who will doubt their existence.

Not so, however, with the Roumanian peasant. He believes in the vampire, or *Nosferatu*, "as firmly as he does in heaven or hell." What do you think of that? The Roumanians have two kinds of vampires—living and dead. You will be interested in knowing what a "living vampire" is. Well, the living vampire is the illegitimate offspring of two illegitimate persons. But, as the writer on "Transylvanian Superstitions" in the *Nineteenth Century* remarks, "even a flawless pedigree will not ensure any one against the intrusion of a vampire into his family vault, since every person killed by a *Nosferatu* becomes likewise a vampire after death, and will continue to suck the blood of other innocent people." As to precautions taken for the purpose of exorcising or laying the vampire, we are told that "there are few Roumanian villages where such has not taken place within the memory of the inhabitants."

The question is often asked, What is a vampire? I am sure I don't know. An old eighteenth century authority, Horst, says that it is a "dead body which continues to live in the grave, which it leaves, however, by night for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished and preserved in good condition, instead of becoming decomposed like other dead bodies."

What does a vampire look like? Does it take the form of a ghost or spirit, or does it assume the same appearance as a person in the material state? Yes and no. It comes at night by your bedside as a horrid Shape. It has a human figure and face; its eyes are glassy; its mouth is bloody; its flesh is livid.

Early in the eighteenth century (from 1727 to 1735) a sort of vampire fever or epidemic broke out in the Southeast of Europe, especially among the people of Hungary and Servia. These dreadful beings called vampires sucked the blood of the whole village; they not only nourished themselves, but they infected others, and so propagated vampirism. It was a terrible thing, for no one knew how or when he might be bitten by the awful monster. The probable state of mind and

\* *Die Vereinigten Königreiche Kroatien und Slavonien*. Vienna. 1889, p. 122.

† Do., p. 119.

‡ *Am Ur-Quell*. 1891, p. 12.

§ Frazer in *Contemporary Review*. August, 1885.

|| Emily De Gerard in *Nineteenth Century*. September, 1885.



situation has been described by a modern writer in the following manner :

"You are lying in your bed at night, when you see, by the faint light, a Shape entering at the door and gliding toward you with a long sigh. The thing moves along the air as if by the mere act of volition. You lie still—like one under the influence of a nightmare—and the thing floats slowly over you. Presently you fall into a dead sleep or swoon, returning, up to the last moment of consciousness, the fixed and glassy stare of the phantom. When you awake in the morning you think it is all a dream, until you perceive a small, blue, deadly-looking spot on your chest near the heart; and the truth flashes on you. You say nothing to your friends; but you know you are a doomed man—and you know rightly. Every night comes the terrible Shape to your bedside, and sucks your life-blood in your sleep.

"Day after day you grow paler and more languid; your face becomes livid, your eyes leaden, your cheeks hollow. Your friends advise you to seek medical aid, to take a change of air, but you are aware that it is all in vain. You therefore keep your fearful secret to yourself and pine, and droop, and languish, till you die. When you are dead, (if you will be so kind as to suppose yourself in that predicament,) the most horrible part of the business commences. You are then yourself forced to become a Vampire and to create fresh victims, who, as they die, add to the phantom stock."

Such was the terrible hallucination that seized people in the last century. The result was a genuine panic. Every one became badly scared, nervous, and afraid of being made a vampire against his will. Hundreds of people died under the belief that they had been bitten by these blood-sucking monsters. The emperor issued military commissions, and the graves of the alleged vampires were opened in the presence of medical men. Some of the bodies were found well preserved, with life-like complexions, and with fresh skin and nails growing.

There is little doubt (in my mind) that many persons were actually buried alive. The prominent fact, testified to by medical and military men, is that the bodies often presented a most natural and life-like appearance. The only explanation is that such persons were buried alive. Dr. Mayo quotes from an old German writer the following gruesome account of a vampire execution: "When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a color, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale the fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice: 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech and turned and rolled as if it had been alive—and the grave was full of blood." Of

course, the wretched man was alive, just as surely as he was murdered.

The authority for the eighteenth century history of vampires is a work by M. Calmet, the celebrated author of the "History of the Bible." He has given an account of the epidemic in his "Dissertations on the Ghosts and Vampires of Hungary." The subject was treated by Voltaire in his "Philosophical Dictionary" in his usual bantering, semi-sneering style. He traces the idea of vampires back to the *modern* Greeks, who believed in dreadful beings called "Brucolacs." The connection is indisputable. The Slavonic vampire is the Greek vampire with some changes. "The ideas about vampires," says Mr. Ralston, "are identical among the Greeks and Slavonians, the name for a vampire being one of the very few words of Slavonic origin in Modern Greek."

Now, when a superstition is widely spread in Europe, as the belief in vampires certainly was in the eighteenth century, we naturally expect to find traces of it in ancient times and among uncivilised peoples. That is just what we do find in the classical authors and in the accounts of travellers. Indeed, we might show that the vampire superstition originated in certain ancient beliefs and observances touching the dead—seen in the various precautions taken to guard against the return of the ghosts of people, good and bad.

There are vampires in these days. But they are very different beings from those that worried the Greeks and scared the people of the last century.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LEGERDEMAIN.

BY MAX DESSOIR.

##### II.

The artist in magic must be able to point to a very intricate table of ancestry. He must have descended on his mother's side in a direct line from the Witch of Endor, on his father's side from the magician Merlin; he must have had Zornebogk and Sykorax for his god-parents, and Faust's witch for his nurse. In other words, the juggler must be born to his profession.

*Non cuivis hominum contingit adire Corinthum.*

The modern magician must have an abundant measure of the same qualities as the physician. He must inspire confidence. The spectator must implicitly believe him when he says he holds an orange in his left hand, although the latter may have already gradually wandered over to the right hand. This ability to captivate the sympathies of the public from the first moment, so that those present, without exception, willingly follow the intention of the artist, is not a thing to be learned, and yet in just such a disposition of the audience consists the greatest help of the performer.



For the means by which he performs his wonders is not great speed of action. Strictly speaking, the word "prestidigitation" is not well chosen. It is true that the skilful actor awakens in the uninitiated the belief that all is taking place so quickly and adroitly that one cannot possibly see it, yet in reality he makes the necessary movements with the greatest composure and deliberation. Success lies in the *ars artem celandi*, the art of so influencing the observer that one can do everything before his nose without his noticing it. Also in this second important requirement of an adept, talent is necessary. I have seen many an amateur, who would have accomplished very neat results had he not been possessed of the deceitful delusion that he must make a show of his dexterity. The charm of this art consists not in the fact that the spectator is astonished at the wonderful swiftness employed, but rather in the fact that he accepts the explanations as conclusive, and goes home with the feeling of having spent an hour in a real wonder-world. Esthetically, the latter effect ranks incomparably higher than the former and lifts prestidigitation above the sphere of jugglery. This is the reason why men from the best circles of society take up sleight-of-hand performances without compunction, while the same ones would never think of performing equilibristic feats.

There is also another reason why haste and confusion should be avoided. The public needs time to see and understand the import of the movements, and if, for instance, the second phase of a transformation is given before the first has been sufficiently displayed, if, in changing an orange into an apple, no one has noticed that the original object was an orange, naturally the whole trick is a failure. Therefore, the skilful player needs extraordinary composure, and this, likewise, is not the gift of every one. Further, besides a confidence-inspiring presence and impressive calmness, he must possess the ability to create about him a mysterious atmosphere, in which the spectator, on the one hand, will regard anything, even the incredible, as possible, and, on the other hand, will regard all things, even the simple, as wonderful. In this direction lies the psychological significance of many little devices, which the expert is wont to use. Instead of providing the needed dollar, he charms it from the nose of a strange man. He does not put his gloves into his pocket like ordinary men, but rolls them out of sight in his hands, and so forth, until finally the observer no longer sees how he can escape from such a labyrinth of witchcraft and falls into a humor which materially promotes the task of the performer.

Still the chief secret of all prestidigitation consists in leading the thoughts of the audience in such paths that the development of the trick appears for the moment as the natural result of the artfully presented

causes. The audience must say to itself: "This card has been transformed *by a simple breath*"; thus completing the line of thought which has been suggested by the performer by every possible means. But now reason comes in and exclaims: "It is impossible that the ace of hearts should be transformed into the knave of spades by a breath," and from this illogical concurrence of two self-contradictory ideas rises the agreeable consciousness of illusion.

As the subjective condition of the above-mentioned psychological foundation of all magic arts, must be mentioned faith in one's self. The actor, from the moment he takes the cards in his hand, must be imbued with the conviction that he can now actually command them at his pleasure; every sentence must come from his lips as a real magic formula, and his own false assertions must appear to him almost as true. Conviction is only produced by conviction. Much depends, further, upon the skilful grouping of tricks, by which means a comparatively simple artifice fulfils a convenient office as a pedagogical preparation for a greater wonder, and mental associations are formed which are extremely favorable to the outcome of the experiment. Most important, however, remains the art of execution as regards speech and gesture. On this point no general rules can be laid down; perhaps an illustration may serve to make clear the meaning.

The well known disappearance of a dollar presents itself as an example. The directions run as follows: Hold the dollar between the thumb and middle finger of the left hand, then seize it apparently with the right hand, close the right hand and show the latter to the audience contrary to their expectations, as empty. The whole trick consists in the fact that at the moment when the right hand grasps at the dollar, the latter is let go by the fingers that hold it, and slips down into the left palm and remains hidden there. And now see how this very simple trick is performed by a first-class artist like Hermann. Hermann first takes the dollar and throws it several times upon the wooden surface of the table, in order, as he says, to show that he is dealing with a real, hard dollar. In reality, however, he thereby awakens in every one the unconscious notion that a thing that makes so much noise cannot possibly disappear noiselessly, which considerably heightens the effect of the trick, and, besides, the clear resounding tone deafens and confuses the spectators to such a degree that they follow the rest of the performance in a half-hypnotic condition. Then Hermann takes the dollar in his left hand, looks with a searching glance at the right as if it were to become the principal actor, and grasps at the coin. This grasp has in it something so convincing that one could swear that the right hand has seized the dollar and holds it fast; even the position of the fingers is appropriately adapted to the



supposed fact. The moment the grasp is made, the right hand passes to one side, and the accompaniment of the entire body, the bending of the head slightly forward, the glance of the eye, compel the spectators to follow this hand. In the meantime the left hand turns towards the body and points with the two first fingers at the right hand while the other two fingers tightly hold the dollar so as to be concealed from above by the thumb. When by such suggestions, and especially by the remarks of the voluble performer, the entire attention of the audience has been concentrated on the right hand, and each one makes up his mind to watch exactly how the dollar is going to disappear, Hermann makes slight convulsive movements with his fingers, thus constantly drawing them further away from the thumb, and says, appearing himself to be most intensely interested in this remarkable phenomenon: "Now see, ladies and gentlemen, how the dollar grows smaller, smaller, and ever smaller, and now look you, it has entirely disappeared!" Then he opens his fingers widely, his figure, which before seemed absorbed in the consideration of the magic hand, straightens itself, and his glittering eyes seem to say, "It was certainly a very strange affair about that dollar."

But how, the reader will ask, can one train himself to become such a master in magic? First of all, of course, it is necessary to practice, and practice, and always practice. One advances from the simpler to the more difficult steps, by always practicing the trick first in its constituent parts, then as a whole. Beyond this, however, no instructions would be becoming to me as an amateur; even this small part of the information obtainable from teachers and books, contains only a few important psychological elements. As soon as the technical side of a trick has been faultlessly mastered, the learner must turn his attention to the dramatic side, which, in the matter of execution, is of the greatest importance. In order to obtain in each process the greatest possible appearance of naturalness, it is recommended always to work before a mirror. In this practice the student must actually do what he later *pretends* to do in the performances, viz., he must closely watch the positions and movements of his hands, and copy them with painful exactness, to remove all distinctions between the reality and the illusion. Above all things, he must accustom himself to follow with his eyes the hand that seems to contain the object, as this is the surest means of directing the eyes and attention of the audience in the same direction.

It has already been said that the most important senses for the practice of our art are touch and sight. Their methodic education remains the chief task of the would-be prestidigitateur. It is recommendable, therefore, to pass some time in a jugglers' training school, to acquire the power of accommodating one's

muscles. In the investigation of the so-called muscular sense I have personally had frequent dealings with jugglers, and I must admit that the delicate sensitiveness of these people for the slightest variations of equilibrium, and the adaptability of their movements borders upon the incredible. As an illustration a Japanese, in my presence, kept four balls of different weights in the air, while at the same time he read aloud from an English book; he was able, therefore, accurately to measure the lines of throw and guide the movements of the hands to correspond with them, although eyes and attention were busy in another direction. The French prestidigitateur Cazeneuve possesses a similarly astonishing sensibility of the sense of touch. Cazeneuve can pick up at one grasp from any pack of cards, any number of cards desired. If one wishes six cards his hand reaches down and picks up exactly six; if one wishes twenty, the same performance; if one calls for thirteen, thirty, twenty-four, the same result follows, with few exceptions. What a marvellous sensitiveness to the slight variations of thickness is necessary to do this, one can best understand by trying it for himself.

On the education of the sense of sight some excellent hints are given by Robert-Houdin. Robert had always admired the power of the pianist to comprehend a large number of black characters at a single glance, and to translate them first into ideas, and then into movements. He saw that this appreciative perception was capable of a peculiar development as soon as it should be applied to intelligence and memory. He therefore began a series of experiments, to the explanation of which I must devote a few words. It is well known that the ordinary man can assign at a glance the sum of a small number of objects, the limit of which is about five. He can tell without hesitation whether two or three or four or five pieces of money are lying together. But as soon as the number is increased a short deliberation is necessary and only exceptionally gifted individuals are able to guess correctly a larger number at sight. Robert now undertook, in company with his young son Emil, to cultivate their originally mediocre gift of perception so as to be able to recognise the number of domino blocks thrown out at random. After weeks of effort the maximum limit was extended to twelve. Then Robert changed the experiment employing different objects instead of similar ones. For this purpose he daily traversed the streets with his son. As soon as they came to a show-window filled with all kinds of wares, they cast a comprehensive glance into it, stepped a few paces away and noted the objects which they had seen in that short time. At first they could get sight of at most only four or five, but after a few months they raised the number to thirty, the boy indeed often seeing as many as forty. With the aid of this abnormally developed gift of perception Robert-



Houdin accomplished some of his most brilliant tricks, to which belonged the experiment of second sight. We can now also readily explain his so-called "clairvoyance" which excited the attention of the whole world in the fourth and fifth decades. The father gathered upon a platter a number of objects, we may suppose twenty, and turned for a half minute so that the boy could see them.\* Then the boy could readily tell the number of objects and perhaps describe them. Whatever he lacked was imparted to him by an ingenious signal-code. This code was specially employed when the objects were wrapped up. In that case Robert engaged the giver in a short conversation, and employed the time thus gained to bore a small opening into the covering with the carefully pointed nail of his right thumb, thus detecting with the eagle eye of a former mechanic, its contents. It is astonishing to learn what miraculous feats were performed in this manner.

Our author also tells us that these studies were helpful to him in another direction, viz., they acquired for him the ability to follow, to a certain extent, two lines of thought at the same time: to think, not only of what he was doing, but also of what he was saying,—two very different things in the case of a sleight-of-hand artist. In fact, it is a principal task of the performer to operate with his hands entirely independently of the activity of the rest of his body, and to execute the necessary tricks without the slightest reference to those portions of the body not needed. The fingers must form a mechanism acting with absolute independence. Only when this is the case can the performer observe with sufficient care the countenances of the audience, and guard against the dangers threatening on every hand. Thus armed, he is practically unassailable. The skilled artist never on any account fails in a trick.

The ease of execution is perhaps the only thing that depends upon the public. The uneducated person is far more difficult to deceive than the cultivated; for the former sees at every turn an avowed mistrust of his intelligence, an attempt to dupe him, against which he contends with all his strength, while the latter surrenders himself without resistance to the illusion, for he has come for the sole purpose of being deceived. One can hardly believe what artlessness is occasionally displayed by the most cultured people. I have heard a professor, in the well-known ring game, declare that he had tested all of the eight rings, when in reality he had received only two in his hand; and I myself have often ventured to count a number of cards in the reverse order from that agreed upon, without any one making objection. The ex-

planation of this lies in two primary functions of our psychic organism—association and imitation. The following chapter will discuss their relations to the art of illusion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE ASSOCIATION PHILOSOPHY.

ASSOCIATION (from the Latin *ad*, "to," and *socius*, "an ally") originally denotes the act of becoming, or the state of being, a confederate, and is generally used in the sense of a connection of persons, things, or ideas.

The association of ideas plays an important part in psychology. Ideas which are somehow related possess the quality of involuntarily calling one another into consciousness. Our mind is full of associations, and our brain is filled with commissural fibres which may fairly be regarded as the paths of association.

Psychologists have taken much pains to formulate the laws of association, and have come to the conclusion that there are different kinds of associations, among which have to be mentioned those by contiguity, similarity, and contrast.

If two impressions have been made simultaneously, the one will recall the other. This is called the association of contiguity, and this contiguity may be one of time or one of space: it may be simultaneity or a coincidence of events in one and the same place, or both.

Further, suppose a child has seen an elephant for the first time in a menagerie, and now sees another in a Barnum street-parade, he will think of the first elephant and also of the surroundings in which he saw him. The present image of the street-parade elephant is said to be associated with and awakens the memory-image of the menagerie elephant (this is called association by similarity), and at the same time calls to mind the contiguous impressions with which it is incidentally connected. (This latter being association by contiguity.)

Now imagine a philosopher, who has devoted his life to a study of the schoolmen and their quarrels. As soon as he hears the word "nominalist," he thinks of their opponents, the "realists." These names are closely connected in his brain, and this connection is called association by "contrast."

The explanation of these facts appears simple enough. Two impressions are made at the same time, and it is natural that their traces should be as closely connected as were their original ideas. Moreover, that ideas will revive those memory-images to which they bear a strong resemblance is easily explained by the theory that every nervous shock must naturally travel on the path of least resistance.

The fact that ideas are actually associated among

\* The eyes of the boy were indeed blinded. Still there always remained a little slit below for peeping through as long as wadding or sticking-plaster were not used; and that of course was not done in public performances.



each other, together with the obvious simplicity with which this fact can be explained, induced a great number of psychologists to believe that the theory of association affords a key to all the problems of the soul. The psychology of association is represented by Hobbes, Hume, Hartley, the two Mills, Herbert Spencer, Höffding, and others, and it may be said to be in full bloom to-day.

The association of ideas is a very important factor in soul-life, but it does not explain those problems which have caused the greatest difficulties to our philosophers. The association of ideas does not explain the origin of concepts, of generalisations, of abstracts; it does not explain the origin of reason; it does not explain the origin of the idea of necessary connection which we attribute to certain relations.

The association philosophy is an error, because it applies one special thing (the association of ideas) to the whole realm of psychical life, and thus makes of it a fundamental principle in philosophy. The association philosopher resolves all the more complex psychical facts into associations of single sense-impressions; he regards the idea of causation as a mere association of a frequently repeated sequence; thus making reason a mere incidental and purely subjective habit of association, and depriving it of stringent authority, objectivity, and necessity.

Let us first consider the psychological mistakes of the association philosophy. Generic images do not originate by association, but by fusion. Many images are superimposed like composite photographs and form a composite image, in which all the common features are strongly marked, while the incongruent features appear blurred. The association of ideas is quite another and, indeed, a very different process from the blending of images. The former preserves the single pictures distinct, the latter welds all particular impressions into a higher and more general unity.

He who fails to distinguish these two processes, association and fusion, and tries to conceive of a generic image as the product of association, will be perplexed in many ways, and indeed, almost all the attempts that have been made to explain association by similarity from that by contiguity, or *vice versa*, bear evidence of the sad confusion that prevails among the association philosophers. Some of them despair of reducing the various associations to unity, and either ask us to look upon it as an evidence of dualism or declare that the mystery is too deep for our comprehension.

The process of causation has, in the conception of the association philosophy, ceased to be a necessary event and has become a mere sequence, which is at best an invariable sequence. Thus the bond of union that holds the world together as one inseparable

whole is lost, and all events become isolated particulars, single happenings without any intrinsic and necessary interconnection. The universe, which to us is a systematic and consistent cosmos, is, from the standpoint of the association philosophy, comparable to a bag of innumerable peas; many events happen to follow the one upon the other, but there is no true necessity, no real causation, no intrinsic order or harmony.

The association philosophy stands upon the principle that all knowledge is derived from experience. So far, good! But the association philosophers, having inherited all the errors of sensationalism, take the idea "experience" in the limited sense of the word. They see isolated phenomena only and are not aware of the bond of union which permeates the whole realm of existence, giving rise to the uniformities which science formulates into natural laws. The possibility of formulating a law of nature appears, from their standpoint, as an insoluble mystery.

The association philosophy fails to satisfy the demands that must be made of a philosophy. It leaves the most important problems unexplained, and in addition, involves us on the ground of its assumption and hypotheses into such intricacies that we are ultimately landed either in scepticism, or agnosticism, or mysticism; and something must be wrong in a system of explanations, a philosophy, or a science, which comes to the conclusion that we cannot explain things, that they are unknowable or utterly mysterious.

The association philosophy forms a contrast to Kant's apriorism. The philosophy which we propose avoids the fallacies of Kantian apriorism on the one hand and of the association philosophy on the other hand. Our view does not end in agnosticism or mysticism, but affords a satisfactory explanation of why we attribute to the formal sciences necessity and universality. It explains how mind originates, how general ideas are formed, how knowledge (and not only mere opinion) is possible, and teaches us the usage of the proper methods of scientific inquiry. P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE religious discord at the penitentiary still continues, and the convicts are in spiritual revolt against the chaplain. Last Sunday more than one-third of the prisoners refused to go to chapel, for the reason that the pastor had inflicted upon them unnecessary mental torture, and the way he did it was by preaching at them three sermons, one after the other, on the Prodigal Son. The prisoners complain of this as a violation of the constitution, which declares that "cruel or unusual punishments shall not be inflicted"; and they assert that preaching three sermons at them from the parable of the Prodigal is an act of unconstitutional severity. To convicts the story is uncomfortably personal, and pulpit courtesy requires that it be not mentioned in good penitentiary society. Although few of them have any future, every convict has a past, and every one of them remembers a father who would gladly welcome him home and celebrate repentance with a feast. To a man



whose life has been unlucky and whose character has been warped by accidents that look like evil spirits, the fable of the Prodigal Son contains a personal reproach, harder to bear when it comes from the pulpit than from anywhere else, because the preacher always leaves out of it the lesson of human mercy and forgiveness. He offers divine reconciliation and a spiritual fatted calf, but of human charity, nothing. Wearing on his very soul, as on his clothes, the stripes of human vengeance, the outcast felon feels that the parable is a mockery of his despair. It may do very well for the mahogany pews, where it applies to nobody in particular, but for the penitentiary it is too personal altogether. In refusing to be lectured and tantalised three consecutive Sundays as a congregation of prodigal sons for whom the "welfare of society" requires that no fatted calf shall ever be provided in this world, the convicts displayed a praiseworthy moral spirit that entitles them to sympathy. When the sanguinary Draconian code prevailed in England, a judge having sentenced a man to be hanged for "counterfeiting the coins," imposed upon him also this pious benediction, "and may you find in the next world that mercy which a due regard for a sound currency forbids you to expect in this."

I think it was William Shakespeare who said that we might find "sermons in stones"; to which I desire to offer the following amendment, "and in stone buildings, too," such, for instance, as the massive and magnificent Auditorium in Chicago. No doubt, we might find a geological sermon in every stone of that imposing edifice, but I refer now to sociological sermons, two of which have come to me from that building within ten days. Last Monday week, the Apollo Club gave at the Auditorium its first rendition of the splendid oratorio "Elijah," but it was given on "Wage-workers' night," one of the nights when "wage-workers" are admitted to the Auditorium concerts at prices within their means. The very next night, at the same place, the Apollos gave the same performance, without the variation of a note, and this was the opportunity of Snobdom to divide the people into high-caste and low-caste clans. The second performance was given on "Subscribers' night," when the fashionable people patronise the music, and this was a chance for the press to wriggle at the feet of the "higher classes"; a chance ingeniously improved by abolishing the "wage-workers" altogether from the face of the earth, or ignoring their existence, which, in spirit, amounts to the same thing. So on Wednesday morning some of the papers calmly annihilated the first concert and the wage-workers, too, by reporting that "last night the Apollo Club gave its first performance of "Elijah" at the Auditorium." They knew it was the second performance, but "Wage-workers' night," being base and plebeian, it was stricken out of our genteel chronology, as if it had never been.

Fortunately for us, an antidote to class-proscription lies in the levelling power of the ballot, as will appear in the second sermon that I spoke of, and of which the following clipping is the text and argument. An exciting campaign being just now "booming" between rival candidates for the office of mayor, the "business principles" candidate, a very rich and conspicuous member of the higher classes, held at that same Auditorium last night a mighty meeting, which is thus dramatically described by the press in a comical jargon of humility and pride, of puffery and patronage:

"The character of the audience was impressive in itself. It was an inspiring reflex of true democracy. The richly carved and curtained boxes have been occupied often by men and women whose homes are palaces. Such men and women were in these boxes last night, too, but they sat side by side with those whose lives are a constant struggle and who are strangers to the trappings of wealth. There were no reserved seats, and from box and sweeping gallery the millionaire and mechanic joined in the cry for the vindication of Chicago and the saving of the honour of its name."

Only a week ago the presence of the "mechanic" at the Auditorium was not allowed mention in the papers, but suddenly, when

his vote is needed, he is not only welcomed there, but his presence is gratefully acknowledged as an act of magnanimity and condescension. The "richly carved and curtained boxes" are hardly good enough for him, and even his wife, "strange to the trappings of wealth," sits among women whose "homes are palaces." The ballot-box may be an imitation of Pandora's, and evil spirits may have come out of it, but there is hope at the bottom of it after all. It levels up the lowly, and it levels down the proud; and liberty is never safe except where there are plenty of elections. A vote is not only the symbol, but also the expression of equality; and it is the substance, too.

Besides the good-natured caricatures in books that give so much amusement are those living caricatures of manners who walk about and do such entertaining and fantastic things. Take, for example, that reverend gentleman who is always ready to "ask the divine blessing" on any coming incident or accident, from an earthquake or a battle, down to a democratic ticket or dinner or a play. Last Saturday there was cast at a foundry in Chicago a silver statue of Miss Ada Rehan, an actress famous for her stately form and rounded symmetry. The image is eight feet high, and the silver it contains if minted into coins would make one hundred thousand dollars. It will form a part of the exhibit contributed by the State of Montana to the World's Fair, and it will symbolise with dazzling splendor the mineral riches of that state. A sword in the right hand and a pair of scales in the left make Miss Rehan classic, and she becomes idealised as "Justice." The old pocket-handkerchief by which Justice is usually blindfolded is omitted in this case, probably because the lady did not care to hide her beauty for the sake of mere mythological truth. However that may be, the statue was cast last Saturday, and when the precious metal was at the boiling point, and everything was ready to pour it into the mold, the ubiquitous reverend gentleman appeared on the scene to "ask the divine blessing," but whether on the actress, or the statue, or the State of Montana, or on the pagan goddess we shall never know, for just as he had given thanks for "the treasure placed in the bowels of the earth," and the metal was just done to a turn, the "diminutive Frenchman"—I quote from the newspaper account—the diminutive Frenchman who "had charge of the cast," fearing that the "divine blessing" might impair the work by allowing the silver to cool even for an instant "cut the prayer short," pulled the lever, and turned the hot silver into the mold. Yesterday twenty-three young gentlemen graduated at the college of dentistry, and sure enough, right at the beginning of the ceremonies appeared that very same reverend gentleman to "ask the divine blessing" on the forceps and the nippers and the other implements of torture used in the tooth-pulling trade.

On the 8th of last November sentence of reversal was passed by the American people against some laws and policies which had been enacted by the Republican party then in power, and the Democratic party was put in control of the Presidency and both houses of Congress to carry the sentence into effect as soon as possible. The heavy burden laid by those laws and policies upon the toilers and the poor, and upon all industry and business had been for five months the campaign fuel of the Democratic party, firing the popular heart and dissolving the Republican administration in the "boiling indignation" of a tax-ridden people. The key-note pitched by the Chicago platform resounded like a "bugle blast" across the continent, and the battle song of "reform" blazed on the banners of the marching clubs. As soon as the election was over we discovered that all the patriotic tumult was theatrical bugle and blaze, mere "sound and fury signifying nothing." Some harmless innocents with consistent minds thought that as the leaders of the Democratic party were suffering so much mental and spiritual distress because of the people's woes, Congress would be



convened in special session immediately after the 4th of March to "undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free"; and even down to yesterday there were people actually at large who believed that an extra session would be called. They do not think so now, for this morning's news from Washington settles the question thus: "Mr. Holman of Indiana, who called at the White House to-day, is authority for the statement that there will not be an extra session of Congress unless some condition not now existing arises." So the promise of reform vanishes from this practical solid earth into the ideal sky. Only politicians who have held office, as I have, know how its honors and rewards help a man to look with resignation and even with complacency upon the hardships of the people.

\* \* \*

Within twenty days of the election, when the democratic papers, flushed with victory, were exulting in the prospect of an extra session of Congress, I had the presumption to announce in *The Open Court* that there would not be an extra session, unless to avert national insolvency, and I gave as my authority the very genius of regal power testifying on every page of history that rulers never convoke parliaments to help the people, but always to relieve the government. It matters not by what official name the chief magistrate is known. President, Emperor, or King, he is always jealous of the legislature. The luxury of dominion, the ambition to excel in kingcraft, and the freedom from parliamentary control tempt him to be absolute as long as he can, and the temptation is not easy to be resisted. There is nothing abnormal or criminal in this; it is elemental in our natures, consistent with human pride, and it was always so. Nearly three hundred years ago Ben Jonson, in one of his plays, moralised thus: "In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable thing not to be counselled." That proposition is philosophically true, and as applicable to presidential sovereignty as to any other. During the first nine months of his reign the President feels that "it is a most happy thing not to be compelled" by Congress; and he is not likely to be miserable for want of counsel, for his cabinet advisers will give him plenty of that, and of the most flattering and agreeable kind. The pronunciamiento is that "there will be no extra session of Congress, unless some condition not now existing arises"; and as the present condition is the very same condition that prevailed last year, what was all the election turmoil for? We have now the same conditions that the winning party so pathetically deplored last year, and which their victory was to cure. Reform is always in order; and evil cannot cease too soon.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## LONGING FOR FREEDOM.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

Waft me on thy wings, O wind,  
Where the white clouds lie  
Sleeping, or, with quiet grace,  
Wandering o'er the sky!

Sing celestial lullabies,  
To my soul oppressed,—  
Ah! as freely as the clouds  
Let me roam or rest!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE ABSOLUTE.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Your article in *The Open Court*, No. 290, entitled "The Absolute," commands my assent, except in three things—Truth, Time, and Space. These, to my mind, are infinite, eternal, independent, unrelated, unconditioned, absolute entities. They are not attributes, but absolutes.

Truth is what is, as it is; and if there were nothing, the truth would be that there was nothing, as it now is that there is a creation.

Time is a moving now, and eternity is the now continued forever. If there were nothing, the eternal now would exist the same as it does in the creation.

Space is what cannot be excluded; and whether there be nothing, or a creation, space will still be there.

In short, whether there be a creation or not, or a Creator or not, truth, time, and space were, are, and must be.

For my own part, in my own mind, I cannot disconceive these concepts as verities—self-existent, uncreated, unrelated, unconditioned, infinite, eternal entities, which cannot be annihilated nor changed; and without which nothing could be. There could not be a creation without truth being there; nor without time being there; nor without space being there—for these are forever everywhere, in infinity and eternity; and they are indispensably essential to the existence of the minutest molecule. With due respect, I am,

Yours truly,

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

[Time is eternal, Space is infinite, Truth is irrefragable. If we understand "absolute" to mean the eternal, the infinite, and that which cannot be twisted or altered, which is rigidly determinable and irrefragable, time, space, and truth are to be called absolute. It is true that their existence is "indispensably essential to the existence of the minutest molecule"; but are they for that reason "self-existent, unrelated, or unconditioned"? Time is the measure of motion, Space is the possibility of motion. What sense would there be in the ideas time and space if there were no motions? Try to think of absolute time or absolute space. Suppose there were no object in the world and not even points in motion. The truth is that we cannot think time and space without motion. The same holds good of truth. Truth is the correct representation of facts. The idea of truth would have no application if nothing existed. Yet this lack of absoluteness does not make time less eternal, nor space less infinite, nor truth less holy. P. C.]

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of *THE OPEN COURT* will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 293. (VOL. VII.—14.)

CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## MEN AND WOMEN, AS SOCIAL BEINGS.

BY IRENE A. SAFFORD.

Nor the least among the dreams of a lost paradise is that which pictures the intercourse which must have existed between man and woman before the "lattice of conventional affectations" had woven its dark network about them.

It must be one of the direct evidences of the fall that men and women have lost somewhere that sweet innocence, simplicity, and naturalness of relationship which must originally have belonged to them as human souls sent out by a beneficent Being, with mutual ability to aid, enlighten, and uplift each other in that sphere of existence to which they were appointed. Unquestionably the existing state of things came in with a curse somehow; but whether it was a curse inflicted by heaven or devised by man, in his attempt to improve upon heaven's plan, is a matter not so clearly apparent. And, at any rate, as man has it so largely in his power to avert the curse, it is fair to hold him mainly responsible.

It is one of the difficult things in connection with the ancient story to understand how Adam and Eve fell so suddenly into that state of blushing self-consciousness and embarrassment which made them run and hide themselves in the garden. But if a whole line of ancestors, for centuries back, had been instilling into each preceding Adam and Eve ideas of self-concealment, artificiality, pride or coquetry of sex, and self-conceit, it would not seem so strange that they wanted that fig-leaf panoply to fling over themselves. When Christian fathers could pronounce woman in her relations to man "a natural temptation," "a domestic peril," "a deadly fascination," and "a painted ill," it is not strange that their unchristian followers lost somewhat their conception of any primeval sweetness or innocence of intercourse between man and woman, and entrenched themselves in the dark idea that somehow they were born to be a snare to each other.

How many Christian centuries will have to roll around before the enlightened mortal will be able to disabuse himself of this impression it is impossible for the uninspired mind to determine, but the significant

thing in the whole matter is that the mills of the gods have at last begun to work upon it. In all that social upheaval which the periodical agitation of the marriage question recently produced in England and other countries, one truth seems flashing like a golden grain through the upturned soil and rubbish, and that is, the need of a better understanding of one another on the part of men and women, and, by consequence a better, happier intercourse. Speaking for France, touching the question of marriage, M. Naquet declares: "One fact stands out beyond dispute—that our absurd and wicked custom of isolating young women from young men, so that bride and groom come to the marriage altar all but strangers to one another, is the most frightful cause of mischief and unhappiness in after married life." Speaking for all nations, touching questions wider even than those of marriage, Mona Caird asserts: "We shall never have a world really worth living in until men and women can show interest in one another without being driven either to marry or to forego altogether the pleasure and profit of frequent meeting,"—and it would almost seem that whatever heresies or extravagances this brilliant writer may have been guilty of elsewhere ought to be forgiven her for the frank enunciation of this vital truth. It is a humiliating fact that no sooner do two persons of opposite sex begin to "show interest" in each other, and find mutual profit and delight in each other's society, than a thousand flying shafts of criticism and innuendo proceed to darken the air about them, poison the pure springs of intellectual joy and fellowship and compel them to abandon all the inspiring influences of their intercourse, or submit it to what Carlyle would call "the terrible test of wedlock." Nor does it much matter how high or honorable the position and character of the friends in the case may be, so long as they are unmarried and dare to seek each other's society, the social world will be in threatening ebullition over them. And now, what occasions such a state of things among beings that were supposed to be made but "little lower than the angels?" Simply the sad fact that an unnatural form of society and education has come to regard boys and girls, men and women, as little more than surcharged batteries of love and matri-



mony, that are sure to flash sparks in some direction, right or wrong, if brought into any possible connection with each other. What makes the little twelve-year-old in short dresses and pinafores blush and look conscious when Tom offers to open the gate for her or help her over the brook? Don't say "it's nature." It is not nature. It's the French governess or the silly schoolmate, who tells her that she's "Tom's girl," or even the anxious mamma, who warns her that she is "too big to play with the boys now." Let nature alone for guarding a girl's play with a boy, and she can brighten his campus, or share his work-desk forever, if need be, without a passing danger to any of the fine trusts committed to her or him. Left to herself she would never force or violate the fixed and orderly voices of her soul, and if, perchance, some special Tom should waken a new consciousness in her heart, she'd know how to guard that too, be sure, and all the better because she had not been led to look for or imagine it in every boy who glanced at her. The education, indeed, which leaves her thoughts entirely free from any concern about a boy, as a being to be either sought or shunned, is the one that saves her and the unperverted mind that enables her to receive all the unfolding lessons of life as mighty truths or gracious laws in the eternal scheme of being, is one that can bring all needed knowledge into safe and orderly relation to her.

It is the half-truth, hissed into her ear by some coarse schoolmate, or mistaken guardian, perhaps, that poisons the spring and turns all the fair currents of her life awry. Nature itself is ever finer than any outside touch that can be put upon it. But, strange to say, good and wise men have so long ignored this simple fact and taken the opposite condition for granted, that they have largely induced the thing they deprecated. They have founded their schools and creeds upon the extraordinary principle that God has actually created a race of beings so bad that the two grand divisions of it must, to a large extent, be segregated from each other, warned against each other, steeped early in a thousand petty suspicions of evil, treachery, danger, and disaster attending the intercourse with each other, till, to reward their pains, men and women have widely achieved the thing expected of them, so that now all parties are more or less afraid of each other. The consciousness of sex hangs like a nightmare over all their approaches to one another. The suspicion of coquetry or courtship, or the fear of such suspicion, undermines every interchange of kindness or sympathy and a radical want of confidence in each other's motives, sincerity, and trustworthiness kills all power of mutual helpfulness and keeps the whole body of society in a continual ferment. And yet, years ago the historian Lloyd told mankind that the civilising,

stimulating, and sustaining influence which comes from friendly and sympathetic intercourse between the sexes is one of the fundamental needs of humanity. Many a man, he declares, can scarcely do his best work or fulfil his mission in the world without it. Many a woman is unconscious of half her powers till the keen attrition of some masculine mind reveals them to her. Now they are blest, of course, who find this stimulus and companionship in married life, but just why they are "doomed who don't," or forced to forego all such uplifting influences in their earthly pilgrimage, is not so easy to determine.

The grand touchstone which the present generation is to apply to the whole matter is the system of co-education. "I was afraid of it at first," said a genial professor in a large Western college, "because I thought the boys and girls would be everlastingly falling in love with each other, but I find that it is not so. Coming together in that way, they rather seemed to spur each other on along the line of ambitious study and achievement, than turn aside for any by-play of a sentimental nature. The attachments that are formed among them seem to be of a different character, and I am told that where those attachments do eventually lead on to marriage, such unions are nearly always happy ones." Could any neater testimony than that be given to the fallacy of the old ideas, or to the hope and promise contained in the new ones? Could any better prophecy be uttered concerning the glory to be expected when, in the outside schools of life and humanity, men and women may meet unrestrainedly on the basis of mutual effort, helpfulness, and improvement. The pity of it is, that any of us were born too soon for it, and the hope is that some of us who are not too far under the wheels of the social Juggernauts of the past may be able to do something to help it along.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LEGERDEMAIN.

BY MAX DESSOIR.

##### III.

For the mechanics of consciousness, the laws which control the mental reproduction of ideas form the most important basis. It is the universally accepted doctrine of modern psychology that if an image *B* has been presented to consciousness simultaneously with, or immediately following, another image *A*, at the second appearance of *A* there exists a tendency of *B*'s also presenting itself in consciousness. We are accustomed to say that the image *B* is *associated* with the image *A*. Thus the sight of a knife-handle at once calls up the idea of the blade always seen with it, and the sight of lightning awakens unconsciously the expectation of a thunder-clap.

The simplest form of deception consists in the non-



fulfilment, due to unusual external conditions, of certain well-grounded expectations. When with my crossed fingers I perceive two round objects, only the real sight of the object will convince me that it is one. The old experience that a double sensation means a double object produces in this case an illusion. It frequently happens on rising in the morning that one lifts the water pitcher with a suddenness that it almost flies to the ceiling. The simple explanation of this is that the waiting-maid has forgotten on the evening previous to fill the vessel with water. The weight of the vessel filled with water and the exertion needed to raise it are firmly associated. In short, a great many unintentional deceptions arise from this general law of mind, in accordance with which we apply usual and well-known rules to unusual and exceptional facts.\*

The reader has doubtless witnessed the startling trick, in which several borrowed rings are pounded to pieces, put into a pistol, fired out, and afterwards delivered intact from a small box concealed in three others. Without concerning ourselves about the explanation of the first part of this trick, let us briefly examine the last. The performer places upon the table a large box, which is unlocked. A smaller box is found within it, which is taken out, unlocked in the same manner, and its contents, a third, smaller box, revealed. After the artist has thus demonstrated that the second has come out of the first, and the third out of the second, he can very easily take from a shelf beneath the table, the last and smallest casket, which contains the rings, and push it forward as if it came out of the next largest box. The observer is so convinced, by the first two real steps, of the truth of the last also, that it never occurs to him to doubt that number four has been produced from number three. The foundation of the deception plainly consists in an ingenious use of the ordinary law of association. The producing of a box, and the producing of this particular box from another box, are two images between which the wisdom of the sly performer has established an intimate connection. The spectators were induced to draw the logical conclusion from the two premises, even in the third case, where the premises were not the same as before.

We obtain from this a new principle of *legerde-main*. Namely, first actually do what the spectator is afterwards to believe that you have done. This rule is often followed in practice. The artist first really throws a few dollars into the hat, before he prevents the others, through *enpalmage*, from following their predecessors. He really lays one card upon the second pack before he lets the others slip into his sleeve. An equally classic illustration is that of the disappear-

ance of an orange in the air. The performer seats himself at the end of a table, throws an orange half a yard into the air, catches it on its return with one hand, and lets this hand sink a little below the top of the table; then, continuing the movement, he throws the orange again into the air with a stronger sweep, this time about a yard and a half high; and, finally, catching it again, he lets his hand sink with it beneath the table, and, leaving the orange in his lap, makes without losing a second's time, a third tremendous sweep, as if intending to hurl the orange to the ceiling. Nine-tenths of the audience then *see* the orange rise and disappear in the air. In this simple and instructive experiment all concealment, like that employed in the disappearance of the dollar, and all apparatus like that employed in the performance with the boxes, are wanting. All turns here on the subjective conditions of deception and not on external aids.

Psychological artifices explain many minor sleight-of-hand devices. Suppose that a silver dollar placed in the right hand has, in appearance, passed over to the left. If the performer should immediately open the left hand and show that it did not contain the dollar, the spectator would at once reach the true conclusion, namely, that the dollar had never been put into the left hand. If, however, the artist waits a moment or two before opening the hand, till the audience has become accustomed to the thought that the coin is in it, and before doing so gently strokes it a few times with the right, one not only attributes to the right hand a proper and subordinate employment, but the public is led to believe that its mysterious movements are in some way connected with the disappearance of the dollar. One must make this experience oneself to know how such small matters can mislead the judgment of clear and capable observers. The spectator knows very well, in the abstract, that the rubbing of the hand is not an adequate cause for the disappearance of the dollar, yet, since the disappearance is a matter of fact, the mind unconsciously accepts the explanation which is indirectly offered to it. Quite similar is that meaningless operation performed in card-tricks, where the cards are ruffled, or allowed to slip with a clattering noise through the middle fingers and thumb of one hand. Suppose one has unobservedly given a certain card the position in the pack necessary for the trick. If now, before he shows that the trick is successful, he ostentatiously ruffles the cards, most of the spectators will believe that the transposition is then effected, and will in this way probably understand less of the true nature of the trick than they otherwise would.

This last artifice also belongs in a category which may be fittingly designated as *diversion of the attention*. The artist, by awakening an interest in some unim-

\* Compare Jastrow, *The Psychology of Deception*, *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 2, New York, 1888.



portant detail, fastens the attention upon a false point, or, negatively expressed, diverts it from the main object; and as we all know, the senses of an inattentive person are somewhat obtuse. The pick-pocket has enough psychological insight to choose as his field of operation the theatre or exhibitions, because he is sure that in such places people give little thought to watches and purses. Just so the prestidigitateur carefully avoids pointing out too clearly the nature of the trick he is to perform, so that the observer does not know on what the attention is to be fixed.

The French magician Decremps has given a rule of this kind. If we count "One! two! three!" before the disappearance of an object, then the actual disappearance must take place before and not just at the "three"; for while the attention of the audience is fixed upon "three" anything taking place at "one" or "two" entirely escapes it. I myself, in my unpretentious exhibitions before friends, have often worked by this rule, and have been astonished again and again that men of science could be so blind to what takes place directly before their eyes. How much less, then, will the thought of the unpractised take the true course. They will not believe that tricks are accomplished by such simple means and with such audacity; they seek rather some intricate hypothesis, or refer everything to some favorite explanation, such as the disappearance of objects into the coat-sleeve, which, by the way, is very seldom practised. But, whatever they do, it is always possible to divert their attention for a moment, when the trick may be executed unnoticed.

One particularly effectual method of diversion is founded on the human impulse to imitate. We have an inclination to imitate all actions which we see, either entirely or partially. If we see some one yawn, we yawn with him; if we hear him laugh, the corners of our own mouth twitch; if we notice that he turns suddenly around, we feel the same desire; if he looks up, we also glance upwards.

The sleight-of-hand performer uses this inclination in many cases. He always looks in the direction in which he desires to direct the attention of the audience, and goes through the actions he wishes them to make. If he lifts his eyes thoughtfully to the ceiling, all the faces of the beholders are upturned with an audible jerk, and it is inexpressibly comical to note how the fingers then quietly change cards or perform other manipulations unnoticed below. If the trick is to be performed with the left hand, the artist turns with a quick movement toward some person at his right, correctly supposing that the spectators will perform the same movement, and will not notice what the left hand does. In a large number of tricks the point is to bring on top of the pack by an upward toss a card which had been hidden in the middle. It would be quite

wrong to perform the trick immediately on receiving the cards, for even the quickest and most adroit movement would be noticed by the public. The prestidigitateur holds the pack quietly, and after a pause asks of the one who fixed the position of the card, "You are quite sure, then, that you will recognise your card again?" As soon as he begins to speak a natural impulse fixes all eyes on his face, and allows him to accomplish the trick with the utmost unconcern. It is the inevitable result of every quick, short utterance, and is due to the above-mentioned law of imitation, that the eyes of the audience are turned for a brief moment at least from the hands to the lips.

Aside from these main points there are a great number of lesser artifices, which performers employ, but which cannot be described in detail here. We shall give but one or two examples.

The performer allows a person to draw out a card from a pack, look at it, and put it in again in any place. He then lifts the pack, shows the lowermost card, and asks whether that is the one chosen. When told no, he draws it out and places it face downwards on the table. Then he raises the pack again, shows the lowermost card, asks whether it is the right one, and places this on the table by the first one. The same act is repeated a third time. Then the player requests the person to choose any one of the three cards on the table. The person takes one up, and finds to his astonishment that the card is the one he has chosen.

The esoteric history of this trick is as follows. The performer does not suffer the card to be placed in the pack at random, but only at the point where he has placed the little finger of his left hand. Then he pauses and asks what was the color of the card drawn, partly to suggest some theory of solution and to thus draw the attention to a false point, and partly to obtain time for a peculiar displacement by which the card chosen is thrown to a position next that lowest in the pack. He now *shows* the lowest card, but draws out, not this one, but the one lying next to it, that is, the card originally shown, and lays it on the table. The other two cards taken at random he places respectively on the right and left of this. Now ten chances to one, the person drawing will select the middle card, and to insure the still greater possibility of this, the artist, in the movement that invites the person to choose, allows his hand to rest directly in front of the desired card. If this is drawn, the trick is a success, if not, then the card chosen is cast aside and the person asked to draw again. This excites no suspicion because the person drawing does not know at what point the trick is to be achieved.

I have chosen this illustration because it could be described in few words. A veritable jewel of psychological finesse is the "transformation of cards in the



hand"; but a description of it would require several pages. In fact, a limit is soon set to written expositions of these subjects, by the infinite number and variation of the artifices employed. Personal experience alone can render us familiar with the changing applications of these two fundamental laws.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### IDOLATRY.

IDOLATRY, or the worship of images, is attributing divine honors to the symbols that represent God or which are thought to represent God.

The most primitive kind of idolatry is fetishism, as practiced among savages; the most modern kind substitutes ideas in the place of stone or wood figures. These modern ideas, however, are sometimes incomparably more disjointed than the carved idols of the African savage; where the latter are ill shaped and ugly, the former are ill-conceived and erroneous. Both are alike products of poorest workmanship; both are treated with a ridiculous awe; both are made the recipients of divine honors which are paid with the more scrupulous attention, to the fetish-images the more rotten and hideous they are, to the fetish-ideas the more errors they contain.

We look upon the bigoted dogmatist who places his particular man-shaped creed above God's universal revelation in nature, as a man deeply entangled in paganism. Christianity has become a fetish to him; he finds it easier to worship Christ than to follow him and he must be regarded as much an idolator as many pagans before him.

The dogmatist's idolatry is mainly due to indolence, and finds its explanation in the conservatism and the *vis inertiae* of tradition. The dogmatist's fault is lack of courage. He does not feel independent enough to advance on the road of progress. He adopts the letter of Christianity and forgets its spirit. He is of interest to the student as a living fossil, representing a certain historical stage in the religious evolution of mankind. He is a religious Dodo—a survival destined to speedy extinction on the approach of civilisation.

The case is somewhat different with other idea worshippers, whose idolatry, however, is no less excusable, except it be on the ground of weakmindedness. There are men sufficiently bold to break the spell of traditional authority; they call themselves *esprits forts* or free-thinkers, but relapse after all into the most abject idolatry. They make themselves images woven of the delicate threads of thought. Such idea-worshippers are idolaters not from lack of courage but from lack of understanding. They are not afraid to break with traditional beliefs. Their deficiency is that they lack insight.

Because it is absurd to worship any clear and sound ideas that serve real practical purposes, idea-wor-

shippers employ such thoughts only as are unfit to be used otherwise. The most absurd and self contradictory ideas, such as the absolute, the unknowable, the infinite, etc., are the fittest objects of idolatry. Ideas which people do not understand make their heads swim. So they sink down upon their knees, and being in this position, they have simply to follow the old inherited habit of worshipping.

Idolatry begins where rational thought ends. Thus as soon as a man is hopelessly entangled in a problem which he is too weak-minded to solve, he declares, "This is a holy ground, take off your shoes and worship that which you cannot understand."

It is the peculiarity of idolaters to worship that which they do not understand *because* they do not understand it.

The worship in spirit and in truth, of which Christ spoke, is the doing of the will of God, i. e., obedience to the moral law of nature. However, the worship that consists in genuflection and "Lord, Lord" saying, is pure adoration; a worship of self-humiliation, of fawning and cringing debases us and shows how human the God is whom we revere.

The religion of adoration is idolatry; it is an inferior kind of religion which substitutes prayers for actions and recommends flattery as the means of gaining the favor of God. But the will of God cannot be changed by adulation.

The will of God is written in the unalterable laws of nature, especially in the moral laws through which alone human society can exist. These laws contain blessings and curses; and God's will is that we ourselves shall work out the blessings of his laws. To pray that God should not do his will, that he should alter the laws of the universe, make exceptions in our favor, or that he should accomplish what it is our duty to accomplish is to reverse the prayer of Christ, which teaches us to say, "Thy will be done."

To look upon prayer in any other light than as a self-discipline, is to share the superstition of the medicine-man who still believes in the spells by which he thinks he is able to change the course of nature; and the worship of adoration is as idolatrous, as the belief that God is a big human being who is pleased to witness our abject and self-humiliating adulation is pagan. Adoration can be tolerated only as an educational method of attuning by a kind of dramatic symbolism the souls of the immature to the harmony of the moral world-order. It is a substitute only for those who do not as yet understand the worth of the moral laws of life which can be revealed in their full glory and sanctity only in the religion of science.

\* \* \*

A comparison between the old dogmatism, the idolatry of traditional symbols, and modern agnosticism,



the idolatry of the Unknowable (both being idolatries of a different kind) shows the great superiority of the former. The God of the dogmatist is anthropomorphic; but after all, this image of God contains some excellent features of true divinity. The decalogue is rational and practical in the best sense of the words. There is no nonsense about it, no confusion of thought, no absurdity—if but the allegorical nature of religious symbols is kept in mind. The God who is regarded as the authority of the moral law is not worshipped because he is unknowable, but because his commandments, which are obviously knowable, are true, because those who neglect his commandments will bring down upon themselves and others the curses of the moral laws of nature, while those who obey them will change the curses into blessings. There is substance in the old religions. But there is no substance in agnosticism.

We grant that the dogmatist's conception who takes the allegorical part of the parables in the literal sense and often regards it as their most important truth, is a miserable superstition and real paganism. But the worship of actually erroneous ideas is worse still. The idea-fetishes are too shadowy, too vague, too misty to receive any other attention than the critic's, under whose analysis they will have to give up the ghost.

Briefly: the idolatry of the dogmatists is an anachronism, the idolatry of the idea-worshipper is a degeneration, and you, my dear reader, if you find it necessary to avoid the Scylla of the former, do not fall into the Charybdis of the latter.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

ONE of the most useful missionaries ever sent across the sea to offer heathens the bread of life is Col. C. J. Murphy, more familiarly known as "Corn Bread" Murphy, a gentleman who has devoted himself to the beneficent work of persuading the people of Europe to eat corn bread. In corn bread there is a great deal of saving grace, and Colonel Murphy's mission deserves religious consecration. The prejudice that prevails in Europe against corn bread is greatly to be deplored, and if Colonel Murphy can do anything to remove that prejudice he will be entitled to high rank among the benefactors of his race. It is a melancholy thought that millions of people in Europe endure much needless hunger because they know not the food value of Indian corn, and I cheerfully second the wish expressed in the *Chicago Herald* of this morning, that the new Secretary of Agriculture "may give cordial and effective support to C. J. Murphy in his efforts to make the people of Europe appreciate the value of Indian corn as human food." I heard a gentleman once remark when boasting of his large crop of potatoes that they made a very good substitute for food; and this has been the weak tribute we have given to Indian corn; we have treated it as a substitute, instead of doing it full justice as one of the most wholesome, nutritious, and palatable of all the foods made from grain. It is all in the cooking; and if Colonel Murphy will impress that religious and moral sentiment upon the people of Europe, and show them how to make and how to bake corn bread his missionary labors may be crowned with success, otherwise not. And will he kindly hurry home as soon as his work over there is done, and preach the gospel of corn bread to the American people,

for they need it nearly as much as the English, the Irish, the Germans, or the Swedes.

\* \* \*

In a time of public anxiety and fervent political passion, when the safety of a great city like Chicago depends upon the election of our own favorite candidate for mayor, and when the success of the rival ticket must inevitably bring the city to ignominious ruin, how pleasant it is to turn from the coarse personalities of the stump orators and the press to the elegant parables and figures of speech by which the clergy in the pulpit advocate the election of one candidate while ironically sprinkling a few drops of perfumed vitriol on the other! By acts of inference and allusion, the preachers, without resorting to the clumsy rudeness of referring to either man by name, gracefully personify one candidate as a model statesman, and the other as an awful warning. The identification is made, not by names, but by qualities, and the qualities are those ascribed or imputed to the candidates by the newspapers for campaign purposes. Those qualities may be false, as they very often are, but for purposes of identification they are as effectual as if true. Some very neat election work was done last Sunday in the pulpit by the various ministers of the gospel, but it was done in a refined way, without any naming of names, and "without dragging the pulpit into the mire of politics." For instance, the pastor of a church to which one of the candidates belongs, after advising the congregation to vote for municipal reform, announced that on the evening of election day there would be a festival in the church parlors, when he hoped he should be able to proclaim that "morality, decency, and purity were triumphant over political trickery, vice, and immorality." What necessity for names when such a gentle hint will do? Every man in the congregation saw that their brother member stood for purity, while his opponent represented political trickery and vice.

\* \* \*

The election sermon preached at Grace Methodist Church last Sunday was the most ingenious of all. It was an excellent example of the way to reach a direct object by an oblique march, a skillful bit of work whereby in the form of imaginary persons the two candidates were made as visible to the mind as if they were living men with names. "We should have men for mayor," said the preacher, "who have known what it is to be poor. They should also know what it is to be rich." By a rare coincidence, one of the candidates is a very rich man, who once was poor, so the inference fitted him well, while judged by the same remarkable test his opponent was disqualified altogether, because, though rich, he never was poor. Also, the preacher wanted a candidate who had a wife and family, "Let us have a man for mayor," he said, "with family relations, a man who has a family"; and by another coincidence this was the happy situation of the rich candidate who once was poor. This qualification does not appear very strong in itself, but it was made so by a contrast in reserve; the opposing candidate was wicked enough to be a widower. This is rather a misfortune than a fault, but it will serve as an accusation at election time. As Mr. Tony Weller warned Sam to beware of widows, so this insinuating divine warned his congregation to beware of widowers, and he said, "Let us not have a bachelor or a much married widower for mayor"; and for a third coincidence it happens that one of the candidates is a "much married widower," having been unlucky enough to lose two wives, an offense obviously more heinous than if he had lost but one. Lest the identification of the wicked candidate might not yet be sufficiently complete the preacher said, "We ought not to have a candidate for mayor who spells God with a small 'g' and himself with a big 'I'." Then everybody knew who the bad candidate was.

\* \* \*

Once upon a time in a bar-room dispute at Leggett's on the Boone, a fussy little fellow was flourishing a contemptible pocket-



pistol which it would hurt any man's dignity to be shot with in those days. Annoyed by the performance, the Hercules of the settlement, at whom the weapon was principally aimed, gave the little man this caution, "See here, Shorty, if ever you shoot me with that pistol, and I find it out, I'll break you right in two." A similar performance was enacted in the United States Senate a week ago when Senator Hoar of Massachusetts presented at Senator Roach of North Dakota a little pocket pistol in the shape of a resolution calling for an investigation of some venerable charges of embezzlement and financial irregularity which have been made against that honorable Senator. Mr. Roach was writing at his desk in the Senate, when his attention was diverted for a moment by hearing the resolution read. The account goes on to say that, "As the reading proceeded Mr. Roach felt in his vest pocket and took out a plug of tobacco from which he cut off a piece and nonchalantly put it in his mouth." Mr. Hoar's pistol was not big enough to draw from Mr. Roach any tribute higher than a fresh ration of tobacco, and a grim smile at the impending fun; for, say the dispatches, "Senator Roach will not only present an answer to the charges, but will make things very unpleasant for several of his senatorial accusers by bringing up events in their past private life." The "financial irregularities" of which Mr. Roach is accused were committed fourteen years ago, and they ought to be within the moral Statute of Limitations, as they are within the legal statute. He atoned for them as well as he could by devoting himself to a career of usefulness that won the respect of his fellowmen, and they appointed him to represent them in the United States Senate. The fairest measure of any man is the new life he lives now, and not the old one forsaken long ago. The right to reform and the duty to reform go together, and that right is interfered with when the buried sins of a man are dug up and flung across his pathway by severely righteous resurrection men. As the "financial irregularities" complained of had no relation whatever to Mr. Roach's election, they are outside the jurisdiction of the Senate.

\* \* \*

I have often wondered why sensible men like us look and listen with such radiant pleasure when we have the good luck to get a ticket for the theatre, and see a comic opera acted on the stage. The nonsense is altogether beneath our dignity, and yet we enjoy it as we did when we were boys. I used to think that our pleasure lay in the exaggerated burlesque, wherein we saw human actions twisted out of reality into distortion so grotesque that we must either laugh or die; but I think otherwise now. I think we laugh because we see our nature set to music acting in a clown's disguise the living manners of the time. Sometimes, more truly than the lawful drama does our comic opera "hold the mirror up to nature"; and therein, with its music and its pictures, lies its charm. Here, for instance, is an actual bit of life that needs only a little music and a stage dressing to make it comic opera equal to the "Mikado." I borrow it from the newspapers:

"Secretary Gresham received a communication from Portugal the other day announcing the arrival of Minister 'Gil' Pierce at his new station at Lisbon. The notice of arrival was accompanied by Mr. Pierce's resignation. The Minister left New York on February 4th and made short stops at Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, and Monte Carlo. He is now ready to start back, taking in other points of interest along the return trip."

In order that no flavor of that fine comedy be lost, we must look at all the details of the play. It seems that "Gil," having deserved well of his country by valiant service for the Republican party in the late campaign, President Harrison sent him as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Kingdom of Portugal, a ponderous dignity that sounds very much like a title borrowed from the "Mikado"; and when it appears that he sent him there "for his health," the resemblance is more striking still.

Of course, it was understood that "Gil" would have nothing to do at Portugal, because before he could get there, the new administration would be in power, demanding his resignation; but as every minister to a foreign country receives as soon as he is appointed several thousand dollars for an "outfit," Mr. Pierce found the appointment very desirable "for his health," which was further improved by salary administered in large doses at the same time. Some persons perceive the humor in all this as they see it in the comic opera, while others do not, and the Washington correspondent moralises on it thus: "By some, Mr. Pierce's action is regarded as quite a joke, while others say that his course is due to a desire to recuperate his health. There are a few, however, who feel that such jokes and health-trips at the expense of the government are not particularly funny." I cannot agree to that; these health-trips may not be honest, they may not be dignified, they may in fact be rather contemptible, but the man who can see no fun in them is a dull man.

\* \* \*

Some humorous banter has been exchanged of late between the railroads and the World's Fair, each intimating that the other was in business not for pleasure, but for perquisites, and for the philanthropic object of coining the great educational enterprise into money, by charging visitors "all that the traffic will bear." It was said on behalf of the World's Fair that the railroad prices would be so avaricious that the victims would be left without money enough to buy a bag of pop-corn at the Exposition; and the retort of the railroads was that after the visitors got into the World's Fair it would cost them so much to get out again that they would not be able to pay their passage home. It is gratifying to see that the railroads have raised a flag of truce and promise to sell round-trip excursion tickets at the rate of a cent a mile. "This cheap fare," says the Western Traffic Association, "is intended to benefit the workingmen and their families." Whether that is the intention or not, the policy is a liberal one, and sound for business reasons. It ought to benefit not only the workingmen but the railroads, too. It forces to the front this question, Will the managers of the World's Fair meet the railroads half way, and issue admission tickets at low rates for one day in the week "to benefit the workingmen and their families"? In considering this question, it ought to be borne in mind that the stockholders have put their own money into the enterprise, and any honorable methods they may adopt to save themselves from loss ought to be approved. The most of them have "families," just like the workingmen; and it is very easy for us, who have nothing invested and nothing to lose, to tell the directors how to manage the Exposition in a sentimental way, but would there be any loss that would not be compensated by the gain? The "shilling" days at the London Exposition were profitable days, and on that subject I quote some comments which I find in the *Illustrated London News* for August 30, 1851. After noticing the success of the "shilling" days, it says:

"*A propos of that same shilling.* Would not the present be a very excellent opportunity to open the Exhibition at a low fee? Say, two days per week at sixpence. There are thousands in this great metropolis who have never seen this great display of industry and skill, to whom the sight would be a great treat, and more than that, may be of great value, too."

It then directs attention to the fact that the cost of admission to the workingman includes not only the price of a ticket, but the loss of a day's wages. It may prove to be economically true that a "half-price" day can be established without causing any loss to the stockholders, while conferring great benefit upon the workingmen, and adding immensely to the popularity of the Fair.

M. M. TRUMBULL.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## IS KNOWLEDGE A PRODUCT OF CEREBRAL ACTIVITIES?

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

In your article having reference to "Knowledge," in the last issue of *The Open Court*, I find the following:

"Facts are pictured in sensations, and these pictures represent the facts."

Do I understand you to mean that facts produce sensations and that sensation in turn enables a sentient being to take cognizance of facts?

Is not knowledge, however limited or extended, of natural phenomena (I know of no other kind) based upon mental percepts which result from the brain's activities?

The purpose of my inquiries is to obtain a clearer comprehension of your most interesting definition of knowledge.

Bear with me a little further: Is the soul, which you frequently refer to, the sum-total of the brain activities of the individual?

Very truly yours,

E. S. MOSER.

[We trust that we have not been misunderstood, and add as an additional explanation the following remarks:

We assume that reality possesses as an intrinsic quality the faculty of becoming sentient, and under special conditions it actually develops sentience. The surrounding facts produce impacts of various kinds upon a sentient being, and these impacts are felt. Impacts of the same kind produce and revive the same feelings and come to indicate the presence of the same causes. They become representative of things, events, or relations among things or events.

The functions of sentient substance are differentiated in the nervous system, which develops under the constant influence of the surrounding world. The reaction of sentience upon ether-waves develops the eye, upon air-waves the ear, upon touch and temperature the skin and Vater's corpuscles.

Thus the various nerves develop, which by constant practice and heredity are so differentiated in their action, that they soon become unfit to react in any other way. Any irritation of the optic nerve will produce light; any irritation of the acoustic nerve will produce sounds. In this sense we can say that the various sensations are the product of their special nerves, but the special nerves are the product of their function; they are the accumulated result of the reaction of sentience upon special kinds of stimuli.

Similarly, in a natural way, the higher mental faculties are developed, and having developed, they are essential factors of knowledge. A rational insight into some principle, or a comprehension of natural laws, is not possible without research. Rational insight is impossible to brutes. Thus the degree of knowledge a creature is capable of depends upon the degree of the rational faculty already acquired. Facts are pictured in the reason-endowed intellect of man with greater clearness than in the brains of brutes. A mirror is indispensable for things to be mirrored, and the quality of the picture depends not only upon the appearance of things, but also upon the mirror. When we intend to press the importance of the latter, we say that the picture is a product of the mirror.

Every act of cognition is conditioned by the stock of knowledge on hand and also the degree of intelligence acquired.

The soul, I should say, is not only "the sum-total of the brain's activities"; it is more. It consists of all of the various forms of meaning-endowed feelings that take place while the brain is in action. To speak of the soul as "a sum" of activities is in so far misleading as the soul is an organic whole; it is a more or

less systematically arranged society of ideas, of impulses and ideals. Indeed, the arrangement is of great importance, being an essential condition for the formation of the unity, that by a coalescence of many and often of heterogeneous elements is brought about. Every soul possesses an idiosyncrasy of its own, and this idiosyncrasy characterises more than anything else the individuality of a soul. P. C.]

## NOTES.

The Hon. J. B. Stallo (the late United States Minister to Italy, now residing at Florence) whose name shines brightly in the political history of our country, and is equally well known to serious students of philosophy as the author of "Concepts of Modern Physics," one of the keenest investigations we have into the fundamental terms of the natural sciences, has published in German, at E. Steiger's, New York, a collection of his lectures, essays, and letters. The volume is dedicated to his friend, Ex-Governor Koerner, as a worthy representative of German education, German honesty, and German character in the new world. The contents of the book form the topics, which, since 1855, were prompted by the successive issues of the history of our country. Some of the lectures are beautiful records of memorable events of the past; others, for instance on "The School Question," "Tariff Reform," and "Woman Emancipation," are as timely to-day as they ever were. They contain good lessons for the present generation. The philosophical essays on "Materialism" and "Natural Science and Its Foundations" are remarkably well written, easily read even by the untrained, and also deserving the philosopher's special attention. The book will be welcome to the author's numerous friends.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 294. (VOL. VII.—15.)

CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE HAWAIIAN TREATY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

BY G. KOERNER.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND having very wisely withdrawn from the Senate the Hawaiian treaty concluded by President Harrison in hot haste within the closing hours of his administration, an opportunity is presented of considering the treaty in all its bearings and aside from partisan politics. Thus far its advocates have almost monopolised the public ear. It is, however, not my purpose to go into an examination of the treaty, and I wish to confine myself to one point, which some of its supporters have raised by contending that the annexation of the Hawaiian Island group would be in accordance with what they call the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Those principles, they urge, have been, at a quite early period of our national life, promulgated by our glorious forefathers and have "been canonised in the hearts of the American people." Indeed, Mr. Harrison himself, in his message to the Senate accompanying the treaty, seems to justify it, if not directly, yet implicitly on that Doctrine.

Perhaps it may not be quite uninteresting at this time to take a somewhat closer look at the origin and inwardness of this Doctrine, and see whether or not it had or ever could have had any practical application in the politics of our country. The history of it is as follows :

Soon after the overthrow of the empire of the first Napoleon, the rulers of Russia, Austria, France, and Prussia formed an alliance for mutual protection, not against aggression from foreign powers, but against revolutionary movements within their own states. At a congress held by the allied powers at Troppau (1820) it was agreed that the main purpose of the alliance should be to maintain the principle of the legitimacy of the existing dynasties; and that if this principle were threatened in any country in *Europe*, the allied powers should preserve it by actual and armed interference. Popular risings having taken place in Piedmont and Naples, they were put down by the armed forces of Austria, in pursuance of measures taken at the Congress of Laibach (1821), and the revolution in Spain against Ferdinand VII. was suppressed by

French armies, in consequence of resolutions taken at the Congress of Verona (1822).

At the first two congresses the English government, then represented by Castlereagh, had, although not strictly one of the allied powers, participated in and sanctioned the proceedings. But, at the point of starting for Verona, Castlereagh committed suicide, and George Canning, became Secretary of State.

It was soon felt by the allied powers that under the new administration they could not further rely on England concerning intervention in the sense given to it at the Congresses of Laibach and Verona, and they very soon opened their batteries on the Canning Ministry. They charged it with having supported the revolted colonies of Spain by allowing Englishmen to enter their armies, by furnishing them arms and warlike stores, and encouraging trade and commerce of English subjects with the rebels. While Canning stoutly asserted that strict neutrality had been maintained by the English Government, he as stoutly contended that English subjects had a right to trade with the colonies in revolt, at their own risk, the more so as they were practically governments *de facto*, that had not only been recognised as belligerents, but as independent states by the North American Republic. Very angry debates took place in Parliament. The Tories generally were on the side of the allied powers, and the Radicals thought that Canning had not gone far enough in favor of the South American Republic. While Canning had really at first shown some hesitation as far as the question of intervention in Europe was concerned, he utterly opposed such intervention in regard to the American continent. In one of his masterly speeches, early in 1824, he informed the House that Spain had proposed repeatedly to hold a congress to deliberate on the South American question with a view of assisting Spain in reconquering her transatlantic territories, but that he had most positively declared that he would have nothing to do with such a congress. This explains a passage in the "Memoirs" of Prince Metternich (see "Memoirs de Metternich," Vol. VI, p. 97), in which he says, that in 1824 a note was addressed to the allied powers by the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, proposing a conference to



be held at Paris, to take into consideration the regulation of Spanish-American affairs and to which England should be invited; that France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia adhered to the plan, but that the invitation was met by Canning with an "almost brutal" refusal.

As early as in the summer of 1823 Mr. Canning mentioned his suspicions as to an intervention on the part of the allied powers regarding the Spanish-American colonies to Mr. Rush, the American minister in London, and expressed his great desire to have the United States join with him in endeavoring to thwart the object of the allied powers. Speaking of a cabinet meeting held in September, 1823, Mr. J. Q. Adams, then Secretary of State to Mr. Monroe, says:

"The subject for consideration was the confidential proposal of Canning, Secretary of State, to R. Rush, and the correspondence between them, relating to the project of the holy alliance upon South America. The object of Canning appears to have been to obtain some public pledge from the United States ostensibly against the forcible interference of the holy alliance between Spain and South America, *but really or specially against the acquisition by the United States of any part of the Spanish possessions.*"\*

Mr. Adams thought lightly of the matter,<sup>†</sup> but Mr. Monroe and other members of the cabinet, particularly Mr. Calhoun, were, as Mr. Adams says, "very much in fear that the holy alliance would restore all South America to Spain." Upon long and careful consideration it was finally agreed to express some disapprobation of the scheme in the message; and the passage relating to this subject, and also another, relating to the claim of Russia to part of the northern Pacific Coast, was much debated, and also submitted as finally adopted by the cabinet to Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison.

The annual message of 1823, contained the following sentences in regard to the first point:

"We owe it to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the allied powers to declare, that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. *With the existing colonies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and principles, acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.*"

In another part, with reference to the Russian claim of occupation, and also, perhaps, as Mr. Adams suggests, with reference to a supposed cession by Spain of part of its colonies, in case of success, to

other European powers, which might colonise some of the sparsely settled Spanish possessions, the following expression occurs:

"The American continents should no longer be subjects for any new European colonial settlement."

In these passages is found what has since been called the "Monroe Doctrine."

Considering the great power then exercised over the whole of Europe by the allied monarchs and the submission everywhere yielded to them, even in many instances by England herself, this declaration on the part of the United States, then comparatively a weak power physically, by Mr. Monroe, was a bold patriotic manifestation, and the spirit which dictated it will ever be highly appreciated, as it was at the time, even in Europe, by all the liberal classes. It strengthened England in her opposition to European intervention, and hastened her recognition of the independence of the Spanish-American colonies.

The meaning of this declaration was very plain. Some of the colonies founded by Spain on this continent, had declared themselves independent and had thus far successfully maintained that independence. The United States having recognised their independence, there was reason to believe that the allied powers contemplated interference between those independent governments and Spain, according to the system of intervention which they had proclaimed in Europe, and just carried out with so much success. Against this *intervention* the government of the United States might feel bound also to intervene. Nothing was said about the United States abandoning the neutrality which it had hitherto observed between Spain and her rebellious colonies. If Spain would reconquer them, she might try, but the United States would not permit that to be done with the assistance of the allied powers, who were bent, not only on sustaining and propagating absolute monarchical government in Europe, but also on introducing that form of government into the new world by their system of intervention.

This was the view Mr. Jefferson took in his reply to Mr. Monroe, when the message had been submitted to him. He expressed himself as follows:

"I could honestly, therefore, join in the declaration proposed that we aim not at the acquisition of any of those Spanish-American possessions; that we will not stand in the way of any amicable arrangement between them and the mother country; that we will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their transfer to any other power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way."

To leave no doubt on the true construction of the Monroe declaration, and to do away with false impressions which had even then begun to prevail with some, the House of Representatives in 1825 passed the following resolution:

\* (*Memoirs of John Q. Adams*, by Charles F. Adams, Vol. VI, p. 177.) For Mr. Rush's dispatches of August 23, 1825, see *The Court of London*, 1829-1825, by R. Rush, republished by his son, London, 1873.

† See his diary of September, October, November, 1823, *passim*.



"That the United States ought not to become a party with the Spanish American republics, or either of them, to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing interference by any of the European powers with their independence or form of government, or to any compact for the purpose of preventing colonisation upon the continents of America; but that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis in such a manner as their feelings of friendship toward those republics, and as their own honor and policy may, at the time, dictate."

In other words, the United States should not be fettered by any doctrine or programme, but left free to act as the occasion might require. Mr. Calhoun, one of the advisers of Mr. Monroe, and who took most interest in the declaration,\* speaking of the Monroe Doctrine, in the debate in the Senate on the question of the acquisition of Yucatan, asserted most emphatically that:

"The United States was under no pledge to intervene against intervention but was to act in each case as policy and justice required." (See note 36 to p. 97, Wheaton's "International Law," by Dana.

A resolution introduced by Mr. Clay, January, 1824, in the House of Representatives, "deprecating European combinations to resubjugate the independent American states of Spanish origin," and thus giving support and emphasis to the declaration in the message of December, 1823, seems never to have been acted upon, and was not referred to any committee. Mr. Benton in his "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, 1789-1856," Vol. VII, p. 470, accompanies the paragraph of Mr. Monroe's message given above, with an extensive note in which he says:

"This paragraph contains the doctrine so much quoted then and since as the 'Monroe Doctrine'; and the extent and nature of which have been so greatly misunderstood. It has been generally regarded as promising a sort of political protection or guardianship of the two Americas—the United States to stand guard over the new world and repulse all intrusive colonists from its shore. Nothing could be more erroneous, or more at war with our established principles of non-interference with other nations. The declaration itself did not import any such high mission and responsible attitude for the United States; it went no further than to declare that any European interference to control the destinies of the new American states, would be construed as the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit toward the United States. This was very far from being a pledge to take up arms in the defense of the invaded American states; and the person of all others, after Mr. Monroe himself, and hardly less authoritative on this point—Mr. Adams, his successor in the presidency—has given the exact and whole extent of what was intended by the declaration."

Mr. Benton concludes this note as follows:

"The occasion for the Monroe Doctrine was this: Four of the powers which overthrew the great emperor, Napoleon I—Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France—having constituted themselves a holy alliance for the maintenance of the order of things which they had established in Europe, took it under advisement to extend their care to the young American republics of Spanish origin, and to convert them into monarchies, to be governed by sovereigns of

European stock, such as the holy alliance should put upon them. It was against the extension of this European system to the two Americas that Mr. Monroe protested, and being joined in that protest by England, the project of the allies was given up."

Since that time there never was any real occasion to press the Monroe Doctrine into service. It went into the domain of past history. The only time, perhaps, when apparently there was a similar concatenation of circumstances to those of 1823, was when an auxiliary army of French and Belgians invaded Mexico, to assist Maximilian of Austria, in securing to himself the imperial throne offered to him by a powerful faction of the Mexican people. But even then, Mr. Seward repudiated the "Monroe Doctrine" as not applicable to the circumstances.

In a dispatch to Mr. Motley, the American Minister at Vienna (Oct. 9, 1863), who had expressed great alarm at the expedition of Maximilian, and sought instructions as to asking the emperor of Austria for explanations, and had also referred Mr. Seward to the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Seward instructed the Minister not to interfere, using these remarkable words:

"France has invaded Mexico, and war exists between the two countries. The United States hold in regard to those two states and their conflict, the same principles as they hold in relation to all other nations and their mutual wars. They have neither a right nor any disposition to interfere by force in the internal affairs of Mexico, whether to establish or maintain a republican or even a domestic government there, or to overthrow an imperial or foreign one, if Mexico shall choose to establish or accept it."

Mr. Seward communicated this dispatch to Mr. Motley, to the Ministers of the United States at Paris, at Madrid, and at Brussels, undoubtedly for the purpose of advising those foreign governments about his views. When he saw his road clear, after the Union was saved, he, quite independently of the Monroe doctrine, caused the French to withdraw from Mexico in a very short time.

In a popular and much wider but indefinable sense, the Monroe Doctrine means what Mr. Benton said was a misconstruction of it, that is, a sort of political protection or guardianship of the two Americas, to be exercised by the United States.

The true American doctrine is the one which the German politicians call the "freehand policy." Applied to the Hawaiian question it means, that if the true interests of the United States require their annexation without the shedding of blood or waste of treasure, let them be annexed. All Polynesia is not worth even a small war, this source of corruption and "relic or barbarism." To base the acquisition on a pretended national pledge would in this instance be the more ridiculous, as even the most extravagant construction of the Doctrine never went beyond the boundaries of *this continent*, to which President Monroe in his message had confined himself.

\* See Adams's *Memoirs and Diary* of September-December, 1823, *passim*.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LEGERDEMAIN.

BY MAX DESSOIR.

## IV.

The principles discussed in the preceding section embrace all the rules which the pupil usually learns as the A, B, C of his profession. These rules so clearly prove that the basis of sleight-of-hand performances is psychological and not technical, that I cannot refrain from giving an outline of, and explaining, them.

"Do not perform the same trick twice in the same evening." In the first place, the most perfect trick loses its charm by repetition: the observer being no longer surprised at it. In the second place, the audience know what is coming, and strain all their powers to find out the point that originally deceived them. With a little tact and presence of mind one can always avoid an *encore*; and if it comes to the worst, something may be substituted which in its initial features resembles the first trick, but has a different culmination. On the other hand, the skilled performer usually has at his command two or more methods of doing a trick. The disappearance of a pair of gloves, for instance, is effected in two totally different ways. A very pretty little trick is that called "the ambitious card"; it consists in a certain card, no matter in what position it is placed in the pack, being always found on top. If one should here always employ the same *modus operandi*, say the *volte*, or toss, an attentive audience would readily detect the trick; consequently, the *volte*, Voisin's movement, the *passe*, and filiation are alternately used. Each new method renders the detection of the others more difficult. A last resource is the use of false cards, although no artist who places any value on his reputation will ever resort to such expedients. Naturally all illusion is destroyed by such means. If used, they should be secretly substituted for a real pack, or borrowed, by previous arrangement, from a spectator; borrowed articles always being accepted by the public in good faith.

"Never tell beforehand what you are going to do." The audience, informed at an early stage as to the outcome of the trick, have an excellent opportunity of concentrating their attention on the right point, and of detecting the ruse. Here is an example. A handkerchief is borrowed and given to a person to hold. When it is reclaimed, it is found to be cut up into small bits. It is rolled up again and handed back to the same person with the directions to rub it in a certain way that the damage may be repaired. When unfolded, it is seen to be changed into a long strip. These effects are accomplished by skilful substitutions, immediately following one another, and the whole art of the trick consists in concealing at the right moment the necessary exchange. Had the performer previously told his audience that the handkerchief would

now appear in pieces and now in strips, they would at once guess that the trick was to be accomplished by substitution, and successfully await the moment of exchange. But when the actor simply rolls up the handkerchief and entrusts it to the care of some person, no one guesses that a substitute is given, and after the exchange has been made, the possibility of discovery is over.

"Never give an explanation." The most incorrect one does harm; for it is not so much a matter of importance that the uninitiated should have a true explanation, as that he should regard the performance as natural and expected. I have experienced this. Whenever I see a new experiment, or hear of one, after some reflection I always think of a possible way of accomplishing the result, and although my conjectures frequently fail, they nevertheless destroy for me the charm of incomprehensibility which forms the very kernel of modern magic. I must admit that I envy all who can enjoy such performance without the long-  
ing of explanation.

"Try to obtain as large an audience as possible." It may be thought that it is easier to deceive one than a hundred. But just the contrary.\* In the presence of a small number of observers the prestidigitateur has not free play; he cannot move about at will or perform all the little ruses of diverting attention, which we spoke of above. In a small audience he is beset with questions and interruptions of a very disagreeable character, and he cannot, as is necessary in many tricks, pass off the same card in three places as a different one, or practise similar deceptions. Finally, he has not the desired choice of persons. A prestidigitateur cannot perform every illusion with every person. Some tricks require a very distrustful subject, others an innocent one; in some, only ladies can be used with success, in others, children. An experienced player will not ask *any one* to assist him; but for the most insignificant manipulations, as the drawing, holding, or placing of a card, will select certain individuals. Only a practiced physiognomist and perfect student of human nature can be sure of success in this line.

So much for the results of theoretical investigation in the actual practice of legerdemain. We now come to its relations to scientific psychology, which are many and varied.

Let me first recall Robert Houdin's experiments on the instantaneous perception and counting of numbers of objects. These experiments deserve consideration for pointing out a new way of fixing numerically

\* The extent to which the attention of thousands can be diverted, is best seen at a circus. Clown A gives Clown B a resounding box on the ear. In reality he only touches his cheek. But at the same moment, B claps his hands. No one notices this, because all eyes are directed on A's movements, and B's face.



the *higher* faculties of psychical life. Psychophysics has hitherto exclusively restricted itself to the lower psychical functions of sense perception, including reaction in movements and judgments; only a few years ago did Mr. Ebbinghaus begin to put complicated processes in figures.

This investigator endeavored to find how many words, or meaningless syllables, one could remember after the first hearing; further, how often one must repeat a definite number of syllables to be able immediately to repeat them again, and how often, for the same purpose, after a few hours or days, one must do the same, and what influence is exerted in this by the puzzling factor, practice. A similar idea lies at the basis of Houdin's experiments. Here the object of inquiry is, the ability (acquired slowly, like memory) of recognising a definite number of objects, by once seeing them, i. e. without conscious addition, as this or that number; in other words, the experiments refer to a remarkable feature of human development which may be designated as unconscious calculation. According to Houdin's statements, occasional remarks of Professor Preyer, and my own observations, it appears that the limit of instantaneous recognition lies between 5 and 6; and this agrees in a remarkable manner with the limit of retention of monosyllabic words after one hearing. At any rate, the new, and remarkable possibility is here opened to us of fixing in data and numbers the secrets of our inner psychic life. Of course, as soon as we demand the description as well as the number of the objects seen, the question becomes complicated in a manner which renders its solution unusually difficult. Then "interest" plays an important part. A lady, who can barely catch four similar objects at a glance, can yet describe in detail the toilet of another lady rapidly passing in a carriage. Accordingly, with Houdin's second series of experiment's psychology will for a while, not be able to accomplish much.

The trick of making an orange disappear in the air at first looks like a positive hallucination. We should, then, be confronted with the notable fact that in entirely normal men, images may be produced which possess the character of externally awakened sense-perceptions, with no corresponding external reality to awaken them. But, in the first place, the appearance of a uniform and frequently repeated sensory irritation is necessary to produce these images; and this removes them from the realm of hallucination and places them in the category of sensations of repetition. And, in the second place, the external suggestion is not entirely wanting. There is indeed no object in the air which may be made the foundation of the false perception of an orange, but simply a motion and the sense-impression of this motion is quite sufficient to

awaken the repetitive image of the object associated with it. We have to do with an illusion, to the extent of a subjective falsification of objectively presented material of sensation. Illusions are possible with people entirely sound both in body and mind, especially if fear or other emotions excite the imagination.\* In our case, it is intense expectation that induces the favorable state. That the concentration of the mind on a certain effect has that effect as its subjective result is no new fact to those conversant with hypnotism.

While, therefore, positive hallucinations may be wanting in the realm of illusion, there are plenty of negative hallucinations. A positive hallucination consists in seeing something where nothing exists, a negative hallucination in seeing nothing where something exists. Who has not hunted for an object that was directly before his eyes? The sense-impression exists, is taken up, but not elaborated in consciousness, and there thus arises a momentary state of mental blindness, in which negative hallucination may take place. The prestidigitateur artificially produces such a state of absent-mindedness and uses it systematically for his purposes. Mr. Moll,† in speaking of the fact that we can prevent hypnotised persons, by suggestion, from perceiving external objects, very truly says: "If we look at the hands of a magician and watch closely enough, we can see him conceal objects and exchange cards directly before the eyes of his audience. The juggler knows the art of diverting the attention of his observers by skilful phrases, so that even those who are looking at his hands are not in a condition to give an account of his doings. The exchange of cards, for example, falls within the observer's range of vision, the sensory irritation is made, but it does not come to consciousness." In pointing out analogies between the psychology of hypnotism and that of prestidigitation, one may go much further than this.

In conclusion, we may mention a contribution which legerdemain has made to the psychological problem of the freedom of the will. The well-known trick of permitting a card to be drawn at random, and immediately guessing it, is based on the fact that the observer only believes he has freely drawn, while in reality the performer has restricted his will and diverted it in a definite direction, either by placing the card to be chosen in a convenient position, or by pushing it forward at the moment when the selector's fingers reach for it. I do not think that anything could offer a better illustration of the determinism of all our actions. Even in the game of life we do not grasp the chosen cards, but those which are presented to us by a definite law.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

\* Compare Dessoir, *The Double Ego*, Part I, p. 36, of the publications of the Society of Experimental Psychology in Berlin. Leipzig, Ernst Günther, 1899.

† *Hypnotism*, by Dr. A. Moll, p. 65. Berlin, 1889.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

SINCE Grover Cleveland ascended the civic throne a month of hope has gone, and to hungry petitioners for office the month of despondency has come. The promises that bloomed in March, begin to droop in April, and in May they will wither in despair. The pathos of it moves our pity, because many of the disappointed have betted three or four months of time and much money on their importance to a government which foolishly believes that it can get along without them, although at the late election each individual man of them won for the Democratic ticket a ward, a township, a county, or perhaps a state, which, without his opportune exertions, must have gone the other way. Has he not certificates to prove it, from the chairman of the committee, the senators, the congressmen, and even from grateful men who now have places in the cabinet? Was he not confidentially told in the winter by persons near the throne that Mr. Cleveland gratefully remembered him for the skilful manner in which he carried Brush Creek township for the ticket? And must he now exclaim with Wolsey, "Oh, how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!" Where are those trustees of Mr. Cleveland's powers, his intimate friends, who could promise and did promise anything and everything in his name? Alas, at the beginning of the new reign it was discovered that they had no more influence at court than Falstaff had in the reign of Henry the Fifth. On the strength of his relations to the Prince of Wales, Falstaff had borrowed money of Justice Shallow, whose hospitality he was wasting when the news came that Henry the Fourth was dead, and that the Prince of Wales was king; "Away, Bardolph," said Falstaff, "saddle my horse,—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine." So, when on the 8th of November in the evening, news came that Harrison the Second was defeated, and that Grover the First was coming to the throne, the political Falstaffs who pretended to have "the ear of Cleveland," patronised the working patriots and shouted: "Choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine." They chose; and now, weary and heart-sick, they find that the Falstaffs have been discarded by the king.

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While I pity the needy expectant of an office who thinks that he has earned it and deserves it, and who does not see how he can get along without it, having made his calculations upon it, I envy his more fortunate neighbor, that miraculous man whose quality is higher than any office, who towers above dignities, who can have any place he chooses to put his finger on, but who would not condescend to accept even a cabinet portfolio if offered him on a silver dish. While some worthy patriots are famishing for spoils, others are being followed about by offices actually biting them to attract their patronage, but without ruffling a hair of their ambition. Here, for instance, is a man who has been persecuted in that way ever since the election, but whose pride has not relented yet. Listen to this, the latest news from Washington: "It is the opinion of many of the more prominent Democrats that Mr. Whitney will yet be induced to accept a high position from Mr. Cleveland." While others are pleading for anything, high, or low, or middling, how can we help envying a superior person who cannot even be "induced" to accept the highest place upon the list, although he knows that without him this country can hardly hobble along. Office fascinates most men like a necromantic spell, a truth impressed upon my mind the other day by an old comrade, who for the past twelve years has been "holding down," as he expressed it, a lucrative position in that ancient ruin, the Chicago Custom-house. Pointing affectionately at the deformity, he said: "It hurts my feelings to have that building slandered. I have seen it every day for twelve years, and every day I see new beauties in its graceful curves and its harmonious proportions. The vaunted architecture of Greece and Rome cannot hold a candle to it.

Michael Angelo himself could never have designed it. Its ventilation is perfect, for it is always cool in summer and warm in winter. Notice the air upon the street; you can cut it with a knife, but this murky atmosphere never enters there. In my office up there in the third story the air is ever salubrious and the zephyrs pure. They say the noble structure is liable to tumble down at any moment, and perhaps it is; but let me hold office there until it falls, and then bury me in its ruins."

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So many false reports have gone into circulation about the imaginary "extortion" to be practised at the World's Fair that Mr. Higinbotham, the president, has made a proclamation contradicting the sensational stories, and declaring that there will not be any extra charges made for necessary accommodations. This proclamation, so far as it is definite, is enough to set the "malicious reports" at rest, but when obscure, it helps to strengthen them, as in that part of it, where, answering the accusation that visitors will be charged a fee for sitting down, Mr. Higinbotham says, "Ample provisions for seating will be made without charge." Standing alone, that statement ought to be satisfactory, but immediately under the proclamation the newspaper printing it says: "At the same time, camp-chairs, of light construction, will be offered to those who would rather pay a small fee for them than take seats among the multitude." If this is true, then part of the seating privilege has been farmed out, and the management has laid upon itself the burthen of contradictory obligations. It cannot be just and liberal to the public in the matter of seats and also to the persons who have bought the privilege of charging for sitting on the camp-chairs. The "small fee" may be trifling as the bite of a mosquito, but it will cause irritation and annoyance, because the tired victim will not know anything about it, until he has planted himself in the chair. A few years ago I was taking a stroll through Hyde Park, London, where "ample provisions for sitting are made without charge," but I incautiously sat down on a camp-chair in the shade of a tree. Hardly had I made myself comfortable, when a man came up and demanded a penny. The authorities had sold him the privilege of setting camp-chair traps for unwary foreigners like me. The charge was very small, but the imposition was very large, and I resented it, because there was no indication anywhere that the seats were private property. Better sit on a tack, than on one of those camp-chairs; and when the weather is very hot, Mr. Higinbotham will be surprised at the vast quantity of profanity that may be provoked by a "small fee."

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These remarks will apply also to the extra toilet-rooms, "of a costly and handsome character," for the use of which a charge of five cents will be made. There ought not to be any serious objection to that extra charge, provided the visitor knows before he enters a toilet-room that he must pay for the use of it. To make the "costly and handsome" rooms profitable, the free toilet-rooms must be either numerically insufficient or objectionable. When a visitor, after going in, is charged five cents which he knew nothing about, he becomes angry and spiteful, not that he cares for the five cents, but because he thinks he has been played for a simpleton. The positive expression, "five cents," is, at least, open, frank, and honest, but the defect in the character of the "small fee" is its want of candor; it fears to say how much it is, and this defect attaches to that part of the proclamation which declares that "fifty cents will entitle the visitor to see everything within the Exposition grounds, except the Eskimo village and the reproduction of the Colorado cliff dwellings. For these, as well as for the special attractions on midway plaisance, a small fee will be charged." That is ambiguous, if not equivocal. What is the exact amount of that "small fee," expressed in terms of money? Men who have attended shows, entertainments, fairs, and the like, know how much extortion is concealed in the professional jargon



"small fee," "trifling extra charge," "usual slight advance," and phrases of that kind. They are catchpenny cries, altogether below the dignity of the Columbian Exposition. I shall never forget the first time that Barnum's great circus visited Marbletown. Everybody within a fifty-mile radius came to the show, and the crowd was like a rush of mighty waters, but Mr. Barnum was equal to the occasion, and he issued a proclamation to the effect that "persons wishing to avoid the crush at the ticket wagon can obtain seats at Kelly's book-store for the usual slight advance." The price of a ticket was fifty cents, but when I went into Kelly's and bought five tickets for myself and the folks, I found that the "slight advance" was twenty-five cents a ticket, which I paid "under protest," a protest which never gave Mr. Barnum one moment's remorse down to the day of his death. Let everything be candid, and there will be no grumbling.

\* \* \*

As I do not like to use a word so harsh as treachery I will compliment the Chicago politicians on their genius for diplomacy, and their skill in balancing themselves between opposing forces so as to win with either side. It is not easy to perform this feat, because in the game of double dealing the player himself is liable to be betrayed, as in the case of the crafty gentlemen who have been detected in the legerdemain of signing the petition of one man for the office of postmaster, and then recommending his rival for the same place. Since the well known case of that "Heathen Chinese" there has not appeared such a pathetic story of guile as this which appears in the Washington dispatches of April 5th.

"The Record" correspondent secured access to-day to the records of the file-room in the postoffice department, wherein are kept under the closest privacy the applications and indorsements for postmasters. It disclosed the fact that quite a number of Chicago gentlemen had filed their applications for the postmastership. It also disclosed some of the peculiar methods of practical politics, as the names of quite a number of men were on file as earnestly urging the appointment of two different candidates."

Such duplicity is very shocking to the virtuous mind, and our pain is increased by the revelation that official documents which are "kept under the closest privacy" in the "file-room" of the Postmaster General were shown to the inquisitive correspondent of a newspaper. How did that happen? There must have been additional treachery there. Who gave up the secrets of the "file-room"? When a statesman ostentatiously telegraphs to Senator Palmer urging him to support one candidate, and then writes a "personal and private" letter to the Postmaster General in behalf of the rival candidate, he elevates political chicanery to the rank of the fine arts, and he may confidently aspire to any office in the catalogue of spoils. I am not surprised to learn that when Senator Palmer found it out, he felt that he had been "trifled with," and very likely the Postmaster General felt the same way. I suspect that out of dignified contempt for the double dealing, or else to make a comic scene of it, Mr. Bissell himself gave the correspondent "access to the records of the file-room." I once knew a lucky statesman who signed the opposing petitions of two rival candidates for the office of gauger, and then wrote a "personal and private" letter to the appointing power in behalf of a third man. He told me that he found it necessary sometimes in the trade of politics to assume a double or triple character, but he did not like it very well because it was not agreeable to hear his own two selves continually calling each other false and treacherous.

\* \* \*

At the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Jersey City, April 5th, the Rev. H. C. Payne made the following announcement, "Brethren, the devil is celebrating a great victory in Chicago. Hell is having a jubilee to-day in honor of the election of a mayor who will turn the Sabbath into a day of amusement." That bit of demonology is not extravagant; it is in logical harmony with the tactics adopted by the opponents of

the successful candidate in the campaign at Chicago, and the result is a marvellous illustration of the manner in which a candidate may be carried on the shoulders of his enemies to victory. When he was nominated the chances were all against him. There was a schism in his own party, and a formidable revolt of the Germans led by the editor of the most influential German paper in Chicago. The so-called "business interests" appeared to be almost unanimously against him. The papers of both parties protested passionately that his election would be a calamity. They declared that he was in sympathy and confederation with all the criminal classes, the director and protector of the "gang." The pulpits thundered against him, and some of the newspapers pilloried him in caricature day after day. Every misfortune, from the anarchist riots to a hole in the sidewalk was charged against him, until at last the opposition looked like persecution, and thousands of his enemies drawn to him by sympathy became his friends, for this occasion only. The censure was overdone, and the reaction against it elected him by a majority of twenty thousand votes. But his punishment was quick and terrible. Two days after the election he had fled, far from the city of his home, and from the state where he had lived so long; fled from the swarming office-hunters to Fortress Monroe, where protected by the guns of that strong citadel he might find sanctuary from the importunities of his friends. The defeated candidate has a happier lot, he has no occasion to run away from the spoilers into self-exile, he can rest in the tranquillity of home, a little poorer than he was a month ago, but opulent still, and serenely doing business as before.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## THE UNIVERSAL SYNTHESIS.

BY F. DE GISSAC.

THE MONOS or God of our Monism (the Monism of *The Open Court* and of *The Monist*) is, if I understand it well, "the universal synthesis"—using, of course, the word "synthesis" in its largest meaning, the one used at least by French scientists. This meaning is that of essential unity, of unity in itself, instead of a mere reconstruction by our minds of various quantities into a unity. It is, in the words of Dr. Carus a unity which "is, has been, and will be, an indivisible one." By "a chemical synthesis," French scientists mean the *essential* unity of a thing, that which constitutes its being, of which each of its primary chemical elements are merely the subordinate and incomplete components, such as are the little pieces of marble that enter into the artistic mosaic, as said Dr. Carus in the last number of *The Monist*. There is in St. Peter's basilic at Rome the most admirable mosaic known; it is a copy of St. Petronilla, a masterly painting by Il Guercino, which is in the old Roman baths of Titus that are used to-day as the church of Sta. Maria de Angelis. The mosaic is reputed to be fully as good and powerful as the original masterpiece itself. Now, I should say that the "synthesis" is the same in both the mosaic and the painting, although the material—the *materia circa quam*, as said the scholastics—is entirely different. The idea or the ideal, the form is the same. The Monos of our Monism, God, is, according to Dr. Carus, the order or moral law of the Universe. It is, then, the Universe itself, including, but independently of, or rather "super," the mere *materia circa quam* of the Universe, exactly as the painting and the mosaic are the St. Petronilla, including, but independently of, or above, their respective *materias circa quas*, either the pigments or the chips of colored marbles. Once, conversing with a scientist about the lost arts of antiquity, I asked him how, in spite of our modern science and the wonders of our chemistry, we can remain unable to reproduce that wonderful bronze, harder than the hardest steel, with which the Egyptians used to cut so easily their adamantine granite into statues smooth as a plate glass and with such a perfection that their curved sur-



faces are mathematically correct. He answered: "Yes, we have no difficulty in chemically analysing that ancient bronze, but we are unable to discover its synthesis. The analysis is nothing at all as long as we do not know the synthesis, for the synthesis is the thing in its unity, in its reality, in fact, it is the thing itself. Each reality, each thing, either animate or inanimate, concrete or abstract, is a synthesis. As soon as its synthesis vanishes the thing is dead and it necessarily disappears. Without knowing its synthesis, we cannot reproduce that Egyptian bronze, any more than a *chef* can make a dish without knowing its recipe. The recipe is the synthesis of the dish; it is the dish itself, although, I concede, an abstract recipe would not be a very satisfactory dish."

So the essential reality of the Universe is its synthesis, not merely its abstract but its concrete synthesis. The Universal Synthesis is the *ens* of true ontology; it is the God of true religion. For, borrowing again the words of Dr. Carus, God "is both objectivity and subjectivity combined," or "the reality that surrounds us and of which our very being consists."

Is it not more opportune to define God as "the Universal Synthesis," than to merely proclaim his universality, when we see that already, believing that "God is everywhere as a spirit," anthropotheists will readily accept "the universality of God"? They, as well as the Atheists and the Agnostics, would fail to grasp the positive character of our monistic idea of God. But to tell them that "God is the Universal Synthesis" may instantly awaken their mind to our positivist, truer, and grander understanding of what God really is.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

EARL GREY ON RECIPROCITY AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM. With Comments by *Gen. M. M. Trumbull*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1893.

Just before the presidential election, the venerable statesman, Earl Grey, formerly Secretary of State for the British colonies, wrote to General Trumbull two very interesting letters on "Reciprocity" and "Civil Service Reform." Those letters were published in *The Open Court*, and they have attracted great attention both in England and in this country. They have now been printed in pamphlet form by The Open Court Publishing Company, with General Trumbull's comments. Some of our readers may wish to preserve the letters and the comments in convenient form, and for that purpose they have been printed altogether in this neat and elegant pamphlet. The comments are in General Trumbull's most fascinating and convincing style, and replete with similes adapted to bring forcibly home to the mind the true conditions of this complicated question.

The political expedient known as "Reciprocity" has been very much discussed in the United States of late, and it has even been adopted into the platform of one of the great political parties. It is a subject greatly talked about, but little understood. The remarks of Lord Grey upon it, wherein he shows the manner of its overthrow in England, are very instructive and worthy of attentive study.

In the *Century* for March is an article on "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," written by the captain of the ship that carried him to that island. He describes the conversations he had with Napoleon on the way, and the Emperor's account of the manner in which he compelled the American government to come to terms of "reciprocity" with him is very amusing when read by the light of wiser economic science.

At this moment, when the president of the United States and his cabinet ministers are literally besieged night and day by legions of office-hunters, demanding a speedy redistribution of the spoils, and when they demand that all public business be suspended until they are satisfied, the advice and opinions of Earl Grey on that subject will commend themselves to every thoughtful mind.

#### AFLOAT.

BY HIRAM H. BICE.

Afloat on a summer sea,  
Where the sun shines bright,  
And the heart is light,  
And the ripples come and go.  
There the breezes softly blow  
From the green-clad land,  
'Cross the hazy strand,  
With scent from the orange tree.  
O'er the silvery sheen  
We lazily lean,  
And our shimmering faces greet  
In the waters 'neath our feet.  
Bright visions gleam.  
So we drift, we dream,  
In our boat on the summer sea.

The soul on the drifting years  
With the tide floats on,  
While the heavens don  
All the roseate hues of youth,  
To the soul the type of truth.  
And the breeze is light,  
And fame's image bright,  
No phantom of griefs or fears.  
Without heed or care  
We merrily fare  
To the music of the dream.  
Where the ending of the stream?  
Ah, the bubbles break;  
We start, we wake,  
And the reaping—regrets and tears.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 295. (VOL. VII.—16.)

CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
| Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

MOST of our schools and colleges seem to be planned on the supposition, that the early history of mankind was substantially this. Adam and Eve were created on the sixth day of the week, and taught to read and write on the seventh. They were told that they must do nothing in the Garden of Eden, except study; but they ran away from school, in order to climb trees and steal apples. They were more studious after they had been turned out: and the first murder was due to the jealousy of Cain, at being outstripped by Abel in the junior class. It was fondness for improper books which brought down the deluge to drown them as well as their readers; the ark was built in order that the decent part of antediluvian literature might be preserved; and the first public library was the tower of Babel. The credit of inventing the printing press may be divided between Noah and Prometheus; but it is certain that Nimrod was a mighty hunter after mistakes made by other authors, and probable that the cause of the Trojan war was a quarrel about international copyright. All this must be believed devoutly, in order to justify the old-fashioned system of education; and it must also be taken for granted, that King Arthur and his knights were merely a band of daring young critics who conducted a quarterly review at Camelot, that Charlemagne published a daily newspaper, that William the Conqueror flooded England with pamphlets in support of his title, before he crossed the Channel, and that the main purpose of the crusaders was to distribute tracts.

Not one of these suppositions is so absurd, as it would be to pretend that the course of study, in most of the schools and colleges, is either a liberal or a practical one, according to the great principle long ago announced by Pestalozzi, and stated by Herbert Spencer in his book on "Education" as follows: "Alike in its order and its methods, education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution." "Of course this fundamental principle of tuition, that the arrangement of matter and method must correspond with the order of evolution and mode of activity of the faculties,—a principle so obviously true that when once

stated it seems almost self-evident—has never been wholly disregarded. Teachers have unavoidably made their school-courses coincide with it in some degree, for the simple reason that education is possible only on that condition. Boys were never taught the rule-of-three, until after they had learned addition." (Pp. 110, 111.) No good teacher, I may add, would set children who could barely read words of one syllable to study Browning's "Sordello," or even Spencer's "First Principles." The rule of letting the easiest books come first is so well established, that no teacher would disregard it deliberately; and a proposal to reverse it, and begin with the most difficult books, would be universally condemned as preposterous. This word literally means, putting that first which ought to be last; and it might properly be applied to the idea that education has to begin with using any book.

In order to get rid of all that has been preposterous in our methods of education, we ought to give more attention to some of the plainest facts in the early history of mankind. The first men knew as little about books and newspapers, as the animals from whom they had been developed. It is doubtful whether they could even speak in the earliest ages; and it is certain that they could not read or write. The period which has elapsed since the invention of any alphabet is in all probability very short, compared with the untold ages of absolute illiteracy. The skulls of the men of even that primitive period, however, show that the human brain had already become much larger than that of any lower animal, in proportion to the size of the body. The brain power of these primitive illiterates seems to differ but little from our own, in comparison with its vast superiority to that possessed by the lowest vertebrates. Long before there was any reading or writing, there was an immense period during which men developed a great deal of mental power by using tools and weapons, as well as by coming in contact in other direct ways with the external world of realities in which they lived. At the same time, they acquired a large amount of useful knowledge, as must be admitted by all who consider how well trained many illiterate savages are in the best way to hunt, fish, cook, and in other ways adapt themselves to the cir-



cumstances, which have been their principal teachers. Of course, what was learned before the invention of the alphabet, was worth very little compared with what has been learned since; but there has never been a time when all knowledge came solely through books. What literary life there was before the present century has been, for the most part, among people who were few in numbers, compared with the rest of the population, and who did so much riding, hunting, dancing, and fencing as to keep their muscles in much better training than most scholars do at the present day. This could not, of course, be said of the Catholic clergy, who had almost a monopoly of learning during the Middle Ages; but they did not materially aid the transmission of brain-power by inheritance. It is true that the literary class was very large and not very athletic during the latter days of the Roman empire; but it is also true that these scholars did not display much mental power in their contests against the illiterate barbarians who overthrew the empire, and who substituted governments which were in some respects more advanced, for instance in recognising the advantages of local self-government, and in introducing trial by jury. It should also be remembered that we, citizens of the United States, are much more largely descended from these men of the North than from the comparatively scholarly men of the South. In short, our brains are the results of two factors, a muscular training, which has been enjoyed by all our ancestors for untold ages, and a literary training, which has been possessed during recent times by a few of the ancestors of a small part of our population. To try to educate the brain of every child as if it had been entirely produced by a small force which has but lately come into play, is simply preposterous.

This position is further justified by those recent investigations into the functions and structure of the brain, which show that its various parts correspond closely, and perhaps exclusively, to the activity of the different muscles and the impressions made upon each of the senses. Every muscle has its own special centre in the brain, as may be seen at length in works like "The Soul of Man," by Dr. Carus, and "The Principles of Psychology," by Professor James. The brain has plainly been developed mainly under the influence of muscular activity, and scarcely at all under that of literary culture. Its structure confirms what Maudsley says of the muscles, namely, that "Their actions are essential elements in our mental operations. The superiority of the human over the animal mind seems to be essentially connected with the great variety of muscular action of which man is capable." How much can be done for the brain by training the muscles was shown by an experiment in the Elmira Reformatory, where this agency alone was found suffi-

cient to enable convicts who had become stationary in the lowest grade of school-work, and who seemed "incapable of prolonged mental efforts," to rise to the first grade in the school. We are told that their faces became much brighter and more intelligent than before, and that "The stride in mental and moral development was almost beyond belief." (See "Annual Report of Managers," January, 1887, and *Popular Science Monthly*, for July, 1889, Vol. XXXV, pp. 338-340.)

The method of education originally followed by our race, and still recorded in the structure of our brains, is precisely that which is found sufficient to develop the mind of the child before he goes to school. He goes there because he needs further development of mind and brain. To try to give them solely through literary culture, is no wiser than it would be to try to make a tree grow rapidly and symmetrically by watering and manuring the roots in only one little spot.

Our present system of education is not to be condemned as a failure; but many of the successful pupils get a great deal of muscular training outside of the school-room; those who get none are apt to fall into narrowly introspective or retrospective habits of thought; and the thinkers who have done most to mould public opinion in recent years, have brains which have presided for many years over the delicate manipulations necessary for scientific investigation. A muscular movement which is made consciously and deliberately is much more beneficial intellectually than one which takes place automatically. The latter can make a good workman, but the thinker is best developed by those efforts which require most thought. A painter who was asked how he mixed his colors, answered, "with brains"; and pupils who are taught sewing, cooking, wood-carving, Swedish gymnastics, or modelling in clay by an instructor who takes care to keep their minds as active as their muscles, are doing at least as much to develop their brains as if they were committing spelling-lessons to memory, or even translating Greek. Emerson was right in urging "the claims of manual labor as a part of the education of every young man," and declaring that "We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments in the work of our hands."

I am not recommending that this trade or that be taught in our public schools and colleges, but only that their course be made broad enough to develop the brain to the greatest possible fitness for any kind of work. A liberal education does not consist in preparation merely for mechanical work, or merely for literary life either. That education is most liberal which is developing the brain for the widest range of work by using the widest range of agencies; and muscular training ought not to be left out.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LEGERDEMAIN.

BY MAX DESSOIR.

[CONCLUDED.]

V.

Spiritualism is jugglery! This is a statement we often hear from uninformed people, and some enthusiasts give themselves great trouble to prove the fact by "antispiritualistic demonstrations." But the inaptness of the comparison is evident from the fact that the number of believers in the new teachings is constantly increasing, and also that in spite of exposures and explanations, many eminent scholars still espouse the cause of mediumistic facts. The chief reason of this seems to be the following. In our scientific age neither science nor religion offers to the masses a sufficiently clear explanation of the problem of existence, while a metaphysical necessity still prohibits thoughtful minds from entering the barren waste of materialism. Now spiritualism enters the lists and says: I will show you that there *is* a life after death. Is it surprising that such an experimental ethics should find a loud echo in inquiring hearts, or that a social movement should arise whose germs have existed in all ages and among all people?

Yet against such tendencies science is entirely powerless. No argument of reason will convince one who has taken spiritualism to heart, as our judgment is always subordinate to our feelings and desires. It is therefore a vain task to pour a few drops of water on the glowing coals of a psychical epidemic.

But beside the fanatics of spiritualism are many who regard it their duty to test with unbiassed minds the remarkable reports and to investigate the phenomena of spiritualism, or at least take a certain external interest in the matter. For these and these only, are the following remarks intended, as a kind of application of our former observations.

Our knowledge of mediumistic performances has been obtained almost without exception, from written reports. In other words: we have never learned what has occurred at any time, but only what other persons *believe* has occurred. Between these two, as we have seen, there is a great difference. A person sees an orange vanish in the air without being able to explain the miracle, he imagines he has tested eight rings when he has really had only two in his hand, he thinks he has drawn a card at will when it was thrust into his fingers, he believes he is holding fast an object which is really somewhere else,—and if he afterwards describes to a third person these tricks, they are naturally pronounced incredible. It must therefore be regarded as a piece of rare *naïveté* if a reporter asserts that in the description of his subjective conclusions he is giving the exact objective processes. Davey's experiments furnish a striking proof of this. This gentleman, a

member of the London Society for Psychical Research, and an amateur prestidigitateur, attained by continuous practice, such great facility in the so-called "slate writing," that he could give exhibitions before numbers of persons with success. He never told his guests that his performances were accomplished by the aid of spirits, or by sleight-of-hand, but each was left to think as he saw fit. At the close of the *séance*, to which no admission fee was charged, Mr. Davey requested all present to communicate to him on the following day in writing what they had observed. He then published the letters received, and their character is so exuberant that one might really believe superior powers were involved. "Writing upon slates locked and carefully guarded by witnesses—writing upon slates held by the witnesses firmly against the under surface of the table—writing upon slates held by the witnesses above the table—answers to questions written secretly in locked slates—correct quotations appearing on guarded slates from books chosen by the witnesses at random, and sometimes mentally, the books not touched by the 'medium'; messages in languages unknown to the 'medium,' including a message in German, for which only a mental request had been made, and a letter in Japanese in a double slate locked and sealed by the witness, etc. And yet, though 'autographic' fragments of pencil were 'heard' weaving mysterious messages between and under and over slates, and fragments of chalk were seen moving about under a tumbler placed above the table in full view, none of the sitters witnessed that best phenomenon, *Mr. Davey writing.*"

The sources of error through which such strange reports arise, may be arranged in four groups. First, the observer interpolates a fact which did not happen, but which he is led to believe has happened; thus, he imagines he has examined the slate when as a fact he never has. Second, he confuses two similar ideas; he thinks he has carefully examined the slate, when in reality he has only done so hastily, or in ignorance of the point at issue. Third, the witness changes the order of events a little in consequence of a very natural deception of memory; he believes he tested the slate later than he actually did. Fourth and last, he passes over certain details which were purposely described to him as insignificant; he does not notice that the "medium" asks him to close a window, and that the trick is thus rendered possible. *Everything* cannot be retained, much less written. How difficult it is to put in writing in a form admitting of no criticism even an every-day occurrence! And how much more difficult is it to describe an event which partakes of the character of the inexplicable, and which by reason of interruptions and incidents, renders continuous observation almost impossible.



Add to this that most people visit a spiritualistic *séance*, expecting something marvellous. Mr. Davey has experimentally shown that of equally capable observers, those who know that sleight-of-hand is concerned, are in a much better condition to understand the *modus operandi* than others. It is evident that intense expectation, the charm of mystery, the rude playing upon the holiest affairs of the heart (through messages from departed relatives) must greatly excite the nerves and dull the vision. Moreover, the medium makes a special point of leaving in doubt the interpretation of what is seen and heard, and this psychic state of the spectator accounts for many otherwise inexplicable occurrences. The slightest noise becomes a loud knock, every light-reflection a ghost, and every accidental touch a manifestation from a higher sphere. The observer overlooks, on the one hand, the natural, physical explanation, and, on the other hand, creates a miracle out of nothing; he imparts his excitement to others, and is in turn influenced by them. The form in which a disinterested spectator sees the concealed figure of the medium, is regarded by others as the true image of persons entirely unlike when living. An American naturalist declares that he has heard the same puppet successively addressed as "grandmother," "my sweet little Betty," "Papa," and "little Rob." Every one sees what he expects to see, and what most closely touches his interest. Create a belief and the facts will create themselves.

If an object suddenly disappears or changes its place, the spiritualist sees in it an evidence of super-human power, just like the Papuan, who, knowing nothing of powder, imagines a spirit behind every cannon-ball; he lacks a certain knowledge, without which it is impossible to form a true judgment. A sound mind alone does not render one competent to judge of the safety of fastenings; only a man practised in the mechanism of knots and familiar with the various modes of tying can claim any competency on this point. To decide whether a conclusion is true, a certain technical knowledge is necessary. Most people imagine that a person entirely unprepared can step into a spiritualistic *séance* and form a conclusive opinion as to the presence or lack of prestidigitation; but such an idea is as childish as to suppose that a layman could decide the genuineness of a seal of the Middle Ages, or the nature of a nerve-affection. I will illustrate. The juggler often employs the artifice of making a process prominent by referring it to a foreign cause. In the trick of causing a watch to strike at will, a little instrument concealed in the vest-pocket makes the sound, and the manipulation of the watch is only for show. One who does not know this would hardly guess that Monck and Home's harmonica, played by invisible hands, was to be explained in the

same manner. A performance of Dr. Monck was to place a musical clock on a table, cover it with a cigar-box, and cause it to play or be silent at will. General explanation, "spirits." In reality the sound came from a small music-box, concealed in the performer's wide trousers, above the knee, and put in motion by pressing against the table. Here again the old psychological rule is verified: the simpler the trick, the more difficult it is to discover.

One great advantage a deceiving medium has is the fact that he is allowed to fix his own conditions of success, and, if it comes to the worst, can put the blame of failure upon the spectators, or the spirits. Semi-darkness is also advantageous, because it is "positive," that is, one can never see where something is in process of development, or what else is effected there. Mrs. Sidgwick, the wife of the well-known Cambridge professor of philosophy, and president of the Society for Psychical Research, has set forth five grounds for suspicion against Slade's performances: his efforts to divert attention; his position, which enabled him always to operate with his right hand upon the table; the vague character of the communications; the limiting of the number of spectators to two or three; and their arrangement, which precluded every possibility of looking under the table. She might have added, that according to the observations of the Seybert commission, Slade and other mediums, with true sleight-of-hand cunning, executed their tricks without announcing beforehand what was to be done.

But we must admit that *a few* tricks, such as those of Professor Crookes with Home, concerning the possibility of setting inanimate objects in motion without touching them, *appear* to lie entirely outside the sphere of jugglery. And so, personally, I must close with this confession, doubtless unexpected to many readers, that I feel unable to explain a certain small portion of spiritualistic manifestations by means of the psychology of jugglery. I do not mean that these *cannot* be traced back to deceptive manipulation, or at least to the employment of known means; I only frankly and honestly admit, that up to the present time such a method of explanation has not been found.

#### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

##### INTRODUCTION.

We are born into the world as living, feeling, and thinking beings. We live for a while and then we die.

And what is our life? We toil, we suffer, we hope, we aspire, we work. Our joys are fleeting and many of them leave behind them the lees of regret and disappointment. Only a few hopes are realised, only some aspirations are fulfilled, and only a part of our efforts is crowned with success.



Thus our life appears as a transient phenomenon, narrow in its field, short in its span of years, and limited in its power of achievement.

What shall be our aim and purpose?

Shall we look for satisfaction in the little gratifications that come from the pleasures of life? And is there no higher object than to live and be merry and pass away as though we had never been.

We anxiously look for support in tribulations, for comfort in afflictions, and for guidance in the vicissitudes of life. And the assistance that we find is our religion.

How can we acquire information concerning ourselves and the world in which we live? How shall we find a religion?

Information can be had only through inquiry. We have to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. Says Jesus of Nazareth: "Seek and ye shall find."

The methods by which we try to find a religion to support and guide us must be the same as those that we employ in other fields of life and which are comprehended under the name of science. In this sense we say, the religion we seek is the religion of science.

#### THE PRINCIPLES, THE FAITH, AND THE DOCTRINES OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

What is religion?

Every religion is, or should be, a conviction that regulates man's conduct, affords comfort in affliction, and consecrates all the purposes of life.

What is science?

Science is the methodical search for truth; and truth is a correct, complete, invariable, and comprehensive statement of facts.

What is the religion of science?

The religion of science is that religion wherein man aspires to find the truth by the most reliable and truly scientific methods.

The religion of science recognises the authority of truth, scientifically proved, as ultimate. It does not rely on human authority, even though that authority pretends to have special revelations from some supernatural source.

The religion of science accepts no special revelations, yet it recognises certain principles. It has no creed or dogma, yet it has a clearly defined faith. It does not prescribe peculiar ceremonies or rituals, yet it propounds definite doctrines and insists on a rigorous ethical code.

What are the principles of the religion of science?

First, to inquire after truth.

Second, to accept the truth.

Third, to reject what is untrue.

Fourth, to trust in truth.

And fifth, to live the truth.

Is there a difference in principle between religious and scientific truth?

No, there is none!

There is a holiness about science which is rarely appreciated either by priests or by scientists. Scientific truth is not profane, it is sacred.

There are not two antagonistic truths, one religious the other scientific. There is but one truth, which is to be discovered by scientific methods and applied in our religious life.

Truth is one, and the recognition of truth is the basis of all genuine religion.

What are creeds and dogmas?

Creeds and dogmas are such religious doctrines as are propounded without proof, and the acceptance of which is demanded even though they may appear absurd before the tribunal of science.

The principles of the religion of science admit of no creeds, yet the religion of science has a faith.

What is the faith of the religion of science?

The faith of the religion of science is its trust in truth.

The difference between faith and creed is this: creed is a mere belief, faith is a moral attitude. Faith in creeds is the determination to be satisfied with unwarranted or unproved statements. The faith of the religion of science is the conviction that truth can be found, and that truth is the sole redeemer.

There are religious teachers who expressly forbid any investigation of their religious dogmas, and insist that rational inquiry shall not be tolerated in matters of faith. Their faith is called blind faith.

The religion of science rejects blind faith as irreligious and immoral, and preaches that it is our duty to inquire into all the questions that arise in life.

The religion of science is not a religion of indifference; it does not proclaim that kind of toleration which allows every man to believe and act as he pleases. On the contrary, it proclaims most positive and stern doctrines.

Religious indifference, as fashionable now as it has ever been in certain circles, is detestable to any one who is serious about truth.

Let us have honest belief or honest unbelief, and abandon that unconcerned apathy of a half-hearted religion.

He that is the first and is the last has said:

"I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."



What the Roman church claims to be, the religion of science is. The religion of science is the catholic and orthodox religion.

We do not say that the truth as we know it now, is perfect and complete. Not at all. We know comparatively little, and the world is inexhaustible in problems. But we do know that truth can be attained step by step. Inquiry into truth is not only a scientific necessity, it is also a religious duty, and no pious devotion is of the right kind unless it be accompanied by the spirit of research.

While the religion of science rejects dogmas it is not without doctrines; its faith is not without substance.

What is the source of the doctrines of its faith?

The doctrines of the religion of science are the result of experience, not of one man only, but of the whole race.

They have to be proved and are always liable to critical revision.

What does the religion of science teach regarding rituals and ceremonies?

The religious life of the established religions consists to a great extent in the use of sacraments, ceremonies, and rituals, symbols instituted to convey in allegorical form religious doctrines, and to express by visible signs and outward forms the invisible spiritual relations between men and God. Baptism, confession, the holy communion, matrimony, are such rituals. The religion of science does not deny that appropriate forms are needed to express in a worthy and adequate way those transactions which are of a religious nature. Ceremonies are one way of consecrating life and the most important events of life. Yet the symbols must adequately express the ideas, and the ideas must be true.

The religion of science attaches no intrinsic value to symbols themselves, but only to their meanings. The symbols must not be conceived as the Indian conceives the spell of the medicine-man. They are meaningless and inefficient aside from the meaning that men put into them. There is no magic power in them. The religion of science has no objection to ceremonies, but it does not prescribe special and peculiar forms as essential to religion, or as indispensable conditions of salvation.

What are the doctrines of the religion of science?

(1) The religion of science propounds as one of its main doctrines that every act has its unavoidable consequences, good or evil, according to the nature of the act. (2) The religion of science teaches that the moral commandments in which almost all the established religions agree are sound. (3) That which is good and that which is evil must be found out by scientific in-

vestigation. (4) The religion of science accepts the verdicts of science.

This does not mean that the opinion of every scientist is to be accepted as science, but only those statements which are proved by rational arguments and can be verified by experience, or, if possible, also by experiments.

What is the place of scientists in the religion of science?

Scientists, as seekers of truth, are prophets of the religion of science.

Prophets and priests have authority in the measure in which they represent the authority of moral conduct. They have no authority of themselves. Thus, to the faithful believer no amount of error or fraud in prophets and priests will overthrow their trust in religion.

The same is true of Science.

Scientists have authority in such measure as they have investigated, found, and proved the truth. They have no authority of themselves.

Scientists are subject to error, yet no amount of error can overthrow science and the authority of science.

The religion of science is based upon the authority of science, not of scientists, and science is not only physics or the so-called natural sciences, but it includes also sociology and ethics. Scientists as prophets of truth are indispensable helpmates of the preachers of morality. Yet scientists and preachers are mortal like other human beings, and both of them are liable to error.

As priests are frequently found wanting in religious virtues, so scientific professors are often lacking in the ethics of science.

Scientists object to popes; but how many of them revere their own persons as infallible vicars of truth! And how arrogant as a rule, how obstinate and perversive is the tenor of their disputes! What stubborn sticklers are they for trifles! How great is their vanity! Happily, there are exceptions. Yet even if there were no exceptions, the authority of science would stand in spite of all the shortcomings of scientists.

It is to be conceded that scientific men are always at variance among themselves concerning truths to be discovered. This, however, does not contradict the fact that the truth can be found and clearly stated. Some questions have been settled for good, others are still open. The former are to be regarded as scientific truths. There are such as will be agreed upon by all those who take the trouble to study the subject carefully. The open questions only are the objects of contention among the searchers for truth, and their very disagreement is a most important means for the discovery of truth.



What is our relation to truth?

Truth is a correct statement of facts and the laws of its being; it describes a power independent of us.

Whether or not truth will be such as we desire it to be, is not the question. We cannot fashion or alter it. Being unalterable, we can only accept it and regulate our life accordingly. There is no choice left for us.

There is no reason, however, to be timid when finding ourselves at the mercy of a power beyond our control. We have developed into thinking, feeling, and aspiring beings, and our rational nature, which appears in its fullest efflorescence in science, enables us to make firm and certain steps. We can combat the evils of life, and better conquer them, the deeper and greater our insight is into truth. The very fact of our existence, such as it is, and the practical importance of truth, inspires us with confidence in that All-being, in which and through which we have originated, and the laws of whose nature are beyond our control. We have no choice left but to trust in truth, and we have also good reasons to do so.

\* \* \*

It is true that we are surrounded by mysteries, temptations, and afflictions. Yet these conditions of our life urge us the more seriously to search for the truth, lest we go astray and become the victims of our errors. There is certainly no other choice left for us than to take reality as it is, to understand it, and to act in concord with its laws. We cannot make the truth; we cannot fashion it at our pleasure; we can only accept it. But blessed is he who trusts in the truth, who hearkens to its behests, and leads a life in which obedience to truth is exemplified.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

I DO NOT know whether there is any truth in it or not; I have nothing but the newspapers for it, but the story is that the Mohammedan Arabs at the World's Fair have adopted Christian ways already, and made themselves conspicuous by getting drunk. The report appears to be clear and circumstantial enough, but yet I doubt the truth of it although it specifically describes "a crowd of swarthy Egyptians imbibing Chicago fire-water and wearing misfit turbans to excess on down town streets." Further, it says that "in this hilarious party were several Mustafas, Mohammeds, and Ahmeds, and they went up against copper bottomed whisky with oriental assiduity and munificence." Still, I do not believe the story; I prefer to think that the "hilarious party" was composed of counterfeit Mohammedans, turbaned Englishmen, browned and dressed up to represent the natural and legitimate population of a "street in Cairo," which will be on exhibition at Midway Plaisance during the coming summer, and to which World's Fair visitors can obtain admittance by the payment of a small fee. At the Paris Exposition I saw a lot of Egyptians exhibiting a "street in Cairo" or some other Egyptian scene, and I was told that they were discharged British soldiers, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen who had picked up some knowledge of oriental speech and customs together with a little sunburn during their army service in India and elsewhere. I wonder if these Mustafas, Mo-

hammeds, and Ahmeds are the same fellows. Their friendship for "copper bottomed whisky" is very suspicious as it gives them the appearance of mercenary impostors, and I fear they are no true sons of the prophet.

\* \* \*

Any man with a heart in him, and a soul sensitive to pain, will sympathise with Governor Altgeld in his protest against the "appropriate ceremonies" appointed for the dedication of the Illinois building at the great World's Fair. The Governor probably thinks that there is no more sense in having the edifice "dedicated" than in having it consecrated, but he says nothing about that, and merely complains of the "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of talk provided for the occasion. First on the programme is "Prayer," which can hardly be less than fifteen minutes long considering the importance of the festival; and then comes "the formal turning over of the building" to the Governor by the proper officer, with a speech from north to south about the length of Illinois. The stately pavilion having been "turned over," the Governor makes a speech and "hands the building over to the board," after which comes the "Dedicatory Address" by an orator from Springfield. This gentleman coming a long distance will make a long speech, as also will the orator from Bloomington who is appointed to deliver a comprehensive lecture on "Illinois." This intellectual treat is to be followed by another address by somebody on that new and interesting subject "The Columbian Exposition," and then, to make the torment unendurable they have actually put in the prospectus a speech on "Chicago" by Carter Harrison. It is that last bit of elocution that has driven the Governor into rebellion, and he hurls defiance at the committee in these words:

"I will approve almost any programme that your board may see proper to arrange for that occasion, but it seems to me that the programme has too frightfully much oratory on it. It may be the right thing to have a lot of useless oratory on such an occasion, but as it is usually found to be tiresome to most everybody I would suggest getting along with as little of it as possible, and if there must be so many speeches as I notice on the programme, then I would suggest that the board limit the time of each and make it very short."

There is a good deal of self-interest in Governor Altgeld's objection to the oratory prepared for dedication day, and he is to be excused for that, because the rest of the congregation can slip out when they have had enough of it, but he must remain until the end. As an honored guest of the occasion, he will have a seat on the platform, and there he is a prisoner. He cannot escape without making a scene inconsistent with his dignity. For the general audience the anticipated oratory will be "tiresome" only, but for him it will be "too frightfully much"; and the alternative by which he seeks to "limit the time" of the speakers is an impossible relief. For instance, how is a man to give a ten-minutes lecture on "Illinois," and describe its aptitudes and resources, its history, geography, geology, mineralogy, and botany, its prairies and its timber, its railroads, lakes, and rivers, its agriculture, and its commerce, to say nothing of its infinite possibilities? Who is to limit the time of Mr. Harrison, when that grandiloquent magistrate mounts his favorite hobby, "Chicago"? Suppose the limit is fixed at one hour, and Mr. Harrison "raises the limit," what can the governor do? Mr. Harrison, being mayor of the city, is master of the situation, because if the chairman should call upon the police to suppress the orator, they would obey the mayor and suppress the chairman. More than that, Mr. Harrison can station policemen at all the doors and windows, with orders to arrest any unfortunate visitor who may try to make his escape from the building. There is only one resource remaining to "His Excellency," and that is to order out the militia beforehand, and have a couple of regiments ready to call time on the speakers whenever their "tiresome" oratory becomes "too frightfully much."

\* \* \*

The naval review at New York and the lawsuit between Great Britain and the United States now being tried at Paris, present a



moral contrast, clear and distinct, as the difference between good and evil, for the points of comparison are the visible symbols of war on the one hand and peace on the other. The lesson of it will be the most religious and benevolent that humanity has learned in a hundred years. At the very moment when the guns of England and the guns of our own country have reached their maximum capacity for mischief, they become useless to those two nations as against each other, and their awful thunders are overpowered by the feeble speech of men, mere lawyers pleading on opposite sides the merits of an international dispute before an impartial tribunal selected by the litigants themselves, and hearing the cause not in Washington or London, but in the neutral city of Paris. A few lawyers and judges are quietly doing the work of a hundred ships and a thousand guns. Between two of the most warlike nations in the world war ceases to be an argument, and their admirals and captains, when they meet in the harbor of New York to salute each other with obsolete cannon, may say:

"Farewell!

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

I see by the programme that every ship in the congregated fleets at New York will salute the flag of every other according to the number of guns that etiquette prescribes, "gun for gun"; then all of them together will salute the President of the United States, and the various admirals and commodores will salute themselves, until a cloud of sulphurous incense rises to the sky, a dread rehearsal of what the reality might be if war were in the wind. To the participants and the multitudes of spectators, the "rude throats" of the artillery will roar mere compliments to the dignitaries and the flags, but I translate the speech of cannon according to my own judgment of its latent meaning, and above all their mutual flatteries I can hear from the unwilling lips of every gun a salute national and international to the court of peace and arbitration over there in Paris. That calm and rational tribunal will settle the Behring Sea dispute without the aid of any artillery whatever, except what shots may happen to come from the "rude throats" of the lawyers on either side. M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

HUME'S TREATISE OF MORALS: AND SELECTIONS FROM THE TREATISE OF THE PASSIONS. With an Introduction by *James H. Hyslop*, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1893. Pp. 275.

The ethical series which the Messrs. Ginn & Co., are now publishing is to consist of a number of small volumes devoted to the presentation of the leading systems of modern ethics, in selections or extracts from modern works. The editor is Mr. E. Hershey Sneath of Yale University. Six volumes are already projected: "Hobbes," by Prof. G. M. Duncan of Yale University; "Clarke," by President F. L. Patton of Princeton University; "Locke," by the Editor; "Hume," the present volume; "Kant," by Prof. John Watson, Queens University, Canada; and "Hegel," by Prof. J. Macbride Sterrett of Columbia University. The idea of the series, which is to supplement instruction in the history of ethics by the reading of such selections from the original works of the authors as give the basis of their systems, is an excellent one and should be imitated in all departments of science. The present volume by Dr. Hyslop is made up of the whole of Hume's original "Treatise of Morals," and of selections from his work on the passions. It is supplied with a bibliography on Hume's works, biographical, critical, and other references, a biographical sketch, and an introduction of moderate length; it is to be hoped that the introductions to the other volumes of the series will not exceed the

length of the present one; long introductions are bad and interfere with the main object of such works as this. We are also glad to see that the book is not overloaded with editor's notes. Dr. Hyslop has done his work well, and readers should be glad that the essential parts of Hume's ethical system can be obtained in this convenient form. μκρκ.

LEITFADEN DER BOTANIK. By Dr. *Richard von Wettstein*. Vienna: F. Tempsky. Leipzig: G. Freytag. 1891. Pp. 202. Price fl. 1.60.

This little work is another in the series of text-books for high schools which we mentioned in *The Monist*, Vol. II. 617 and Vol. III. 322, in the review of Professor Mach's work on Physics, and Professor Graber's work on Zoology.

This work is intended for European readers, and its descriptive or systematic parts would be of little value to the American student. As the fundamental types here studied are in minor regards different from those in Europe, its chief interest to American students and readers will lie in the conception and plan of the work, which is founded on the most modern state of scientific botany. The anatomy, morphology, and physiology of plants are treated in chapters distinct from the systematic part of the work. These parts are especially well handled. The last section of the book is on applied botany where domestic plants are treated. This is a new and very valuable feature of text-books, and gives the work in question a very practical direction. Two very pretty colored plates are added to the book, respectively reproducing, on a scale of one-half, edible and non-edible mushrooms. The cuts are excellently executed and the work a cheap one. μκρκ.

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 296. (VOL. VII.—17.)

CHICAGO, APRIL 27, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year,  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## PSYCHOLOGICAL DECEPTIONS.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

IN *The Open Court* for April 13th, Max Dessoir, writing on "The Psychology of Legerdemain" shows that in the performance of certain tricks the conjurer by exciting intense expectation in the eager observers makes them psychologically see the results that they expect to see, although the supposed reality is merely an illusion imposed on them by the performer; and thus the audience itself is compelled to assist in its own deception. Dr. Dessoir says, "That the concentration of the mind on a certain effect has that effect as its subjective result is no new fact to those conversant with hypnotism." In other words, a person by some voluntary or involuntary mental processes, having become familiar with certain causes sees purely imaginary consequences as logical realities, and they appear to him as bodily visible as a wagon or a ship.

The hypnotic trick described by Dr. Dessoir is very often practised by crafty lawyers as a part of their professional business. The eye-witness of a certain action is brought by that process of mental concentration to falsely believe that he saw some of its collateral incidents, and at last with a confidence artificially made for him he swears to them without any scruple, doubt, or hesitation. I have seen this trick successfully performed a thousand times, and the following example will do for an illustration.

Six or eight men being engaged in a rough-and-tumble saloon fight, Peter Fox was cut with a knife by somebody, and after the fight was over he said that Michael Ryan stabbed him. He could hardly have known who did it for the fighters were all huddled up together when the stabbing was done, but the next day a bloody knife was found behind a log not far from the saloon, and this knife was clearly shown to be the property of Ryan. He was thereupon indicted for the stabbing, but the prosecuting attorney wanted a witness who saw Ryan hide the knife behind the log, and here is the way he got him.

Among the spectators of the fight, although he did not know who did the stabbing, was a flighty and excitable fellow named Jemmy Shaw, and between the

time of the indictment and the trial, the prosecuting attorney in frequent interviews with Jemmy, drilled him in the rehearsal of his testimony. In these interviews the lawyer artfully concentrated the mind of Shaw on the missing link in the chain of evidence, the needed fact that Ryan hid the knife behind the log. Accordingly, pretending to be very anxious about the exact and genuine truth of the matter, he put a great many questions to Jemmy concerning what that witness actually saw, and in every question he assumed as a fact what the witness did not see, the hiding of the knife by Ryan. For instance, Jemmy having told something that actually took place, a friendly cross-examination like this would follow: "Was that before or after Ryan hid the knife behind the log?" "How long was it after the fight that Ryan went out and hid the knife behind the log?" "How long was it after Ryan hid the knife behind the log before he came back into the saloon?" and forty similar questions all assuming that Ryan hid the knife behind the log. At last this ingenious concentration of Jemmy's mind on a certain effect had that effect as its subjective result, and at the trial he swore that he saw Ryan put something behind the log.

Great causes, even trials involving life and death, have been determined by psychological tricks like those above described, and great battles have been won and lost by hallucinations equally metaphysical. Grant lost the battle of Shiloh on Sunday because being under the hypnotic delusion that his enemy would not attack him he was unprepared for battle. Beauregard failed to win the battle because he was metaphysically certain that the Union troops on Sunday afternoon had merely fallen back to their intrenchments and fortifications which it would be dangerous to attack, defences which had no existence except in his own imagination. He had concentrated his mind so long on those imaginary ramparts that as the "subjective result" he actually conjured into being the walls and trenches and guns. He saw them bodily; in his nervous excitement they were sensible to "feeling as to sight," for in his official report of the battle he explains that he halted victory on Sunday afternoon and ordered his army to fall back because he dared



not follow the enemy into his "works." And thus it is that imagination fools the intellect, and we see weasels and whales and camels in the clouds.

#### HOW DID HE USE HIS OPPORTUNITIES?

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT.

LAST evening a memorial service was held in Music Hall by the city of Boston, to honor the late Phillips Brooks. Since the death of Mr. Brooks I have read but one questioning criticism of him, and heard but one other. His picture is in many Boston homes and store-windows, and the articles and sermons about him have been numerous. With deference to this volume of admiration let us consider what he was not.

After Beecher died, Phillips Brooks possessed the attention of the American upper-class world and the admiration of the semi-cultivated, to the exclusion of any competitor. Talmage was heard by more millions, but these millions read Bill Nye with kindred devotion and spiritual profit. Mr. Brooks really had the hearts of his following, they believed in and loved him, what he said signified deeply.

His life-achievement consisted in obtaining this potent veneration. His life-failure consisted in doing so little with it when he had it, and the failure was far beyond the success. The period in which he was supreme as preacher was one of the most critical of the century; the class to which he spoke, the well-to-do, the ruling class, were decaying; they needed to be led literally out of that intellectual wilderness in which they were, to a new moral country of fresh and fruitful standards.

To have tried this was worthy of a very great brain and character, the man who could have done it would have ranked with Washington, Wendell Phillips, and Lincoln. To have used the power he owned over the convictions of the sinning class to attempt this, was Phillips Brooks's regal opportunity.

We cannot think that he failed to feel the claims of this course, his brain was too clear for that; but it required a courage and size of soul which he did not possess. He must have sacrificed many friends by it, must have exchanged the serene life of an aristocratic prophet for the pick and blouse of the militant pioneer. He must have walked along the slippery brink of failure and camped there cold nights, perhaps to the end of his life. He preferred not to. A more delicious thing was to stir the ecstatic eddyings of religious consciousness, to awaken the miniature whirlwinds of humane emotion, vortices of charitable intention, to discourse to sacred and satined admiration, rather than face frowns and doubt and defiance.

He was the Daniel Webster of the pulpit. Inestimable personal service he rendered to many—if life is to go on as it is, slavery unabolished. But he did

not grapple with primary problems, did not side with the weak against the strong, temporised and broke no chains.

Hence I question if those whom he has influenced are not worse instead of better for him. They perhaps reason that if this "wise and good man" saw and felt no deeper and sterner duties than he beautifully tendered to them, there are no greater duties than these; and their conversion to light and action may be long postponed by this loving, fallacious reverence.

Let us grant that Phillips Brooks was a sweet and kindly force in his plane of life, amid the fellowship of the successful; but let us not depart from truth nor anchor ourselves to average ideals, by calling him heroic, original, or grand.

#### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

THE SOUL.

What am I? Whence do I come, whither do I go, and what is the substance that constitutes my being?

My fellow-beings appear to me, like all other objects of my surroundings, as material bodies, which are in motion; and so I appear to them and to myself. But the nature of my own self is different. I am a living and feeling being. My own self manifests itself in consciousness. I am aware of my own existence; and the whole range of my existence in so far as I am directly aware of it, is called the soul.

What is the nature of our soul?

Our soul consists of impulses, dispositions, and ideas. I am a living, willing, and thinking being.

Impulses are tendencies to act, naturally called forth in irritable substance by all kinds of stimuli. Habits are acquired by the frequent repetition of impulses. Impulses grown strong by inveterate habits are called passions.

Inherited habits constitute dispositions or propensities which awake to activity on the slightest provocation. They form the foundation of the various functions of the organs of the organism, and also of the tenor of conscious soul-life. The latter is generally called temperament.

Ideas are representations of things, or of qualities of things, or of relations among things. When ideas enter into the causation of action as the determinant element, they are called motor-ideas or motives.

The elementary impulses of our soul are not clearly and distinctly perceived. They mingle into one common sensation, which is quite general and vague. Sometimes only by special disturbances do some of the elementary impulses rise into prominence, appearing as hunger or thirst or pain of some kind.

The realm of the activity of our elementary impulses constitutes what we feel as our life.



Every impulse is a tendency to move; and in so far as impulses are called forth by stimuli which act upon the living substance, they are called "reactions."

As soon as impulses become clearly conscious they are called will. Will, accordingly, is a very complex kind of impulse. Will is an impulse in which a clear conception of the result of the motion constitutes the main factor of the tendency to move. In other words, will is an impulse which has developed into a motor-idea.

How do ideas originate?

Ideas develop out of feelings.

That which characterises the soul of thinking beings, is the significance which its feelings possess. Certain sensations are produced by certain stimuli, the same sensations always by the same stimuli; and these peculiar forms of various feelings become indicators of the presence of the various conditions that cause them. Thus they acquire meaning, and meaning produces clearness. Meaning changes dim feelings into consciousness.

The origin of meaning in feelings is the birth of mind.

Sensations which take place inside the organism are, through habits and inherited dispositions, projected to the outside, where experience has taught us to expect them. Sensations are signs, indicating objective realities, and when through the mechanism of language sentient beings develop word-symbols, which are signs of signs, representing whole classes of realities, they rise into the sphere of human existence.

What is thought? What is rational thought? What is reason?

The interaction which takes place between ideas is called thought.

All sensations enter into relations with the memories of former sensations; and thus sentient beings naturally develop into thinking beings. Human thought which discovers and utilises the presence of universal features in reality is called rational thought; reason being the norm of correct thinking.

The soul consists of many various impulses, but it possesses at the same time a peculiar unity. How are we to account for the unity of the soul?

A man can think incompatible ideas, but he cannot act according to them, at least not at the same time. He can, to be sure, successively obey motives that are self-contradictory, but he will have to stand the consequences; so that a man will have to regret his actions as soon as wiser and better ideas become dominant in his soul.

The necessity of action imperatively imposes upon the soul a unity which would otherwise scarcely originate. The whole organism has to act as a unity; con-

flicting impulses and contradictory ideas must come to an agreement. And thus the necessity of harmonious action exercises a wholesome and educating influence. It tests ideas in practical issues; it matures them by bringing incompatible motor-ideas into conflict, thus establishing consistency in the soul.

If situations arise in which several various impulses and conflicting motor-ideas tend to be realised in action, a struggle will begin among them and continue until the strongest one gains the upper hand. This strongest motive, then, is executed by the organism.

The power of passions is all but irresistible in the savage, while rational ideas gradually gain in strength with the advance of civilisation. Long experience, inherited habits, and to a great extent, also, repeated regret for rash actions, accustom man to act only after sufficient and careful deliberation.

The habit of suppressing passions until all conflicting motor-ideas have measured their forces against each other becomes easier and easier, and its exercise is called self-control.

The character of a soul depends upon the impulses and motor-ideas that are dominant in it. They are the decisive elements which determine the actions of a man.

The decision which is the final outcome of deliberation is comparable to a motion carried in a legislative body. It is like the majority vote adopting a plan upon the execution of which the whole body of voters is now resolved, and these resolutions of the soul are called the will of man.

What is the name of the unity of man's soul?

The idea which represents the organism as a whole is called the "I" or ego, and it is a matter of course that the I or ego always regards the final outcome of deliberations as its own resolutions.

The ego, by itself, is an empty symbol. Its contents are those which the ego stands for, viz., the qualities of the whole soul; that is, of the impulses and motor-ideas of the personality which the ego represents.

We say, "I have ideas"; but we ought to say, "I consist of ideas." My ideas are real parts of myself.

The phrase, "I have an idea," can only mean that this idea stands in connection with the ego-idea, representing the whole personality of myself. It is at the moment present in the focus of consciousness.

The contents of the ego of a man, viz., the constituents of his personality, are changeable. He wills now this, now that, and his actions at different times are often very incompatible with each other. But there is a continuity in his acts which is recorded in a chain of memories called recollections, in all of which the act-



ing person regards himself as a constant factor and is called by the same pronoun "I." The expression "I" being for a continuous series of acts the same in spite of many changes, produces the illusion that the acting person himself remains the same throughout.

However, we know for certain that the acting person, our organism, and the ideas of which we consist, do by no means remain unchanged. In the same way that our surroundings change, so we ourselves, our thoughts and desires, our organism, and our very souls change. We call the rose-bush which blooms in June, and is a dry, thorny stick in December, the same rose-bush. We call our body the same body, although the materials of which it consists are comparable to a complex whirl of atoms, the unity of which consists in the preservation of its form, for new materials are constantly pouring in, while part of the old ones pass out. And finally, we call our spiritual self by the same name "I," viewing it as a unity so long as the continuity of its existence is preserved, although our ideas do not remain the same, either in strength or in their contents. The changes in our character at an advanced age may be comparatively slight, but there are, nevertheless, changes, which are not less real because they remain unheeded. Our self being the measure of things, they appear to change when we change, and we seem to remain the same; yet this unalterable sameness of our self is a fiction.

There is an error very prevalent that the ego-idea is the real soul. The existence of an ego-soul, however, has been abandoned by science. Need we add that all those whose views and sentiments are closely intertwined with the conception of an ego-soul, look upon its surrender as a destruction of the very root of religion and of all religious hopes?

What is the effect upon religion of surrendering the conception of an ego-soul?

Our conception of the nature of the human soul has been as thoroughly altered through the results of modern scientific research as our view of the universe since the times of Copernicus. Copernicus abandoned the geocentric, and psychology the egocentric standpoint; and future religious development will be influenced in no less a degree by the latter than it has been by the former.

New truths appear at first sight always appalling. They come to destroy the errors which we have accustomed ourselves to cherish as truths. Thus the truth naturally appears to be destructive. But look at the truth closer, and you will find that it is after all better and greater and nobler than the most beautiful fiction woven of errors.

Appalling, and destructive of the very foundations of our religious conceptions, as the surrender of the

ego may seem at first sight, a closer acquaintance with the subject will show that the scientific solution of the problem of soul-life does not annihilate but elevates and purifies religion. It dispels the mystery of religious doctrines and preserves their ethical kernel.

There is no metaphysical ego-soul, yet there is the real soul of our ideas and ideal aspirations, and the value of the latter is not less because the former has proved to be an error.

All the religious enthusiasm which men have professed to have for their ego-souls, and of which they have proved the earnestness in deeds, expresses the natural sentiments for their real souls.

Facts are often misinterpreted, and misinterpreted facts are rejected by many. We must reject the misinterpretation and accept the facts.

The welfare of our souls is the mission, or rather the ultimate object of life; for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

How shall we value souls?

The worth of a man does not consist in his titles, not in the honors he receives from his fellow-men, not in his possessions, not in his knowledge nor in his talents, not in any of the externalities of his life, but in his soul; and the soul of the poorest servant is not less than the soul of the wealthiest man, the most learned savant, or the most powerful monarch. Indeed, the soul in the bosom of the serf that is of the sterling quality of an Epictetus is, without qualification, superior to the soul of a Nero, in spite of the dazzling talents, which made this imperial monster, in the beginning of his reign, appear as a genius on the throne.

We do not say that worldly possessions are worthless, nor do we consider knowledge and talents as an indifferent adjunct; on the contrary, all the gifts and blessings of life possess their values, for they are instrumental, and almost all of them are, in a greater or less degree, indispensable for the furthering and quickening of the life of the soul.

Yet the worth of a soul depends first of all upon the moral stamina of a man's character, and the nobility of the sentiments that dominate his being.

#### THE AUTHORITY FOR CONDUCT.

Is there any authority for conduct? How do we know of it, and what is its nature?

Truth is a correct statement of facts; not of single facts, but of facts in their connection with the totality of other facts, and, finally, with all facts, so that we can see the regularities that obtain as well in one as in other cases; or, popularly speaking, that we can understand their why and wherefore.

Truth, accordingly, is a description of existence under the aspect of eternity (*sub specie aeternitatis*). We have to view facts so as to discover in them that which



is permanent. We must dig down to that which is immutable and everlasting, to that which will be the same in the present instance as in any other instance, so as to behold in facts the law of their being. We can make or mar almost all objects with which in our experience we come in contact; but that peculiar feature of facts which we describe in laws, the everlasting, the immutable and eternal, that which will be the same in the same conditions, is beyond our control. We cannot alter or fashion it. It is as it is, and we have to mind it in all things which we do or aspire for.

These wonderful features of facts, which we call laws, have shaped the world and man, and the moral ideals of man. They are shaping the fate of the universe still, and will continue to shape it for all time to come. They are the everlasting in nature, and if, in a figurative sense, we personify nature, we can speak of nature's laws as that which constitutes her character.

When reflecting on this peculiar character of reality, we are overawed by its grandeur, but the most wonderful thing about it is that the laws of nature are ultimately not mystical, but easily intelligible.

Science teaches us, step by step, that all laws form a harmonious system of laws. They are all corollaries of an all-pervading regularity. We have to regard all special laws as applications of general laws and learn thus why they must be such as they are and cannot be otherwise.

If science were, or could be perfected to omniscience, the laws of being, we have no reason to doubt, would be pellucid as glass, and even in their most complicated instances as obviously self-evident as  $2 \times 2 = 4$ , and the all pervading plan would appear strikingly simple.

Yet how prodigious and portentous are the results of this intrinsic harmony! What strict uniformity and what astonishing variety! What rigidity of law, and yet what a free play for all possible variations! A stringent and irrefragable order in constantly changing conditions!

The everlasting in existence is the ultimate authority for our conduct, and, as such, it has, in the language of religion, been called by the name of God.

The evolution of social beings takes place as all other events of nature according to law, and this law is briefly called the moral law of nature. The moral law is as stern, implacable, and irrefragable as any other law. Wherever it is heeded it will bring blessings; wherever it is disobeyed it will be followed by curses.

All religious commands are human formulas designed to inform people how to live in accord with the moral law. Not the authority of religious commands, but that of the moral law, is ultimate. Reli-

gious commands derive their justification from the moral law of nature. They are right if they are in agreement with it, otherwise they are wrong.

The authority for conduct is a reality, the existence of which can be established by scientific investigation. The moral law of nature is as undeniable as the existence of gravitation and as the reliability of mathematics.

What has science to say of God?

Science does not speak of God, and need not speak of God, because it employs another terminology than religion. Moreover, it does not search for the eternal of nature in its totality, but in its various and particular manifestations only, and expresses abstractly the results of its investigations in formulas called natural laws.

While science does not speak of God, it teaches God; for every law of nature is a part of God's being. Every law of nature is in its sphere an authority for conduct; it is a power which can be adapted to our wants only when we adapt ourselves to it. It is independent of our wishes and cannot be infringed upon with impunity.

All the great religions of the world which (with the sole exception of Buddhism) have called the ultimate authority for conduct "God," have represented him in the image of man. Religious Theism is almost without exception anthropomorphic.

The various views of God are briefly denoted by the following terms:

Theism, or the belief, without any qualification, that God, whatever be his nature, exists.

Atheism, or the view that rejects any conception of God.

Polytheism, or the belief in many gods.

Monotheism, or the belief that there is but one God.

Anthropotheism, or the belief that God is a personal being like man.

Pantheism, or the belief that identifies the All with God.

Deism, or the view adopted by the Freethinkers of the eighteenth century, who rejected miracles, but held that God is a personal being, the Creator and legislator of the universe.

Entheism, or the view that regards God as inseparable from the world. He is the eternal in nature.

Which conception of God is adopted by the religion of science?

The religion of science is not Atheistic, but Theistic.

Monotheism, as it is commonly held, is the belief in a single God. In this sense monotheism is actually a polytheism that has reduced its gods to one in number. Yet God is neither one single individual God no



many Gods. Number does not apply to him. God is one not in the sense that there is one kind of Godhood. There is not one God-being; but there is divinity. God is one in the same sense that there is but one reason and but one truth.

The religion of science rejects Anthropotheism and also Deism, which is only a peculiar kind of Anthropotheism.

The God of the religion of science is not a person. However, he is not less than a person, but infinitely more than a person. The authority for conduct which the religion of science teaches is divine and holy. We should neither call God personal nor impersonal, but superpersonal.

The religion of science does not accept Pantheism. It does not regard nature and all parts of nature or all aspects of nature as identical with God. The eternal of nature only is God. Those features alone are divine which serve us as authority for conduct. We do not look up with reverence to the forces of nature which we utilise, but only to that power which moulds worlds, which fashions our being, and which moves onward in the progress of evolution.

This view we call Entheism.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

"The old flag is down. The stars and stripes no longer wave over the Sandwich Islands. Flag of the monarchy goes up as 'Old Glory' is hauled to the ground." That burst of bathos is copied from the headlines of a partisan journal, announcing to its readers with affected grief that the President of the United States had ordered the American flag to be lowered from the government building at Honolulu, where for two months it had exercised a filibuster sort of authority, which nobody pretends was legal either in morals or in politics. The raising of it was the blunder of our own ministers, which could only be corrected by lowering the flag ourselves. It was in a false position, from which nobody but the President could release it. He has courageously done so, and yet this rescue of the banner is deplored as a national catastrophe and a sin to be expiated in a flood of theatrical tears. An achievement intended to be heroic, became ludicrous through the perversity of actors who balked their parts and stubbornly refused to go on to the stage at all. England and Germany were to "protest" and "demand," and move their war-ships up to Honolulu, but they did not. Had they kindly played the parts assigned them, they would have given dignity to our flag, because it would then be floating over the Sandwich Islands in defiance of those powerful and warlike nations; but when they most ungenerously cared nothing about it and paid no attention to it, the flag had nobody to swagger over but a few Kanakas, Coolies, and Japanese. It soon became ashamed of that and anxious to be lowered from a very uncomfortable and almost ignominious eminence. In lowering it, the President restored it to its historic place of honor without subjecting it to the least humiliation.

When President Harrison and his Minister of State repudiated the act of Mr. Stevens in raising the American flag over the government house at Honolulu, they should have ordered him at once to haul it down; but under the belief that the *de facto* title it gave us might help the annexation treaty through the senate, they al-

lowed it to remain. They left an awkward international puzzle to be solved by Mr. Cleveland, according to luck or statesmanship, as the case might be, well satisfied that the solution either way could be made liable to censure, and that it could be stored away in the cellar as political capital for the next campaign. Without waiting to see whether the road they were taking was a thoroughfare or not, they drove our diplomatic wagon into a blind alley and left it there, and there Mr. Cleveland found it when he came into power. As there was no passage through, and no room to turn round, he was compelled to back the wagon out of the blind alley and into the national highway. He first lightened the wagon, by withdrawing the Hawaiian treaty from the senate, and then backed it on to solid ground by restoring the flag to its legitimate province, where it can give us no unfair advantage over the people of Hawaii in any negotiation we may enter into with them, concerning annexation, commercial treaties, or any other business.

\* \* \*

That no quality of melodrama may be wanting to the Hawaiian incident, the tearful critics of Mr. Cleveland affectionately patronise the national flag with a pet name, as though it were a favorite poodle or a domesticated parrot, and they wail in counterfeit hysterics over "Old Glory," their tawdry nickname for the flag. They have not spiritual vision strong enough to see the poetic and descriptive beauty of "Star-Spangled Banner," and so in maudlin gush they weep for poor "Old Glory." The title is puerile and meaningless, because it specifies no quality, and any people who have sufficient self-conceit may use it for any flag. I have a special objection to it, because it is a second-hand bit of clap-trap, borrowed from the dilapidated stock in trade of an English politician who was member of parliament for Westminster when I was a boy. Sir Francis Burdett was a rich aristocrat, who early in the present century chose the radical revolutionary side, and I think he was the last political prisoner confined in the Tower of London. He represented Westminster for nearly thirty years, and his pet name was "Old Glory." I can remember hearing the title sung about the streets in doggerel poetry at election times, when Sir Francis was a candidate. Cobbett converted the flattery into a nickname, by making a prophetic pun upon it, saying, "Old Glory will turn Tory," a prediction which came true. I can understand how an Englishman, writing for an American paper and remembering the history of Sir Francis Burdett, might, in a morbid moment, borrow the pet name of that theatrical politician and bestow it patronisingly upon the American flag, but that American editors by the hundred should catch on to it as if it were the measles is a phenomenon I cannot understand.

\* \* \*

While grieving over the destruction of many towns by cyclones and tornadoes, it is comforting to read about the spiritual redemption of a city; a feat rarely done in modern times, although frequently performed by the prophets in the olden day. Dispatches from Bowling Green, Kentucky, dated April 18th, proclaim the glad tidings that "A religious wave has swept over Bowling Green and has carried everything before it. The most hardened sinners have become converts, and the most interesting results have followed." Considering the former character of Bowling Green, this news is very gratifying, and the most encouraging part of it is that the miracle was performed by contract, just like the cleaning of the streets, as appears by the following description of the work: "Sam Jones was hired by some of his admirers to come to Bowling Green and rescue it from its depths of sin. For \$2,300 he undertook the job and seems to have earned his money. He preached ten days, and during that time more than 2,400 people made professions of religion." This included nearly all the inhabitants of Bowling Green who were in "the depths of sin," and considering the difficult nature of the contract, nobody will deny that Mr. Jones honestly "earned his money." Ninety six cents a



head for the conversion of "hardened sinners" is cheap enough, and if Mr. Jones will agree to redeem Chicago at the same rates, he can have the job in a minute. We thought that the election of Mr. Allerton for mayor would convert the city and sweep it with a "religious wave," but having been disappointed in that by the election of Mr. Harrison, there appears to be no salvation remaining for Chicago, except in the evangelistic energy of Sam Jones.

\* \* \*

A New York potentate by the name of McAllister, a high authority on fashion and fad, is having a good deal of imbecile amusement at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Velvet and Miss Velvet. Velvet of Ormolu Avenue, Chicago, for the awkward manner in which those recently rich people try to imitate the ways of good society. In fact Mr. McAllister in a tone of supercilious pity intimates that none of us here in Chicago knows how to behave in company. He pretends that we do not yet perceive the artistic difference between the Apollo Belvedere and a wooden Indian; that we estimate the value of books by the bindings, and of pictures by the square yard. He enviously says that we have not refinement enough to frappe our wine as it ought to be frapped, and that we know no more about the etiquette of dining than a mock turtle. Fortunately for us, we are now in a position to return the sneers of Mr. McAllister, for our artistic judgment has recently been tried in the Custom House crucible, and has come out of the fiery furnace as reliable as it went in. The critical test was made by thirteen pictures received at the Chicago Custom House from Paris, and the question was whether or not they were liable to tariff duties under the McKinley law. If they were modern pictures they were liable, but if painted by the "Old masters" they were free. The appraiser and the collector being in doubt about it, they called for the opinion of "several Chicago gentlemen of recognised competence," and they promptly decided to the satisfaction of those officers that the pictures were ancient classics, painted by Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, and Van Dyke. Chicago people have devoted so much of their lives to the cultivation of the fine arts that they can classify an invoice of pictures just as easily as they grade a cargo of wheat, or bacon, or tea. They can instantly tell a Rubens from a colored photograph, and Mr. Prang himself would not be able to persuade them that one of his most brilliant chromos was a genuine oil painting by Teniers or Van Dyke. We are proud to say that our appreciation of high art is of that western kind so finely illustrated by my old friend Governor Kirkwood of Iowa, who, when a member of the United States Senate, offered the following amendment to a bill admitting classic sculptures and paintings duty free:—"and also all salt used in the curing of meat."

\* \* \*

In addition to their pay and material emoluments, admirals, generals, commodores, cabinet ministers, ambassadors, senators, governors, and a multitude of other dignitaries, to say nothing of presidents and kings, are entitled on special occasions to a certain allowance of noise and sulphurous incense according to their greatness, rank, and quality, so many explosions for this exalted personage, and so many for that one, while national flags, as representing sovereignties, are entitled to the same salute as the sovereigns themselves, the clamor of twenty-one guns. This thundering comedy of compliments has been played so elaborately in Chesapeake Bay for the past ten days that the terrified fish have all fled away to the outside ocean, and the American people are beginning to laugh at this mutual admiration-spectacle as the boy's play of little tin sailors in a carnival of buttons and cocked hats. There was enough of it last week to excite the emulation of an earthquake but this week excels the other both in saltpetre and in sound. On Monday the English cruiser "Blake" came in, followed on Tuesday by the German warship "Kaiserin Augusta," and on Wednesday the French frigate "Arethuse" marched proudly in to its assigned posi-

tion in the congregated fleet. The reception of the Frenchman describes the welcome given to all the others; here it is. "The Arethuse began to fire the national salute when opposite the fort and continued the firing under way. Then the fort came back with its twenty-one guns, and the Arethuse followed with its fifteen guns for the Vice-Admiral on the Blake, the big Britisher arousing all Hampton roads with its mighty return. The Philadelphia joined in to answer the salute of thirteen paid Rear Admiral Gherardi's pennant. The Jean Bart let loose thirteen explosives for its rear admiral, and then the Giovanni Bausan and the Van Speyk opened fire until the whole fleet was drenched in smoke." There was more of it, but the sentiment of the occasion, stunned by the clamor, grew stupid, and the refined exhilaration of a joyful meeting became by repeated stimulants the very drunkenness of ships.

\* \* \*

If nations must have guns and gunpowder they cannot employ them better than in paying high-sounding compliments to the flags of one another; and ceremonial salutes become ludicrous only when they are overdone in an interchange of exactly equal flatteries between men, for every man of the same rank the same number of guns. To the average common sense mind this firing of blank cartridges in salutation of men is a silly and vain glorious piece of hero worship, but the men who laugh at it know nothing of the pleasure it gives to the man who gets the homage, the thrill of pride, the rapture of intoxicated self-conceit. Once, I had occasion to visit a military post that happened to be within the limits of my own command, and as I rode into the town the artillery fired a salute of eleven guns, the full ration allowed me by the regulations. I could not help laughing away down in my boots, but upon my face I wore a look of calm imperial dignity, and as I rode slowly along, with a couple of staff officers behind me and a cavalry escort behind them, I carried myself in spite of the burlesque with an air that said plainer than words to the soldiers and the gaping citizens, "I was born to this; such honors were common in my family; and really, instead of eleven guns I deserve a salute of twenty-one." Speaking from experience, I think that nothing will so effectually make a brevet fool of a man as a salute of eleven guns, unless it may be a salute of thirteen, fifteen, or a larger score. "Too much honor, Cromwell; too much honor, for a man that hopes for heaven."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### SWINGING THE ARMS IN WALKING AS SURVIVAL.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

I do not know that attention has been called to the swinging arms in walking as a survival of quadrupedal motion, but some evidence for this view is that young children, I believe, are, as a rule, more vigorous than adults in these movements, which are instinctive; and further, the nature of the action is quadrupedal, the arm on one side being thrown forward as the leg on the same side is thrown backward, and *vice versa*, alternately.

As has been remarked to me by a friend, the visitor looking down from the thirteenth story of the Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, sees the movements of the crowd walking below thus projected upon a flat surface, and the "reptilian stride" is most suggestive. Four legs propel faster than two, and it seems not unlikely that swinging the arms for the acceleration of pace is an instinctive tendency towards quadrupedism, and thus this motion is rightly recognised by cultivated society as undignified and vulgar. It seems to me that the graphic registering for comparative study of the self-propulsion by quadrupeds, by young children, by adults, also of the movements of professional pedestrians, might lead to results of considerable interest and importance.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.



## NOTES.

*The Oriental Review*, edited by Merwin-Marie Snell, under the advisory board of Dr. W. T. Harris, Prof. William Dwight Whitney, Prof. C. P. Tiele, Prof. Jean Réville, and Prof. John S. Stuart-Glennie, is a popular magazine of Oriental science and comparative religion, which is to appear every second month. The first number is very promising, and the announcements for the March-April number promise to be even an improvement upon the first number.

"*The Oriental Review* is intended to be a medium for the general diffusion among the cultured reading public of the results of the labors of specialists in the field of Oriental science and of comparative religion."

The prospectus declares:

"In the first place, it is not a 'theosophical' magazine, any more than it is a Jewish or Catholic or Protestant or pagan one; neither is its editor an adherent of the theosophical system. It does not represent that school of thought to which its editor belongs, or any other; and it has no religious or irreligious complexion, its interest in religion being purely scientific, and in no wise either a practical or speculative one.

"Secondly, it is not intended primarily for specialists, but rather as a medium of popular instruction.

"Thirdly, it does not concern itself with the truth or falsity of the religious or moral notions, or the excellence or evil of any of the ceremonial or other religious practices with which it deals; it treats them purely as scientific facts, to be recorded, classified, and exploited, with perfect impartiality.

"Fourthly, it does not include within its scope anything of the nature of occult science or psychical research, as such, though of course it does not exclude descriptions and explanations of magical ceremonies and feats, considered as elements of certain religions.

"Fifthly, all matter of a distinctly polemic character, whether directed for or against any particular religion, or religion in general, is expressly excluded, as utterly contrary to the spirit and aims of the publication."

"It will open to the dilettante the wonderful fairy-land of Oriental poetry, and drama, and art, and philosophy, and quaint fascinating customs; it will introduce the student of philosophy to the most ancient and abstruse of metaphysical systems, the ethnologist to the deepest and most significant strata of ethnic remains, the archaeologist to the most interesting problems and solutions of his science, the historian to the only really venerable historical records, the sociologist to the social usages and adjustments which have stood the severest test and cemented the most solid and persistent of social structures, the biblical student to the enduring records which confirm and illustrate the sacred texts, the theologian to the doctrines and history of the religions which he must refute and explain, and the theosophist to the very fountains of his creed."

The first number opens with an article by the editor on "The Nature of the Science of Comparative Religion," which is part of a lecture delivered before the theological students of Howard University, Washington, D. C., setting forth in brief outlines its materials, aims, and methods. Mr. Isaac Myer contributes selections from the Qabbalistic writings. The subject is of special interest to Christian readers, in so far as Mr. Myer discusses the quotations concerning the creation of the world by the word, which are of interest as being a parallel passage with the Logos idea of Philo and St. John.

Another article by Mr. Merwin-Marie Snell presents us with an account of the seven poets of Persia, containing translations from Firdusi, Nizami, Hafiz, and others. We quote the following passage, as of special interest to New Testament scholars, because it may throw light upon the much-mooted interpretation of a camel going through a needle's eye.

"A camel was feeding in the field, with a cord fastened to his foot. Accident brought a mouse to the same spot, who saw the camel was without any keeper. A thought occurred to the mouse, which was to take the cord and drag it to his hole. The camel followed the mouse without any reluctance, in conformity to his disposition, which is perfectly free from any kind of stubbornness, never resisting or opposing anything. When he came to the hole of the mouse and saw so narrow an entrance, he exclaimed, 'Well, indeed! you foolish little creature! What have you been about? The hump on my back cannot be diminished, and neither can your den be enlarged. What society or friendship do you imagine can subsist between us?'

"Strophe. By whatever plan you set out on the journey towards eternity, or in whatever manner you attempt to gain that point, if I see you loaded with the burden of desires, I must consider you in the same light as I did the camel loaded with the burden of his hump. Throw off this load, for the entrance will not admit, and the narrow tenement of the grave will not contain it."

The concluding article is a little romance, "The Kismet of Leyla," by Minnie Andrew Snell.

The translations of two interesting original documents, "The Precepts of Ptah-Hotep," and "The Dhamma-kakka-ppavattana Sutta," are appended to this number.

The editor promises for the next number an article on "The True Method of the Study of Folk-Lore," by Prof. John Stuart-Glennie; "Notes on Contemporary Chinese Literature," by Mr. Weston Flint; an editorial on "The Theoretical Value of the Science of Hierology"; another romance, "The Rose of Shiraz," by Mrs. Snell; and as original documents, translations of "The Gâthas of the Zend Avesta," and "The Descent of Ishtar Into Hades."

The price of *The Oriental Review* is \$2.50 a year, and fifty cents a copy, each number containing sixty-four pages.

We sincerely hope that the editor will find sufficient response to continue the publication of his valuable magazine. [Washington, D. C.: Merwin-Marie Snell.]

We have recently received from Madame Clémence Royer a small pamphlet entitled *Les variations séculaires des saisons et leurs causes astronomiques*. It is a purely technical performance. The outcome of Madame Royer's views of the astronomical causes of the seasons are opposed to the hypothesis of Laplace which "removes many difficulties, but on the whole explains none." This hypothesis, says the author, is like the turtle of the Hindus which supports an elephant who supports the world. But what supports the turtle? So if the solar system sprang from a nebula, whence did the nebula spring? (Brussels: *Veuve Monnom*, 1892.)

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 297. (VOL. VII.—18.)

CHICAGO, MAY 4, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
| Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## JUSTICE AND LABOR.

BY VICTOR YARROS.

HAS "labor" any special reason to desire the application of the principle of justice, of equal freedom? That workmen, as citizens, are vitally interested in securing the recognition of justice, needs no demonstration. But does justice contain the promise of a solution of what is technically described as the "labor problem"? A query put in such a form is well worth considering and answering.

At the outset it is important to distinguish between the problem of labor and the problem of poverty. The solution of the former is not necessarily coextensive with the solution of the latter. The existence of poverty does not necessarily imply the presence of injustice in social arrangements, whereas the existence of a real labor grievance unquestionably does argue injustice. A respectable percentage of poverty is doubtless due to injustice, but even under justice there might be poverty. On the other hand, a "labor" problem under justice is an impossibility. We assume, then, that labor accepts the principle of justice, not in the sense of economic equality or communism, regardless of differences in mental and physical powers, but as signifying a social state in which each receives the results of his own nature and consequent actions, in which equality of liberty and opportunity is rigidly maintained, but in which inequalities in results achieved by reason of natural inequality of capacities are not arbitrarily eliminated. The only question is, Are the wrongs of labor entailed by infractions of the principle of justice?

The complaint of labor is that it does not receive its full share of the product—that it is "robbed" of a considerable portion of its earnings. But who is the "robber"; whom does labor accuse? The workman comes in contact with (1) his fellow-workman, (2) his employer, and (3) the officers of the law. It is manifest that the workman can be robbed either by his employer, by the government, or by both. Now, government can take the laborer's earnings in but one way: by taxation; and it is true, of course, that the workman pays both direct and indirect taxes. But the workmen do not regard taxation as robbery in prin-

ciple; and hence it is not by taxation that the government robs them. Moreover, capital, too, pays taxes, and is therefore in the same case with labor. Again, in countries where the law recognises no castes and classes, no rights are denied to labor which are not, theoretically, equally denied to capital. When a law is enacted which involves the breach of equal freedom, no distinction is made between workmen and capitalists in the letter of the law, although the officers charged with the enforcement of it may exhibit partiality and introduce practical inequality. A law limiting the right to motion and locomotion, or the right to property, or any other right, would seem to injure the capitalist as well as the laborer. We are bound to infer, then, that labor accuses the employers, the capitalists, of the robbery in question. It is the employers who withhold from the laborers a certain large share of their product, and the whole labor question reduces itself to this: that, in the judgment of the laborers, their own wages are too low, while the share that goes to the capitalists is too large. They want more for themselves and less for the employers. They must admit, however, that a charge such as this, without a shred of evidence to sustain it, cannot be seriously considered. How do they know that the employers get more than their due? Neither force nor fraud can be alleged against them. So far as the hiring of labor is concerned, the market may be said to be free, although, in fact, such laws as that excluding Chinese and other able-bodied immigrants restrict the supply of labor and thus raise the wages of labor at the expense of the employer. If, then, the employer offers his terms in a free and open market, and the laborer freely accepts them, how does the employer "rob" the laborer? The answer of the laborer is, that, while he is not literally forced by the employer to accept absurdly inadequate remuneration, the conditions of the labor market render it impossible for him to decline the offer. There being more men in need of employment than there are places to be filled, the employer is in a position to dictate terms, and the would-be employee is obliged, on pain of hunger and other privations, to accept the inequitable terms offered. This answer is satisfactory, but it suggests another query:



What makes the conditions of the labor market what they are? Unless it can be conclusively shown that the employers are responsible for the condition of affairs described, and that but for their conspiracies and manipulations labor could command better terms, the charge of robbery or injustice against the employers must be dismissed.

Are the employers responsible for the state of the labor market? Upon this question opinions differ widely; but there are some—and to these we address ourselves—whose talk indicates that they believe the employers to be responsible. They denounce the employers for corrupting and buying up national, state, and municipal lawmakers and getting the latter to vote them special privileges, monopolies, and gratuities of all kinds, to the detriment of the public at large. We cordially agree with this view, but we have two points to make at this juncture. In the first place, while the conduct of the employers who enrich themselves in the way stated is ethically reprehensible, the chief offenders are the lawmakers rather than the employers. Instead of directing their attacks against the employers, the workmen should exercise vigilant control over the lawmakers, who are placed in office to promote the well-being of the whole body. Secondly, if the laborer recognises that he is the victim of a conspiracy between employers and lawmakers, the proper and only thing for him to do is to insist on the *natural* condition of the labor market being preserved intact and on the cessation of the attempts to create *unnatural* conditions favorable to one side. How is it, we ask, that even those who boldly and confidently denounce the lawmakers as the tools of the monopolists or would-be monopolists, and who place the responsibility of labor's wrongs at the door of legislation, never think of freedom, of the restoration of natural conditions, in the light of a remedy? What is usually proposed is more government interference, rather than less.

On our workman's own showing, he has no case against the employer, except in so far as government intervenes to bestow upon him some monopolistic advantage or special privilege. It would seem that he ought to favor a system which strips the government of all other functions and restricts it to the enforcement of justice and the maintenance of the natural condition of things. That he does not, indicates that he has but a vague conception of the extent of the injury caused by government meddling with the natural arrangements of a free market and of the number of ways in which government can and does interfere.

Now, the share of the product which goes to the employer is called profits, and political economists divide profits into three parts, namely: Compensation

for risk, wages of superintendence, and return for the use of capital or interest. By its interferences the government enables the employer to pay himself high wages for his superintendence, a high rate of interest, and a high rate of insurance; while under a free industrial system the employer would be obliged to content himself with smaller profits and hand over a larger share to labor. There are those who affirm that under freedom interest on capital would tend to disappear entirely, and that the employer would get only compensation for risk and wages of superintendence; but this question cannot be discussed here. We are concerned here simply with the conflict between the laborer's wages and the employer's wages for the larger share in the distribution. Since, however, no arbitrary limit can be put upon either form of wages, it is manifest that free competition, unregulated supply-and-demand, must be accepted as the arbiter by both parties to the controversy. The laborers are interested in the competition among the employers, and the employers are interested in the competition among laborers. In the words of Cobden, when two employers are after one laborer, wages [of labor] rise; when two laborers are after one employer, wages fall. Any law, therefore, which directly or indirectly abates the competition among the employers or diminishes the number of labor-purchasers, injures the laborers and benefits those employers who survive. This is the test which the laborers ought to apply to all laws, irrespective of their ostensible purpose. Any law which obstructs business, impedes industry, decreases competition among the employers, is fraught with injury to labor; and as all laws "regulating" business, industry, and the relation between capital and labor necessarily discourage enterprise, the obvious implication is that all the laws on our statute books which in any way conflict with the principle of free trade or free competition are mischievous and detrimental to labor.

It is impossible to enumerate all these pernicious laws. In general, it may be said that two-thirds of our legislation, state and national, may safely be in this sense described as anti-labor legislation. Specifically, we may refer to the tariff laws, which violate the fundamental principles of social economy and divert industry from its normal course; the laws regulating banking and circulation, which place serious obstacles in the way of business and exchange; the inspection laws of all kinds, which harass the small employer and drive him out of the field; and the bounties and the gratuities, which legislatures bestow on certain lines of business and the benefit of which accrues only to the strongest companies. To this may be added the "encouragement" by government of railroad building, and similar attempts at hastening the development of the country, the effect of which



may be seen in the rapid concentration of wealth and the rise of monopolies.

If we have analysed the situation correctly, the conclusion which forces itself upon us is that labor does not receive its due simply because government steps in and "protects" a comparatively small number of the employers at the cost of the rest of the public. Some of the employer class, and the whole body of laborers, are both directly and indirectly injured by governmental interference with industry and commerce. The wage-workers and the small business man have a common cause, both being vitally interested in securing freedom and fair play in production and distribution. The violation of the law of equal freedom,—the law of justice referred to in the beginning of the article,—involved in the government's unwarrantable restrictions of the right to free exchange and free contract, creates a condition of things under which employers are able to obtain higher profits than they could obtain under free and full competition. The laborer is not robbed directly, either by the government or the employer; but the direct infringement of the right to free contract and free exchange is attended by the indirect "robbery" of labor. It follows that the recognition of this right implies and contains the solution of the labor problem.

Of course, such a solution will be regarded as incomplete by reformers who talk about "reparative justice" to labor or the poor generally, and who are not satisfied with reforms which merely put a period to the career of monopoly and legal privilege. These insist upon rectification of past inequity, upon the clearing away of the effects of the old wrong-doing. It is needless to say, however, that no one has yet succeeded in pointing out a practicable and efficacious way of accomplishing this meritorious purpose. No sane and responsible publicist has yet recommended confiscation or expropriation of the wealthy in favor of the poor, and it is difficult to see how past wrong-doing may be rectified by the annoying and petty legislative restrictions upon industry, which are favored by these reformers. Before the work of rectification can proceed it is necessary to determine who are the victims and who the aggressors,—and this is not as easy as some people hastily assume. Supposing the victims to be identified and confronted with their direct aggressors, no way of adjusting their differences can be tolerated which is fraught with danger to social wellbeing. Haphazard rectification will not satisfy the requirements of justice; nor can the door be opened wide to fresh blunders and mischief. On the whole, it may as well be understood that the altruistic hope of rectifying past inequity in the relations between labor on the one hand and capital and government on the other, has to be abandoned once for all.

We must be content, perforce, with terminating the career of injustice and looking forward rather than backward.

An exception, however, must be made in the case of the landless against the land-owners. The question of rectifying past injustice in this relation cannot be so easily dismissed. But the land problem is not strictly a branch of the labor problem, and may be more conveniently discussed in a separate article.

#### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

##### IMMORTALITY.

Is the life of our soul limited?

Every personality consists of a definite idiosyncrasy, of impulses, dispositions and motor-ideas, the peculiarity and relative strength of which admit of innumerable variations. Now the question arises, Whence do the constituent elements of a man's soul come, what is the part they play, and whither do they go?

Our soul is partly inherited from our ancestors, (*viz.*, its dispositions,) partly planted in us by education, (*viz.*, mainly our ideas,) partly acquired by imitation, (*viz.*, our habits,) partly formed under the impression of our own individual experience, (*viz.*, mainly our convictions,) and partly worked out through reflection, (*viz.*, mainly our theories). Thought, *i. e.*, the interaction that takes place among the elements of the soul, enables us to make new thought-combinations out of the stock of ideas that live in our mind. Thought allows our souls to grow.

Our soul, accordingly, has a long history, which neither begins with our birth, nor ends with our death. We existed wherever the ideas of which we consist were thought, and shall exist wherever they are thought again; for not only our body is our self, but mainly our ideas. Our true self is of a spiritual nature.

Our life is only a phase in the evolution of a greater whole, and the spiritual existence of ourselves, our soul, is a precious inheritance of the past, which will evolve in future generations to higher and ever higher planes of being and to nobler and ever nobler destinies.

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The continuity of our soul-life beyond death has been expressed in many various ways. In the mysteries of Eleusis it was allegorically represented by a torch which went from hand to hand and by ears of wheat which symbolised the reappearance of vegetation after its death in winter; while Christianity expresses it in the dogma of the resurrection of the body.

Among Benjamin Franklin's manuscripts was found an epitaph which he had written in 1723, when he was twenty-three years of age. The many corrections found on the page were added, as we may fairly suppose, in later years, and show that Franklin had pon-



dered on the subject, and that he had given much thought to it. The epitaph\* runs as follows:

"The Body  
of  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
Printer  
(Like the cover of an old book  
Its contents torn out  
And stript of its lettering and gilding)  
Lies here food for worms.  
But the work shall not be lost  
For it will [as he believed] appear once more  
In a new and more elegant edition  
Revised and corrected  
by  
The Author."

The allegory that compares man to a book is very good, as it sets the nature of the soul in a true light. We are inclined to regard the binding, the paper, the presswork as the essential things of the book; yet we must be aware that they are not the soul of the book.

The soul of the book is its contents. That All-being, in whom we live and move and have our being, publishes one edition after the other, and when one copy is destroyed, the book itself, i. e., the soul of the book, is not lost. If but the contents of the book are valuable, if they contain truth, it will reappear in a new edition, perhaps in a more elegant binding, but certainly revised and corrected and enlarged.

What are the contents of the soul?

The contents of the soul form, in a word, a world-picture, the most important part of which, for human beings, is the relations that obtain and that ought to obtain in human society.

The world-picture in the soul of man, however, is not a mere image of his surroundings painted in the glowing feelings of his sensations, but a systematic conception of the facts of nature so as to behold the laws of their being.

The world of which we are parts is permeated by law. All events are concatenated and interrelated by causation, and every act of ours has its definite consequences. We have come to be such as we are in a long process of evolution. Our surroundings have impressed themselves upon our sentiency and have moulded all the ideas we think and the various motives which prompt us to act. Our ideas and motives are the quintessence of our being; they are our veriest self, our soul. If and in so far as our ideas are true

and our motives are right, they are the highest and best and most precious part of our existence, they are the divinity of our being, they are the incarnation of God in us, they are the soul of our soul.

Is there a prototype of the soul?

Rational beings might, in many respects, have developed otherwise than they did here upon earth. It is not impossible that rational creatures on various other planets are in possession of different physical constitutions than we. They may have developed wings; they may have tong-like organs for taking hold of and handling things different from our hands, etc., etc. Yet it is certain that they cannot develop another kind of reason. Their arithmetic, their mathematics, their logic must be the same as ours. Nay, more than this, the basic maxims of their ethics can in all its essentials not be different from those which are the factors underlying the growth and evolution of human society upon earth. In other words: The constitution of the universe is such that certain features of man's soul are necessarily such as they are and cannot be different in any other kind of rational beings. There are not prototypes of beings, as Plato maintained, but there is, nevertheless, something analogous to prototypes. The nature of rational beings is foreordained and conditioned by the very nature of things, and thus the biblical saying appears in a new light, that man has been created in the image of God.

The eternal in nature, the universal in the changes of the world, the law that pervades facts, has taken its abode in man; briefly, it is the truth which appears in his soul, and the truth is a correct representation of reality, it is a picture of God.

Religious truth is not merely a scientific cognition of the parts of the world and a comprehension of all the details of natural laws; religious truth is a comprehension of our being in its relation to the whole, to God. And this comprehension must not be theoretical, it must permeate all our sentiments, it must dominate our entire being and find expression in all the acts of our life.

Why is the scientific view of the soul not readily accepted?

There is one great difficulty in this theory of the soul, of its divinity and of its immortality, as the religion of science propounds it. There is no difficulty about its truth. We can readily see that it is undeniable; it can positively be proved. The facts upon which it rests are beyond dispute.

The difficulty is of another nature. We have great trouble, not so much in understanding, but in feeling that our soul is not our individual self, but God in us.

We are so engrossed with materialism that we look upon the externalities of life as our real self, and this

\* We may add that Franklin did not make use of this proposed epitaph. He directed in his last will to have a simple stone with nothing on it but the names of himself and his wife. The passage in the testament reads thus:

"I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription:

BENJAMIN }  
AND } FRANKLIN.  
DERORAH } 178-

to be placed over us both."



materialism finds expression in the forms of traditional religions now. The binding, paper, and general appearance of a book is in the sight of most people that which constitutes its essential and entire being. Man finds it very hard to rise in his emotional life to that purity of abstraction which distinguishes between the contents or soul, and the present make-up or body, of a book, of a man, of ourselves.

The question of immortality is a moral question. It takes a man of moral fibre to see the solution in its right light. It is not enough to understand the problem; we must live it. Our natural habits still tend to regard the unessential of our bodily existence as our real self, and all our emotions, our hopes and fears are exclusively attached to this present copy of our soul.

We have not only to change the mode of our thinking, but also the mode of our feeling. We must develop the higher emotions, which are in sympathy with the true essence of our being. We must unlearn to lay too much stress upon incidents that have only a mere passing value, and must regulate our actions from the standpoint of our spiritual nature. We must feel ourselves to be not the make-up of the present edition of our soul, but the soul itself.

What is the natural standpoint of the unreflecting man?

That attitude of a man in which, heedless of his soul, he takes his present make-up as his true self is called egotism; and the man with egotistic tendencies views the world from a standpoint which does not show matters in a correct perspective.

The whole world and his own self are pictured to the egotist in distorted proportions. All his feelings, his sympathies, and antipathies, too, become perverted.

Why must we abandon the standpoint of egotism?

It is apparent that all the purposes of a man which are designed to serve his egotistic desires only, will be vain, and if he were ever so successful in his efforts, death will step in, in the end, and annihilate the very purpose for which he lived.

Nature does not want egotism. She suffers it with forbearance, leaving a man time to find the narrow road to life, but then she cuts him down and selects from the harvest which he had gathered in for himself that which she can use for the progress of mankind, leaving him only the bitterness that the fruits of his work are taken from him and that he has sowed what others shall reap.

Unless a man's entire emotional life be centred in his soul, his life will be a failure.

Is the abandonment of the egoistic standpoint a resignation?

This view of the soul appears to those who still cling to the conception of an ego-soul as a resignation; and in a certain sense it is a resignation. We have to give up the idea that our real self belongs to ourselves. Our soul is not our own, but it is mankind's; and mankind in its turn is not its own; the soul of mankind is from God, it develops in God, and all its aspirations and yearnings are to God.

Yet the characterisation of this view of the soul as a resignation will produce an erroneous impression. There is as little resignation about it as when in a fairy-tale a shepherd-lad finds out that he is a prince. The resignation consists in resigning an error for truth. What we regarded as our self is not our self, but only a fleeting shadow, and our true self is much greater than we thought it was. The shepherd-boy in the fairy-tale might with the same reason say that his very existence had been wiped out, as some psychologists speak of the annihilation of the soul, when only the ego-conception of the soul is surrendered.

When our sphere of being becomes widened we should not speak of annihilation, and when we grow beyond that which at first blush we seem to be, we should not represent it as a resignation.

He who regards this view of the soul as a resignation only indicates that his sympathies, his hopes and fears are still with the externalities of our existence. The moment the very consciousness of our selfhood is transferred into our soul-existence, we shall cease to feel any resignation in this change of view.

What objection is made to the abandonment of the ego-soul?

The objection has been raised that there is neither satisfaction nor justice in the idea that others shall earn the fruits of our labors. But this objection has sense only from the standpoint of an ego-conception of the soul. The truth is that the future generations of mankind are not "others"; they are we ourselves. We have inherited in the same way not only the blessings of former generations, but their very being, their souls: we are their continuance.

It is not an empty phrase to say that the former generations of mankind are still alive as a part of ourselves. For suppose that the soul-life of the past were entirely annihilated and no vestige of it left, would not our own existence at once sink to the level of mere amœboid existence? The thought of this will convince us how truly real is the continuance of soul-life after death! The souls of our beloved are always with us and will remain among us until the end of the world.

What does the new conception of the soul imply?

Our spiritual nature imposes duties upon us; it teaches us to regard our life as a phase only of a greater and a more complete evolution, and demands



us to rise above the narrowness of our transient and limited existence.

As soon as we rise above the pettiness of our individual being, the boundaries of birth and death vanish, and we breathe the air of immortality. But this change of standpoint is of great consequence. It affects our entire existence and brings about a radical change of our world-conception. It is like a new birth which will above all be felt in our conduct. The higher standpoint of immortality introduces a new principle which will almost reverse our former habits and introduce a new criterion of what is to be regarded as right or wrong.

The moral commandments are rules of action which appear as a matter of course to him who has been born again, who has raised himself to the higher plane of soul-life, and whose sentiments and expressions of this attitude are what Christianity calls "love."

The moral commandments are forced upon the egotist, and the egotist naturally regards them as impositions. However, he whose attitude is that of love, does not feel in this way. He fulfils the commandments of his own free will.

Our sympathies must be the sympathies of our better self, and if they are, our course of action will, without any interference of the law, lead us to do anything the law and the rules of equity can demand.

There is no resignation in truly moral conduct. Moral conduct should be the expression of our character; it should flow naturally from the nature of our being.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

SOME guilty soul, tormented by remorse, has anonymously paid over to the government of the United States twelve cents as "conscience money," and the receipt of it has been acknowledged by the Secretary of the Treasury. The penitent explained in his confession that he had cheated the government in the matter of postage stamps to the value of twelve cents; and in order that he might get some sleep at night he had been driven by self-condemnation to take twelve cents out of his own pocket and "cover it into the treasury." Please find that amount enclosed herein. Now, I do not believe that the size of this anonymous conscience is to be measured by the amount restored, but by the motive that prompted the restitution, although I once had something to say in a church-trial at Marbletown, where the size of a conscience came incidentally under consideration. The brother on trial had ostentatiously insisted on paying into the county treasury three dollars and a half, as taxes on some property which had escaped the assessor, but he had at the same time stolen a farm by treacherously entering at the land-office a forty-acre tract on which a brother in the church had not only made a "claim," but also had put improvements on the land to the value of a hundred and fifty dollars. The intruder was on trial for "jumping the claim," and a neighbor testifying, said that he knew Brother Noble well, and that he had a very sensitive and punctilious conscience, but he held it under such admirable discipline that it never exceeded the dimensions of a five-dollar gold-piece. I would not lightly esteem even a five-dollar conscience, but how much I admire and envy the man who

for the trifling sum of twelve cents is able to balance the books between his conscience and the world.

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Inspiring to every lover of liberty was the great meeting held in Chicago on Sunday, April 23d, to protest against the extradition treaty agreed upon between the United States and Russia. According to the newspapers, "the protest was splendid, emphatic, and patriotic. It was the voice of three thousand American citizens jealous of their liberties and unwilling to be made the tools of a European despot holding arbitrary sway. Incidentally the czar and his method of governing came in for a share of vigorous and well-rounded denunciation." This gives us all occasion to rejoice, because men cannot condemn Russian despotism without incidentally sprinkling some of their denunciations upon English despotism, and German despotism, and American despotism, and despotism of every character and kind. A judge of eminent rank was in the chair, and among the speakers were a Jewish rabbi, a Protestant bishop, and a Baptist clergyman. Their eloquence was animated by the holy passion for liberty, and the chairman proclaimed a chivalrous principle when he said, "A wrong done to the humblest Russian peasant because of his efforts in the cause of liberty is a wrong done to you and to me and to every lover of liberty throughout the world." That is a sentiment from the religion of universal brotherhood, and I hope that in a spirit of reciprocity it will be re-echoed back to us from great meetings in St. Petersburg and Moscow, protesting against the despotism of Illinois. Tyranny is not a form of government, but any act of political oppression, whether done by an absolute monarchy or by a democratic republic. A free charter confers no freedom unless the magistrates obey it; and the man must have a cheek of brass who can look a Russian in the eye and tell him that the great charter of American liberty is obeyed and respected by the magistrates in Illinois. Liberty is not a phrase, but a fact; not a piece of parchment, but a living soul.

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Speaking of paper liberties, reminds me of a dispute I once heard between a mutinous crew and the captain of a ship, who was explaining to them the criminality of their conduct and referring to the "articles" they had signed when they shipped for the voyage. To me those "articles" appeared upon the face of them to be very liberal to the sailors, until the leader of the rebellion said, "Ain't molasses in the articles?" "Yes," the captain said, "they are." "Well," replied the mutineer, "we don't get the molasses!" So it is with some of us in Chicago. A certain ration of political freedom or inalienable molasses is allowed us by the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of Illinois, but "we don't get the molasses." By way of a text for the orators of the meetings at St. Petersburg and Moscow, I will recommend this verse from a message delivered three months ago by the governor to the legislature of Illinois: "Practically, there is neither Magna Charta nor the Bill of Rights for the poor of our great cities." This is not the seditious cry of a labor agitator, nor the reckless exaggeration of a political stump-orator; it is the deliberate utterance of the governor, in a carefully prepared state paper, read by the governor himself to the Senate and the House of Representatives at Springfield. Eighteen hundred years ago, a social reformer who was in the habit of speaking on the "lake front" in Judea, said: "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." Up to the present moment, neither the judge, nor the bishop, nor the rabbi, has called a meeting to demand for the protection of our own poor a restoration of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights; although the judge very certainly knows, even if the bishop and the rabbi do not know, that the Bill of Rights is a part of the Constitution of the United States and of the Constitution of Illinois. Liberty, like charity, should begin at home.



Taking us on the average, I believe that by nature I am not more timid than other men, but as I grow older I notice that my nerves are not the strong, tough bits of string that they were some thirty years ago. I find that I am sensitive now to terrors and alarms that formerly gave me little or no concern. As I sit serenely smoking my pipe, comfortable in the belief that the world is behaving better and better as time rolls on, it gives me a galvanic shock to be suddenly told by a prophet of dire omen that I am smoking in a powder magazine, and "dancing on a volcano." My pipe goes out, and I mechanically obey him when he tells me to "put my ear to the ground" and listen to the rumblings of an earthquake shaking the social strata into a conglomerate chaos that is to leave nothing but a nebular hypothesis behind. Warning me to "prepare for the convulsion" he leaves me in a dilapidated mental state, and ready to be frightened in a minute by conspiracies like this which has been exposed by dispatches from New York dated April 16th. "The Liberty Dawn Association had another midnight meeting to-night to consider their grievances." Reading those tidings of dark portent, in my excited state I saw for a moment bands of conspirators with red caps on their heads and black masks on their faces, assembled in midnight conclave swearing vengeance and flourishing tin daggers as I had seen them on the stage; but reading a little further on, my fears gave way, for I found that those dark traitors were harmless hack drivers of New York demanding nothing but "the inalienable right of every American citizen to wear beards, whiskers, or mustaches, or not, as he pleases." This is a comical object for a midnight meeting, and yet it is not all comedy. There is a strain of melodrama in it that is not laughable. Driving a hack for a living is an honest business, but marking a man for doing it is not. The demand of "society" that hack drivers dispense with beards is additional evidence that "society" itself is but the corruption of the body social, an envious caste of useless people setting marks of inferiority upon every useful man. The hack driver having shaved his chin, will then be required by "society" to shave his head.

The persevering way in which the office seeks the man is exhibited free of charge by Mr. Frank Lawler of Chicago. On the 8th of November about 9 o'clock in the evening it was known that Mr. Cleveland was elected Post Office Distributor General for the whole United States, and bright and early the next morning Mr. Lawler was out with a petition for his own appointment as postmaster at Chicago. By patriotic industry he secured sixty-six thousand signatures to the document before the 4th of March; and "as soon thereafter as counsel could be heard" Mr. Lawler brought the Chicago Post Office to the attention of the President; and so close to his attention, that he has never been allowed to forget it for a moment since. Figuratively speaking, Mr. Lawler "sat down" like an army in front of the White House, and put it in a state of siege. Every day he broke himself into platoons and surrounded the President, and every day under a flag of truce he held parley with Mr. Cleveland and demanded his immediate surrender, agreeing to accept the Post Office as a ransom for his prisoner. The President is permitted to go to New York and Chicago, but only on parole. Mr. Lawler will follow him to both cities, and shadow him like a detective. He has maintained the siege in Washington for nearly two months, and this morning's paper says that "his bills for telegrams alone, covering a short period of his stay, amounted to \$86.00. This was but one of the many items, for he has waged the contest so vigorously, and has watched the opposition so unceasingly that it required heavy expenditures." Mr. Lawler's maxim is that all the ability a democrat needs for an office is the ability to get it; and having a delicate regard for the feelings of Mr. Cleveland, he fears that when the chief magistrate comes to Chicago, the opposition to Mr. Lawler "will embrace the opportunity to pester the President." He does not want to see

the President pestered, especially by the opposition. Mr. Cleveland may as well surrender first as last, for the office is hunting the man, and will very likely get him.

\* \* \*  
"Liberty be on guard, thine enemy never sleeps!" Especially is this warning timely when that wakeful enemy by deceitful stratagem tries to undermine the common school system of America. Under the existing order of unequal social opportunities, the level floor of the common school is the last refuge of American democracy, and that sanctuary is to be invaded now. Pretending to reform the scheme of studies adopted for the schools, the enemies of popular education in Chicago are trying to cripple the schools as much as possible by abolishing those modern and more enlightened methods of instruction which they classically ridicule as "fads." Appealing to the sordid spirit of the rich they seek to abridge the educational rights of the poor. Taking advantage of their own wrong they plead that the tax payer's money should not be thrown away on "special studies," like the making of "mud pies," while there is actually a scarcity of schools. That is not an argument, but an additional reproach. The children are entitled to more schools, and the "special studies" too. There is no danger that they will receive too much learning, or too much of any other useful thing, and the great World's Fair is a colossal solecism in a city deficient in schools. Build more schools, and let the city cease to grow until the schools catch up. Outside the common school there is hardly any field of endeavor where the poor man's child and the rich man's child can meet on terms of unconditional equality; where brains are the test of merit; and where the prizes are above the reach of bribe, favor, or partiality. It is a grand thing to be old, if the memory holds out, and I can remember that nearly forty years ago when we were trying to introduce the common school system into the western states we were told by the fathers of the men who are now so jealous of "special studies" that the common school system itself was a "fad."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### LEGERDEMAIN AND SPIRITUALISM.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

I should like to call the attention of Dr. Max Dessoir to an article by Van Cullen Jones, "A Chapter on Mediums," which appeared in *The Dolgeville Herald*, of April 6th. Having become interested, through discussion with Herbert Burrows, and a slight correspondence with Du Prel, in modern miracles, or perhaps rather in some of the modern believers in the "supersensual," I noted the article in question, hoping at some future time, when I have leisure for practical investigation of spiritualism and theosophy, to communicate with Mr. Jones; since I notice that he hints at having discovered an explanation for phenomena for which I have never yet seen any explanation—for instance, the lifting of a chair containing a heavy occupant, by the apparent mere placing of the hands upon (not under) the arms of the chair. Perhaps you will kindly forward this letter to Dr. Dessoir. Yours truly,

C. M. W.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

The writer of the article on "The Psychology of Legerdemain" makes, as is usual with thinkers who confine all reason and explanation of phenomena to the realm of natural causation, and seek, by a certain show of knowledge, to explain everything in heaven and on earth by scientific formulæ, the exit out of the dilemma by a frank denial of the existence of persons after death, or of spirits, who could exercise a power which the old formulæ of science could not reduce to legerdemain. And yet manifestations are occurring everywhere and of such variety of kind which are



not explained by legerdemain, that it seems to me incomprehensible that his rather interesting article should have been marred by the omission of an examination of the real phenomena and a recognition of the facts in the case. He concedes somewhat to the idealists and spiritualists the belief that an atom of probability of a genuine basis for certain spirit manifestations might exist—at least, *he* cannot explain some things, yet he adds after all that perhaps they are subtler expressions of jugglery. Max Dessoir is perhaps another Sir David Brewster, who said that "spirits would be the last thing that he would give in to." Yet, is this the scientific spirit? Are we, as seekers for truth, to set up our standards of jugglery, etc., and seek to explain what cannot be disposed of by *ridicule* and *denial* by our preconceived notions of formulæ? Is this the way to get at and measure truth? Does truth not rather destroy than make standards of the kind which Max Dessoir sets up? I personally challenge this writer to bring forth one single argument of legerdemain that will account for the manifestations of D. D. Home (a name he mentions), as testified to by the leading scientific men of his day. While I am not a spiritualist, I believe in fair play, and I feel that I am correct in saying that, judging from these, his published articles, such a man as Max Dessoir has not the true scientific spirit, nor is he qualified to pass judgment upon things about which his article proves that he has been neither a witness nor investigator.

For the truth,

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

[Our correspondents' criticism of Dr. Dessoir's position is not justified. Dr. Dessoir is one of the few exceptions among our savants\* who show an inclination to believe in spiritualistic phenomena. Dr. Dessoir has a decided leaning towards dualism, traces of which appear in his article, "The Magic Mirror,"† and also in his "Psychology of Legerdemain."

He is not as uncritical as fanatic believers usually are, but careful readers will find in his articles indications in which he betrays his tendencies.

We have omitted, with Dr. Dessoir's permission, the following footnote, which was attached to the fourth paragraph of the conclusion of his last article on the "Psychology of Legerdemain," and I now gladly take occasion to publish it.

"Zöllner's table is a noteworthy exception. The leg of the table, wrought in one piece, is so thick in its upper and lower parts that the ring which has been placed in a mysterious way upon the thinner middle cannot have been shoved upon it, either from below or from above, because the leg of the table consists of one piece only. Thus there exists an objective and lasting testimony for the phenomena in Slade's *séances*. But what shall we do with such an isolated fact? There is also one unquestionable case of a deflection of a magnet by the human hand; but science has gained nothing thereby."

These remarks do not convince me. The fact that Mr. Slade, or any other medium, or any prestidigitateur, was once or twice so extraordinarily successful as in the instance adduced by Dr. Dessoir, proves nothing in favor of spiritualistic phenomena.

I must plead guilty to a lack of confidence in the investigations of spiritualism or theosophy. Such investigations will lead to no noteworthy results. I have published an article on the subject in reply to Mrs. Bodington, in No. 229 of *The Open Court*, and I hope to take up the subject at some future time. As to Dr. Dessoir, who is not guilty of this same offense, I expect that he will speak for himself. A reply of his may be expected in four or five weeks. —P. C.]

\* He is a physician and *Privatdocent* at the University of Berlin.

† See *The Monist*, Vol. I, No. 1, and also Mr. R. Meade Bache's criticism, *The Question of Duality of Mind*, Vol. 1, No. 3.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

INSTEAD OF A BOOK. By a Man Too Busy to Write One. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker, 1893.

Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, has here collected and published in a volume a number of articles from *Liberty*. He states in the preface that being too busy to write a systematic textbook of Anarchism, he presents this collection "instead of a book." Mr. Tucker defines state socialism as "the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by the government, regardless of individual choice." According to the socialistic plan "every man will be a wage-receiver, and the State the only wage-payer. He who will not work for the state must starve, or, more likely, go to prison. All freedom of trade must disappear. Competition must be utterly wiped out. All industrial and commercial activity must be centred in one vast, enormous, all-inclusive monopoly. The remedy for monopolies is monopoly." Mr. Tucker does not accept the theories of state socialism, but takes the opposite road,—"the road of liberty." He proposes Anarchism, which he defines as "the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals or voluntary associations, and that the state should be abolished." By Anarchism Mr. Tucker understands not necessarily absence of order, as is generally supposed, but absence of rule. "Nor does the Anarchistic scheme furnish any code of morals to be imposed upon the individual. 'Mind your own business' is its only moral law. Interference with another's business is a crime and the only crime, and as such may properly be resisted. In accordance with this view the Anarchists look upon attempts to arbitrarily suppress vice as in themselves crimes. They believe liberty and the resultant social well-being to be a sure cure for all vices. . . . This is an ideal utterly inconsistent with that of those Communists who falsely," as says Mr. Tucker, "call themselves Anarchists, while at the same time advocating a régime of Anarchism fully as despotic as that of the state socialists themselves."

## THE OPEN COURT.

NIXON BUILDING, 175 LA SALLE ST.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of *THE OPEN COURT* will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 298. (VOL. VII.—19.)

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## TH. RIBOT AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY.\*

BY EDWARD SOKAL.

“THIRTY years ago, the assertion that psychology was yet in its childhood, and had little prospect of growing out of it, would have been scouted as paradoxical, and a criticism of this kind would have been deemed amply refuted by a reference to the numerous treatises which have appeared since Locke's time on all the various activities of the human mind. But to-day this assertion is not at all paradoxical. Our point of view has become a different one, and although we justly acknowledge that the old psychologists have rendered great services in many directions, have definitively settled many mooted points, and have exhibited in their analyses remarkable penetration and acumen, yet we can now regard their work as scarcely anything more than attempts.

“The new spirit of the natural sciences has also penetrated psychology. And the question is asked whether a mass of acute remarks, fine analyses, elegantly presented observations on the normal state of the mind, and metaphysical hypotheses presented as truths, form an articulated system, a true science, and whether we should not justly resort to some more exact method.

“In this manner a separation has been effected between the new and the old psychology which has daily grown more distinct, and although to all appearance the old psychology is still vigorous and active, its days are numbered. In the new environment which has arisen about it, its conditions of existence are different; its methods are not adequate to the constantly increasing difficulties of its problems, and to the constantly growing demands of the scientific spirit: it still lives on its past. In vain do its foremost representatives proclaim that we should investigate the facts, and should give due attention to experience; sincere as their concessions are, they produce nothing, and in the actual work are not fulfilled. The moment they put their hands to the task the irresistible desire for pure speculation takes possession of them. Furthermore, any condition of things which is radically wrong does not admit of

“reformation, and the old psychology must perish as the consequence of its self-contradictory character. No endeavors to adapt it to the demands of the times can deceive us in this matter; its fundamental character, as may be shown in very few words, always remains the same. It is permeated with the metaphysical spirit, it is the ‘science of the soul’; self-observation, analysis, inference, are its favorite methods; it mistrusts the biological sciences, accepts their help only unwillingly and when forced to do so, and is ashamed of the help which it receives from them. Peevish and morose like all that is old and weak, it yearns only for seclusion and quiet.”

In these words, Th. Armand Ribot summarised, in the year 1879, the situation of the speculative school in psychology, and presents in sharp and rigid contrast thereto the programme of his own scientific activity. The abyss of physico-philosophical doubt which the speculative era opened up had never been bridged by the speculative philosophy, and its solutions were wofully disproportionate to the comprehensive scope of the problems proposed. In company with the band of great scientific discoverers who were sent forth from the laboratory of Johannes Müller, Th. Ribot holds that all compromise with the nature-philosophy of the past decades is impossible, and all struggle with them practically purposeless: there can be no discussion with representatives of such thought, for neither principles nor methods, neither language nor purposes, are the same. But while men like Helmholtz and Du Bois-Reymond, whose talents were especially adapted to observation and experiment, unceasingly promoted the new method by great discoveries, Ribot, who is fundamentally a dialectician and who was educated in the school of abstract philosophical thought, arrived at the new view of things only with great labor and at a subsequent period.

It will not, therefore, be surprising, if early and natural habits of thought did not adapt themselves in every respect to the changed point of view. Despite his great and sincere admiration for the experimental method, we cannot find in a single work of Ribot's a description of even one experiment which he has independently conducted. In the method which is pe-

\* From *Die Gegenwart*.



cularly his, of sounding a problem on all sides before actually attacking it, he proves himself a master of analysis; the art which he possesses and handles with a skill amounting to virtuosity, of revealing and thoroughly illuminating unclear ideas, may be accepted as a model of dialectical skill. In a word, he has placed the intellectual qualities of a past epoch in the service of modern science, and we shall now show by a brief discussion of his works how fruitful this union has been.

The first works of Th. Ribot are of a critical-historical character. Mindful of the saying that the history of a science is the science itself, he attempts, in two detailed monographs on English and German experimental psychology, to tell us the brief past of this "science of the future." The slow march, the devious and winding paths which psychology has followed, appear to him, from a psychological point of view, easily intelligible, for he bitterly laments that one should really be mathematician, physicist, physiologist, and pathologist, and should have a perfect command of the results and especially of the methods of all the experimental sciences in order to take up with any prospect of success psychological investigations. If, therefore, the results of psychological inquiry have not as yet been very great, this, in his opinion, speaks neither against its methods, nor against its representatives; the progress of scientific knowledge is in a much higher degree than we ordinarily imagine, a function of the time.

In his "English Psychology of To-day," which appeared in 1870, Ribot discusses in some detail the works of the two Mills, of Herbert Spencer, Alexander Bain, and George Lewes, who were at that time almost unknown in France. This book, which within a few years was translated into most of the civilised languages of Europe, contributed so much to the circulation of these authors, that it was by this fact almost rendered superfluous. In a brilliant and fascinating manner it depicts to us the history, method, and aims of the English psychology, it emphasises with especial force the predilection of the same for general systems, its predominantly descriptive character, but it also expressly mentions its lack of really experimental foundations and the hypothetical features of the majority of its assumptions. Especially remarkable in our opinion is the essay on Herbert Spencer, as whose enthusiastic admirer and adherent Ribot confesses himself.

In contrast to the "organic" psychology of the English, which, resting on the general hypothesis of evolution, explains the psychical phenomena as the highest form of existence and as the most complicated of all natural processes, because in point of time the last, the German psychology has always set itself a different problem. The psychology of Germany has

adopted the analytical method, and has borrowed its points of view, as well as its technical forms, from the physical sciences. It exhibits generally a greater endeavor after precision; especially the employment of experiment; the quantitative determination of facts (experiment demanding numbers and measures); a more restricted field of research; a preference for monographs instead of large compendious treatises. This distinction of German and English psychology, which at first glance seems strange, is, as we see, perfectly well-founded in the nature of things. As in art and in public life, so the national character is expressed not less distinctly in science.

In the period of time between the publication of the works on English and German psychology (1870-1879) two larger treatises appeared bearing the titles "Psychological Heredity" and "The Philosophy of Schopenhauer," which are of great importance for an understanding of Ribot's development.

The first is the only sacrifice which Ribot made to his speculative tendencies. The second is a complete liberation from them.

Heredity—habit—conservation of force: these are the three apparently unrelated phenomena between which Ribot in the conclusion of his work on heredity endeavors to construct a bridge. "Considered from a philosophical point of view heredity appears to us as a fragment of a much higher and more general law, of a law of the universe, and its cause should be sought in the mechanism of the universe. Any thing that has been, must always be; hence, in the individual, habit and memory, and in the race, heredity. It is simply a case of that ultimate law which physicists call the conservation of energy, and metaphysicians universal causality." We must see that the idea here indicated is capable of a much more concrete expression, and it receives such in fact later from Ribot's own hands. In the form in which it is here expressed the principle is nothing but a pure speculative hypothesis and bears on its face all the marks which Ribot gives as characteristic of such: it is definite, it is clear, circumscribed, distinct, and—undemonstrable.

Undemonstrable! This is the word which after a detailed exposition of Schopenhauer's philosophy he utters as his final criticism of it. And how any one in seriousness or in conviction could believe and defend things which are undemonstrable appears to him in the course of his development more and more unintelligible. From now on, metaphysics is to him a kind of belief in a second scientific revelation; its history, the history of error.

In 1881 Ribot began his series of epoch-making works on the pathology of psychic phenomena with the "Diseases of Memory." These works, despite



their medical titles, are of an entirely theoretical character. The attempt is made in them, in opposition to the customary views on this subject, to found the doctrine of the normal functions on the consideration of their pathological excesses, to view the phenomena of psychical disease as undeveloped and therefore less complicated forms of mental activity.

To the old psychology, memory is a special faculty of the soul, a most remarkable and totally mysterious mental capacity of preserving, reproducing, and arranging, perspectively in the past, images and ideas. As Ribot had already suggested in his treatise on heredity, and as it was later more minutely developed by Professor Hering in his brilliant address on "Memory as a General Function of Organised Matter,"\* true psychical memory is at bottom only a special case of a much more general phenomenon of "organic" memory, as it is met with in habit, in heredity, and in the instinct of newborn animals. This organic memory is a property of every living cell. Its especial modification, as psychic memory, is exclusively the property of the cerebral cell.

The chief merit of Ribot's work on memory is in our judgment this, that it has brought order into the numberless and complicated facts of the psycho-pathological literature belonging in this field, in such a manner that only things of importance are emphasised, yet everything that can throw light on the normal mechanism of memory is thoroughly exhausted in the concise space of one hundred and sixty octavo pages. The results at which Ribot arrived at the conclusion of his researches are by no means self-evident truisms, but are apparently even paradoxical—veritable Columbus eggs in science. One example will be enough to support this assertion. It is that of the so-called "law of regression" which Ribot formulated to express the course of the disturbances of memory :

"In cases of general dissolution the loss of memories follows an invariable order : recent facts, then ideas in general, then emotions, then acts.

"In cases of partial dissolution, (in the case best known, the forgetting of signs,) the loss of memories follows an invariable order : proper names, common names, adjectives and verbs, interjections, gestures.

"In the two cases the order is identical. It is a regression from the most recent to the oldest, from the complex to the simple, from the voluntary to the automatic, from the less organised to the better organised.

"We have brought our law into connection with this physiological principle, 'Degeneration first strikes that which has been last formed,' and with this psychological principle, 'The complex disappears before the simple, because it has been less often repeated in experience.'"

We here see a number of facts, which by themselves are highly remarkable, brought together in a

law which is almost self-evident, reduced, so to say, to a common denominator—a model of apposite explanation.

Whilst in his work on "Memory," Ribot could retain and employ points of view which are generally familiar, he is, in his "Diseases of the Will" and his "Diseases of Personality," on much more unstable ground. Although we speak daily of acts of will and of individual consciousness, it would yet be almost impossible to give anything like a description of these phenomena, such as any one could easily give for facts of memory. In both cases it is difficult—indeed, almost impossible—to decide whether we are concerned with elementary and especial contents of consciousness, or with a secondary or derived phenomenon ; in both cases, in fact, even Ribot's researches have led to a substantially negative result.

In the mind of the natural inquirer there can be no doubt that the processes which take place in the nervous system like all other known phenomena of the universe, are subject to the law of the conservation of energy, that they form an uninterrupted non-displaceable series whose last member is determined by the first. The external stimuli which strike our senses are propagated as internal products in our brains, they proceed as centrifugal impulses to the motory nerves, and are discharged outwardly in the form of motions which are infinitely varied. By this mechanical explanation we must abide, for as yet it is the only one which renders a fraction of the phenomena of the world, though not all, intelligible. It is our only anchor of hope in this apparently lawless chaos of things. And agreeably to the words of the immortal author of the "Mécanique céleste" there can exist in the lawfulness of natural phenomena no contradiction, except such as our ignorance imports into it.

These in outline are the assumptions from which Ribot proceeds in his observation of the phenomena of will, and which he seeks to carry out, step by step, in his work. He shows that in every act of the will there are two factors which can be well distinguished : the state of consciousness, the "I will," which establishes the situation, but in itself is wholly powerless : and a highly complicated psycho-physiological mechanism which sets free motory and inhibitory impulses. He shows us that in pathological cases now this and now that factor can be lost, that in the first instance the irresistible fixed ideas, and in the second, the disease aboulia arises. And he closes his exposition with this sentence : "*La volonté n'est pas la cause de sien.*"

It is not to be denied that this conception of psychological states as mere epiphenomena of certain cerebral processes is of great service to the economy of science, but it can also not be denied that the "dou-

\* A translation of this memoir was published in Vol. I of *The Open Court*, Nos. 6 and 7, pp. 141 and 169.



ble nervous process" is as yet simply an unproved hypothesis. The attempt has been made in two ways to get beyond this; first, by the return to the old assumption of a will, which has the power to act on the psychical machine; and second, in the recent books of Janet and Binet, "*L'automatisme psychologique*" and "*Les altérations de la personnalité*," and also in the works of others, by the theory of the so-called "double ego." Not only certain nervous processes, but all such, are accompanied on this hypothesis by consciousness, by a consciousness which is distributed, as it were, in strata among different egos. We merely mention this theory, as we do not see in it any substantial promotion of our knowledge.

In closing this description of Ribot's life-work, we must not forget to mention a short treatise on the "Psychology of Attention,"\* which explains attention as a purely motor activity, and, last but not least, we must mention his long editorship of the *Revue philosophique*. At present he is engaged, as he informs the author of this article, in writing a new book, which is to be called "*La psychologie de sentiments*."

If we glance again over Th. Ribot's scientific career, we cannot refrain from yielding to it our sincere admiration. We see in him one of the most ingenious and most brilliant path-finders in one of the most difficult provinces of modern science.

#### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

##### MYTHOLOGY AND RELIGION.

What is the attitude of the religion of science towards other religions?

The religion of science is not hostile to the spirit of the traditional religions: on the contrary, being their matured product, it regards them as harbingers that prepare the way.

The dogmatic religions are mythologies which attempt to teach the truth in parable and allegory. They are prophecies of the religion of truth.

Is mythology injurious?

Mythology in itself is not injurious; on the contrary, it is a necessary stage in the evolution not only of religion, but also of science. Man's mode of conveying thought is essentially mythological. All language is based upon similes and we shall perhaps never be able to speak without using figures of speech.

The religion of science does not come to destroy the mythologies of old religion; it does not come to destroy but to fulfil.

What is the nature of the mythology of science?

Science no less than religion had to pass and, in many of its fields, is still passing, through a mytholog-

ical period; and this mythological period is often marked by fantastic notions and extravagant vagaries. Astrology preceded astronomy, and alchemy preceded chemistry.

It is a great mistake of the chemist to look down upon the alchemist, and of the astronomer to speak with contempt of the astrologer of former ages. It is a sign either of narrowness or of a lack of information to revile our ancestors because they knew less than we. Baron Liebig was the greatest chemist of his times; yet he speaks with profound respect of the aspirations and accomplishments of the alchemists. Those upon whose shoulders we stand deserve our thanks not our contempt. Let us not despise the anthropoid from whose labors man has risen to the height of a human existence!

The mythology of science still clings to us to-day.

When does mythology become injurious?

Mythology becomes injurious as soon as it is taken as the truth itself.

Mythology thus produces that self sufficient spirit of dogmatism which prevents further inquiry into truth.

What is the origin of the mythological religions?

The historical religions were founded at a time when science and its methods of inquiry did not as yet exist. Yet religion was wanted. People cannot live without spiritual support and solace and guidance. And as the old Egyptians instinctively discovered such tools as the lever and other simple instruments helpful to them in their work long before they understood the principles of these contrivances; as mankind in general instinctively invented language as a means of communication without having any philological knowledge, and even without the least inkling of the laws of grammar and logic: so some prophets rose among our ancestors preaching to them some simple rules of conduct which they had instinctively found when pondering on the miseries caused by criminal and ruthless behavior.

The nobler conduct, preached by prophets and enforced by the evil consequences of sin, raised mankind to a higher ground. Men learned to feel and appreciate the truth of the religious authority which proclaims the moral commands; and the religious convictions thus established proved even in their imperfect form an invaluable source of solace and help in the tribulations of life.

Does the law of evolution apply to religion also?

Religion develops according to natural laws. Not only the human body and all living creatures, but also such intangible and spiritual entities as science, law, language, and social institutions are products of evolution, and religion forms no exception.

\* The authorised English translation of this work and of *The Diseases of Personality* are published by The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.



The hypotheses of science are often formulated with the help of analogies, and these analogies contain figurative expressions. We speak for instance of electric currents, as if electricity were a fluid. This method of using analogies which is of great service in scientific investigations must not be taken as real science: it is the mythology of science.

The mythology of science is no less indispensable in the realm of investigation than it is in the province of religion; but we must not forget that it is a means only to an end, the ideal of scientific inquiry being and remaining a simple statement of facts.

While we may be able to free ourselves from the shackles of mythology in science and philosophy, must we, perhaps, still retain them in religion?

The progress of religion in this direction will be the same as in science and philosophy.

Progress of science means the formation of new ideas, and the purification of our old ideas. The mythological elements must be separated from the pure statement of facts, the latter being the grain, the former the chaff; the latter are the truth, the former our mythologies, being the methods of reaching the truth.

The chaff is the husks, and grain cannot grow without the wholesome protection of the husks. The truth contained in mythological allegories is their all-important element, which has to be sifted out and preserved. The rest is to be discarded; it has served an educational purpose and will have to be relegated to the history of science.

Religious progress, no less than scientific progress, is a process of growth, it is an increment of truth, and also a cleansing from mythology.

Religion is a world-conception regulating man's conduct. Our world-conception grows with every new information, and all those new ideas from which we derive moral rules of conduct become religious ideas.

As science began with the crude notions of primitive animism, so did religion begin with a mythology full of superstition. And the ideal of religion is the same as that of science, it is an increase of truth as well as a liberation from mythological elements. The more complete our knowledge is, the less is our need of hypotheses, and mythological expressions can be replaced by exact statements of fact. Both science and religion are to be based upon a concise but exhaustive statement of facts, which is to be constantly enlarged by a more complete and more accurate experience.

The ultimate goal of religious development is the recognition of the truth with the aspiration to live in conformity to the truth.

Mythology which is conceived to be the truth itself is called paganism.

Paganism is the notion that the parable is the mean-

ing it involves, that the letter is the spirit, that mythology is the truth.

It is certainly no error to believe that virtue, justice, beauty, love, and other ideas have a real and true existence in reality. They whose spiritual eyes are too dim to see and to understand their being, will be greatly benefited by the representations of the artist and the poet, who present those ideals to us, the former in our imagination, the latter visibly in marble as personal beings, as gods. There is no wrong in similes, there is no fault to be found with parables. But he who believes that these gods are personal beings, he who takes the mythology to be the actual truth, is under the spell of a gross misconception, and this misconception is paganism.

Paganism leads to idolatry. He who worships the symbol is an idolater.

The dogmatic religions of to-day are still under the spell of paganism; and even Christianity, the highest, the noblest, and most humane of all religions, is not yet free of idolatry,—a fact which appears in many various customs and ceremonies. Sacrifices have been abandoned, but prayer, adoration, and other institutions still indicate the pagan notion that God is like a human being, that he takes delight in receiving honors, and that upon special considerations he will change his decrees and reverse the order of nature for the sake of those whom he loves.

The religion of science does away with paganism and idolatry.

The religion of science rejects the religion of adoration, and prescribes only one kind of worship—the worship in spirit and in truth which consists in obeying the authority of moral conduct.

The religion of science rejects all the vain repetitions of such prayers as attempt to change not our will but the will of God. Those prayers only are admitted by the religion of science which set our souls in harmony with the authority of conduct, which consists in self-discipline and teach us to say with Jesus of Nazareth "Not our, but Thy will be done!"

What are the sources of religious truth?

The religion of science knows of no special revelations; it recognises only the revelation of truth, open to all of us, as it appears in our experience, viz., in the events of nature surrounding us, and also in the emotions of our own heart.

Religion is not due to a supernatural revelation, but to the same natural revelation to which science owes its existence.

The form of the established religions is mythological, for its founders spoke in parables, and the allegorical form of their teachings was quite adapted to the age in which they lived.



New problems have arisen with the growth of science. The mythology of our religions has become palpably untenable, and we are no longer satisfied with the dogmas extracted from parables.

Is there any conflict between religion and science?

True science and true religion can never come in conflict. If there is any conflict between religion and science, it is a sign that there is something wrong in either our science or our religion, and we shall do well to revise them both.

This is the conflict that at present obtains between science and religion. The infidel laughs at the impostures of religion, while the bigot demands an implicit surrender of reason.

The infidel as well as the bigot are under the erroneous impression that the mythology of religion is religion itself.

What is to be done?

The bigot demands that science be muzzled, and the infidel proposes to eradicate religion.

Shall we follow the bigot who wants the errors of paganism to continue? Or shall we follow the infidel? Shall we root out science, because it is not as yet free from mythology? Shall we eradicate mankind because there are traces of barbarism left in our institutions, even to-day? Shall we abandon religion because it still retains some of the superstitious notions of paganism?

We follow neither the bigot nor the infidel, but propose confidently to advance on the road of progress. It is the course prescribed by nature, which willingly or unwillingly we shall have to pursue.

The ideal towards which every religious evolution tends, is to develop a Religion of Truth. And this ideal can be reached only through an honest search for the truth with the assistance of the scientific methods of inquiry.

Christianity possesses an ideal which is called "the invisible church." Even the most devout Christians are aware of the fact that the present condition of the church is not the realisation of its ideal. The ideal of the invisible church can find its realisation only in the religion of science.

#### A SOCIALISTIC SCHEME.

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT.

THE first day of May, 1900, should be fixed upon as the time for changing the present industrial system. Affairs between Capital and Labor are rushing rapidly to a destructive crisis, and some definite rational policy must be quickly decided upon, towards which all scattered and otherwise dangerous energies can be massed.

This policy is for the working classes to determine that on the first of May, 1900, all owning managers of industry shall be changed into managing partners with the workers, the workers be-

coming joint owners with the managers, and the managers becoming merely their representatives.

There are seven years in which to prepare for this change. The owners and managers should be invited to meet with the workers to organise the details of the new system. Many would immediately and gladly respond, and these, in conference with the working people, would frame plans to which other managers would consent upon understanding them. The best of the managers would not wait until the year 1900 before establishing the partnership, and when the movement began, many would be converted to it, whom paper plans could not convince. In less than seven years more than half the industries of the country might be partnership industries.

Only one thing is necessary for this result: the working people must firmly resolve, that after April, 1900, they will not work under the present organisation of industry. If they are by that time united in this purpose, those selfish capitalists who have not voluntarily accepted the partnership plan, will be constrained to yield. If they cannot get men to work for them their plants will spoil.

The first step to this end is to form a society embracing as many citizens, men and women, of this country, as wish to see the inevitable industrial revolution accomplished peaceably. Every working man and woman will be of this number. They wish their fair share of the product of their industry, they also wish to obtain it without the shedding of blood. They will therefore join in the support of this peaceful method. All intelligent people of every class will join it, for they are coming to see that society must be reorganised from its base to satisfy the modern sense of justice or even to survive.

Society must be saved from chaos by a strong, sufficient effort. Therefore, let meetings be held to organise this movement; let societies be everywhere founded with this clear aim in view, to make the working people partners in all industries in the year 1900.

Other and further developments of the industrial revolution can be accomplished afterwards or at the same time. This will be a tangible beginning, broad enough not only for all progressive forces thus far organised to unite upon, but broad enough for those unorganised up to this time; sufficiently evolutionary and sufficiently revolutionary for the next seven years. While working for their own specific ends as before, all reformers can coöperate for this common end.

This plan has little machinery. Social leaders can establish societies where they are, over the whole country, and these can afterwards be federated with some central direction.

To hold the object clearly in mind is all that is necessary for this organisation. But as many circumstances are driving labor to frenzy, the time for immediate and universal action has come.

#### REMARKS BY GENERAL TRUMBULL.

I HAVE had the privilege of reading in manuscript the plan of Mr. Swift, in order that I might make a few comments on its merits and its defects as a scheme of social change.

The policy advocated by Mr. Swift is not new. More than fifty years ago it was adopted by the English Chartists assembled in their National Convention. They solemnly resolved to reverse the social order by paralysing business for thirty days; and this thirty days was beatified as the "Sacred Month." On the first day of the "Sacred Month" all work of every kind was to cease, and it was confidently proclaimed that before the end of it the revolution would be accomplished, "without the shedding of blood."

The impossibility of the scheme became apparent as soon as the Chartists attempted to fix a day for the beginning of the "Sacred Month." They never could agree upon a day, and for want



of such agreement the "Sacred Month" was perpetually postponed. The plan, long ago abandoned in England is now revived in America, and the beginning of the "Sacred Month" is definitely appointed for the first day of May, 1900.

It is very easy for the working classes to determine that on the first of May, 1900, "all owning managers of industry shall be changed into managing partners with the workers, the workers becoming joint owners with the managers," but suppose the "owning managers" determine otherwise, what then? In that case, "the working people must resolve that after April, 1900, they will not work under the present organisation of industry." Thus the scheme degenerates into a mere strike. This amounts to a resolution that the workingmen will not eat after April, 1900. We might as well resolve that after the first of May there shall be no more rain.

There are two obstacles in the way of the plan; the "owning managers" would not agree to it, neither would the workingmen. The workingmen prefer a specific sum as wages to any coöperative scheme that involves a risk of loss. They have no confidence in their own skill to manage a great industry, and they believe that a thousand of them owning and operating a factory would never agree among themselves either as to the hours of labor or as to a division of profits, and especially as to an apportionment of losses.

Much has been written about the "profit sharing" policy but nothing about the "loss sharing" plan, yet this latter is the more important because the fear of loss is the chief obstacle to coöperative industry. The laborers in a great factory would not accept it as a gift on the basis of profit and loss and the surrender of wages. They will accept a plant on the "profit sharing" plan, but if they are to take the risk of losses also, they will prefer the certainty of wages.

None of the parties to be reconciled by it would be satisfied with it, and we must wait for its realisation until the world is peopled with wiser and better men.

Mr. Swift's reform applies only to the finished product, such as a New England cotton factory. This being already built and furnished with water-power and machinery, the operatives may just as well "determine" to have it for themselves as not, but the scheme has no application to a prospective industry, such, for instance, as the building of a new railroad, or, for the matter of that, the building and equipping of a new cotton factory, or a ship. Here is a grave difficulty, which I commend to the studious consideration of Mr. Swift.

Besides, the communism of property must precede the communism of industry, for what use is it that laborers work in common unless they own the land, the buildings, and all the raw materials of production? Here is an obstacle in the way of Mr. Swift; an impediment that cannot be removed in seven years nor in seventy. More men are property owners in the United States than in any other country in the world, and for that reason the right of private property has become a sentiment firmly established in the American mind. That sentiment will weaken, of course, as property, and especially land, becomes monopolised by a few, but it will not be extinguished in our generation, and perhaps never.

If the change is desirable let us adopt it at once. Why should the working-classes wait until the year 1900 before becoming "joint owners" of the mills and factories, the ships and shops, the railroads and the farms? If I have any share in any social reform why should I be deprived of it for seven years? If I am by right a partner in any of the profitable industries of Chicago I want my dividends now.

I am personally interested in the theory of Mr. Swift, because according to that theory I am now, and have been for many years, a stockholder in a great railroad running from Montreal into the New England States. I was one of its original builders. I worked for many weeks with a wheelbarrow, pick, and shovel,

to make the roadbed on which the cars now run, and I shall be very glad if the engineers, and firemen, and brakemen, and switchmen, and conductors, and clerks "determine" to become joint owners of the road, provided that I am admitted into the partnership as one of its original builders. And will they kindly pay me the back dividends long due? Surely the men who build a plant are as much entitled to a share of it as the men who work inside of it after it is done.

Here is another difficulty. What share in the new industrial system is to go to bricklayers, carpenters, painters, hod-carriers, railroad laborers, builders of ships, and the multitudes of constructive workers who cannot become joint owners with the "owning managers," because there is nothing for them to own? And one question more: When the operatives have made themselves joint owners of a cotton factory, or any other factory, will they give work to laborers out of a job, or will they make the factory a monopoly of their own?

As a mere ideal aspiration the general plan appears to be beneficent, because it calls for better conditions of the laboring men; but the scheme is impossible.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Owen Glendower. "Why, so can I," said Hotspur; "or so can any man. But will they come when you do call for them?" Experience teaches us that they will not; neither will revolutions. The declaration that a new social order shall begin on a certain day is like the imperious command that King Canute gave to the sea. We can just as effectively appoint a certain day for a cyclone.

A new social order means a new society, and where is the promise that the American people will do in the year 1900 what they refuse to do now? Not on any particular day can we reverse the social conditions evolved through the travail of ten thousand years. As well might the apple-trees determine to bear nothing but oranges on and after the first of May, 1900. The promise of a man that seven years hence he will begin to be somebody else is ridiculous, but not more so than the promise of society to change its character on some future First of May.

### THE NEW LAUREATE.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

Zounds, what a glorious chance to poetize!  
Not one has missed it, every soul has bowed  
And cut his little caper to the crowd,  
And now they wait to see who'll get the prize.

Why waits the Judge? Would not the time suffice  
Wherein to write one name, long called aloud  
By all the birds of spring, one name avowed  
Where'er the sea salutes the approving skies?

An heir remaining, does the law bequeath  
Upon condition that his years have run  
With only praise on all the winds that breathe?

You seek a star beside the noonday sun;  
Laurel in hand, you ask which brow to wreath;  
Great ears of Midas, man, there is but one!

### NOTES.

We present in this issue of *The Open Court* an article by Edward Sokal, translated from the German, on "Th. Ribot and Modern Psychology."

It is certainly a good sign of the times that Ribot finds such an enthusiastic apostle of his psychological views in the country of critics, and I expect that Mr. Sokal's lucid exposition will contribute much towards making the new conception popular. But I cannot refrain from noticing that, in our opinion, Mr. Sokal is



mistaken when he says that according to Ribot the psychological states which are "mere epi-phenomena of certain cerebral processes," have to be regarded as a "double nervous process." Mr. Sokal adds, "It cannot be doubted that the double nervous process" "is as yet an unproved hypothesis."

We do not recollect any passage in Ribot's works in which he speaks of a "double nervous process." He speaks of "*la théorie qui considère la conscience comme un simple phénomène*." His conception of psychological states as phenomenal or epi-phenomenal, means that consciousness is a superadded element which, according to conditions, may or may not be connected with the act. The motor-nerves act whenever irritated by a proper stimulant. This action is conscious if the conditions are present, and unconscious if they are absent. It is not known to us that Ribot calls the physiology of these conditions a double nervous process.

A man who is under the influence of some intoxicant may walk about and act in the same way as one in full possession of his consciousness. The conditions of consciousness are disturbed. On the other hand, the state of consciousness which accompanies the action is in itself of no efficacy. The normal condition of a man is such that when he says "I will do this," his muscles obey the order, but if the action of his nervous system is impaired by the disease known as aboulia he may again and again pronounce the words "I will do it" without being able to execute the motions. The psychical condition in which a man feels the impulse of willing and pronounces the words "I will" is one thing while the execution of motions is another.

This is not an hypothesis but such are the facts.

The idea that psychical states are to be considered as epi-phenomenal is not a proposition which is original with M. Ribot. It is, so it appears to us, an important and fundamental part of his psychical views, but it is not a peculiarity of his theories. Spinoza was, perhaps, the first to point out that we know two attributes of existence which he calls extension and thought. Later philosophers (Leibnitz), and in recent times, Clifford, Lewes, Huxley, Romanes, and others have again and again called attention to the fact that feelings are not motions and motions not feelings. Feelings are not, and cannot be changed into, motions. Feelings may be another aspect of motion. What I feel as a feeling may appear to a physiologist, supposing that he could look into my brain, as a nervous motion. But certainly feelings cannot be regarded as somehow interrupting the mechanical action of the brain. The mechanism of the brain is mechanical throughout, and if we could look into a brain we would see no feelings but only brain-motions.

We grant that the term epi-phenomenal as a signification of the realm of feelings is not very commendable, because it suggests the idea that feelings are a mere redundant by-play of nerve-actions, and this idea is wrong. Yet Ribot has been careful to forestall such misapprehension of the term. He says in his "Diseases of Personality" (English translation by The Open Court Publishing Co., p. 14 et seqq.):

"There is one weak point in the hypothesis of consciousness as a [mere] phenomenon. Its most convinced partisans have defended it in a form that has caused them to be called the theorists of pure automatism. According to their favorite comparison, consciousness is like the sparks from a steam-engine, lighting it up at intervals, but having no effect upon its speed. Consciousness, thus, does not produce action any more than the shadow that accompanies the steps of the traveler. We have no objection to these metaphors, viewed purely as vivid illustrations of the doctrine in question, but taken in a strict sense they are exaggerated and inexact. Consciousness in itself and through itself is really a new factor, and in this there is nothing either mystical or supernatural.

"Volition is always a state of consciousness—the affirmation that a thing must either be done or prevented; it is the final and clear result of a great number of conscious, sub-conscious, and unconscious states; but once affirmed, it becomes a new factor in the life of the individual, and, in the assumed position, it marks a series, i. e. the possibility of being recommenced (begun over again), modified, prevented. Nothing similar exists in regard to automatic acts that are not accompanied by consciousness. Novelists and poets,

who usually are good observers of human nature, have frequently described that well-known situation, in which a passion—whether love or hatred—long brooded over, unconscious, ignorant of itself, at last bursting forth, recognises, affirms itself, becomes conscious. Then its character changes; it either redoubles in intensity or is crossed by antagonistic motives. Here, likewise, consciousness is a new factor, which has modified the psychological situation. One may by instinct, that is, through unconscious cerebration, solve a problem, but it is very possible that some other day, at another moment, one will fail in regard to an analogous problem. If, on the contrary, the solution of any problem is attained through conscious reasoning, a failure will scarcely occur in a second instance; because every step in advance marks a gained position, and from that moment we no longer grope our way blindly. This, however, does not in the least diminish the part played by unconscious work in all human discoveries.

"These examples taken at hazard may suffice to show, that the above-mentioned metaphors are true of each state of consciousness taken in itself. In itself, indeed, it is but a light without efficacy, merely the simple relation of an unconscious work; but in relation to the future development of the individual it is a factor of the first order. . . . Consciousness itself is but a phenomenon, only an accompaniment. . . . But if the state of consciousness leaves a vestige, a registration in the organism, in such case it does not act merely as an indicator, but as condenser. The metaphor of an automaton is no longer acceptable. This being admitted, many objections to the theory of a consciousness-phenomenon fall to the ground of themselves. The theory is completed, without having been weakened."

The office of *The Open Court* has been moved from the Nixon Building on La Salle street to "The Monon," 320-326 Dearborn street.

Macmillan & Co. have just published a pretty little volume by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "The Novel: What It Is." One can find in this little book a great many suggestions, which to the mind that has never thought on these subjects will be very helpful. Mr. Crawford presents some excellent arguments, from the literary point of view, against the didactic novel, or *Tendenzroman*. He discloses the mistakes of the ultra-realistic school, and pleads the cause of the "eternally human" idea: the novel must be the expression of real phases of the human heart, and ethical rather than æsthetic. A picture of Mr. Crawford precedes the book.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 299. (VOL. VII.—20.)

CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE GRASSHOPPER.

"And we pass away out of the world as grasshoppers, and our life is astonishment and fear." II Esdras, iv, 24.

TO-NIGHT there is a church-fair, for money has to be raised to pay the debt contracted a few years ago for rebuilding the roof and the spire. The congregation is not rich, so they must make use of every occasion to collect funds.

The pastor, the Rev. John Wilby, has just returned from the funeral of a prominent citizen, together with Mr. and Mrs. Brand. Mr. Brand was the editor of a small country paper, and his wife was an old Scotch lady, known throughout the county, or at least so far as her husband's little sheet was read, as a poetess of great renown.

Entering the parsonage our little company met Mr. Harry Brand, Jr., son of the editor, a young Harvard student on his vacation, and Mr. Martin, the stage manager of a travelling theatrical company who, partly from business considerations, but mostly, we must say, to his honor, from a sincere respect towards the religion in which he had been educated, had given advice and practical assistance in the little performance that was to take place at the fair in the school-room.

All the people that passed by to pay their dime as entrance-fee had jolly faces, for they anticipated a joyous evening. The parson's face was still too sober for the occasion, and he attempted to adapt his sentiment to the new conditions. Almost automatically he repeated the words he had spoken half an hour ago at the open grave: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Such is life! There tears and here laughter; there sorrow and here merriment; and religion consecrates the one as well as the other to the higher glory of God.

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, "'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.'"

"What would life be without sentiment?" began Mrs. Brand, sweetly.

She evidently intended to quote some poetical passage, but was interrupted by her son Harry, who added: "The facts of life are nothing; the sentiments

only with which we regard facts, make them what they are to us."

"True, as far as it goes," rejoined the pastor, "but not wholly true. There is something more in life than our sentiments make of it. Life, to the jolly fool may be a comedy; to the pessimist a tragedy. We must look upon life as God wants us to look upon it. If sentiment alone made life, the essence of wisdom might be to enjoy it as best we can. But we cannot live as we please, and we must not see the world in the light that suits us best. There is a something in life which we call duty, and duty does not depend upon our sentiments."

Having entered the schoolroom, which was already crowded, Mr. Martin disappeared behind the curtain, while all the others took the seats that were reserved for them, among the other dignitaries of the township, in the front row.

All of a sudden the lights were turned out and a general hallooing and murmuring vented the different feelings with which this opening of the performance was regarded. Upon the white sheet that served as a curtain there appeared in the light of a magic lantern a big grasshopper. The school teacher played a few chords on the piano, and now the choir began to sing:

"The grasshopper sat on the sweet-potato vine,  
And the big turkey gobbler came up behind."

The picture in the magic lantern became cloudy as if it were going to dissolve, but rapidly it cleared again, and in the meantime the scene changed. A big monster appeared in the background, while the grasshopper, heedless of any danger, assumed a sedentary position. He looked gay and seemed very much pleased with his fate. Apparently he was young still; and if he were a human being, we should call him a dude. He seems to be the only son and an heir.

The choir continued:

"And the big turkey gobbler came up behind,  
And he gobbled him down off the sweet-potato vine."

"Such is life," said the pastor to himself; "*media in vita nos in morte sumus.*"

There! The scene changes again. A reciter behind the curtain gives information of how the gobbler relishes the poor grasshopper. The eyes of the cruel



monster show the horrid delight which he takes in swallowing his living and feeling fellow-creature. What an unnatural banquet. Can any cannibal be less mindful of his victim's sentiments? Think of the grief of the deceased grasshopper's afflicted family!

The barbarous turkey has callous sentiments indeed. Nor does he mind that one of the grasshopper's cousins, upon whom the father's estate, according to the law of the country, will devolve, is not quite as mournful as the young grasshopperess, who was engaged to the unfortunate youth.

New scenes appear, showing the bereaved ones, and the tunes played indicate their sentiments.

The gobbler takes another view of the subject. With a basso profundo he presents his account of the event, triumphantly boasting of his heroic deed in the martial strain of an old ballad. It is a boisterous tune; but is he not right from his standpoint?

"How much onesidedness!" thought the pastor to himself, well aware of what he had just said to the young student, when he was almost shocked at the next picture that appeared in the dissolving views. It was a picture of himself. A clergyman was introduced as the Rev. Bumblebee, who stood there in the attitude of addressing the meeting on the Vanity Fair of grasshopper life; he spoke with emotion, half singing in the style of a hymn:

"Short were his days  
On the sweet-potato vine;  
For all flesh is grass,  
On a sweet-potato vine,  
And many are the birds  
That come up behind,  
To destroy him who sitteth  
On the sweet-potato vine."

The pastor was very good natured, and nobody expected that he would take offence at it, although the picture of the clergyman was plainly a humorous suggestion of his personality. No one was more amiable when made the butt of a joke than he, but no one at the same time was more dexterous in retorting in a kindly spirit, and mostly in such a way as to accompany the retort with a lesson. The pastor began to laugh heartily, and the audience applauded.

Silence was restored, when the sweet voice of a soprano singer began:

"We twa hae louped among the grass  
When simmer days were fine,  
When turkey-cocks were a' forgot  
And never brought to mind.  
The gobbler he came down the brae  
And creepit up behind  
And took a right gude willy waught  
For auld lang syne."

Wasn't that a strain in the style of Mrs. Brand's poetry? Some of these rhymes smacked strongly of a few verses that had appeared some time ago in her husband's paper. And lo! Out of the dissolving view appeared an old grasshopper-woman bearing a

marked resemblance to the old lady, and she would have been more indignant than she actually was, had not the pastor taken the production of his caricature so good-naturedly.

The next shot was aimed at Mr. Brand. He was as some of his friends expressed it, a labor crank. The world, in his opinion, was like unto a southern plantation in the worst times of slavery. His idea was that every rich man is responsible for the existence of poverty. Poverty exists because we have wealth; the presence of the millionaire is the cause of the tramping tramp. He hailed every breakdown of a great business enterprise, every bankruptcy of a rich man as one step nearer to the liberation of the enslaved and poverty-stricken laborer. The view that now evolved was a black bug reading an article out of Mr. Brand's paper to his still blacker comrades, who danced merrily about, rejoicing in their master's downfall.

The anarchy that thus prevailed seemed to forebode the end of the world; for now the angel Gabriel appeared in the clouds, blowing the trumpet of the last judgment. He proclaimed the resurrection of all grasshoppers, and their happy life in an eternal summer season of heavenly prairies, while the turkey gobblers would be condemned to be sunk into the pits of human stomachs.

The performance ended with the picture of a roast turkey, and underneath an invitation to an opulent supper in the adjoining room.

When the applause of the audience had subsided, Pastor Wilby rose to his feet and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before we go to supper to avenge the death of the poor grasshopper, I wish to thank the actors for the trouble they have taken to entertain us with their amusing performance. They made fun of us, of the Bumblebee preacher, of the sentimental poet, and of all the grasshopper souls in general. They had their say. Now we shall have ours, and we ask: Did they teach us a lesson that is well worth remembering? And if not, can we supply one?"

"Let us hear," shouted a voice out of the audience.

"I should like to hear your opinion on the subject," replied Mr. Wilby.

"Well," said Mrs. Brand, with some bitterness, "the lesson is that even a grasshopper is a feeling creature, and we should be mindful not to hurt the feelings of anybody. I do not like ridicule at all."

"Ridicule is objectionable," added her husband, who was noted as a freethinker, "when it is unjust, but when just it is perfectly allowable. The personal allusions and caricaturing would better have been omitted in the performance, but the lesson taught is that human beings are much the same as grasshoppers. If grasshoppers could speak, I do not



doubt but that they would tell us that in the beginning there was an arch-grasshopper, and that he created the world for the purpose that grasshoppers, whom he created in his own likeness, might worship him. Men and turkeys and other creatures, when they die are dead and will remain dead, but grasshoppers will be resurrected, and their souls will live eternally."

Harry Brand, the student, said, when Mr. Brand had spoken his mind: "I think that the world can be viewed from different standpoints, and every standpoint is justified. The grasshopper's, the turkey's, and man's. The sentimentalist's view is as good as that of the matter-of-fact man—for man is the measure of all things, and . . ."

"Every standpoint may be justifiable," interrupted the clergyman, "but are all the standpoints equally right, equally correct, and true? If they are, we might as well say they are equally wrong, equally absurd. Is there really—as Mr. Brand, senior, declares—no difference between man and the grasshopper? Is man as much a sentient being as the grasshopper, only a little bigger, and is his sentiment the measure of all things?"

"Yes," said the student, "it is."

"Well," answered Mr. Wilby, "I do not deny that to the blue-spectacled man the world must appear blue. But is the world for that reason really blue? I mean the sentiment with which we view the world makes it appear to us in the particular color of that sentiment. But are our sentiments the measure of truth? Is there not a higher and lower stage in the recognition of truth? And is not man a step higher than the grasshopper? I do not deny that many men still have grasshopper souls; they have not as yet raised themselves above their petty selves, and think the world exists to suit their sentiments. To them, sentiment is ultimate. If the world suits their sentiments, they are satisfied with God and themselves, like the hypocritical Pharisee, but in case the world does not suit their sentiments they think the world is a failure. They never suspect that their sentiments might be a failure; their sentiments are to them the measure of all things. Only when we learn that truth is independent of our individual sentiments, and that truth is the standard of measurement, do we become human beings."

"Yet all our knowledge," interrupted the student, "depends upon our feelings."

"True, very true," rejoined the clergyman, "but not *that* we feel, but *what* we feel is the question. Man, as a feeling being, is like the grasshopper; he has pleasures and pains like the grasshopper. But man is more. He is also a thinking being. His feelings have become thoughts; they have acquired significance. There is no right or wrong in sentiment; there is no

truth or fallacy in pleasures or in pains. But there is right and wrong in thought; there is truth and fallacy in our ideas. This is the human standpoint. And the man who understands this knows that the mere possibility of truth means that the world has sense and meaning. We can comprehend the meaning of the world, and when we comprehend it, we find that it imposes duties upon us.

"In many respects, I, myself, am not free of the grasshopper element. I am still a Rev. Bumblebee. In my teachings and preachings, I grant, there may still be that narrowness which prevents me from seeing the full truth in its purity. But I feel that there is also a germ of the human in me, of the divine, of the immortal.

"I am searching for the truth, and I have glimpses of it; and that part of my soul which consists of glimpses of the truth will not die. For truth prevails; truth abides; truth is everlasting.

"Now, let us go to supper."

P. C.

#### MR. HENRY GEORGE'S PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

"The deeper we go into the study of politics, the better we understand how much the measures that emanate spontaneously from the situation surpass the superb inspirations of badly established theories."—*Auguste Comte*.

TO THOSE of us who have been accustomed to look for nothing more criminal in Mr. Herbert Spencer than a slight disinclination to give credit to such precursors as the author we quote, Mr. George's "Perplexed Philosopher" is a revelation. A revelation that, were it not for the exigencies of the "Single Tax Movement," it would perhaps have been as well to postpone. For though the immortal principles must be maintained, it is an ungracious thing to expose a man with a lifetime of good services behind him, even if, in the decline of his moral faculties, he steals sheep or robs a hen-roost.

Mr. George's well-known aversion to the sensational warrants our conviction that nothing less than his unbounded love of humanity could have induced him to make this sacrifice of his feelings.

Robert Browning, reader of souls, is brought in on the title page to tell us what the old gentleman has been doing and what we should do to him:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat,—  
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,  
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,  
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!"

It is sad to think that we could have prevented all this with a handful of cheap silver and a little ribbon! But we didn't know. How could we?



The gist of the whole accusation is that when Mr. Spencer was young, he held that "equity does not permit property in land," and that now, to curry favor with the aristocracy, he makes believe to have changed his mind.

Mr. George has devoted over three hundred pages to an attempt to prove him "a conscious and deliberate traitor."

Although the philosopher does not seem to have gone so far as his critic in denying the landowner's right to compensation when the state shall, at last, do its duty and confiscate all land, still it must be admitted that, with this reservation, he was, some forty odd years ago, an enthusiastic "Henry George man"; and it is no wonder that the loss of so distinguished a disciple is hard to bear. Just how hard, may be imagined from the following passages:

"Nothing but moral color-blindness can explain how a writer who has just asserted all this can in the same breath propose to compensate landowners." (P. 29.)

"From an unknown man, printing with difficulty an unsalable book, he had become a popular philosopher, to whom all gratifications of sense, as of intellect, were open. He had tasted the sweets of London society, and in the United States, from which he had just returned, had been hailed as a thinker beside whom Newton and Aristotle were to be mentioned only to point his superiority. And, while the fire in the hall of the High Priest was warm and pleasant, 'society' had become suddenly aroused to rage against those who questioned private property in land. So when the *St. James's* and the *Edinburgh*, both of them chosen organs of Sir John and his Grace, accused Herbert Spencer of being one of these, it was to him like the voices of the accusing damsels to Peter. Fearing, too, that he might be thrust out in the cold, he, too, sought refuge in an alibi." (P. 85.)

"Whatever may be the ethical views of Mr. Spencer, now that his eyes have been put out, and he has been set to grind in the house of the lords of the Philistines, the young Samson of 'Social Statics,' with locks as yet unshorn by the social Delilah, knew nothing of such ethics." (P. 106.)

"I am not objecting that Mr. Spencer has changed his opinions. Such change might be for the better or might be for the worse, but it would at least be within his right. What I point out is that in this letter to the *Times*, as in his previous letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. Spencer does what is not within his right, what a straight man could not do—misstates what he previously did say." (P. 109.)

"For this letter to the *Times* not only shows Mr. Spencer's intense desire to be counted on the side of 'vested interests' in the struggle over the land question that was beginning, but it also shows how he was intending to join formally the ranks of the defenders of private property in land without the humiliation of an open recantation of what he had said in 'Social Statics.' By aid of double-barrelled ethics and philosophic legerdemain Mr. Spencer evidently hopes to keep some reputation for consistency and yet uphold private property in land." (P. 112.)

"In his letter to the *Times* Mr. Spencer had surely abased himself enough to have been let alone by those whose favor he had so dearly sought. But even those who profit by apostasy often like to show their contempt for the apostate. Though the *Times* itself accepted his apology, it added some contemptuous reproof." (P. 117.)

"Try him by the principles of 'Social Statics,' or try him by the principles of 'Justice.' In this chapter he proves himself alike a traitor to all that he once held and to all that he now holds—a conscious and deliberate traitor, who assumes the place of the philosopher, the office of the judge, only to darken truth and to deny justice; to sell out the right of the wronged and to prostitute his powers in the defence of the wronger. Is it a wonder that intellectually, as morally, this chapter is beneath contempt?" (P. 225.)

"While 'Justice' shows no decadence of intellectual power... there is in it everywhere, as compared with 'Social Statics,' the evidence of moral decadence, and of that perplexity which is the penalty of deliberate sacrifice of intellectual honesty." (P. 284.)

A little before the French Revolution, a financier that was making a great deal of money by farming the public revenue, found it impossible to comprehend the general demand for reform, and his "Why innovate? Are not we comfortable?" has become historic. But there is no reason to suppose that he was not sincere, for it is undoubtedly true that the mind easily persuades itself that what is comfortable must be right; so easily, in fact, that the details of the process are not always apparent to the disinterested observer.

In Mr. Spencer's case, and notwithstanding certain allegations that are not without a shadow of proof, we may find more satisfactory reasons for a change of opinion in the tendency of age and experience to question the practical value of preconceived systems. To repeat the words of Comte, "the deeper we go into the study of politics, the better we understand how much the measures that emanate spontaneously from the situation surpass the superb inspirations of badly established theories."

And it must be acknowledged that, though by accident of birth, or otherwise, the Frenchman had a chance to say a good many things first, his early senility makes a pitiful contrast with the English philosopher's sound mental condition.

Francisque Sarcey once said, in speaking of Proudhon's methods, that before making even the most ordinary statement, he was in the habit of firing a pistol out of the window to draw a crowd; and it may be that the vision of the laborer saving up his wages to buy land, and thus imperilling his immortal soul, has so wrought upon Mr. George that a little exaggeration seems only legitimate.

A prophet and wonder-worker should not be held down to the puny devices of the common herd. When a man has done for humanity what, even according to his own account, the greatest minds of all ages had attempted in vain, it is only fair that he should be relieved from the necessity of conforming to the petty requirements of ordinary reasoning.

This is not readily understood by the vulgar, and we will admit that for a long time we ourselves were unable to accept the whole doctrine, because we ap-



plied the same logical tests to Mr. George's arguments that he applies to those of others.

Long after we had been persuaded in a general way that all land-owners are "thieves and robbers," there remained the difficulty of explaining why the laborer that has taken his savings to buy a lot should be obliged to divide with the one that has spent his for drink every Saturday night.

Of course, it was evident, as Mr. George says, that

"The way to make land common property is simply to take rent for the common benefit. And to do this, the easy way is to abolish one tax after another, until the whole weight of taxation falls upon the value of land. When this point is reached, the battle is won. The hare is caught, killed, and skinned, and to cook him will be a very easy matter." ("The Land Question," p. 53.)

But it did seem hard to understand the justice of cooking this particular hare for the benefit of his improvident fellow with the appetite for whisky. This appeared to us to be the stumbling-block that upset the whole theory of land-confiscation without compensation, and until we had accepted his transcendental methods of explanation, Mr. George seemed quite as perplexed as his "Perplexed Philosopher," Mr. Spencer. Here is the passage where he knocks our stumbling-block into atoms:

"Take, now, the case of the homestead-owner—the mechanic, storekeeper, or professional man, who has secured himself a house and lot, where he lives, and which he contemplates with satisfaction as a place from which his family cannot be ejected in case of his death. He will not be injured; on the contrary, he will be the gainer. The selling value of his lot will diminish—theoretically, it will entirely disappear. But its usefulness to him will not disappear. It will serve his purpose as well as ever. While, as the value of all other lots will diminish or disappear in the same ratio, he retains the same security of always having a lot that he had before. That is to say, he is a loser only as the man who has bought himself a pair of boots may be said to be a loser by a subsequent fall in the price of boots. His boots will be just as useful to him, and the next pair of boots he can get cheaper." ("Progress and Poverty," p. 321.)

The fate of this lot reminds us of an esoteric ceremony that we witnessed years ago while travelling in the East. A table was placed in the shadow of the temple and upon it were set out three small inverted cups. The celebrant then produced an ivory ball about as large as a pea, and after inviting the attention of the assembled faithful, he called upon them to follow the passage of the ball as, with many passes and incantations, he placed it first under one cup and then under another. Owing, probably, to what would now be looked upon as a kind of hypnotic influence, it seemed very difficult for any one to tell under which receptacle the globule had finally come to rest, and an offering was expected from all those who failed.

To an ordinary observer, Mr. George's lot would appear to be in the leg of one of those boots, but let us see what will be the result of closer investigation.

It is admitted that, with the system in full force, the lot's selling value will entirely disappear, but it is claimed that it will serve the former owner's purpose as well as ever. Quite so, but instead of having it for nothing (excepting an ordinary tax), he will be obliged to pay as much rent for its use as if he had never spent a cent upon land; as much as is offered to the state for its use by those who want it most. Is it true that he retains the same security of having *this* lot that he had before? Is it true that he retains the same security of having *any* lot, except such a one as nobody else is willing to pay anything for?

It is said that the value of all other lots will disappear and that therefore he retains the same security of always having *a* lot that he had before, but the fact is conveniently overlooked that it is the selling value only that will disappear, and that he will have to pay for any lot an amount of rent equal to the sum that any one else is willing to pay for it. Is he then "a loser only as the man who has bought himself a pair of boots may be said to be a loser by a subsequent fall in the price of boots"? Is he not a loser as the man that has bought himself a pair of boots that will never wear out and finds that a new law obliges him to pay the state as much rent for their use as any one else will offer? It may be true that he could have for nothing boots so poor that nobody else would wear them, but that is not the kind of boots that he saved up to buy.

Of course, the weather may be so pleasant under the new order of things that nobody will want any boots, but that is another matter.

All these questions fade away under the bright light of transcendental logic, and nothing remains but the fact that what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander.

Those who have read "Progress and Poverty" will remember how Mr. George tries to divide the "House of Have" against itself by the assurance that all incomes drawn from the earnings of capital, or from investments other than in lands, will be increased by the change that he proposes.

In the conclusion of "A Perplexed Philosopher," Mr. Spencer is accused of being "the foremost of those who in the name of science eliminate God and degrade man, taking from human life its highest dignity and deepest hope." [The hope of immortality.]

This is not a bad bid for the sympathy of another very important part of the same "House," and with many misgivings and one more quotation we leave Mr. Spencer to his fate.

"That part of our examination which crosses what is now his distinctive philosophy shows him to be, as a philosopher ridiculous, as a man contemptible—a fawning Vicar of Bray, clothing in



pompous phraseology and arrogant assumption logical confusions so absurd as to be comical!" (P. 317.)

By way of benediction and for the benefit of professional reformers, let us repeat the words of a modest man :

" There can be no radical reform in things until opinions have been radically reformed." (Littré, 1849.)

### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

#### THE ETHICS OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

What is the essential difference between religious and irreligious ethics?

The ethics of the old religions can briefly be characterised as obedience to God, while the ethics of the atheist consists in the attempt to bring about as much happiness as possible. The former establishes an objective authority of conduct which imposes duties upon us ; while the latter makes the criterion of morality subjective. The former is briefly called the ethics of duty ; the latter the ethics of pleasure or hedonism.

The religion of science rejects the ethics of pleasure and accepts the ethics of duty. The authority of conduct is an objective power in the world, a true reality which cares little about our sentiments. We cannot rely upon our sentiments, our desire for pleasure, our pursuit of happiness, for a correct determination of our duty.

What is the part of happiness in ethics?

The ethical problem has nothing to do with happiness ; the ethical problem proposes the question, What is our duty? And our duty remains our duty whether it pleases us or not.

The problem concerning happiness is not, How can we satisfy as much as possible the desires which, we hope, will make us happy, but how shall we learn to be happy while attending to our duty?

The fact is, that the neglect of our duties causes great misery ; but the attendance to our duties does not by any means always imply an increase of happiness.

What is the purport of happiness?

Happiness of which men speak so much and which is often so eagerly sought in a wild pursuit, does not at all play an important part in the real world of facts. Nor does it lie in the direction toward which our desires impel us. Happiness is a mere subjective accompaniment in life which is of a relative nature.

Happiness may be compared to a fraction, the denominator of which consists in our wants and desires ; the numerator, of their satisfactions ; and man's nature is such that their relation remains always a proper fraction. The denominator is always greater than the numerator ; for as soon as the satisfactions habitually increase, they are accepted as a matter of course ; we become accustomed to them, so that we no longer feel

them as pleasures, which means, in the terms of our simile, we at once increase the denominator in equal proportions.

Is there an increase of happiness through evolution?

Duty requires us to aspire forward on the road of progress. But while our pains are constantly lessened and our various wants are more and more gratified, the average happiness does not increase. It rather decreases. The child is, as a rule, happier than the man ; and a man of little culture is jollier than a sage. The fool is happy in his foolishness.

Shall we abandon progress, culture, and wisdom, when we learn that our happiness will thereby be diminished?

If hedonism were the right ethical principle, we ought to sacrifice anything for an increase of happiness ; but it is not.

Nature does not mind our theories. Our theories must mind nature. We have to grow and to advance, and our happiness is only an incidental feature in the fate of our lives. In considering the duties of life, we should not and we cannot inquire whether our obedience to duty will increase or decrease happiness.

Shall we regard the pursuit of happiness as immoral?

Buddhistic and Christian ethics recognise the futility of the pursuit of happiness. But in misunderstanding the spirit of the will of God, of the authority of conduct, of the moral order of the Universe, some disciples of Buddha and of Christ teach the ethics of asceticism. They regard the pursuit of happiness as immoral.

It is remarkable that neither Buddha nor Christ taught the ethics of asceticism. Buddha expressly declared that self-tormenting was injurious and unnecessary for salvation, and Christ did not request his disciples to fast. He himself ate and drank so that his enemies reproached him with being "a man gluttonous and a wine bibber" (Matth. xi, 19).

What does the religion of science teach of asceticism?

The ethics of asceticism is the morality of the monk. It is negativism. It aims at the destruction of life.

The religion of science does not accept hedonism, but neither does it accept asceticism. The one is as erroneous as the other.

The religion of science bids us inquire into the duties of life and to attend to them.

Man must study his own self ; he must understand which of his desires are good and which are bad. He must inquire into the nature of the authority of conduct



which prescribes duties to him. He must strengthen that part of his soul which aspires to perform duties and even identify his very being with the behests of the authority of conduct: He must become an incarnation of God.

This will teach self-control as the main duty toward one's self and justice as the main duty toward others.

Asceticism may be regarded as an attempt at doing more than duty requires. The ascetic tries to become divine by suppressing or destroying the human.

As soon as we understand that the truly human is a revelation of the divine in nature, we shall see the error of regarding them as antagonistic. By suppressing the human, we suppress the divine.\*

Let us not regard that which is truly human as being beneath the dignity of moral aspirations.

The pursuit of happiness is not wrong, and to enjoy the pleasures of life is no sin. It is only wrong to regard happiness as the criterion of ethics and to believe that pleasures are the ultimate aim of life.

Recreations, pleasures, and aspiring to happiness are not the purposes of life, yet they are in their season not only allowable, but even moral duties. Relaxation is necessary, and happiness imparts a buoyancy which helps man to accomplish his work. A rigorous suppression of our natural inclinations renders us unfit to attend to our duties. There is no virtue in morosity, and the happiness of living creatures, is, as it were, the divine breath which animates them.

Every fact is suggestive, and every truth implies a duty. Our own existence, the relations to our fellow beings, the nature of reality and the constitution of the Universe—in a word, everything teaches us lessons which we have to mind. There are duties toward ourselves, toward our fellow creatures, and toward the future of mankind.

The prescripts of the religion of science keeping aloof from hedonism and from asceticism, may be briefly formulated as follows:

Know thyself and the laws of thy being.

Learn the duties which the laws of thy being imply.

Attend unflinchingly to thy duties.

#### CREATION.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

I HAVE an unbelieving friend who contributes now and then to some of the periodicals, and who claims to be a philosopher. He said to me once, (in fact he has said so long these many times,) that there was food for reflection in his writings. But on one particular

occasion I remember asking him how much he got a column for that sort of thing. And when he said frankly, nothing, and that all his literary labor was wholly gratuitous, for the good of the cause and to uplift the masses, I said, that was well enough so far as it went; no doubt there was food for reflection in such work, but,—as I looked at it,—was there food for his family?

He made some reply,—I have forgotten now exactly what, but the purport was that I had a very sordid mind. "No," I replied, "my mind was all right, perhaps the more so that I did not bother much about its processes."

Now of course this is no place to go into an argument on these abstruse matters, even if I had the capacity,—which I haven't,—and the sole object I have in view is to tell you what happened one day last March, so that you may see for yourself how little philosophy has to do with practical affairs, and also how much there is in what I call "points of view."

That day it was very cold and blustering, and the sidewalk on Seventy-second street very slippery. My unbelieving friend and I came up on the elevated together. He had been to market,—chiefly, I presume, because groceries and butcher's meat are cheaper on Vesey street than up town, and such things do, I know, have attractions even for a philosopher. However, slippery as it was, we contrived to get on all right, he with his parcels thick upon him, till we came to the Boulevard. All the way he kept harping on his pet theme, doubting this and denying that,—his usual way. He was especially severe on the mental attitude of those people who believed in a creation; his idea being that things,—like Topsy,—just grew. He calls himself an evolutionist, but that is clearly the idea.

"Creation," said he, gesticulating, as well as he could for his bundles, "nonsense; there's no such thing,—nothing real but matter and sensation."

"But," said I, not seriously, but just to humor him, "even if there was no creation of matter, can the same be said of sensation? Hasn't sensation been created?"

"No," he answered stoutly, "no, there is not, nor has there ever been a power to create anything, sensation included."

Just then, right on the corner of the Boulevard,—maybe it was ice, maybe a banana skin,—but that instant my unbelieving friend's legs flew from under him, his armful of parcels flew from off him, and as he sat down hard on the cold, unsympathetic flag-stone, a big, big D—flew from out him.

Four pounds of coffee, a dozen lemons, a calf's liver and some chops spread and scattered, with an instinct these things have for such an emergency, over near half an acre of some very valuable property.

\* In this sense the sentence of Terence is often quoted: "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*"



I may be wrong; I often am, but I feel sure that the policeman on that beat, all the passers by, including a dozen hoodlums, and alas! a young woman residing on West End Avenue, and to whom my unbelieving friend is tenderly attached, will bear me out in saying that he created a sensation.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE BASIS OF DUALISM.

To the Editor of *The Monist*:

WHILE thanking you for the review of my pamphlet "Der Materialismus, eine Verirrung des menschlichen Geistes, widerlegt durch eine zeitgemässe Weltanschauung" in the last number of *The Monist* (April, 1893), I take the liberty to make, in the interest of the subject, the following remarks:

It is well known to me that Kant regarded the sentence "*cogito, ergo sum*" as a fallacy; and this is the reason why (on page 54, footnote 8) I expressly remark that "We must not pass over in silence the fact that such men as Hume and Kant, we are sorry to say, regarded the ego as a sum of spiritual activities. The ego has to be regarded as the vehicle of these activities, and consciousness is, strictly considered, only an activity of the ego."

Descartes's "*cogito, ergo sum*" means to me nothing but that the thinking ego assumes its existence as a fact which is guaranteed by our self-consciousness.

Nothing is at the start more certain, when I attempt to investigate something by reflection, than the fact that the ego exists. There is no "it thinks," but an "I think." Taking issue with your statement in the review, I have to add that, strictly considered, we should say "the lightning lightens," and not "it lightens." Every activity demands a something from which it proceeds.

This being a fact which to me is beyond all doubt, I cannot surrender my dualistic world-conception which in the course of my argumentation is a necessary consequence of this axiom.

Descartes's mistake is that he gives to this axiom, "*cogito, ergo sum*" the form of a syllogism.

In this sense I maintain, on page 66 of my pamphlet, "Descartes's axiom, '*cogito, ergo sum*,' is and remains the unshakable foundation of all thought. When we deny this fundamental certainty everything falls. If I am not, what do I know of the All, what do I care for it?"

"Let me add that with Dühring I do not consider in this motto of all true philosophy an abbreviated syllogism, but the immediate expression of certainty which together with the act of thinking postulates the thinking subject as given. Matter of whose existence the materialist is convinced from the start, because his senses make its existence appear to him as possessing immediate certainty has a claim of existence in the eyes of the criticist, only on the account of the ego which on the basis of its perceptions cannot help concluding that matter exists, and which is constantly conscious of the fact that an unconditioned reality is to be attributed to our sensations and ideas."

Will you kindly publish this letter or inform the readers of your periodical concerning its contents?

Respectfully Yours, DR. EUGENE DREHER.

[Dr. Dreher is consistent. His dualism is thorough-going. There is the act of thinking and the ego which is the bearer of conscious thought; there is the act of lightning, and that something which does the lightning. There is the thundering and the thunder which does the thundering, etc. He to whom this duality is an indubitable fact cannot escape dualism. Dualism is an inevitable consequence of this postulate.—ED.]

### NOTES.

*The Prang Educational Company* has published a handy little volume of one hundred and eighty-seven pages, entitled "Suggestions for a Course of Instruction in Color for Public Schools, by Louis Prang, Mary Dana Hicks, and John S. Clark." This little book is intended to be a help to parents and teachers in their attempts to develop the perception, appreciation, and enjoyment of color.

Two fundamental ideas of the book are new. First, the book proposes an ideal color-unit, and second, it introduces a method of investigating the color-perception of the child as the starting-point of color instruction. The authors propose a new color-unit as the embodiment of all pure color. Hitherto the solar spectrum has been used for purposes of defining colors. The solar spectrum, however, is incomplete, as it lacks a series of hues found in nature, that can easily be supplied. Nature nowhere gives a complete color-unit, and thus Mr. Prang regards it as necessary to construct an ideal color-unit as the basis of color instruction. While formerly colors were given to the child arbitrarily, without any consideration of his power of color-perception, Mr. Prang's little book presents a course of exercises leading to a knowledge of color, through the development of the color-sense.

The book contains, besides many other helpful plates and illustrations, two charts showing the standard normal colors according to the Prang system.

The work of this book and all it implies, is apparently a work of love, for everything is finished with great care and diligence. As it is intended to serve as a text-book for public schools, we expect that the price will be very moderate.

It is certain that no one else in the United States can be better fitted to present us with a school-book in color instruction than the Nestor of Art Publishers of our country, Mr. Louis Prang.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 300. (VOL. VII.—21.)

CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## MOTHERS AND SONS OF GODS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

I.

WHEN, twenty-three years ago, the revisers of the English Bible sat down to their task at Westminster, several able scholars were conspicuously absent from the circle. One of these, as I have since ascertained, declined an invitation to participate in the work, because he discovered that the revision was to be timid and not thorough. The work was better than might have been expected under the inspiration of Convocation, nevertheless it left the English-speaking world still without real knowledge of the contents of the book it circulates in a hundred and fifty languages. And now, quietly, without any ecclesiastical order, and without observation, sixty-six scholars in America and England are at work, each on one book of the Bible, which they mean to translate thoroughly, without reference to any existing version and without servility to any prejudices. Such, at any rate, is the information I have received; and should it prove true, the revelations will be more startling than orthodox. Among other disclosures, it will be made known that some momentous dogmas are founded on texts foreign to the Bible. But even that is likely to be of less importance than the fact that many mistranslations have veiled, for the most part ignorantly, ancient ideas and facts of profound historical or anthropological significance.

These reflections have been lately revived in my mind by a fresh investigation of the opening chapters of Genesis under the following circumstances. One of Michel Angelo's paintings, in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, represents the creation of the first man. The Creator's finger is extended to meet the finger of the man, who is rising from the ground. Cherubim surround the Creator, but within his left arm stands a dark-haired, large-eyed woman, gazing intently on the man. Generations of visitors have stretched their heads back to look at the sacred scenes of the ceiling without noticing this woman, or, if noting her, supposing her an angel, not remembering that Catholic theology admits no female angels. It was left to an English artist, the late William Bell Scott, to take no-

tice of this woman present at the creation of man. Scott lay on his back for hours, in the Sistine Chapel, and called public attention, in the Athenæum, to the fact that it was a woman. This was some years ago, but the matter has been revived by the publication of Scott's reminiscences. "I have no doubt," he says, "Michel Angelo intended to express the coming wife of Adam: the figure is, therefore, the antitype or eidolon of Eve." I have lately scrutinised the figure, and it is certainly a substantial woman. One would expect an antitype or eidolon to be spiritualised, or, at any rate, to resemble the person it anticipates. But near by this picture is that of the "Fall," and the "Expulsion," and neither of these Eves resembles the woman present at the creation of the first man. My own opinion is that Michel Angelo was simply following the first chapter of Genesis, which knows nothing of the personal Adam or Eve, or of the woman's subsequent creation. There it is said that the Elohim (*plural*) created man in his own image (literally, *shadow*), male and female.

The plural Elohim,—thought by some to be *pluralis majestatis*, the royal "We," (Allah, the same name, says "We" in the Koran,) thought by others the Trinity,—would be more naturally interpreted as meaning that there was a divine queen as well as king. Elohim gave the pair complete dominion over the lower creatures, and all fruits for food,—none forbidden,—and bade them be fruitful and multiply and replenish and subdue the earth. This Elohist narrative is broken through by the Yahvistic legend (Gen. i, ii, iii) and resumed with Genesis v, the two thereafter interrupting each other repeatedly throughout Genesis. They were put together, clumsily enough, by an unknown redactor, about the close of the fifth century before our era.

The second chapter of Genesis introduces us to a class of ideas altogether different from those of chapter first and to a new deity,—Yahve. Though Yahve signifies "existence," the description is of a rain-god, like Indra, who also resides in a beautiful garden. Both of these deities were gradually associated with the storms, thunder, and lightning, rather than with its quickening rains. In this way was evolved our



wrathful Jehovah. I have just examined in the British Museum an ancient coin, which contains what is probably the earliest representation of Yahve. It is a coin of Gaza, and the figure bears, in Hebrew letters, the name "Jahu." The full-length form is robed and seated on a winged wheel. The head is covered in a dignified way, and the full-bearded face, seen in profile, has a serious and noble expression. On the extended left hand is perched a falcon,—possibly supposed to dart down on the evil-doer, as the Holy Ghost fell on Ananias and Sapphira. However, there is nothing fierce or even warlike about this Yahve (Jahu) of the coin described to the fifth century, B. C.

The Yahvistic legend of the creation of woman is unique and is obscured in all translations. The following is fairly exact :

"Yahve Elohim said: 'It is not good that the man should be separate; I will make for him help as over against him.' And out of the ground Yahve Elohim formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the heavens, and brought them unto the man to see what he would call them: and whatsoever the man called every living creature that was the name thereof. And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the heavens, and to every beast of the field; but for himself he did not find a help fit for him. So Yahve Elohim caused deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and he took one of his sides and closed up the flesh instead of it; and the side which Yahve Elohim had taken from man fashioned he for woman; and he brought her unto the man. And the man said, 'This now is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman (*aishah*), because she was taken out of Man.' "

There is nothing about the rib. How many sermons on female inferiority have been preached from that rib, which is not in the Bible at all! In the phrase "he took one of his sides," the word "one" is feminine; "it," at the conclusion of the same clause, is also feminine; whereas, had the legend meant to suggest a rib both words would have been neuter. The plain meaning is that the man had two sides, one male the other female, and the female side was detached.

Although the redactor, who has inserted sundry things that cannot have been in the originals, evidently understood that as in the Elohist legend (Gen. i) Eve was meant to be Adam's wife, there are various items of the Yahvistic legend suggesting that such was not the case. The idea of a divine family on earth had arisen. Eve, to whom the fruit was not directly forbidden, was punished for having persuaded Adam to taste it, but she does not appear to have been expelled with him from the garden. When Cain is born she says, "With Yahve I have begotten a man." One of the meanings of Cain is "the created," and the meaning of Abel seems to be "a breath." These names, while escaping any sensual suggestion, point to an original legend that these brothers were the progeny of Yahve. It is notable that in the Elohist book of the genealogy of Adam (Gen. v), Adam's first and only

son is Seth ("scion"). We may find here an explanation of Yahve's protection of Cain: sevenfold vengeance was to be taken on any one who should slay this fratricide, on whom now depended the continuance of the divine line on earth. For Eve had become Adam's wife, and bore him Seth. Cain married in the land of Nod, and his descendants may be "the sons of the gods" (Gen. vi, 1) who took wives of the "daughters of men" (descendants of Seth). One line was traceable to Yahve and Eve, the other to Adam and Eve. On account of these intermarriages, and the consequent dilution of the divine blood, Yahve says, "My breath will not abide for ever in man, in their straying they are flesh, and his days shall be but a hundred and twenty years." The redactor probably adds: "The giants were in the earth in those days; and also afterwards, when the sons of the gods came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same were the mighty men of old, the men of renown."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE, A CATECHISM.

[CONCLUDED.]

##### THE CATHOLICITY OF THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.

The old traditional religions take, as it were, a bee-line in advancing man to the benefits and blessings of truth. They make it possible for man to feel the truth without knowing it; the truth is given him in a mixture with mythology, so that even minds incapable of scientific inquiry can possess and apply it in practical life.

Religion will naturally appear to neophytes who have not entered into its sanctissimum and have never had a glimpse of its esoteric spirit as a mystery; and to those, who, blind to its truth, see its mythology only as a medley of human fraud and folly.

In the assurance of devout piety there is a wisdom that is not discarded by the religion of science. We can have, and we should have, a resolute confidence in the unbreakable and unbroken laws of existence. We can have, and we should have, an intimate and truly personal relation to that All-being in which, through which, and to which we live. This All-being in its wonderful harmony of law surrounds and pervades our entire existence. We cannot withdraw ourselves from its influence, and, truly, it is grand and sublime and perfect beyond description. It is the source of all blessings, and it encompasses us with a beneficence that can be compared only to a father's love. It is greater than a father's love; and is greater than any particular thing we know of, for it comprises all things, and a father's love is only one brilliant ray of its sunshine.

When we regard our own being as a revelation of the All-being, so that our very self is felt to be an in



carnation of nature's divinity, and that our will is identified with God's will, we shall learn to look upon the troubles and anxieties of life with quietude. A heavenly rest will overspread all our being. Whether we struggle and conquer or stumble and fall, whether we are in joy or in sorrow, whether we live or die, we know that it is a greater one than ourselves who suffers and struggles and has his being in us and in our aspirations, and his greatness sanctifies the yearnings of our heart and consecrates even the trivialities of life.

We do not exist for enjoyment, for truly pure enjoyment is an impossibility. We live to perform work. We have a mission. There are duties imposed upon us.

And we can gain satisfaction only by performing our work, by complying with our mission, by attending to our duties.

There is no genuine happiness, unless it be the rapture of the God moving in us.

\* \* \*

When we consider the letter in which truth is expressed, we find an unfathomable abyss between the religion of science and the dogmatic religions of the established churches. It is the abyss that separates mythology from truth, paganism from sound science, idolatry from self-reliance, superstition from religion, bigotry from righteousness.

When we consider the spirit in which the truth is felt, we find that the spirit is the same in the old historical religions as in the religion of science.

The spirit of almost all the words of the great teachers of mankind is the same as that which must animate the religion of science, and the most beautiful, the profoundest, and sublimest of all sayings are those spoken by the great Master of Galilee.

The spirit of religion is true and noble, but dogmatism affects, like a deadly poison, the religions of mankind. How many of the keenest and most scientific thinkers have been, and are still, through its influence, estranged from the church! Dogmatism warps the sentiments of men and takes away the natural charm that surrounds the holiest enthusiasm. Nevertheless, even in orthodox churchmen the light of true religion sometimes shines undimmed.

One of the founders of Christian dogmatism is St. Augustine. But he is not so narrow as are his followers. Although he sometimes appears narrow, his conception of Christianity is broad, so that he might call it the cosmic religion, the religion of truth, or that religion which the scientist will find to be founded in the constitution of the universe. Christianity is to him only a name which was recently given to the cosmic religion of universal truth. He says :

"The very same thing which now is called Christianity existed among the ancients and was not absent in the beginning of mankind until Christ himself appeared in the flesh, whence the true religion, which already existed, began *to be called* Christian." (Retr. I, 13.)\*

We are, furthermore, strangely impressed with the remarkable agreement that obtains, not in the letter, but in the spirit, between the teachings of the religion of science and those of Johannes Tauler.

The quotation of a few short passages will suffice to set this agreement in a clear light.

The chapter which is to be considered as the quintessence of all his preaching, "containing the doctrines of Tauler in three points, discusses the subject, "how we shall perfectly go out of ourselves and enter God."

It must be observed that Tauler's terminology is different from ours. While "nature," in the terminology of science, is identical with reality, including all that exists, also the laws of nature and the reality of our spiritual being, it means to Tauler only the lower desires of man and that which is apt to elicit them. "Nature" means to Taulers what "Sansara" means to the Buddhist. It is the sham of our individual existence, the delusion of egotism, and the Vanity Fair of our transient pleasures.

Says Tauler† :

"We now propose three points which contain briefly all that on which we have expatiated in this book.

"The first point is this : He who wants to make progress in his sanctification, to become a real and affirmed friend of God, to love God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his mind, and his neighbor as himself, and to truly feel God's presence in his interior, in his heart, all earthly love of and inclination toward anything that is not God must be slain and must remain dead."

We have to remark that there may be a difference of opinion as to what God is and what God is not. For instance, the duties of family life, energetic enterprise in business, admiration of art may have appeared, if not to Tauler, but to any average clergyman of Tauler's time, as ungodly. The religion of science finds God in all things. The religion of science has overcome the error of negativism and has freed us from the shackles of asceticism. But this difference of view as to the nature of God should not prevent us from seeing the concurrence in principles.

Tauler continues :

"The second point demands that if we wish here in time, and there in eternity, to attain to the cognition of the highest truth, we must in all things rid ourselves of all pleasures of the spirit, in which the spirit seeks and means itself. It is so common, alas ! that having abandoned all the externalities of life, the pleasure of

\* *Ipse res quæ nunc Christiana religio nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos nec defuit ab initio generis humani, quousque ipse Christus veniret in carne, unde vera religio quæ jam erat, cepit appellari Christiana.*

† *Medulla Animæ*, Chap. XXVI in Surius's Latin edition, Chap. XXV in the German edition, Chap. XXXIX in Cassender's modern translation. The quotations above are translated from the Cassender edition (Prague, 1872, 2d ed., F. Tempsky).



the spirit in us begins to awake. The spirit is pleased with certain fancies and certain ways which it loves as its *alter ego*, which it seeks and aims at; and thus the spirit is captivated in these things and shut out from the true light so that the latter cannot give any enlightenment. The self-loving lust of the spirit to which the spirit loves to surrender itself hinders and dims the rays of divine truth. The exercises, whatever they may be, contemplation, thought, activity, intuition, etc., are not used as means for a pure seeking God, willing God, and meaning God. The spirit rather seeks in them its own self. Their purpose is the ego and not God."

Is this passage not true of all those arguments which are brought forth in favor of an individual immortality of the ego? How often is it claimed that any other immortality but the ego-immortality is unsatisfactory. Truly, the immortality of the soul as taught by science must be unsatisfactory to everyone whose religion has not as yet reached the height and purity of Tauler's doctrines. Those who find satisfaction only if they have an ego-immortality, do not seek God in religion, but themselves.

Tauler's second point finds further explanation :

"In this state (of seeking God, willing God, and meaning God) nature must slaughter and sacrifice its pleasure; its seeking self must die entirely. . . . This means in the proper sense of the word, to die off to one's self. It is a real *entwerden* (a becoming nothing), an annihilation, a losing, a resignation. Nothing remains but God; nothing is retained but He; there is no rest but in Him; so that God, in and with man, can do His will, so that God alone be willing, working, illumining, and moving in man, man being nothing of his own accord, neither willing, nor working, nor illumining, nay, even not existing except as that which God is in him; so that man is nothing at all in his ways, works, and objects; i. e., in all things man should seek himself neither in time nor in eternity."

"The third point of the whole doctrine is this: When man has freed himself externally and internally of any and all pretensions, when he has reached the state, in the way we have indicated, of standing upon his nothingness, then alone can he freely enter into the highest and simplest good—into God. His entrance however, must be thorough and not in part. . . . O, what bliss lies in such moments! . . . One such entrance into God is sublimer and more excellent than many other and often so-called great exercises and works outside of it. In it alone is real divine life and true peace."

Tauler took Christianity seriously and extracted its quintessence. Let us take Tauler seriously, and we come to an agreement with Christianity.

Cling to the meaning of your mythology, O ye faithful; and you will naturally walk on the right path!

There is this constant objection made, "If the religious doctrines are not literally true, if God is not truly a person, if my ego is a mere illusion, if heaven and hell are conditions of our being and not places somewhere in space, what do I care for the meaning of these parables?"

We answer: The substance is better than the allegory, the meaning is deeper than the mythology, truth is greater than fiction.

He who does not see that the substance is better than the allegory, the meaning deeper than the myth-

ology, and truth greater than fiction, had better cling to the allegory, mythology, and fiction, lest he lose the substance, the meaning, and the truth. His mind is not as yet sufficiently matured to receive the truth.

We cannot feed the babes with meat, we must give them milk.

\* \* \*

The main secret of the innumerable blessings and benefits which can be derived from religion lies in this: that by learning how to live we learn to understand the meaning of the world. The mystery of being is revealed only to the man who actually lives a moral life.

Religion on the one hand demands a surrender of all egotistic desires, it teaches us the right spirit in which we must regulate our conduct; and on the other hand religion gradually accustoms us to viewing life from the higher standpoint of the divinity of nature. We see that which is transient as transient and identify our being with that which is eternal. And the air we breathe on the heights to which religion raises us is bracing, refreshing, and healthy.

The religion of science is not a substitute for the dogmatic and mythological religions of our churches. On the contrary, the church-religions are a substitute for the religion of science; they are a mere temporary expedient proposing mythologies so long as the truth is not as yet forthcoming. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. The mythology is of a passing value but the truth will abide.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE triumphal march of the Liberty bell from Philadelphia to Chicago was a picturesque panorama of exultant men and women patriotically intoxicated by the recollection of what the old bell said on the 4th of July, 1776. There was a good deal of image worship in the greetings it received, but that was rather commendable considering the immortal message printed on the bell, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," the inspired battle-cry of resistance to every form of tyranny imposed by law. That men of influence and eminence have now turned against the old bell on account of its unfashionable politics is a change to be deplored, because their equivocal patronage shows how strong is the American reaction towards the toryism of King George. At Indianapolis, General Harrison, finding the bell broken, and unable to reply, took advantage of its infirmities to lower its character, to garble its history, and to apologise for its principles. Being chosen to make a speech of welcome he improved the occasion by throwing aristocratic ice-water upon the enthusiasm of the people, and he impressed upon them the tory translation of the motto on the bell. He pretended that the bell did not mean what it said; that when it mentioned liberty, it meant not liberty, but "liberty regulated by law," that fettered liberty which all governments concede. In that phrase General Harrison adopted the pompous jargon of the English tories, but the American doctrine was, "law regulated by liberty," and this was the politics of the bell. According to General Harrison "the great lesson" taught by the bell was "submission to public authority," but if that is true the bell rang discords when it gave welcome and salutation to the Declaration of Independence, for every man who



signed the Declaration pledged himself to resistance, and never a man to "submission." While I am writing, the Sons of the American Revolution are celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and I have no doubt there are degenerate "Sons" among them ready to maintain that submission to public authority is the "great lesson" of Bunker Hill.

\* \* \*

There was double worship at the second Presbyterian church on the 30th of April, for the President of the United States went there to worship the Lord, and a large and fashionable congregation went there to worship the President. The prose laureate was there of course, and to him I feel grateful for a minute and interesting description of the delightful idolatry. The account is a pleasant mixture, familiarity and servility in equal parts, prepared in the lemon and sugar style that prose laureates love, and in which the chief magistrate sometimes appears as "Grover" and sometimes as the "President"; for instance, "The President enters the church," and "Grover joins in the singing," thrilling historical events made more impressive and pictorial by wood cuts that compare excellently with the laureate's literary style. "Though the sermon was good," says the laureate, "few of the congregation listened to it. Their eyes were all fixed upon the presidential party," an attitude of devotion highly becoming to an American congregation. It is not easy to believe that the object of all that homage is a mortal man, but I suppose he is, for just before the worship he "ate a hearty meal of chops and eggs, with a tenderloin steak"; important information, of course, but slightly out of harmony with all the rest of it because not so spiritual and ethereal as the lofty theme demands. It must be difficult even for American Presbyterians to join in the adoration of a divinity who has just eaten a hearty meal of chops, eggs, and a tenderloin steak, a commonplace feat which any of us can perform who has the good luck to get the steak and the eggs and the chops. I half suspect that if the lean and hungry Cassius when he wanted to know "upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great?" had followed up the question he would have discovered that it was eggs, chops, and a tenderloin steak.

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The deportment of Mr. Cleveland during divine service presents an example of religious etiquette which all dutiful subjects will follow if they wish to imitate their betters and worship in a fashionable way. For instance, the laureate informs us that during the prayer the President "leaned on his hand," and while the hymn was being sung he "stood upright with his chest expanded and his right arm thrown behind his back. His hand was clinched. He placed his left thumb on the third button of his black frock coat, and unconsciously turned half round." There is no difficulty in getting the correct attitude, for it can be put into the form of tactics as we had them in the army; for instance, position of the worshipper when singing hymns; chest expanded, and right arm thrown behind the back; clinch the hand; place left thumb on third button of the coat, and unconsciously turn half round. During the delivery of the sermon the deportment is a little different; then the President "threw his right arm over the partition, and his body in the same direction until his left shoulder was raised several inches above the right, while he leaned his head to the left in an attentive attitude." Using the slang of high life, I suppose it is not "good form" to put more than two dollars into the plate; at least that is the inference to be drawn from the action of the presidential party as described by the court laureate, who says that, "Each of the party dropped a small bill into the collection plate, and as nothing larger than a two dollar bill was found it was evident that the high officials did not wish to attract attention by swelling the collection to any great extent." Then the President "arose" and left the church, the congregation remaining reverently in their pews until he had passed into the street. The old

world is far behind us. There is not a newspaper in Europe with enterprise enough to hire a laureate to explore the mysteries of a kitchen and find out what a great man had for breakfast, to follow him to church, to report his attitude in worship, and to learn from the deacons how much he put into the plate. And we are the only people high spirited enough to buy those personal details after they are printed; the only people with a taste cultivated enough to read such microscopic information and enjoy it.

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A few years ago some workmen, while digging a sewer across old Smithfield in London, suddenly came upon some bones, some charred wood, and some iron links of a chain, ghastly relics, which had lain there below the surface undisturbed for more than three hundred years. The bones were those of a heretic who had been burned alive for believing or doubting a little more or something less than the theological standard of his time; the charred wood was part of the stake at which he was burned, and the iron links were bits of the chain that bound him. Those relics are the material symbols of a spirit by no means obsolete, and they ought to be presented to those gentle ministers of the gospel, who, in solemn conclave at Boston, called upon the President of the United States to set the regular army with its merciless guns upon persons wicked enough to learn something useful at the World's Fair on Sunday. This appeal to the President is a relic from the sanguinary piety of Smithfield, as the bones and the charcoal and the chain are its resurrected emblems and its melancholy signs. The genius of American liberty gives those ministers the absolute right to consecrate for themselves and set apart one day in seven as a festival to ignorance, but they have no right to sanctify Gatling guns and compel other men to observe the Sabbatarian feast of dullness. I believe I do not speak too harshly when I say that men who would use the army to make other men observe the Sabbath would make Jackson Park another Smithfield if they could; and so, I fear, would every sect in Christendom, excepting two or three, and these are not orthodox. When I think of the useful and elevating character of the Exposition, the gospel of industry preached within its buildings, its lessons of human friendship and international peace, its educational power and the innocent pleasure it confers, I cannot help thinking that the men who would shut it up on Sunday, the laborer's day, deserve the charity of that prayer which the master they pretend to serve once offered for some other intolerant men, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

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The feverish anxiety about the Russian treaty has not abated yet, and protests against that international contract continue to pour in. Some persons think the censure premature, because nobody knows what the provisions of the treaty really are, but the objection is weak, for the reason that we cannot be too quick in denouncing the tyranny of other nations, and we can always divert attention from ourselves by raising the "stop thief" cry. Besides, if the treaty shall prove to be innocent of the charges brought against it, so much the better, and no harm is done by condemning it a little too soon. When Mr. Cleveland was in Chicago he told some gentlemen that the treaty was carefully guarded, "so that the right of asylum was fully protected," and he doubted "whether the treaty was subject to the construction that would prevent our government deciding in every case whether the offense was a political one or not." That assurance given by the President ought to have some weight, but at the same time the American people cannot be too jealous of an extradition treaty with Russia, because the Russian code of political crimes is very large, and almost any expressions in favor of political reforms can be tortured into evidence of "conspiracy against the life of the Czar." Informers and spies are as numerous in St. Petersburg as they are in Chicago; and there, as here, those people will fit a crime on to



a man as easily as a tailor fits a coat. Without looking at it, we may safely say in advance that any extradition treaty with Russia, that includes within it political offences, is a treaty "not fit to be made." The right of asylum should be as jealously guarded here as it is in England, and the American government ought not to be made a police agency for the arrest and return of political offenders to any country, and least of all to Russia.

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I desire to acknowledge with many thanks the kindness of some valued friends who have sent me their printed opinions concerning the Russian treaty; and because I strongly sympathise with them in sentiment I am embarrassed when I try to caution them against the sophistry that makes moral distinctions between political and personal assassinations. I implore them now to think that over and abandon the mistake that assassination, under any circumstances, may be employed as a political or a social remedy. The genius of murder is too stupid and barbarous to make moral distinctions, and there is not a mile of human progress in the assassination of a hundred kings. The casuistry that finds a moral difference between the murder of a president and the murder of a czar is a treacherous guide, leading the conscience astray and bewildering it among misty subtleties and artificial contradictions. There is no difference; and when the assassins of Alexander, the Czar, passed resolutions denouncing the assassins of Garfield, the President, they reached the depths of cynical mockery, and their sympathy had the appearance of comic satire grotesque as the resolutions. Their distinction between the killing of a president and the killing of a czar may have imposed on them, but it was not accepted by their sympathisers in America, for on the night after the assassination of Alexander one of their "comrades" made a speech in the city of New York, in which he said: "The fate of Alexander has a point. There are those in the United States who should heed the warning." And then he solemnly passed sentence of death on two American citizens who were not even officers of the government. Their offense was that they had money. He then had the insolence to declare that "others" would be sentenced in due time. The cowardice of that kind of agitation is more conspicuous than its ferocity, for women and children are kept in continual fear when their husbands and fathers are threatened with assassination. The folly of it is more colossal still, for there is no political regeneration or saving grace for any people in the Eucharist of murder.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THE SOCIALISTIC SCHEME OF MR. MORRISON SWIFT.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

Mr. Morrison Swift's scheme, published in No. 298 of *The Open Court*, to give capital and labor—which, he seems to fear, "are rushing rapidly to a destructive crisis"—until the first of May 1900 to adjust their differences in a wolf-and-lamb-lying-together fashion, forces the suggestion upon my mind, that if the mental energy which is constantly, not only being wasted in fruitless "rainbow-chasing" efforts to solve the so-called labor question, but is actively engaged in complicating (therefore retarding) its solution, were as persistently applied in another direction, it might render most valuable service to the cause of human progress, which would of course include the betterment of labor. But such dreamy propositions as that of Mr. Swift, that fill the heads of our workingmen with the absurd notion that capital must necessarily be a monster; that labor is the lamb or the toiling ox; that this monster feeds upon patient, suffering labor; and that, "unless some such definite rational policy," as that suggested by Mr. Swift, "be quickly decided upon," something terrible will happen; and

the country is given to understand that it may, at any time, be turned topsy-turvy by a new and improved edition of "the horrors of the French Revolution."

Aside from the vicious effect upon the minds of the workingmen, such threats are "nettling" to the men who assisted in crushing "the destructive crisis" of 1861, when "circumstances" had driven the people of nine or ten states of this Union "to frenzy," and it would be well for Mr. Swift and all of these give-us-what-we-want-or-the-devil-will-be-to-pay reformers, however sincere, to remember that the spirit which moved the arm in '61 still lives, only in a more intense form, and whenever Mr. Swift's "scattered and otherwise dangerous energies" venture to "mass" for action, it may raise havoc with the "crisis conjurers" and their dupes. They seem to forget that we are living under republican institutions, where one man may be as good as another, if he so selects; that the constitution and the laws must be obeyed until changed or abrogated in the manner therein prescribed.

The American people are exceedingly "thin skinned" upon these matters, and any attempt to inaugurate changes through "crises" will be mercilessly crushed.

A free ballot, the most powerful and efficacious agency for the redress of grievances, is placed in our hands, and those who are too lazy, too indifferent, or too stupid to avail themselves of it, have no right to lay violent hands upon the edifice that shelters us all.

If the conditions of labor are such as to justify a demand for industrial readjustment, if they are unfavorable to labor and favorable to capital, the causes are known: it is owing to the ignorance and carelessness of the former, and to the shrewdness and diligence of the latter in matters of legislation.

If, instead of leading the workingmen into a labyrinth of impractical theories and of exciting their inflammable imaginations with treasonable suggestions, these labor-question solvers would devote their brains, their time, and energies to instructing them in the rudiments of economics and in the simple duties of American citizenship; if they would impress upon them the maxim that a just regard for the rights of others will go far towards securing their own, and last, but not least, if these leaders would see to it that they vote, conscientiously and understandingly, there would be no need for a new policy of general partnership, nor for the extended period of seven years to solve the labor question.

This reminds me of a conversation with the hapless Spies years before his horrible fate. In speaking of the wrongs suffered by labor, to which I partly assented, I deprecated the "none voting" attitude of the socialists, since it is through the ballot only that in this country wrongs and abuses can be rectified.

With a shake of his head, poor, short-sighted Spies replied: "Elections are a fraud; does your vote count, General?"

"I apprehend it does not now," I said, "but it will count after a while."

To-day it does count, under the Australian ballot law, and so does that of every workingman, but his counts for worse than nothing, because he does not know how to cast it. These very men, who, Mr. Swift says, "are driven to frenzy by many circumstances," have elected as law-makers, within the last few years, the worst brace of purchasable rascals that ever disgraced our State Legislature.

HERMANN LIEB.

### TIME AND SPACE.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

The letter by Mr. Horace P. Biddle upon your article on "The Absolute," in No. 290 of *The Open Court*, suggests to me the following comments.

If, in imagination, we remove everything, if we annihilate all that exists, so that nothing remains, we yet have the two inde-



structible conditions for existence, viz., Time and Space. Is it not a mistake to speak of these as "entities"?

Are they not rather the negative conditions remaining when all entities are removed?

Their negative character is, I think, disclosed by taking some concrete instance, for example, the receiver of an air-pump may be emptied of its air; we may, in imagination, go still further, and empty it of every molecule of gas, and of the all-pervading ether, and of every known and unknown form of matter, yet the more complete is our success in this process of getting everything out, the more space (i. e. room for something) will remain. In other words, the more *something* is taken out the more *nothing* is left in, and this nothing is simply room for something, or unoccupied space.

The mistake in Mr. Biddle's way of putting it is, I think, that he treats a negative as a positive. So also of his point regarding truth. If everything is removed, nothing remains. This is true. Yet unoccupied time and unoccupied space remain, and the truth about them is that there is nothing to tell the truth about.

After having emptied a vessel, we cannot, even in imagination, go on and empty it of its emptiness. Emptiness is the limit in that direction, and can be removed, not by pumping out, but by filling in.

Something and nothing are mutually destructive propositions; we cannot have both; we must have one or the other; if nothing, then we have void—emptiness waiting to be occupied.

We may wish that this void be also removed, but it is not possible in fact, nor conceivable in thought, save by bringing *something* into the field.

To say that these nothings are somethings of a peculiar kind, that they are "uncreated, unrelated, unconditioned, infinite eternal entities," is, I submit, a misreading of one of nature's texts.

I do not wish to treat lightly a serious argument, but Mr. Biddle's letter reminds me of a certain facetious bartender, who, when brandy and water without sugar was ordered, replied to his customer that he could only fill part of his order, and when asked what part, said it was the "without sugar" part.

Now, this part would eternally remain until removed by the production of sugar.

So with void—emptiness—space. These also must eternally remain and infinitely extend until arrested by the presence of *something*, for they are but names for its absence. If unoccupied space is not nothing, what is nothing? If it (unoccupied space) were something, it could, in imagination, be removed; an effort to do this will prove precisely the same as that of trying, after emptying a vessel, to remove the emptiness. This, as I have said, can only be done by putting something into it. We must not lift this persistent negation into an "infinite eternal entity."

The conditions the mind pictures, as those which must have obtained before the dawn of creation (supposing creation to have had a dawn) are not conditions of being, but of non-being; not conditions of entity, but of non-entity.

Yours truly,  
L. T. IVES.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

What is space? I conceive it to be *all* pervading and immeasurable. Not being a thing in itself, yet space pervades all things in themselves, nor can space be literally abstracted from the thing in itself. There is nothing to abstract. But it seems to me that space is a *reality*, the office of which is to give things in themselves elbow-room. Space, as a reality, though unquantitative and unqualitative as a whole of space is as real to my senses as the feeling of cold, and equally as negative.

What is the universal *thing in itself* we call matter? It is positive, quantitative, and qualitative. It has also the power, if you will permit the term, of *absorbing* space, occupying (and being occupied

by) all space in varying density. It moves through nothing (space), and yet I know that *nothing* to be a reality. For when I look at the stove in my room (the thing in itself), it can be seen that the stove occupies so much space, and the space is within the stove, and if the stove be taken away, space is still where the stove was—and it is very *real* in both instances.

What is Change? Shall I call it the *relation* or *connection* between molecules, or—give it the soul-power of Omnipotence? It is certain that all nature must be constantly changing in structure, and equally certain that the changing molecular energy of the atom is an epitome of the history of the universal race of atoms, be they small or large, motes or suns. In Change, as in things in themselves, there seems to be no real death. Subtle change, eternal, omnipotent, orderly, and intelligent, it seems to me, is the "active agent" obscurely referred to by Newton. But, shall change be worshipped as a tangible, overruling power towards the beautiful and good? Man must worship something. What shall it be? Cut and dried religions have long been tried and found wanting. Would it not be a proper experiment to deify Change? On this mundane sphere, at least, it might do some good. If Change could be worshipped with all the solemnity and dignity of the orthodox God, mankind as a whole would at least have one advantage. Mundane environments could be improved through the God of Change—not by prayer and supplication, but by simply taking advantage, mentally, morally, and physically, of the lessons taught in the great book of nature, written in Change's own handwriting, read at a glance by all nations, and indelibly recorded in rocks, and trees, and flowers.

F. H. S.

[Both our correspondents seem to agree that time and space are mere nothings: and yet the one regards them as "indestructible," and the other makes the puzzling declaration that he knows "that nothing to be reality." How can nothing be indestructible, and how can nothing be a reality?

My opinion differs from that of Mr. Ives, Mr. F. H. S., and also from Mr. Biddle's, to whose letter in No. 290 of *The Open Court* they refer.

Space, it appears to me, is not negative; it is positive. Space is not nothing, it is space; space being the interrelation of things.

Dr. J. N. Lyle, of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., objects to my view in a pamphlet, entitled "Euclid and the Anti-Euclidians," (St. Louis: Frederick Printing Co., 1892). He says:

"Space does not arise from the relation of material bodies to each other, but the spatial relations between them exist solely by reason of the fact that the bodies occupy space and are contained in it. The annihilation of material bodies would destroy the relations between them, but would not affect trinally extended, immaterial, continuous, unbounded space."

Space is not comparable to a box in which things are contained. If no things existed, space alone could not be said to be a reality. Space in itself exists as little as matter in itself, or energy in itself. We can think of pure space without anything in it. The mathematician's conception of space is such that it contains only immaterial points and lines. We can think of energy which is nothing but pressure or motion. The physicist's conception of a system of forces is such. But everybody knows that the physicist's and the mathematician's conceptions are fictions. Pure mechanics and mathematics move each in its own sphere of abstraction; and abstractions, if true, represent some qualities of real things, but they are no entities; they have no independent existence.

Space can be said to be nothing, only in so far as empty space negates the presence of matter and energy. Descartes, taking the view that empty space is not only nothing in the sense of absence of matter, but absolutely nothing, maintained that the walls of an empty chamber were in contact. If space were absolutely nothing, the walls of an empty vessel would indeed be in contact. An empty vessel, however, contains nothing in the sense that matter is absent in it. This absence of matter possesses some very positive



qualities. It consists of space relations. A body moving from one side to the other needs more time the greater this so-called nothing is; and a stone at the ceiling can do more work than a stone of the same mass at the bottom.

Empty space, accordingly, is real.

The best criterion of reality, it seems to me, is the question, Is it a factor in causation? Is the mere relation of an empty space quite indifferent or does its presence tell somehow upon facts? Has it any influence upon the course of events, so that it makes a difference whether or not it is? If it makes no difference, it is a mere nothing; if it makes a difference, it is not a mere nothing; and it is apparent that the presence of empty space is a factor that plays a part in causation. Space relations are real.

Mr. Ives speaks of space unoccupied as emptiness. Emptiness is a negative conception; so he concludes that space, too, is negative. Emptiness is the absence of matter, and we certainly could not empty a void of its emptiness. We can only remove emptiness by filling an empty chamber with matter, but we cannot remove the space (i. e., the relations of this empty chamber to the surrounding world) without removing the whole world. Space and emptiness are very different conceptions and cannot be identified.

While emptiness is a negative conception, space is a positive conception. Emptiness negates the presence of matter, but it does not negate the presence of space. Emptiness does not negate the presence of relations.

Space-relations may be called "uncreated," with the same right as matter and energy are uncreated, but they are not "unrelated." They are related, not only because their very nature consists in relations, but also because they stand in special relations to matter and energy. We have acquired our knowledge of time and space by experience. Our conceptions of time and space are abstract concepts.

Space and time are not infinite eternal "entities," meaning by entities things that exist by themselves. Space and time are not things in themselves. Nor can they be represented as unconditioned and immutable in the sense that they could not, under any conditions or assumptions, be different. We can very well imagine space different from what it is. We cannot depict in our imagination any other than three-dimensional space, but we can very well conceive of the idea of a four, five, or  $n$ -dimensional space.

There is a difference between the imagination of our senses and the imagination of our reason. The intuition of our senses is limited to one, two, and three-dimensional spaces. We can, in the three-dimensional space, with which we are experientially acquainted, think away dimensions, but we cannot, in sense-intuition, add them. We can form no *Anschauung* of a four-dimensional space.

A very fine *reverie* on this subject was published several years ago under the title "Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions. By a Square." (London: Seely & Co., Essex Street, Strand. 1884.)

Our abstract reasoning is not as limited as our sense-intuition. We can assume that space has other qualities than it actually has. Riemann's ingenious hypothesis of the curvature of space is well known. We can think of curved spaces, or we can regard our own space as one the curvature of which is zero.

It appears to me that the importance of the theories of curved and  $n$ -dimensional space proposed by modern mathematicians, has been much exaggerated, but we have gained at least one thing. We know that space, such as it is, is *not* an absolutely necessary or the only possible condition of existence. Space might be different from what it is. That space is such as it is, we do not know *a priori* by some mysterious intuition, but only by experience. Experience only teaches us that the interrelations of things can be determined by three coördinates, which means that the system of interrelations which we call space is three-dimensional.

I have to add a word concerning Mr. F. H. S.'s idea of change. To deify change would be unequivocal and unalloyed paganism; to worship change would be idolatry.—P. C.]

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 301. (VOL. VII.—22.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year,  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE FORMAL.

Science begins with the application of formal thought, viz., with counting, measuring, and classifying. Only with the assistance of the formal sciences can we master the material of the sensory data of our experience, and thus it happens that the formal is the condition, not of any kind of experience, but of every systematic experience.

The formal sciences are the tools of cognition. That to which they cannot be applied remains unexplained.

\* \* \*

The various formal sciences are constructions of a purely formal nature. Thus, numbers are a system of units (i. e. empty forms), the logical categories a system of ideas representing the various relations that can obtain among things, etc. These and other systems of pure forms do not exist ready-made, or in a latent form in the mind, but must be constructed out of the purely formal elements obtained from experience by abstraction.

Animals are incapable of making abstractions, and that is the reason why they cannot develop formal thought. Abstraction is the condition of the evolution of formal thought, for all the formal sciences move in a definite sphere of abstraction.

We have to distinguish between the rigidly formal, the purely formal, and the empirically formal. The last kind of formality comprises the real forms of things with which we become acquainted in experience. The purely formal is to be found in the laws of stereometry, Euclidean geometry, etc., while logic, arithmetic, and algebra are rigidly formal.

What is the difference? The rigidly formal is the product of mental operations alone. Our mental activity alone is given. Otherwise there is no assumption whatever; no hypothesis, no axiom. In arithmetic we count our mental acts, we add and subtract them; and out of these operations the whole magnificent structure of a great formal science is created. We construct and observe the products of our construction. There is nothing but certain mental acts and the consequences involved in these acts. In all the rigidly formal sciences we combine and separate and recom-

bine. By naming the same products with same names and equating the outcome of two sets of operations with the same results, we create the material of our science ourselves, as the spider spins the web that is to serve him as his field of operations, out of his own being. Says an old rhymster:

*"Logicus araneæ potest comparari  
Quæ subtiles didicit telus operari,  
Quæ suis visceribus voluit consummare  
Et pretium musca si forte queat laqueari,"\**

—Tom Wright, "Political Songs of England," p. 209.

Mathematics and pure mechanics are not quite so rigidly *a priori* as arithmetic and algebra. Their constructions introduce some additional features which may be called assumptions or axioms, or derivations from experience, or common notions.

Whatever we may call them, they are arbitrary; they do not result as a necessary consequence from the operations with which we start.

While in the construction of rigidly formal sciences we have no choice left, we find that in the purely formal sciences there are several constructions possible. In Euclidean geometry, for instance, we execute, at the suggestion of the real space-conditions that surround us, one peculiar construction, because this special kind of geometry is most serviceable to us; but there are other possibilities left, and we can imagine analogous geometries built by the same mental operations but starting from other suppositions.

Euclidean geometry is a construction in which, through one point to a given straight line, one parallel only can be drawn. We can, however, construct other kinds of geometry in which, through a point to a given straight line, either no parallel at all or several parallels can be drawn.† Besides our tridimensional space we can conceive of four, five, and *n*-dimensional spaces, and can with perfect precision define all the

\* The logician may be compared to a spider who has learned to weave fine webs, which will be produced from her bowels, and the reward is a fly if she haply can catch one.

† The latter assumption, viz., that through a point to a straight line several parallels can be drawn will produce a space of negative curvature, while the former assumption admits of two possibilities, either two straight lines enclose a space (as, for instance, on the sphere) or two straight lines do not enclose a space—which produces elliptic geometry so-called, first observed by Klein. It is doubtful which case Riemann had in mind. (Translated from a private letter of Professor Lindemann in which he kindly gave a brief exposition of the situation.)



qualities which such spaces and their bodies must possess.

It is a matter of course that as soon as we have created, by some arbitrary construction, a certain feature in a formal system, we have to stick to it and take all its consequences. When we speak of triangles of Euclidean space, we cannot attribute to them the qualities of triangles in Lobatschewsky's or Riemann's space. Each geometry forms an independent domain for itself. None of them is truer than the other; and none of them should be confounded with the other.

The term "rigidly formal" is narrower than "purely formal." All rigidly formal truths are at the same time purely formal, but not all purely formal statements are rigidly formal.

\* \* \*

Modern geometry proves that our notion of space is not rigidly formal; it is only purely formal. The statement that real space is tridimensional is not a necessary product of our mental operations. It is not on one and the same level with the statement  $2 \times 2 = 4$ . The latter is intrinsically necessary. There is no other possibility left.  $2 \times 2$  will always be the same, and whatever we have called it, so we shall have to call it again, or at any rate regard it as equivalent and equal. Space, however, for all we know *a priori*, might be four or five or *n*-dimensional; and whether or not the world-space, i. e. the form of reality, is tridimensional is a matter of experience. Thus the statement, real space is tridimensional, contains an empirical or *a posteriori* element. It does not contain any information about the material world, the information it conveys is purely formal still, but it is not rigidly formal. It cannot be proposed as the only possible condition of being, for there are other constructions possible and imaginable. Tridimensional space is one instance only among innumerable possibilities, and we have through experience from *a posteriori* arguments sufficient reasons to believe (or if you prefer, to be assured) that this one instance is realised in the actual world in which we live.

Assuming then, from *a posteriori* arguments, that world-space is tridimensional, we can forthwith *a priori* apply to it all the laws of tridimensional space. All the various systems of Euclidean and non-Euclidean geometry, of mathematical or any other imaginable space-constructions are purely formal notions. But they are not the inevitable consequence of our mental operations only, they contain, each system its own peculiar conditions, which are arbitrarily established. Their character is not necessary, but might be otherwise.

Arbitrary constructions of such a nature have been called "axioms" and are now commonly called "assumptions." The one term is as bad as the other. The

name "axiom" suggests that there are indubitable but improvable truths, and the word "assumption" implies that we take some supposition for granted which may not be correct. We might assume the impossible or that which is contradictory to the consequences of the operations with which we start. We might assume that  $2 \times 2$  is sometimes 4 and sometimes 5. The word assumption suggests the idea that our procedure is unfounded. We have neither to accept any truth without proof, nor are we allowed to make assumptions. Employing the mental functions which we possess, we can construct; and there is a choice, whether to construct a plane geometry or other geometries. But a choice is no assumption.

\* \* \*

If the difference between the rigidly formal and the purely formal had been kept in mind by modern mathematicians, much confusion and many errors rising out of confusion would have been avoided. It has been said, for instance, that we do not know whether or not the sum of the angles in a plane triangle is exactly  $180^\circ$ ; it may be somewhat more or less. They grant that it is very approximately so and declare that even the greatest triangles we can measure are too small to discover the deviation. As instances parallaxes of stars have been adduced, which make measurements on triangles whose sides sweep through cosmic space over the whole stellar universe; but it is a pity for this class of geometers that such deviations as are found in these calculations keep within the reasonable limits of errors which occur in all analogous cases of observation. True, that among about forty measurements two only come out negative. That might be an argument in favor of a slightly curved space; but we can surmise that many other negative measurements have been suppressed as obviously erroneous.\* This view is based upon a misconception of the nature of the formal sciences.

A modern geometer may deny that world-space is tridimensional, but he cannot deny without inconsistency that the sum of the angles in a plane triangle is  $180$  degrees, for it is so by construction and cannot be otherwise unless we reverse the conditions upon which we have made the construction.

Suppose we construct a circle and propose the theorem that in a circle all the peripheral angles upon equal cords are equal, intending to prove that this follows with necessity from the qualities of the circle. Having done so a geometrical friend of ours steps in and denies the validity of the argument. He says, "The peripheral angles on equal cords in a circle as large as the orbit of the earth round the sun are approximately but not exactly equal. Your theorem may be right within certain limits and will be sufficient for

\* *The Monist*, Vol. 1, No. 2, p. 173-174.



all the small circles which occur in our practical experience. But whether it holds good generally is very doubtful still. In order to know that, we shall have to make more exact measurements with circles as large as the milky way. Within a century our children will probably know more about it than we do now with the insufficient material at our disposal."

What would we tell him? We should tell him that a circle remains a circle as much as a plane triangle remains a plane triangle; astronomy may prove that the orbit of the earth round the sun is only approximately a circle (celestial bodies move in conic sections, our earth moving nearly in a circle), but it can as little prove that peripheral angles on equal cords are only approximately equal, as the measurement of parallaxes can induce us to believe that the sum of plane triangles is only approximately not exactly equal to  $180^\circ$ .

Suppose that the parallaxes of stars really showed that these world-sized triangles of astronomy really and regularly measured somewhat more or less than  $180^\circ$ , what would be the conclusion? Would we indeed have to revise our mathematics and declare that mathematics is only approximately true? No, we should conclude that the rays of light do not travel in exactly straight lines, that their path is only approximately straight. However, whether or not the rays of light travel in straight lines is not a purely formal question at all; it is an empirically formal question, which has as little to do with pure mathematics as the question whether apples are exact or only approximate globes.

\* \* \*

Important as is the difference between the rigidly formal and the purely formal (a difference entirely overlooked by Kant), the difference between the purely formal and the empirically formal is greater still. It is so obvious, however, that it has scarcely ever escaped attention and has led to the well known distinctions between purely formal mathematics, mechanics, logic, etc., and applied mathematics, mechanics, logic, etc. The purely formal sciences exclude all the incidental deviations of real objects, while the applied formal sciences take notice of them, introducing them as factors in their calculations.

How near Kant came to the solution of the problem which actually explains all and is in our opinion the only satisfactory answer possible, viz., that *the formal sciences are purely formal constructions*, will be seen from the following passage in Kant's preface to the second edition of his "Critique of Pure Reason."

"A new light must have flashed on the mind of the first man (*Thales*, or whatever may have been his name) who demonstrated the properties of the *isosceles* triangle. For he found that it was not sufficient to meditate on the figure, as it lay before his eyes, or

the conception of it, as it existed in his mind, and thus endeavour to get at the knowledge of its properties, but that it was necessary to produce these properties, as it were, by a positive *a priori construction*; and that, in order to arrive with certainty at *a priori* cognition, he must not attribute to the object any other properties than those which necessarily followed from that which he had himself, in accordance with his conception, placed in the object."

After this explanation Kant falls back upon the theory that the *a priori* or purely formal elements are *given* by the mind, which is quite another thing than *constructed* by the mind. If they were "given by the mind" they would exist in the mind as a latent knowledge, in the same way that we know many things of which we are not conscious and to recollect which may require considerable mental effort. But if they are constructed by the mind, we need only look upon certain mental operations as given. The products of these operations are the object of the formal sciences. And in this way we can indeed escape all the perplexing consequences of Kant's transcendentalism.

\* \* \*

Kant was puzzled that we could know anything *a priori* concerning the constitution of things. He saw only two possibilities; either, he said, we have derived this knowledge from the things by experience, or we ourselves have put it into the things to which it really does not belong. The former possibility being excluded, since the purely formal truths are *a priori*, Kant accepted the other horn of the dilemma declaring that our faculty of cognition did not conform to the objects, but contrariwise, that the objects conform to cognition. The objects do not in themselves possess form, but our mind is so constituted that it cannot help attributing form and everything formal to the objects of our experience.

Kant did not see that form might be a property of all existence that, in that case, the purely formal in things would be of the same nature as the purely formal in man's mind.

Nature is throughout activity, and so our existence is throughout activity. Nature is constantly combining and separating; and these same operations are inalienable functions of our mind. They are given together with our existence.

When we construct some purely formal configuration with our nature-given mental operations, it will be the same as any other construction which has been made in the same way, be it in the domain either of things or of other minds. Nature performs the same operations which appear in man's mental activity. Being a part of existence, what is more natural than that man's bodily and mental existence partakes of the same form as all the other parts of the world that surrounds him.

A great and important part of our knowledge consists of rigidly formal theorems; they are *a priori*.



And these rigidly formal theorems contain actual information concerning the real world. And why? Because they are systematic reconstructions of a certain feature of reality by operations which take place throughout the universe. When Kant says: Our mind "dictates" certain laws to the objects of experience; he uses a wrong expression or takes a poetical license seriously. The mind "dictates" nothing to reality. Reality is independent of what we think it to be. That which Kant calls dictating is a mere determining, a mere foretelling or predicting by constructing in our mind an analogous model.

The agreement between our model and reality proves only that the model is correct, it does not prove that the model does any dictating. The model dictates as little to reality as a barometer dictates what air-pressure there is to be in the atmosphere.

The purely formal gives information concerning things so general that they are the same throughout the universe, and the rigidly formal concerning things so universal that they are the same in all possible universes.

P. C.

#### THOUGHT-CONCEPTION.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

IT is affirmed by Prof. Max Müller that in every act of the mind we distinguish three things—the act, the instrument or faculty, and the result or product. Thus, the concept is said to be the product of conception as the act of the intellect, the faculty. This is not, however, a proper application of the term "faculty," seeing that the intellect is neither a mere mental form or aptitude, nor a faculty in the proper sense, as defined by Mr. G. H. Lewes, of the acquired variation of activity of an organ. The intellect is, indeed, sometimes called the regulative faculty, but it is in reality a function of the material organism, or rather of the highest part of it, the brain. The concept which results from the act of conception is a thought-unit, and hence it is the product of that phase of thinking which answers to conception. Although there is much difference in the use of the term thought (thinking), yet most psychologists practically agree in their conclusions. Lewes affirms that the thinking process is common to all psychological phenomena, but he distinguishes between thought by images, which animals possess along with man, and the thought by signs or symbols which is the special attribute of man. When it is said that man alone can think, it is intended, therefore, merely to assert that he alone thinks by means of language symbols.

Agreeably to the wide sense in which he uses the term thought, the author of "Problems" affirms that animals as well as men have language. He says: "Language in its widest sense cannot be denied to animals as a function of expression of feelings—the language of gestures and cries is even made by them a rudimentary function of communication. But this function never becomes a faculty, and above all never rises to the expression of ideas, the communication of knowledge." Thus animal language is not human language, the language of signs, which as Prof. Max Müller asserts, is the product of thought, using this term in its higher sense, as thinking by means of symbols. From this point of view, it is evident that language and "thought" are inseparable, that is, one cannot exist without the other. The faculty of language is, therefore, at the same time the faculty of thinking, and the thought and the word have been formed together as internal and external expressions of one and the same mental operation.

The truth of this conclusion is evident from the consideration that "thought," although not audible language, is nevertheless actually uttered. It is not at all unusual for thinking to be accompanied by spoken words unconsciously produced, which is popularly called "thinking aloud"; and many persons cannot read without forming the words with the lips, the sound of which may or may not be audible. If the process of thinking is attended to, it will be found that the thought-symbols or words are really produced as vocal representations, as though they were reverberations in the brain of words before spoken aloud. The constant activity of thought is thus the continual passage through the mind of the phantoms of words previously uttered. The brain may be likened to a telephonic apparatus which is constantly repeating the language impressed upon it, language which under abnormal conditions of the nervous system may appear to the subject to be actually spoken by an inner voice quite independent of himself. Usually this is a proof that the law of association has ceased to operate harmoniously, and that discord has thus been introduced into consciousness. Under normal conditions and in wakeful moments, the flow of thought or unspoken language is under the regulation of the intellect, which by its inhibitive and directive power may guide thought into a special channel or rearrange the sequence of its symbols, and if necessary render them really vocal. In sleep the regulative principle is no longer operative, and under that condition thought appears to be on the lower level of the subconscious, but its verbal symbols are recognised and often appear to take on the vocal form. This is the most apparent, however, between sleeping and waking. Often when about to fall asleep have I heard a voice speak as though conversing, but when aroused by it, as was usually the case, I have known that it was a mere phantasy of the brain.

It was said above that the thought and the word are internal and external expressions of one and the same mental operation. Every word must be, therefore, a concept or thought unit, while language as a collection of symbols is the necessary accompaniment of the activity of conception or thinking, the consideration of which fact throws great light on the origin of language. For until the intellect was able to carry on the process of conception, no concept could be formed, and therefore there could be no language. As soon as that process commenced, however, thought-symbols would be intuitively formed and language developed. This must have been in the earliest infancy of the human race. The possession of language in its highest form is the very test of humanity, because it is vocal thought, and an animal that has not the power of thinking, that is, of using signs in the process of thought, is not a human being. The origin of language in "the definite sense of expression of conceptual thought by conceptual words," is that of conceptual thought itself. As Prof. Max Müller affirms,\* the science of language clearly shows that every word coincides from the very beginning with a general concept. How words originated is of secondary importance, but the explanation given by Noiré, that they were "the *clamor concomitans* of the conscious acts of men" is perhaps the most probable. Every word would be the vocal expression of a thought, and as language would be useless, if possible, without society, it would from the first express the general thought, which thenceforth would be represented by the uttered sound or word.

Hence language and thought are not merely two sides of the same thing; they are the same thing in different relations, that is, in relation to others sensible and insensible, although in relation to self they may be equally sensible. Unspoken verbal thoughts may be represented to the mind as both visible and audible symbols, just as any other images or sounds may be thus represented. This was evidently recognised by the ancient Greeks who, as

\* *Three Lectures on the Science of Language*, pp. 92, et seqq.



pointed out by Prof. Max Müller, used the word *logos* in the sense of discourse, whether internal or external, showing that they had a knowledge of the identity of language and thought. 'This truth has an important bearing on the question of the origin of language, which according to Noïré's theory is that of the concept itself. The explanation given by this theory of the "natural genesis of concepts" is accepted by Prof. Max Müller, who finds that the germs of all conceptual language, the so-called roots, "express with few exceptions the repeated acts of men"; and concludes that as, according to Noïré, "the germs of all conceptual thought were to be found in the consciousness of our repeated acts," these two processes were "but two sides of one and the same process in the evolution of human thought and human language." Moreover, "as the sounds which accompanied the common acts of men, and the remnants of which became fixed as roots, were used not by one man only, but by men acting in common, they were intelligible to the whole community."\* And yet T. Bailey Saunders affirms that its assumption of "ideal intuition" is destructive of the value of Noïré's system as an account of the origin of reason, and that this theory does not offer any real explanation of the rise of conceptual thought. Mr. Saunders goes so far, indeed, as to affirm that such an explanation is not possible, a view which it is not difficult to show is erroneous.

According to Noïré's theory a word is an audible presentation, produced by an act of will, of some visible representation in the external world with which it is invariably connected. This connection consists in creative action—"men engaged in some common activity relieve their feelings by the utterance of cries at the same time, as the product of their work is growing under their hands." The fact that any particular sound becomes representative of a particular action is due to the power of association, and as soon as this association takes place, the essential resemblance of all like operations is recognised by the faculty of ideal intuition, which operates as a binding force or *logos*. The combination of the object and the word is a concept, and the main attribute of our reason. The object is only particular and the sound is only particular, but when once the meaning of what we see has been discovered and expressed by a sound, "once the object has been named, the generality of its nature is affirmed and we have a concept." The will is the root of all activity, and "as the object produced by the will unites in itself the three forms of time, space, and causality, it comes into being under the influence of ideal and wholly universal conditions." Mr. Saunders well observes that while Kant and Schopenhauer proved the important part played by the *subject* in the acquisition of knowledge, Noïré has shown "how indispensable in the same connection is the *object*, which can be known only, he declares, by being named, and reason is impossible without speech."†

It is remarkable that in the Old Testament legend of the garden of Eden, Jehovah is represented as bringing the animals he had created to the first man, to see what he would call them: "and whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field." The animals thus brought before the man were afterwards known by their names, just as the objects referred to by Noïré were known by the names given to them by man. But what led to the giving of particular names, or in other words, what was the principle which guided man in his conceptual work? Noïré says "ideal intuition," by which the mind perceives the causal nexus between the object and the sound by which its meaning is expressed. This explanation, however, in reality explains nothing. The basis of the whole process is sensuous experience, and the genesis of the concept lies in the passage from that experience to the knowledge of the ob-

ject, which consists in its being named. To take an example given by Noïré, the *hole* which was formed by the common activity of a number of men must have been seen and observed by them in the course of construction. When it was completed its fitness was recognised, and a cry was uttered, as the result of the recognition, by the common voice. But what caused the cry? Surely not the sudden idea, arising spontaneously in several minds, that the product of the joint labor was a hole. The hole must have been made for a purpose, and the cry was the assertion that the purpose was fulfilled; or, rather, it should be said that the cry was a continuous or repeated one, while the purpose was being fulfilled. In other words, it denoted the possession by the object of a quality, which the cry thenceforth connoted.

Hence, the giving of the name did not spring from the action of the will in relation to the object, but in the perception of a quality possessed by the object, *whether as the result of the human activity or of the activity of nature*. That perception was due to the activity of the intellect, which, and not the will, was the active principle in the origination of conception and of language. The intellect is the governing or regulating principle of the mind and hence of the will itself, which is merely the expression of the mental constitution. The organic condition of intellect is consciousness, which, as being higher than sensibility, has a perception, not of objects as sensuous impressions, but of that which gives "knowledge" of objects. This power of the intellect is what is meant by abstraction, but before we can abstract we must recognise that which has to be abstracted, and therefore it should be called insight. The function of the intellect is to regulate, but its faculty is that perception which gives a knowledge of the attributes of objects, that is, of their constituent qualities, which form the basis of generalisation, and therefore of reasoning itself.

Mr. G. H. Lewes, when treating of the sphere of intellect and the logic of signs, remarks that "animals and infants have various visual experiences of red, blue, brown, orange, etc., each of which can be re-instated through its image. But they have no *conception* of red, blue, or orange; they have no conception of color, which *unlike* red, blue, orange, etc., includes and symbolises them. In the phrase, 'red is a color,' we express what no sensation of red alone can teach. Color is not red, nor blue, nor green, nor orange. It is the sign of an operation, an abstraction from various experiences, a *logical act incorporated in a vocal act*." It is generally agreed that in this power of "separating the various aspects of things and fixing them in names" lies the source of man's mental superiority over animals, but whence comes this power? It is the activity of the intellect itself which takes cognisance, not only of the ever-varying phenomena of nature, but also of the qualities of objects on which the changes in such phenomena depend. The faculty of inner perception, possessed by the intellectual sight, may be identified with the faculty of reflection, which, according to Locke, is a chief source of our ideas, but it has a much wider objective range, as it is not limited to the observation of internal phenomena. Long before that faculty concerned itself with the phenomena of consciousness, it was engaged with the external phenomena of nature. Mr. Saunders asks in relation to Noïré's theory: "What is an ideal intuition, coming into play in the origin of concept, if it is not the finding and separating force of the mind which penetrates through sensuous experience to underlying unity?"\* But the separation must come first, as otherwise there could be no penetration, and the unity is conferred by the conception attendant on the process. The fact is, as I long since pointed out,† that in reflection on external nature the mind becomes cognisant of the qualities of objects as distinct from the objects in which they inhere. Those qualities contain in themselves, from their very nature as such, the possibility of generalisation,

\* *The Monist*, July, 1891, pp. 580-581.

† *The Open Court*, p. 2515 et seqq.

\* *The Open Court*, p. 2535.

† *Chapters on Man*, (1868,) p. 28 et seqq.



and the names by which they are symbolised are thus capable of expressing general ideas. It is indeed only by its qualities that an object is perceived through the senses at all, and on the mere presentation to the mind of an external object the impression produced by a particular quality might be intuitively represented in vocal expression without reference to any such combined activity of the will as Noire supposes to have given rise to the first articulate sounds.

The primitive words used by man, although capable of expressing general ideas, would not be developed concepts, or even true concepts at all, in the sense of actually giving expression to general ideas. Although they represented objects through particular qualities, which, as possessed by other objects of the same kind, formed the basis of future generalisations, yet the objects themselves alone were taken cognisance of. It was only when, at a much later date, through the increased activity of the faculty of reflection, the full meaning of symbolic sounds, as containing in themselves the germ of generalisation was recognised, that the true concept was formed. This becomes clear when the genesis of the concept is understood. In this sense only can it be asserted that objects are not known before they are named, and therefore that animals cannot know objects. The perception of an object is a knowledge of it *as such*, or as a whole, although not of its qualities or properties; the separation of which by analytical reasoning explains away the objective reality. Lewes says, it is true, that "to the animal and to the infant there is but knowledge of particulars; the subject and the predicate are but one for them. Objects, therefore,—in one sense,—do not exist for them—only feelings connected with external signs. To us feelings with external signs are *attributes*, qualities of objects; but this is because we have reached the abstraction of *objects*, apart from their felt attributes,—in logical phrase, the distinction between subject and predicate,—and to us objects are not only present feelings, but syntheses of past and present; and these syntheses are reconstructed particulars, which are detached from their surroundings and are made to enter into new constructions."\*

Thus it may be said† that "language enables us to construct *objects*, in the philosophical sense of the term, by separately naming, and thus giving separate ideal existence to those feelings of a group which are invariable and predominant, as distinguished from the feelings which are variable and accidental." But this construction is not a creation of the objects themselves. It is merely an analysis of them, and their explanation in language which is an expression, not of the objects, but of our thoughts of them. As it is said, "words are not the names of things, but of concepts; and the concept expresses not the essential or true nature of the thing, but only what we are able to think of it." The concept expressed in symbol is an ideal representation of the object, and therefore a thought-creation, but it is a mistake to suppose that we cannot form a true notion, however limited it may be, of the object apart from the conception, and still more to affirm that the object does not exist apart from the conceiving mind. The object is first presented in sensation, and the perception of it through the senses is not only a knowledge of the object, but a *true* knowledge of it, so far as this goes. In fact, without this perception there could be no conception of the object, the image of which must first be received through the senses before the intellect can cognise those qualities which it afterwards recreates as the concept or thought-object in verbal symbol.

A perfect concept is a thought-unit, that is, it is the result of a complete application of the three primary laws of thought—a separation or division of the attributes of the object in accord with the laws of contradiction or limitation and excluded middle or affirmation, and a definition of the object under the law of identity,

which, as Lewes affirms, constitutes the principle of equivalence. The concept or thought-object is thus the expression of certain attributes abstracted by the intellect from the object as perceived. These attributes are dependent for their *separate* existence on the logical process of division, and although they are again identified in thought to form the ideal object or concept, yet the very existence of this concept is evidence not only of the existence of the real object which is reflected in thought, but also that it possesses the attributes which are embodied in the concept. The objectivity of both the external object and the verbal symbol in which the concept is expressed is equally real, although the reality of the former is in relation to sense-perception, while that of the latter is in relation to the thinking subject of which it is the creation; whereas the external object is not dependent for its existence on the perceiving subject. It is true that, according to Lewes, "the only meaning we can attach to Reality is that every Real has a corresponding feeling, or group of feelings, some of them actual, others virtual. Reals are objective judgments, and judgments are groups of subjects and predicates, sensations, and inferences."\* But we are compelled, by our mental constitution, to refer certain sensations to external influences, that is, to infer that they are due to the action of external objects, answering to the mental images which accompany such sensations. This is indeed required by, or is at least consistent with, the statement that the thing actually exists as a group of relations, and that we may view it either synthetically as a group, or analytically in its several elements. That is to say, "we may dissect what is *given* as a whole of feeling into what is *inferred* to be its constituent parts. We have what is here; and we seek to conjure up ideally the vision of what *was* there, and *will be* elsewhere." This is the ideal reality, but the external whole of feeling is none the less real as an object of sensation, although it has not been subjected in thought and thus entered into the realm of conception.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE World's Fair Sunday closing question has reached the comic stage, and I must indulge in a little cynical amusement when I hear "most potent, grave, and reverend" councils of theological men denouncing the directors who propose to open the Exposition on Sundays, as "anarchists more deeply red with treason than the men who fired on Sumter." There is retributive satire in that compliment because the directors of the Fair and the stockholders in the enterprise belong to the classes who, with a few magnanimous exceptions, have condemned as "anarchists" nearly all the men in Chicago who have agitated for better laws and purer courts of law. They have stigmatised as "anarchists" nearly all the men who have criticised the ways of Mammon in Chicago, and who have pleaded for larger justice and more equal chances for the poor. How do they like the nickname when it is fastened upon themselves? To be sure, they retort in counter-flatteries and call those venerable divines "witch burners," "inquisitors," "bigots," "fanatics," and similar names of endearment, but there is not so much poison in all those titles as in the one mad-dog incantation "anarchist." In the language of Sir Lucius O'Trigger the dispute is "a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and I confess that I enjoy both sides of it. It reminds me of the Sunday question that broke up our little community at Marbletown, and divided the citizens into two hostile factions that hated one another for five years; and I enjoyed both sides of that. It was a curious example of the manner in which a national festival because it happened to fall on Sunday was crucified between two secular days; "which the same I would rise to explain."

\* \* \*

It was in the fifties; I forget the exact year, but no matter, it was the year in that decade when the 4th of July fell on Sunday.

\* *Problems*, Vol. III, p. 487.

† *Do.*, p. 489.

\* *Problems*, Vol. II, p. 42.



About a month ahead we called a meeting to make preparations for a proper observance of the day. Procession to the grand stand in the grove, Prayer by the Chaplain, Singing by the choir, Reading the Declaration, Oration, Free barbecue for all the country round, Sports in the afternoon, Fireworks in the evening, and Joe Ricks the blacksmith firing his anvil during the whole proceedings by way of a national salute. The entire programme was agreed upon in a friendly and patriotic way, when some spirit of mischief incarnate in Ben Strong prompted him to suggest what nobody had thought of, that the 4th of July came that year on Sunday, "wharfor," said Ben, "I would move Mr. Charman, if I could git a second, that we have the celebration on Monday the 5th." He did get a second, and then old Squire Norton moved as an amendment "that the celebration take place on Saturday the 3d." The debate on the question lasted until midnight, when the meeting broke up in a row, the Saturday men resolving to have the celebration on Saturday, and the Monday men going into training for a grander celebration on Monday than the Saturday men dared think of. I confess that I was on both sides of the question, for the dispute meant a double 4th of July for me, and all free of expense, wherefore I patronised both festivals with impartial patriotism. In addition to that, about fifty of us had a most delightful picnic by the big spring on the banks of the Marble river, and we had it on the exact 4th of July, speeches, songs, games, and all, on the very Sunday itself, which by its brightness appeared to be honored in the observance; and as far as the eye could reach, all nature smiled approval; the trees and the birds, the river and the fishes, the prairies rolling like the sea, and the proud imperial corn. All bore testimony that ours was the true American Sabbath; and years afterward, the Saturday men and the Monday men agreed that the only rational celebration of Independence had that year at Marbletown was the picnic of the Sunday men. It will be but a few years when all the sects will agree that the most rational, moral, and religious way to have honored the Sabbath in Chicago in 1893, would have been to throw the great World's Fair open every Sunday for the enlightenment, the instruction, and the pleasure of all the people.

In the summer of 1848, I was returning from a semi-piratical picnic in which I had been engaged with four hundred other tumultuous young men. We were sailing the salt seas on board the crazy and rheumatic old ship "Russia"; and that old buccaneer was bringing us home from Mexico which we had invaded and trampled like reincarnations of the old Norse rovers who vexed the shores of England a thousand years ago. In the gulf we caught a monster shark and landed him on the deck where he flopped about in impotent rage while we smoked our pipes in his face and laughed at his vanished power. And ever since, when I see a monster tyranny shorn of its ability for mischief, still invoking evil, I think of that captive shark flopping about on the old ship "Russia" homeward bound from Vera Cruz to New Orleans. I saw him flopping again last Sunday morning at the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, where the pastor preaching against opening the World's Fair on Sunday, administered the sacrament of religious consolation to the communicants in this benevolent form, he said: "In some way God will save our Sabbath for us and take vengeance on those who have provoked him to anger. The cyclone is his and ten cases of cholera might produce a panic that would ruin the exposition." This heavenly hope roused the spirits of the congregation and gave a more spiritual tone to the succeeding hymn. This oblique foreboding was a prayer for pestilence and storm, and within the prayer was a sentence that once would have meant thumbscrew and rack and rope and fire for the men who would open to the people on Sunday anything so good as the Fair. Now the omen and the curse and the sentence and the old gothic anath-

ema are nothing but the floppings of the shark, helpless and dying on the deck.

The patriotic struggle to make the United States of America the greatest and meanest of the nations is still going on, and with gratifying success in both directions. The World's Fair is the wonder of the age, and the Geary law has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. This act of congressional barbarity was not seriously meant; it was passed as a bid for the "sand lot" vote on the Pacific slope, and for some bits of the "working-man" vote in other States, in the hope and expectation that the Supreme Court would veto the law after it had served its demagogue purpose. This was another case of hanging yourself expecting somebody to come along and cut the rope; the Supreme Court sustained the law, to the disappointment of the vote-mongers who had passed it, and the President of the United States, ashamed of the ignoble duty cast upon him of transporting a hundred thousand Chinese denizens of this country innocent of crime, is driven to the humiliation of pretending that he cannot enforce the law, because he has no money to pay for their deportation. True, three of the judges dissented from the opinion, and we ought to be thankful for that. They held the law to be unconstitutional, for imposing "cruel and unusual punishments," and for abolishing trial by jury. One of them, the venerable Judge Field, with manly indignation, declared the law to be "brutal and inhuman," and he said that "every section of it violated the constitution." He very wisely added that the law was "fraught with the greatest dangers to the constitutional liberties of the people." This law cannot stand. There is not strength enough in the army and the navy to sustain it against the moral condemnation of Judge Field. No American in any foreign country will dare to defend it against the withering description of it given by Judge Field. We wantonly provoke the derision of the world, when with Geary laws among our national statutes we have the self-righteous vanity to send missionaries to China to convert the Chinese from Confucian barbarism to American Christianity.

I have been favored with a copy of *The Moslem World*, a large, weekly, three-column, sixteen-page magazine, published in the city of New York. It is well printed on good paper and filled with articles of high literary merit and excellent moral tone. Its mission is explained in the following motto, "Devoted to the interests of the American Islamic propaganda." Its frontispiece is a graceful Moslem temple, illuminated by the crescent moon that guided Mohammed in his famous flight; and its prospectus, written by the editor, Mohammed Alexander Russell Webb, is courageous, dignified, and more tolerant than sectarian proclamations usually are. Mr Webb is an American who has made a pilgrimage in India, and returning to his native land he raises the standard of the crescent and challenges the cross to a comparison of morals, of bibles, and of laws. This is like the defiance hurled at Goliath of Gath by the stripling David, the son of Jesse; and like David, Mr. Webb advances to the conflict in the name of the Lord of hosts. It is a very exciting rivalry; the Christian having failed to convert the Mohammedan in Bombay, therefore, in hopes of better luck, the Mohammedan will try to convert the Christian in New York. If they would mingle their qualities more freely, both might be improved. Spiritually and morally the Christian ought to be more of a Mohammedan, while in worldly and corporeal attributes the Mohammedan might well be more of a Christian. While the two theologies are very much alike and somewhat in decay, I am inclined to the opinion of a major of my regiment who was ordered before the "Board" for examination as to his fitness for that elevated rank. Among other foolish things, they asked him to explain the comparative merits of the Christian and the Mohammedan religions. He answered thus: "Well, I think the



Mohammedan religion is the best, because it has only one God, while the Christian religion has three. Gentlemen, I'm a Unitarian."

\* \* \*

This week there is a conference of editors in Chicago; a Columbian Exposition of editors; editors of all sexes, nationalities, and colors; editors from all the corners of the earth; the most cosmopolitan gathering of miscellaneous writers ever known; more brains and information to the acre than was ever concentrated before since the world began. As Mr. Lafayette Young, one of the Western editors remarked, in the language of the boundless prairie: "Here, in this congress of thought, the nations of the earth are in committee of the whole on the condition of all mankind." Judging from the speeches, every editor present is qualified to be a professor of ethics in a theological college, and they all experimentally know just what a newspaper ought to be. In the language of that veteran editor, Colonel McClure, the newspaper "represents the enlightened progress of the age, liberalising government, liberalising the pulpit, liberalising everything." The layman, listening, wonders why men who know so well what the newspapers of other editors ought to be, publish their own on a different plan, and think only of what will sell. The demand is for news of a stimulating kind, and they furnish it. No doubt, saloon-keepers would rather sell milk than whisky; but they find a demand for fiery drink, and they sell what their patrons want, exactly as editors do. Colonel McClure gave censure and apology together when he said: "The sensational newspaper must have a sensation every day, or it ceases to have subscribers; if it has nothing to give, it must invent; it must so color the truth when it has it, that the truth ceases to be the truth." Certainly; newspapers are supported, not by moral precepts, but by subscribers, and it is not from "enlightened progress," but from subscribers, that newspaper dividends come. Subject to that slight mental reservation, every editor present soared aloft with Mr. Henry A. Castle, of St. Paul, in the following flight of eloquence, an excellent specimen of that free imagination which distinguishes our newspaper style in the West: "With solemnity of reverent benediction let the germs of unstained thought be sent forth on the ebbs and flows of a regenerated journalism. Floating or flying they will speed to nature's farthest verge."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LEGERDEMAIN AND SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

You will kindly permit me to say that it will afford me great pleasure and perhaps be of much value to many minds to engage Max Dessoir in just such a controversy as you hint, and it will personally afford me the highest satisfaction to know that among the few men of science Max Dessoir is open to conviction and truth. I personally ask the editor, if in the efforts of reconciling science with religion, which is the platform of *The Open Court*, it ever occurred that such reconciliation did not stop at or on the material plane and that it is the duty of *The Open Court* for the furtherance of science and knowledge to impartially examine the phenomena of spiritualism—an opportunity for such examination being presented right in Chicago. Let an impartial, honest, truth-seeking committee be appointed by *The Open Court* to make such investigations of these phenomena, as independent and automatic slate-writing, seership, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance-mediumship, inspirational speaking, and give the world its fearless verdict and results of such examination, and *The Open Court* will perform an inestimable favor to inquiring humanity. Will it do it, or is this tedious and tiresome process of the reconciliation of

science and religion to be limited to the domain of material science and so-called established philosophy. It seems to me that these phenomena need to be considered, or there is a reconciliation that is a pretense and delusion.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

[Spiritists have an inclination to brand all those views which do not endorse spiritism as materialism. And Mr. Grumbine, in a like manner, is inclined to reproach *The Open Court* with stopping "at or on the material plane." There is a great difference between believing in spirits, ghosts, or bodiless souls, and denying spirituality altogether. While we have no belief in spirits, we believe in the existence of spirit. We regard spirituality as the very essence of nature, and without it the world would be a meaningless heap of matter.

Mr. Grumbine expresses satisfaction at learning that Dr. Max Dessoir is "open to conviction and truth," meaning thereby, that he, unlike other scientists, cherishes the opinion that there is something in spiritism. It appears from this that others, who have reasons to distrust the facts of spiritism, are not open to conviction and truth.

In a like manner, a circle-squarer complains of the large body of scientists as not being "open to conviction and truth," because they refuse to investigate his solution.

We have reasons for not believing in spirits, as we have reasons for not believing in circle-squaring. But is it right to say that we are not open to conviction and truth? Disprove our reasons and we shall surrender them.

Should we find a good opportunity of investigating the problems of spiritism, clairvoyance, mediumship, etc., we shall be glad to avail ourselves of the occasion.—ED.]

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 302. (VOL. VII.—23.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 8, 1893.

{ Two Dollars per Year.  
{ Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## MOTHERS AND SONS OF GODS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[CONTINUED.]

### II.

The difference between the account of the creation of man in the first chapter of Genesis and that in the second was recognised by the ancient Jews and gave rise to various theories. The most important was that of Philo, who explained it by his doctrine of the Logos, or "Second God," through whom the Supreme Father created all things, and in whose image the man of Genesis i was ideally formed. Philo maintained that mortal nature could be fashioned in the image of the Supreme Father. Adam, formed in Genesis ii, he describes as "the visible man, in his likeness to the conceptual model"; that is, to the Logos-man of Genesis i,—"the incorporeal and spiritual man, in the likeness of the archetype, and as representing a higher character, the divine Logos, the first principle, the prototype, the original measure of all nature." The less learned and unphilosophical Jews, however, simply concluded that Adam had a first wife—the "female" of Genesis i—Eve being his second wife. This first wife became associated with a mysterious being, whose name, Lilith, first appears in an ancient Babylonian record, and is found in Isaiah xxxiv, 14, rendered "screech-owl" in the old version and "night-monster" in the revised version. I have explored the many curious legends of the enchanting Lilith in my "Demonology and Devil-Lore," but may here say that, according to Jewish tradition, her creation at the same time with the man (Gen. i), and without indication of inferiority, led to a quarrel between the two as to headship, which resulted in Lilith's leaving Paradise and wedding Sammaël (Satan). Eve was then created for Adam, and it was probably to assert her inferiority that the "side" of Adam was interpreted as his rib. This folk-lore could not be unfamiliar in the Ghetto at Rome, and, consequently, among the Christians. It has long been understood that the Jewish notion that it was Lilith who assumed the form of the serpent in Eden, is represented in Michel Angelo's painting in the Vatican; where the serpent has the breast and head of a woman, and there is little reason to doubt

that the woman present at the man's creation, alluded to in my previous paper, is meant for Lilith.

Eden is of Oriental origin. The wondrous garden of the Hindu deity Indra,—like Yahve, a rain-god,—is called in Sanscrit *udyan*; and there is good reason to believe that this word is related to the Persian *Heden*—the birthplace of Zoroaster. Our word "Paradise" is from the Persian (Zend) *pairidesa*. The story of the Fall of Man, in Genesis, closely resembles that of the first man and woman, Meshia and Meshiane, in the Persian legend. There was in this (Persian) garden a sacred tree, *Hom* (related to the vine *soma*, of Hindu mythology), which was reserved by the gods, who from it derived immortality. Meshia and Meshiane were persuaded to eat of this sacred *Hom*, "tree of life," by Aeshma-deva (now Asmodeus), described in the Zend-Avesta as "the two-footed serpent of lies." (In John viii, 44, it is said the devil "is a liar and so is his father.")

In the Sistine Chapel the eye wanders from the panels of Lilith and Eve and Adam to the great painting of the Last Judgment. There is seen "the second Adam," as the "Lord from Heaven," consigning the wicked to hell. His face is full of wrath. Beside him is his mother, her face full of compassion, her hands crossed beneath his uplifted, menacing arm: she seems trying to restrain him. There is but one woman in all that heavenly hierarchy. The loss of that woman from Protestant altars may partly account for its hard dogmas and cruel history.

A lady told me that she once tried to console a poor Scotch woman who had lost her little boy, but the sobbing mother said: "What troubles me is that they be all men-folk up there (in Heaven) and won't know how to do for him." Protestants ridiculed the late Pope a good deal for his promulgation of the Virgin's immaculate conception, but they themselves have been steadily recalling the Madonna into their religion, and she may be seen reappearing in the Protestant pictures of Jesus, with feminine face, his hair parted in the middle and flowing down in soft locks; also in the renewed assertion of the tenderness and compassionateness of Christ, represented to the Catholic world in the Madonna. Were Michel Angelo to reappear as an English or



American artist and paint the severe and angry Christ of his Last Judgment, his picture would not be tolerated by cultured Christians.

Madonna Mary, as a mother of God, is really descended from Eve, as the mother of Cain (Yahve's son), from whom is traced the genealogy of Joseph, Mary's husband. Of course, in the first century nothing had been heard of the miraculous conception of Jesus. Paul declares Jesus to be the seed of David, and as Joseph alone—not Mary—was descended from David, the story of the conception by the Holy Ghost was evidently unknown to him. It was indeed essential that the Messiah should be legitimately descended from David, and so the New Testament genealogies have made it out. But the idea of Jesus as Messiah passed away before the idea of the Divine Man, which was essential to the inclusion of the Gentiles, who knew not any "Messiah." It was also essential to the moralisation of the new faith. The Messianic idea was an expression of Jewish aristocracy. It had nothing to do with morals. If the genealogy from Yahve to Joseph be examined, it will be seen that the continuation of the divine family in the earth is by no means associated with the preservation of virtue. Murderous Cain and Lamech, drunken Noah, mendacious Abraham, tricky Jacob, treacherous David, are eminent fruits on the family-tree of Yahve. Indeed, the aim and purport of this colony of demigods on earth would appear to be the propagation of Yahve's dominion in the world by the clan of his devotees.

Notwithstanding our demonstrations of the incredible character of the miraculous birth-legend of Jesus, it may be seen in another light. It represents, I believe, a much higher idea than the genealogical Jesus, from which it relieved the whole conception of religion. It superseded a tribal Messiah with a human-hearted, woman-born being, in whose divinity a paternal deity was represented, a Father of the whole human race. This larger and moral idea of the deity is indeed visible in some poetic passages of the Old Testament, especially in the deity who spares Nineveh, but it has not prevailed against the hard theological system, the rigid assertion of supremacy of the "chosen people."

The legend of Adam and Eve and the serpent is not alluded to in the Old Testament after its narration in Genesis, because it was imported by the Jews at a late period, and how much else they imported it is difficult to say; but they would appear to have projected into the legend of man's creation their Abrahamic and Noachian theology, according to which their tribe was both by covenant and miraculous generation the family of God. For the miraculous conception of Isaac by Sarah reappears in that of the first child, Cain, and in the first-born of God, by Mary. Whether this larger idea, surrendering tribal suprem-

acy, was evolved from Persian importations, is a question involving extended exploration of Persian scripture and analyses of Christian and Jewish apocryphal books,—such as "The Wisdom of God" and "The Book of Enoch,"—the Writings of Philo and the Enostic Books. This is not necessary for my present purpose. There is danger in pressing too far striking analogies between religious and phonetic resemblances of names, words, and legends. As fingers resemble fingers all over the world, so some similarities must be expected in religions and mythologies, though of independent development. So far as we have gone, however, there is little difficulty in distinguishing Persian elements in the Judaic-Christian system. When we enter the Zoroastrian temple we find in their natural place and relation, figures which in the Old Testament are mixed, as if in a curiosity shop. Adam and Eve are introduced, and the Fall reported, only to be referred to no more, and Satan figures only in Job, a book adapted from other lands. And, what is of great significance, important figures, which, in the Jewish mythology, are personalities, with individual interests and characters, like men and women, are in the Persian system known only by their functions. In Judaic mythology the Fall of Man does not affect the human race at all; but in Persia it is fundamental, and was so ages before it was adopted as the foundation of Christianity.

In a concluding paper I propose to give some account of the Persian Madonna, whose development anticipated by at least two thousand years the Christian Madonna.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

#### REASON.

THE difference between the two great philosophical parties of the middle ages may, in a modernised form, be characterised as follows:

The Realist recognises forms as realities of a universal nature. The samenesses in the world, the similarities and dissimilarities, the relations and the changes taking place in these relations are actual and objective. Thus the universal is real.

The Nominalist regards universals as idealities. He professes to know only single experiences and believes that he is not warranted in assuming a coherence among them. To him the samenesses which a mind discovers are not real; they are mental impositions. The regularities of laws have no objective existence, but are purely subjective conceptions, and universals are mere names.

To the Realist the universe is one whole, the bond of union being the universal in the single experiences.

To the Nominalist the universe is a sum of innumerable items, and we are not entitled to make any con-



clusion from the nature of one of them as to the nature of others.

The nominalistic position appears to be the more guarded one. But when adhered to and applied with consistency it makes knowledge itself impossible. It is in its root scepticism and leads to agnosticism.

Now the question is, can the realistic assumption be proved or not? Is the denial of the legitimacy of realistic conclusions justifiable or not?

If the universe were actually an indifferent medley of single facts, without any coherence of their own, so that all the order we see in the world has been given to it by ourselves, reality would be more correctly pictured in the animal brain than in the human mind.

The question, as to whether or not there is any universality is the problem of reason. If there were no universality there would be no reliability in reason. Reason would be of a purely ideal, of a merely subjective and illusory nature. Its application to reality would be an assumption, at best a mere working hypothesis. Thus there would be no knowledge, but opinions only, and we could, with strict consistency, not even say that if all men are mortal, Caius, being a man, must be mortal, too.

When we deny universality, we kill reason, for universality is the life-blood of reason.

How can we justify the assumption of universality?

There may be some coherence among the many single facts of our experience, but we are perhaps unable to verify it, and the coherence may be partial for all we know.

Before we enter into a discussion of the problem, let us ask: Is it at all true that experience consists of many single items, and do we not, when treating experience as such, inadvertently imply a whole theory, the consequence of which will crop out unawares afterwards? It may be true that realism begins with an assumption, but we should not be blind to the fact that nominalism also is not free of assumptions.

The truth is that experience is a coherent entirety, and the existence of single facts is due only to an analysis of experience. There is no fact unconnected with other facts, and the connections of facts are not merely incidental features. Reality can be understood only when it is conceived as a system of changes. Events are intelligible only when viewed as transformations, so that the laws of form which obtain in these transformations are universal.

Thus it appears that universality is a fact of experience as much as a sensation. Sensation is the subjective symbol for what objectively appears as matter, and the connections and forms of our sensations are the subjective aspect of the interrelations of material reality. The truth is, that not only matter is real, but its forms, also.

The problem of universality is the same as the problem of necessity, and the problem of necessity is the problem of determinableness.\* How is it that we can determine certain things? This again is the problem of reason.

The most perplexing feature of reason is its faculty of *a priori* determination. We can make certain statements with perfect assurance concerning things which sometimes we cannot even know by direct experience.

For instance, we accurately measure first the distance between two observatories, which happen to lie in the same longitude, and then the two angles at which the moon passes through the meridian. We thus have a triangle of which one side and the two adjacent angles are known, and it is easy enough to calculate from these data the distance of the moon from the earth. We can never directly measure the moon's distance by yard-sticks or tape-lines, but we can, without further experience or experiment, be sure that our calculation is correct. The moon's distance being known, we can proceed to measure the sun's distance by simply measuring the angle at which sun and moon appear on earth when the moon is exactly at the half. We again have a triangle in which three parts are known, viz., (1) the distance between earth and moon; (2) the angle at the moon as a right angle; and (3) the angle at the earth by measurement. And from these data we can calculate the hypotenuse of the rightangled triangle, which is the distance between sun and earth. In this way human reason bridges over the gap between the known and the unknown.

Reality possesses certain features which can be determined, not by experience, but *a priori*, by purely formal thought, i. e., by pure reason.

There is this peculiarity about our reasoning, that the first act determines the following acts. When we construct an equilateral triangle, we cannot help also making the angles equal; and when we construct an equiangular triangle, we cannot help making the sides equal. This is a puzzling fact to those who look upon the world as a sum of many incoherent items. It is all but inexplicable from the nominalistic standpoint. But it is only a more complex case of the fact, that when we have determined *A* to be *A*, we cannot at the same time determine it to be *not A*. By positing *A*, *A* is *A* and remains *A* in all its consequences. Only by inverting reason itself, can I say that *A* is *A* and *not A* at the same time.

What is reason?

We present as a preliminary definition the statement that reason is man's method of thinking. Noiré

\* Necessity is often regarded as a compulsion, and determinism is accordingly confounded with fatalism. "An event is necessary," means simply that it can be determined, and "to determine" means to describe with precision. All determinations are made on the supposition of the presence of certain conditions and the absence of any other factors which might interfere.



says: "Man thinks because he speaks"; and Max Müller, standing upon the same ground, adds: "No language without reason, no reason without language." We are quite willing to adopt the results of modern philology, but they are not sufficient for our present purpose. Our problem is deeper still. We accept the Noiré-Max Müller theory and may restate it as follows: Language is the organ of rational thought, and rational thought develops through the mechanism of language. Our present problem, however, is not How did human reason develop? but How is it possible that our reason can give us information about reality?

Not all processes of reasoning give us information about reality, but only such as are carried on with consistency. Thus we have to modify our preliminary definition of reason. Reason is not any process of reasoning, but a certain and quite definite kind of reasoning, and reasoning is rational only when it agrees with this one kind of reasoning. Accordingly we define reason as "the norm of reasoning."

We ask, Is there any norm of reasoning? In this form the question again reminds us of the old problem, realism *versus* nominalism. Is there any universality, generality, or necessity? Our answer is affirmative.

One thing is pre-eminently characteristic of reason, viz. that there is but one reason. There are not various reasons. Reason (if it is reason at all) is the same in one man as in another man. As there is but one kind of arithmetic, so there is but one kind of reason.

Reason in the sense of "norm of reasoning" is to be used without the article. If a man gives *a* reason for his action, or if he speaks of *the* reason he has, he means the rational motives or principles by which he allows himself to be influenced. Such reasons are various and of different natures; but reason as the norm of reasoning, is no individual or particular thing or idea; its very nature is generality or rather universality. And it is a real feature of existence.

Mathematicians with great ingenuity have invented various kinds of mathematics. They have shown that Euclidean geometry is but one actual case among many possible instances. Space might be curved, it might be more than three-dimensional. But no one has yet been bold enough to propound a theory of curved reason.

And why should there not as well exist a curved logic as a mathematics of curved space? A curved logic would be a very original innovation for which no patent has yet been applied for. What a splendid opportunity to acquire Riemann's fame in the domain of logic!

We must let this fine opportunity of propounding a new and extremely original conception of reason slip away, for we are not in a disposition to make good use of it. A curved reason would be simply crooked rea-

son, for the rigid sameness of reason prevents us admitting any various kinds of reason.

The inmost nature of reason is consistency, and thus the simplest statement of rational thought is the maxim of sameness formulated in logic in the sentence  $A = A$ . The formula  $A = A$  is, as it were, the straight line of logic; but with this difference that we can imagine as possible (although not as actual) the straight lines of curved spaces, but not a logic that abandons what might be called "the axiom of consistency."

The axiom of parallels in geometry corresponds to the syllogism in logic. Inconsistent reason, a reason which does not acknowledge the truth expressed in the formula  $A = A$ , which can accept the existence and non-existence of a thing at the same time is pseudo-reason; and if pseudo-reason as a possible case by the side of actual reason were a legitimate assumption, all thinking would cease and all being would be thrown into confusion, reason would be nonsense and the world a chaos, everything would be a medley without coherence, without rhyme or reason, a vast bedlam, and reason itself would present an exceptional case, unaccountable, odd, strange, exceptional, brought about perhaps incidentally as a happy chance. But how this reason could be of any objective use would present new difficulties. For reason being only an incidental chance occurrence in our brain would have no applicability to the objects around us. Of a triangle which we construct in our mind, we can, perhaps, from three known parts, determine the other unknown parts. But it would be impossible that this mental model of a triangle should give us information about a real triangle formed by the sun, the moon, and the earth. And when information thus acquired was found to be correct, we should be confronted with an all but miraculous coincidence.

There are two classes of formal sciences, the one is characterised by geometry, the other by logic, algebra, and arithmetic. The former we have on another occasion called purely formal, the other rigidly formal, the rigidly formal being a special kind of the purely formal. The rigidly formal sciences are products of our mental operations. There is no assumption, no hypothesis, no knowledge of the actual forms of the world in it. The other formal sciences, such as Euclidean geometry, assumes that space is of a certain nature. Space is a pure form of the world; but that space is such as it is, we know through experience. We cannot by pure reason alone prove that space is tri-dimensional or that it is homaloidal.

Reason is not merely purely formal, it is rigidly formal. Reason is unequivocally determined; and when we say "all men are mortal and Caius is a man," we can by no means escape the conclusion that Caius is mortal.



The rigidly formal being in its applications strictly reliable in experience, there is no other explanation than thinking of experience as being possessed of the same nature as our thought. There is an analogy between mental operations and natural processes which proves that they are ultimately of the same kind.

When we consider the events of the world in their simplest possible conditions, we resolve it into innumerable processes of motion, as a constant shifting about. There are separations and combinations, and wherever the same separations and combinations take place there are also the same results. This sameness, which can be formulated as a law, viz., that the same produces the same is a reality, and indeed the most real reality, for it lies at the bottom of the cosmic nature of the world; it implies that existence is not a chaotic chance medley, but a cosmos permeated by uniformities and regulated by laws. All laws will in the end have to be recognised as mere corollaries to this simplest of all laws, which is nothing but the self-consistency of being. This fundamental law is by its very nature eternal and universal; it thus constitutes an intrinsic and inalienable quality of existence; and no existence can be without it. To be sure, it is a purely formal law, for it tells us nothing as to the substance, the material, the sensations, or other qualities of being, but for that reason it is not less real. The formal, indeed, is the most important part of reality, for the forms of things make the things in their individuality what they are.

The same operations which are active everywhere, separations and combinations, build up the human frame, and in the human frame also man's mind. Human reason is a structure built up by mind operations; and pure reason is a mental construction of them in abstract purity. The human mind being a part of the world, we find that the law of sameness holds good also for the products of purely mental operations: the same operations yield the same results. Moreover, there will be an agreement between the constructions of pure reason and the laws that obtain in them with the configurations of reality and the purely formal laws of the universe. This agreement was the puzzle of Kant, which led him astray into the by-paths of his transcendental idealism; and yet this agreement is nothing but the law of sameness, which he neither doubted as a logical law, nor as a feature of reality. He might, with the same reason, be puzzled because one egg looks like another.

Experience, viz., the effect of events upon sentient beings, is caused by sense impressions and consists of sensations. Every sensation is a feeling of a certain kind and form, and the various sensations are interrelated. Thus we have (1) the properly feeling

element, or the sentient or sensory part of a sensation, and (2) its formal or relational aspect.

When we consider *in abstracto* these two qualities, the purely formal on the one hand and the purely sensory on the other, we are struck by a peculiar contrast. We attribute necessity and universality to the formal, while the phenomena of the sensory exhibit such an irregularity that we can never attain to any certainty that they are the same in one case as in others.

No amount of sense-experience, be it ever so large, can justify the proposition, "because something has been so in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases that it will be the same in the thousandth case also." While, contrariwise, one case of experience of a formal consideration, for instance, that the equality of sides in a triangle constitutes an equality of the angles at its base is sufficient to establish a universal rule.

This contrast has given many a headache to Mr. Mill and his followers, but they have never solved the problem; nor can they solve it so long as they cling to the principle from which the sensational school starts, that all knowledge is and remains a mere association of single sensations; a principle which overlooks the important contrast between the formal and the material. Says Mr. Mill in his *System of Logic*, III, chap. iii, § 3:

"There are cases in which we reckon with the most unfailing confidence upon uniformity, and other cases in which we do not count upon it at all. In some we feel complete assurance that the future will resemble the past, the unknown be precisely similar to the known. In others, however invariable may be the result obtained from the instances which have been observed, we draw from them no more than a very feeble presumption that the like result will hold in all other cases. That a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, we do not doubt to be true even in the region of the fixed stars.

"Why is a single instance, in some cases, sufficient for a complete induction, while in others, myriads of concurring instances, without a single exception known or presumed, go such a very little way toward establishing a universal proposition? Whoever can answer this question knows more of the philosophy of logic than the wisest of the ancients, and has solved the problem of induction."

He who does not see the contrast between the formal and the material, between that which imparts necessity to conclusions and the incidental features of experience, between the universal and the particular, can never arrive at scientific certainty, and he will naturally be puzzled at his own boldness when he unhesitatingly accepts some conclusion, based perhaps upon one single observation, as of universal application.

The formal sciences are systematic; they are produced by construction and can thus exhaust all possibilities of a case, while our sensory experience bears the character of the incidental; all information through the senses is only in parts. And why is that so?



We perform certain operations, for instance, in arithmetic we add and subtract, and we denote the products of our operations with certain symbols. We call  $1 + 1$  "two" (denoted by the sign "2") and  $1 + 1 + 1$  "three" (denoted by the sign "3"); and we find that the product of the operation  $1 + 1$  is the same as the product of the operation  $3 - 1$ , viz.,  $= 2$ . This is so and will be so whenever we repeat the operation; and this quality that it will always be so is called "necessity" or "rigidity."

The whole mystery of logical necessity consists in this, that exactly the same operation will always bring about exactly the same product. The same is true of all purely formal operations. Unforeseen interferences of unknown powers being excluded from this domain of abstraction, we can pronounce the verdict with absolute certainty that in this sense twice two will under all circumstances be four.

The objection has been made that twice two may be five in other worlds, but we reject this view as absurd. We willingly grant that two bacilli plus two bacilli might be five or even five hundred and more bacilli, because they might rapidly multiply during the operation. This is quite possible in the tube of the microscopist, but it is impossible in mathematics, for in the realm of abstract thought all such possibilities are excluded. There we measure or count only our mental operations. When counting our mental steps only, we cannot have made five hundred steps when we have made only four.

Having constructed in our mind systems of formal thought, such as numbers, geometrical figures, the logical categories, etc., we are in possession of schedules which serve us for reference when dealing with the real world, and their infallible rigidity is extremely useful for extending the sphere of our knowledge.

Having constructed by certain mental operations (which in their elementary forms are very simple indeed, being upon the whole nothing but a combining, separating, and recombining) we possess in the products of our formal thought an instrument that enables us to deal with single experiences and to systematise them into exact, scientific, and philosophical knowledge, in other words, we possess reason.

Reason originates by a differentiation of the formal and the sensory in experience. As soon as the formal has been separated in thought from the sensory, as soon as an animal learns to speak, to count, and to think in abstracts, it has developed reason. Reason does not rise out of the sensory element of our sensations and memory images, but out of their interrelations. Reason is the product of abstract thought-operations, and pure reason is a system of empty forms whose office it is to arrange in good order and to systematise further experience.

Reason is not an arbitrary invention, it is not the product of a hap-hazard association: reason is the method of our experience and the norm of all thinking.

Experience is the natural revelation of existence to sentient beings; reality impresses itself upon their sentience and thus forms their notions. Now we find that all the impressions of experience possess in spite of their infinite variety certain features in common, and these universal features develop in the course of the mental evolution of sentient beings into those notions which in their systematic unity are called "reason."

Reason is not purely subjective. Reason is objective in its nature. Our subjective reason, human reason, or the rationality of our mind grows out of that world-order which we may call the rationality of existence. Human reason is only the reflection of the world-reason, the former is rational only in so far as it agrees with the latter.

Reason (i. e. human reason) in its elementary beginnings consists first of the operations that take place among mental images. Mental operations are the germ of reason, and mental operations are as such the same as any other operations, the same as any process that takes place in nature. Reason is, secondly, a mental picture of certain qualities of reality; and being the picture of a universal feature of reality, it conveys information applicable to all reality. Thus reason is, thirdly, an instrument which enables us methodically and critically to deal with any kind of experience.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE opening of the World's Fair on Sunday has developed among the clergy some alarming symptoms of theological hydrophobia, and their sermons are made incoherent by hysterical biting, snapping, and mad-running against the wall. They criticise the forbearance of the Almighty because he does not show his vengeance upon Chicago as he did upon the disobedient cities mentioned in the Bible. Not only did he fail to smite the people but he assisted in the desecration of the Sabbath by providing for the Sunday opening an exceedingly fine day. This was very annoying to the "divines" who not more than two or three weeks ago had suggested in their sermons and their prayers that cyclones and cholera would be better than fine weather for the Sunday opening. That the Lord should invert the old theology by favoring the Fair instead of the preachers was a grievous disappointment, and one reverend minister in Boston reminded the Creator that, "Blessings and curses have fallen upon men or nations, as they have obeyed or disregarded the laws of God." He was talking about the opening of the Fair on Sunday, and he was no doubt surprised that by some omnipotent mistake no "curses" had followed that profanation. Then he caressed the directors in a theological way and religiously sprinkled some hot coals upon their heads, calling them "dishonest men," and "anarchists in their defiance of the law." Similar delirium prevailed in the pulpits of Chicago. One doctor of divinity while preaching a "Decoration Day" sermon compared the Sunday opening of the Fair to the act of secession, and he declared that any party opposing the Sunday closing contract was a foe of the nation, whether it was the Columbian Exposition or any other organisation. Reading over those brimstone sermons, I offer an apology to my country for the cen-



asures I have sometimes passed upon its institutions, and its laws. I ought rather to be grateful for the protection it gives me against ecclesiastical wrath, that it will not allow me to be burned for heresy, nor even permit me to be fined and imprisoned for not going to church on Sundays. The thumbscrew and the rack are obsolete, but the spirit that used them is active still, and full of holy zeal.

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One humorous trait of the American character is an affected reverence for the "law," when it suits our interest or whim, and a contemptuous disregard for it when it suits neither our pockets nor our politics. We profess more and practice less obedience to the law than any other civilised people. I rebuke the large profession but not the little practice, for a free people always look with jealousy and suspicion upon the law. They respect it for its virtues only, and never merely because it is the law. We are always forcing others to take "law," as if it were some insipid medicine, not at all adapted to ourselves; and the men who advocate the closing of the World's Fair on Sundays are picturesque examples of the custom. Congress made a grant of money to the World's Fair on condition that it be closed on Sundays, and this questionable contract the advocates of Sunday closing pretend to venerate as "law." To disregard it is anarchy, treason, and rebellion. The appropriation with its conditions was nothing but a bargain between Congress and the Fair; it never was a law. If Congress should appropriate a sum of money to the Presbyterians on condition that they keep their churches closed on Sundays, the condition would not be a law; and a similar condition made with any other corporation is not law. And even if the covenant between Congress and the Fair had all the qualities of a formal statute, it is in violation of the higher law embodied in the constitution, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." When Congress by statutory enactment recognises Sunday as a Christian festival, and appropriates money for Sabbath observance, it makes a law respecting an establishment of religion, and in doing so it violates the constitution. Any act of Congress appropriating money for keeping any place open or closed on Sundays is religious legislation forbidden by the organic law. Will not those clerical enthusiasts for "law" bestow some of their loyal devotion on the law which is higher than any act of Congress, the Constitution of the United States.

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Writing on Decoration Day, the old battle-scenes crowd upon the memory until the mental vision becomes dim in the sulphurous clouds from the great guns; the lurid panorama glides by me like the creation of a dream. As the smoke of my old army-pipe curls in the sunbeams I see again the charges and the counter-charges, the forms and faces of the men I knew; and by a weird coincidence I notice that the smoke is blue and gray. These pictures in the smoke are not altogether the work of reverie; they are the ghosts of real battles; they bring me into spiritual communion with comrades who are gone; and by irresistible association they consecrate the cause for which they died, the preservation of the American republic and the breaking of human chains. The battle crucible was hot but it burned the threat of disunion out of our politics, while it purified the nation of much dross, and redeemed the land from slavery. Therefore, I reverently accept those results as a compensation for the sacrifices and the awful experiment of war. If the standard of freedom be not lowered again the war will be worth its cost.

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A quaint mingling of pathos and comedy was the friendly meeting of Union and Confederate officers on the battle-field of Gettysburg; and the account of it is exciting by reason of its vivid personality. The pleasure of the reunion had a touch of sadness in it, because of those who fell on either side, but this was merged

at last in the delights of mutual admiration. The rough passages of history were made smooth and every general gave to every other a certificate that what he did at Gettysburg was precisely what ought to have been done. "Now tell me General Longstreet," says General Howard, "could I have done anything different? Would you not have outflanked and overrun me if I had massed my forces?" And with chivalrous politeness Longstreet said, "We would have got around you if you had done otherwise." Then General Sickles said that he had been blamed for advancing out of the general line, to which General Longstreet, still affable and indulgent, said, "I had my eye on Little Round Top, and if you had not advanced so boldly with the Third Corps, I should have gained it." "Yes," replied Sickles, "and that was the key to the position." Of course, as courtesy required, Howard and Sickles gave Longstreet a certificate absolving him from all the blame laid upon him for his mistakes, and showing that what he did was the most military thing that could possibly have been done. And so they spent the day in weaving delightful fictions for the amusement of each other, and showing by the rules of hypothetical strategy the wisdom of what they did. Conclusive, it all was, like the story of the old Greenwich pensioner, who used to explain to me when I was a boy, the battle of the Nile, illustrated by diagrams drawn with his cane upon the sand, the main part of the instruction being this, "Now, here was the French and there was we."

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It was unanimously agreed by all the generals at the Gettysburg picnic that General Meade committed a blunder in not advancing upon Lee after the failure of Pickett's charge, but as Meade was not present at the picnic, being, in fact, many years dead, he was not within the mutual admiration circle, and therefore no harm was done in criticising him. It was conceded by all that if Grant had been in Meade's place, Lee would never have got away. General Howard said, "Grant would have followed; so would Sheridan, and even Thomas, who was reputed slow"; and somebody asking General Longstreet, "What would Grant have done?" he confidently answered, "He would have wiped us out." It is perilous to prophecy what a certain man will do, because he may fail to do it; but there is no danger at all in telling what he would have done; and therefore they were all very safe in saying that Grant would have followed up Lee. It was easy to say that Meade committed a blunder in letting Lee retreat unmolested, but in doing that he imitated General Grant's own strategy at Shiloh, which the generals at the picnic had forgotten altogether. Under precisely similar circumstances Meade and Grant acted precisely alike. Grant failed to follow Beauregard in his retreat, and Meade failed to follow Lee. In the whole history of war there is no closer parallel than those two cases make, and yet the critics of Meade metaphorically pretended to know that Grant would have followed Lee, although he did not follow Beauregard. Commanding generals are influenced by the spirit of the men around them, and there is no evidence that Meade's generals were any more anxious than he was to follow Lee from Gettysburg.

\* \* \*

The efforts of the new toryism to cheapen liberty by qualifying it with adjectives and adverbs are signs of patriotic decay. Liberty is no longer welcome in good society, unless accompanied by words of limitation and restraint, like those, for instance, used on Decoration Day by the Presbyterian General Assembly. This important and influential body paused in the trial of a heretic and resolved, "that this assembly adjourn at noon to-day to convene at 7:45 o'clock p. m. as a tribute to the memory of the nation's patriotic dead who laid down their lives in behalf of our *civil and constitutional* liberty." For emphasis, I mark the restraining words in italics, to make visible the barb-wire fence used by the Presbyterian General Assembly to limit the range of liberty. Not even on Decoration Day would the five hundred clergymen who



composed that assembly condescend to speak of liberty in its broad and universal meaning; they patronised the definite abstraction called "civil and constitutional liberty," but not that sublime endowment of every individual man the inalienable right of personal freedom, which neither civil statutes nor solemn constitutions can lawfully take away. Besides, the statement in the resolution is not historically true, because at the time of the war, civil and constitutional liberty meant the liberty of the white man to own the black man and make him work for nothing, while the "nation's patriotic dead" fought for the liberty of every man to own himself. Liberty needs no "civil and constitutional" crutches to support it. Liberty, standing in its majesty the guardian of all other privileges, needs no explanation, while "civil and constitutional" liberty may mean anything within the whole range of legislation and jurisprudence from the Declaration of Independence to the Dred Scott decision. How weak, tame, and doubtful would have been the immortal speech of Patrick Henry, if he had said, "Give me *civil and constitutional* liberty, or give me death."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

### NOTES.

MR. C. STANILAND WAKE'S interesting article on "Thought-conception" in the last number of *The Open Court* presents in a forcible manner the problems of the origin of language and of reason, which, as our contributor correctly remarks, "are identical." There is, however, one point in which it appears to me that Mr. Wake, following the authority of Mr. T. Bailey Saunders, has been misled.

Mr. Wake asks:

"But what led to the giving of particular names, or in other words, what was the principle which guided man in his conceptual work? Noiré says 'ideal intuition' by which the mind perceives the causal nexus between the object and the sound by which its meaning is expressed."

Mr. Wake adds:

"This explanation, however, in reality explains nothing. The basis of the whole process is sensuous experience, and the genesis of the concept lies in the passage from that experience to the knowledge of the object, which consists in its being named."

Mr. Wake's criticism of Noiré is most likely based upon a statement of Mr. Saunders's in the article "The Origin of Reason," where this author says:

"It is quite true that no theory can afford to dispense with assumptions. But it is also true that no theory is worth anything which presupposes the existence of that of which it seeks to show the origin. Noiré's two assumptions are these: the existence of the social instinct, and the presence of what he calls 'ideal intuition'." (*The Open Court*, p. 2534.)

Noiré is really not guilty of having made these two assumptions in the form in which Mr. Saunders states them. Noiré assumes, if it can be called an assumption, that man was a social being; that the ancestors of man were living together in hordes, and their common life produced the need of communication. There is no difficulty concerning the first assumption; "but," says Mr. Saunders, "there can be little doubt that the second assumption is quite destructive of the value of the theory as an account by the *origin of reason*.. It must be obvious at once that an *ideal intuition* is the very process which has to be explained, and that to assume it as part of the agency which gives rise to concepts is to argue in a circle."

I do not know where Mr. Saunders found Noiré's expression "ideal intuition"; this much is certain, that Noiré does not use the expression in the sense Mr. Saunders attributes to it.

Noiré is a follower of Kant, and he uses very often the Kantian term *Anschauung*. The term *Anschauung* is usually translated "by intuition"; but while the English mind understands by "intuition" some mysterious and prophet-like act of perception, the German term *Anschauung* means the immediate perception of an object by sensation. *Anschauung* is the looking at an object, or, as we have translated it in *The Monist*, Vol. II, No. 4, p. 527, an

"at-sight." The term is not used to denote the sensations of sight only, but any kind of sensation. Sensations of sound, of taste, of smell, of touch, are also called *Anschauung* in the Kantian sense of the term.

Mr. Wake says, "Ideal intuition explains nothing. The basis of the whole process is sensuous experience." Exactly so. *Anschauung*, that is, sense-experience, is the basis of all mental activity, and also the basis of the origin of language. This is Noiré's theory.

It appears to me that Mr. Saunders's and Mr. Wake's statements of Noiré's theory, as being based upon "ideal intuition," is a striking instance of how ideas, even if correctly translated, are easily perverted by the different shades of meaning which analogous words possess in different languages.

A few days ago I received a copy of Bishop Phillips Brooks's sermons, which were accompanied by the following lines:

"Because I differ so radically from *The Monist*, I have found 'its views exceedingly interesting. Perhaps *The Monist* may find 'it equally interesting to see how the subject looks as viewed from 'the other side. With the compliments of A 'DUALIST.'"

While expressing my sincerest thanks for the kindly spirit in which the book was sent, I must call the attention of my unknown friend, who calls himself a dualist, to the fact that Phillips Brooks is much more monistic than could be expected of an Episcopalian clergyman. He says, for instance, in his first sermon, "The Candle of the Lord":

"A man who lives like an inspiration in the city for honesty 'and purity and charity, may be only the candle in whose obedient life burns still the fire of another strong, true man who was 'his father, and who passed out of men's sight a score of years 'ago. Men call the father dead, but he is no more dead than the 'torch has gone out which lighted the beacon that is blazing on 'the hill."

When our Bishop begins to preach an immanent immortality, it is a sign of the times that the Religion of Science is near at hand.

P. C.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 303. (VOL. VII.—24.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 15, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## OPEN STILL!

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

THE World's Fair had been closed for three successive Sundays, before the gates were thrown open, on May 28, to more than a hundred thousand orderly and well dressed people, who crowded even the broad aisles in the great halls. It was the plain desire of great multitudes to enter on previous Sundays that secured this opportunity at last. The only obstacle in their admittance from the first was a contract with Congress, which may possibly oblige the managers of the Fair to forfeit a sum estimated at but little less than \$2,000,000. This would be the heaviest fine ever levied upon Sabbath-breakers anywhere. It is also threatened that the gates will be closed on subsequent Sundays; but a Chicago judge has decided that the Sabbatarian contract had previously been broken by Congress and cannot be enforced. Judge Stein also refused to admit the plea, that the Fair ought to be closed because this is a Christian nation, and held that position "clearly untenable in a country of religious freedom." Whether our country really is so might, however, have been doubted by those who saw on May 28, the government building and other national exhibits closed and guarded against the people. The stars and stripes, too, were forbidden to be hoisted in prominent places. To carry out fully the pious intentions of Congress, our flag ought now and henceforth to bear this national motto, in big black letters "To be kept hauled down every Sunday." I wonder what has become of the little boy who was asked in Sunday-school, in 1861, what he thought the best text in the Bible, and answered, "If any man tries to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." There has been much discussion about what is to be selected as our national flower; and the principal difficulty has been to find something really ornamental and not in the least sectional; but all such attempts must be given up. It will be impossible to find any flower which is so distinctively American as to keep closed every Sunday. No blossom wicked enough to break our national Sabbath need apply.

The question now before us is how far our government ought to interfere with our individual liberty, in

order to encourage Sabbatarianism. The Fair is not carried on for private profit, but for public benefit, especially in encouraging art and manufactures in our own country. It has deserved all the state and national aid which it has received. It is too good a place to be closed, Sunday after Sunday, either against laborers who cannot afford to go on other days, or against visitors who are thus obliged to lose the benefit of part of the time which they spend at Chicago. This amounts to being forced to pay a Sabbatarian tax. Other visitors who could have afforded to visit Chicago for two or three days, if they could have entered the park on Sunday, have been kept away. In these and other ways, the stock-holders have suffered heavy pecuniary loss; the exhibitors have failed to receive all the remuneration they might have had; and the philanthropic objects of the enterprise have not been attained fully. All this Congress has done without even trying to find out whether it was acting according to the wish of the majority of the citizens. How that majority really feels may be judged from the admission of the Presbyterians, in the General Assembly this year that, "The friends of Sunday closing have received little or no aid from the secular press." What they have received from the best representatives of public opinion is almost unanimous censure.

Our national Constitution says that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion"; and a treaty which is part of "the supreme law of the land," declares that "The government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." These guarantees of national impartiality should not be set aside in deference to sectarian clamor. They are founded on a great principle which may be illustrated by the following story. A business firm in New York, composed of three Jews and a Presbyterian, once got possession of a valuable horse in payment for debt. The Presbyterian wished to have him sold, but the Jews preferred to have him kept and used by all the partners in turn; and this was decided by a majority vote. The next question was when each man should take his turn; and the Presbyterian said, "My religion does not allow me to ride for pleasure on Sunday, and the only time



I have for it is Saturday afternoon. Let me use the horse then, and you can arrange for the other six days among yourselves." "No," said the Jews, "You believe as we do in the commandment to keep the Sabbath-day holy; and we, who are the majority, keep the Sabbath on Saturday. You know that was the original day, and the one observed by the first Christians. We wish the horse to rest on that day; but you can have your turn during the six days when it is right to use him." "No," said the Presbyterian, "I want to use him Saturdays, or else have him sold." "Well then, we will sell him by and by; and when we do, you shall have your quarter of the price." Some weeks elapsed without any attempt being made to sell the horse; and then the Presbyterian said to the Jews, "You admit that I own one fourth of that horse." "Oh yes. We have admitted that all along." "All I have to say then is, that if he is not sold pretty quick my quarter of him will get shot."

This story is also told of a Jew in partnership with three Presbyterians who insisted that the horse should not be used on Sunday; but in both cases the principle is the same, namely that no majority is justified by its opinions about religion in preventing the minority from using the common property, in a way which would be acknowledged to be legitimate if it were not for those opinions. Neither the Jews nor the Presbyterians had a right to tell their partner that he must not use a horse which was his as well as theirs. The same rule applies to a reading-room or library which the majority wish to close, and the minority wish to use during Lent. The right of the minority who wish to use the room is not annulled by the creed of those who do not wish it used by anybody. The case is the same when some of the members of a club wish to have the reading-room open Sundays. What other principle can be accepted in the case of a reading-room, library, or museum which belongs to all the citizens in common, and which many of them wish to use on Sunday, because they can go at no other time? The majority have no right, merely for the sake of religion, to make it impossible for their neighbors to make any use of the common property. The majority have a perfect right to sacrifice their own property to their religion; but they have no right to force any one else to make such a sacrifice as to give up using the common property on the only day when he is able to do so.

A government is even more strongly bound than a club to abstain from taking sides with the majority against the minority in religious questions. A club may have been organised for merely sectarian purposes. No one blames the Bible society for covering up its exhibit at Chicago of costly copies of the Scriptures on Sunday, as if the books were too holy to have

even their covers looked at by Sabbath-breakers. This was simply ridiculous. Our national government was not intended to be run like a Bible society. It was founded for the good of all the people, and not merely in the interest of a few privileged sects. When governments thought they ought to take sides in religion, the results which followed inevitably were such scenes as the crusades, the burning of Servetus, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Such atrocities are not likely to be repeated; but this is because the principle of governmental impartiality in religion has been finally established by centuries of agitation. What has been gained with such great difficulty and delay must not be suffered to be lost. We must choose between the two principles of governmental interference or impartiality in religion. There is no middle ground. Partiality has never been shown without interference.

Our government has no more right to close that Fair on Sunday, than it would have had to forbid eating meat on Friday. It has no right to keep its own buildings at Chicago and Washington closed for Sabbatarian reasons against visitors. It is an abuse of the powers entrusted to Congress by the people to put such needless restrictions on the use of public property for the public good. The money voted by members of Congress in aid of the Fair, was not theirs, but the people's. It was collected under a solemn obligation to be used only for the public benefit. Its use for the public injury was a breach of trust. The Sabbatarians who frightened the last Congress into closing the Fair, are already boasting that they will frighten the next Congress into stopping the transportation and distribution of the mail on Sundays. If they do not succeed, it will be because the people are waking up.

#### CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIANS; A CONTRAST.

For the sake of convenience, let us distinguish between Christ and Jesus. While the name Jesus denotes an historical man, who, as we have good reason to believe, lived about two thousand years ago, we understand by Christ that ideal figure, which has been the main factor in forming the Christian church and which is represented in the gospels.

Whether Jesus was Christ, in other words, whether the account of the gospels is historical or mythical, is a problem which we do not care to discuss in detail here. The problem is of a purely scientific nature and has nothing to do with practical religion, except as it may open the eyes of those who are as yet under the spell of the paganism which still prevails in our churches.\*

\* The problem of Jesus can now be regarded as solved, and the results of all the laborious researches into the accounts of the gospels have been summed up by H. Holtzmann, Professor of Theology at the University of Strassburg i. E., in his *Hand-Comentar zum neuen Testament*. Professor Holtzmann's works are the more valuable as they are the statement, not of a



It is quite immaterial whether or not the accounts of the gospel are historical; yet it is not a matter of indifference whether or not the Christ-ideal is true; and we say that it is true; and so far as its truth has been recognised, the spirit of Christ lives and moves and has its being.

The belief in the miraculous, which existed at the time of Christ, quite naturally entered into the gospels, and we cannot regard it as an absolutely injurious element, whose presence ought to be deplored. On the contrary, miracles and the belief in miracles indicate the power of the Christ-ideal. All great historical movements are soon surrounded by more or less beautiful legends, and these legends frequently reflect the meaning of history better than the historical facts themselves, for the legends reveal to us, in a poetical vision, the thriving power of historical movements. There we peep, as it were, into the minds of mankind; we see their yearning, aspiring, wondering, and we learn their conception of the ideals that move in their hearts. Christianity would have been insignificant and insipid, if it had not produced such a mythology as we possess now. There is no fault to be found with the mythology, but only with those who misunderstand the part which mythologies play in the evolution of religious ideas.

We have to accept the results of science in its investigation of the historical pretensions of the gospels, yet at the same time we insist on the fact that Christ is a living presence even to-day, and our whole civilisation is pervaded by his spirit. Christ is the key-note of the historical evolution of mankind since the second century of the Christian era, and it seems improbable that the influence of this ideal will ever subside, or that its glory will ever be outshone by a greater star to come; for the Christ-ideal is a tendency, rather than a type; it indicates the direction of moral progress, and not a special aim; it represents an aspiration towards perfection, and not a fixed standard. Thus, with all moral rigidity, nay, sternness, with all definiteness and stability, the Christ-ideal combines an extraordinary plasticity; it is capable of evolution, of expansion, of growth.

Christ is an invisible and superpersonal influence in human society, guiding and leading mankind to higher aims and a nobler morality. Christ is greater than every one of us, and we are Christians in the measure that his soul has taken its abode in us.

The Christ of the gospels, however, who has become the religious ideal of Christianity, is very different from the Christ of the Christians—or, let us rather say,

of those who call themselves Christians, who worship Christ in a truly pagan manner. Those who call themselves after Christ are, upon the whole, the least worthy of the name, for, if he came unto his own, his own would receive him not.

The so-called faithful Christians have made themselves a religion little better than that of fetish worshippers and practice in many respects an ethics exactly opposite to the injunctions of Christ. Their worship consists in adoration and genuflections and other heathenish rituals, but they violate his commands. They believe in the letter of mythological traditions, and fail to recognise the spirit of the truth.

Let us here briefly pass in review some important religious issues which present a strong contrast between Christ and the so-called Christians.

\* \* \*

Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, but those who in public life ostentatiously set themselves up as Christians bar the way, dim the truth, and impede life. They demand a blind belief in confessions of faith and other man-made formulas, while they trample under foot any one who dares to search for the truth or walk in the way of progress.

Christ is the way, which means, the spirit of evolution, of a constant moral perfectionment; but the Christians, in name, have become a clog on the feet of mankind, so that they are known as the chief suppressors of truth, liberty, and progress.

Says Christ:

"Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites as is written, 'This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.'

"Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

"For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men! . . . Full well ye reject the commandment of God that ye may keep your own tradition."—Mark, vii.

Which is the will of God: the injunctions preached by preachers and priests, or the everlasting revelation in the book of nature? The former we have to accept on trust; the latter every one can find out for himself by experience. The former are inconsistent, varying and unreliable; the latter can be investigated and verified. The literatures of all nations, including especially the scriptures of our religious traditions, have been written in order to assist us in deciphering the revelations of God as they appear in the immutable laws of nature. Let us search the scriptures, and let us study the works of our scientists. But always bear in mind that truth is God's revelation, be it pronounced by Isaiah or Darwin, and not this or that formula, or holy writ, or sacred tradition, and, least of all, a *quicunque*.

Freethinker, but of a Christian and a theologian by profession. They are reverent, but scientific and critical.

Holtzmann's results remain positive. Jesus is, in his opinion, an historical person, whose human character and fate can best be traced in Mark, the oldest of the gospels.



When certain of the Pharisees said to the disciples of Jesus the same things that are said to-day to the directors of the World's Fair :

"Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath days?"

Jesus, answering them said :

"What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out?"

"How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days."

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath :

"Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

The Christians of the first century abolished the Sabbath and introduced Sunday as a sacred day ; and their Sunday was not a day of rest, but a remembrance of Christ's resurrection. The Christians of our time, however, know not how to celebrate the day. Although they believe in the myth of the resurrection, Christ has not risen in their souls.

The name-Christians revive the old pagan notion that the Sunday is to be regarded as a *dies ater*, an ominous day on which it is not advisable to undertake anything. They make of man the slave of Sunday ; they close places of harmless pleasures and useful information, and in such efforts they find a strong support by men of evil enterprises, who offer to the people more spicy and less innocent amusements. Must Christ come again to repeat the question :

"Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do good or to do evil? to save life or destroy life?"

Is there any one who doubts that museums, libraries, and the World's Fair furnish recreations which exercise a strong influence for good upon the development of man's mind. They provide a wholesome mental food, educating without the toil of study and broadening our views. They are not idle pleasures ; they are building up and life-saving, and Christ teaches that it is right to heal, to help, and to save on the Sabbath.

Some of the early Christians continued to celebrate the Sabbath after the Jewish fashion, and the apostle St. Paul suffered them to do so; yet he insisted vigorously upon liberty in such matters. We read in the epistle to the Romans :

"One man esteemeth one day above another : another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

"He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord ; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it."

In his letter to the Galatians, however, who piously abstained from the desecration of the Sabbath, the apostle writes :

"Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years.

"I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain."

A wrong conception of the Sabbath is an indication of paganism ; and wherever paganism prevails the spirit of true Christianity bestows its labors in vain.

Woe to ye hypocrites, who make religion ridiculous. Woe to ye Sabbatarians, who make of Christianity a nuisance. Ye are blind leaders of the blind, a disgrace to the holy name which you write upon your altars.

We do not mean to abolish Sunday, or to deprive the laborer of his rest on the seventh day. On the contrary, we insist on keeping Sunday as a religious and also as a secular holiday. But we object to a wrong usage of Sunday, as if it were the Sabbath of the Pharisees. We protest against the barbaric regulations belonging to pre-Christian ages which have been given up by all Christian nations with the sole exception of the English, who, in the beginning of the middle ages dug them out of the misunderstood religious traditions of a remote past.

We want a Sunday, but not such a Pharisaic Sabbath as is foisted upon the nation by modern Pharisees. We want a day of rest, of recreation, of edification, and not that superstitious *far niente*, which means a cessation of all wholesome activity. We want a liberal, a religious, a spiritual, and truly Christian Sunday.

\* \* \*

Christ never requested his disciples to eradicate reason, or to believe anything irrational, or to accept any of his doctrines in blind trust. On the contrary, he wanted them to examine things, to discriminate between the false and the true, and to discern the signs of the times. Our senses should be open to investigation, and our judgment ought to be sound in order to comprehend things. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, and he who has thoughts to think, let him think.

How different are Christians ! Christians demand blind belief ; they do not want investigation ; they have a distrust of sense information and place no reliance upon reason.

What in the world shall we rely on, if reason ceases to be trustworthy? If the light of reason be extinguished, all our sentiments, our enthusiasm, our aspirations, avail nothing, for without reason, we grope in the dark. Says Kant :

"Friends of mankind and of all that is holy to man, accept whatever, after a careful and honest inquiry, you regard to be most trustworthy, be it facts or rational arguments, but do not contest that prerogative of reason, which makes it the highest good upon earth, viz., to be the ultimate criterion of truth. Otherwise you will be unworthy of your liberty and lose it without fail." (Kant, "Was heisst : Sich im Denken orientiren." Edition Hartenstein, Vol. IV, p. 352.)

\* \* \*

Christ abolished prayer in the sense of begging God to do our will, for he truly knew that God, unlike



man, is immutable, and his will cannot be altered by supplications.

Christ makes no supplications, no praise, no glorifications of God; he demands no genuflection or self-humiliation. He does not beg for miracles or exceptions or special favors, and in the most wretched moment of his life he remains faithful to this spirit, which lives in his prayer, saying: "Not my, but Thy will be done."

Christ said in the Sermon on the Mount:

"When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.

"Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

"After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.\*

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

There is but one prayer for our bodily needs—not for our comforts, merely for the needs which, as we must not forget, nature supplies out of her wealth only when we work for them. There is no prayer for the fulfilment of our particular desires, and all the other requests are variations of the third prayer, which says, "Thy will be done."

The name-Christians actually do use "vain repetitions," so that prayer has almost ceased to have the sense in which Christ used the word.

While recognising the error that obtains in the Christian's habit of praying, we do not mean to discourage the Christian when he wants to pray, for prayer is the moving of the spirit of Christ in the souls of those who know not what Christ is. If their prayer be honest, it will help them, it will mature them, it will calm their anxieties and make them composed, it will strengthen them, it will make them grow and develop out of their paganism into the Christianity of Christ. The more they grow in their spiritual life, the more will they cease to prattle to God in childish talk; they will learn to pray like Christ, until their whole being becomes a performance of God's will.

Any sincere Christian who proposes to himself the question, What shall I pray? in order to pray in the spirit of the Lord's prayer, will come to the conclusion that to ask for special favors is childish as well as useless.

Prayer must be made not with a view of altering God's will, but our own will. We grant, however, that

\*The words, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen," are a later addition.

in a certain sense it is true after all that prayer has an influence upon God. Prayer affects our attitude toward God, toward the world, toward our fellow-men, and in so far as our attitude is altered, the attitude of our surroundings will be altered, too. Whether we are impatient and afraid, or calm and self-possessed, makes a great difference, and the whole situation in which we are may change when we pass from one condition into the other. The facts which we face, the dangers which we confront, the duties which we have to perform, assume another countenance; and this change may and very frequently will be the most decisive factor in the final result of our actions.

Take, for instance, our knowledge of nature. The laws of nature have remained the same; but while the savage trembles before the forces of nature, we utilise them to our advantage. The same electricity which was so formidable to our ancestors is to us beneficent. Truly, there is no change in the laws of nature, but a change in our own attitude changes the situation in such a way that it amounts to a most radical change of nature itself.

If knowledge can bring about such wonderful changes, should not the good-will of a religious attitude have the power to reform, to bless, and to save?

\* \* \*

Should prayer mean supplication, it would be better that all prayer ceased. And, indeed, the Lord's prayer contains the injunction that we must cease to ask God to do our will.

While Christ's prayer is an act of self-discipline which attunes our will to the will of God, the Christian's prayer is, as a rule, a beggar's supplication, which tries to work miracles. The Christian's prayer may be more refined, but it is actually of the same nature as the medicine-man's incantation, which is supposed to take effect by some mysterious telepathy.

The great Königsberger philosopher uses the word "prayer," not in Christ's sense, but in the sense in which it is used by the name-Christians. He says:

"To expect of prayer other than natural effects is foolish and needs no explicit refutation. We can only ask, Is not prayer to be retained for the sake of its natural effects? Among the natural effects we count that the dark and confused ideas present in the soul are either clarified through prayer, or that they receive a higher degree of intensity; that the motives of virtue receive a greater efficacy, etc., etc.

"We have to say that prayer can, for the reasons adduced, be recommended only subjectively, for he who can in another way attain to the effects for which prayer is recommended will not be in need of it.

"Further, psychology teaches that very often the exposition of an idea, weakens the efficacy it possessed, while still whole and entire, although dark and undeveloped.

"And, finally, there is hypocrisy in prayer; for the man who either prays audibly, or who resolves his ideas internally in words, regards the Deity as something that can be grasped by the senses, while it is only a principle which his reason urges him to assume.



"A man may think, 'If I pray to God it can hurt me in no wise; for should he not exist, very well! in that case I have done too much of a good thing; but if he does exist, it will help me.' This *Prosepopōia* (face-making) is hypocrisy, for we have to presuppose in prayer that he who prays is firmly convinced that God exists.

"The consequence of this is that he who has made great moral progress ceases to pray, for honesty is one of his principal maxims. And further, that those whom one surprises in prayer are ashamed of themselves.

"In public sermons before the public, prayer must be retained, because it can be rhetorically of great effect, and can make a great impression. Moreover, in sermons before the people one has to appeal to their sensuality and must, as much as possible, stoop down to them.

It is especially noteworthy that Kant says "he who has made great moral progress ceases to pray"; and he adds the curious observation "that those whom one surprises in prayer are ashamed of themselves."

The Lord's prayer is no prayer in the common sense of the word. It is not an incantation that exercises a supernatural influence through "vain repetitions." The Lord's prayer must be lived, rather than spoken. We need not pray it, if we but live it. Its spirit must become part of our soul, so that our whole life becomes an exemplification of the sentiment, "Thy will be done."

\* \* \*

While Christ's prayer means resignation to the will of God, the Christian's prayer is a superstitious trust in miracles, in the hope that they will be performed for his advantage. Christ's prayer is an effort to change our own will, not God's will; it is a self-exhortation which helps us to be satisfied with God's will and to perform our duties.

These are striking differences between Christ and Christians, between Christ's faith and the Christian's faith, between Christ's prayer and the Christian's prayer, between Christ's religion and ecclesiasticism. Christ is a savior, a liberator, a reformer; the typical Christian is a stumbling-block, and a cause of annoyance.

There is a wonderful saving power in the words of Christ, but the name-Christians do not know it. They walk in darkness and are not even aware of it themselves. They believe themselves to be saints, and are in fact the spiritual successors of the scribes and Pharisees.

If ever the name of Christ be dimmed in its glory, it will be done by the vices of his followers in name, and the freethinker will have to be called upon to restore the lost halo of the greatest reformer and the staunchest defender of free thought and liberty.

The religion of science is not and cannot be the Christianity of those who call themselves orthodox Christians, but it is and will remain the Christianity of Christ.

P. C.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

THE trial of Dr. Briggs for heresy was the trial of the Presbyterian Church, its catechism, and its creed. Many of his judges have seen this from the beginning and feared it. They would gladly have settled the case out of court, if Dr. Briggs would have yielded anything to compromise; but this he refused to do. Therefore, they must either excommunicate him, or let him excommunicate them. The trial of Dr. Briggs is ended, but the trial of the church goes on, and soon there will be more heretics than judges, for heresy grows with argument, and the nerve-centres of doubt lie just behind the brow. When Dr. Briggs asserted that good men might go to heaven by other than Bible roads, and without so much as a passport from the Presbyterians, he tried to expand the creed of his church to the size of a nineteenth century brain, and thereby broke his ordination vow. He is deposed from the Presbyterian ministry, but the truth has always vacant pulpits, and there is a call for Dr. Briggs.

\* \* \*

Judging by the proceedings, and especially by the sentence, Dr. Briggs has been condemned, not for thinking heresy, but for speaking it. He is to be reinstated whenever he shall recant his heresies and deny his own rebellious words. He may think that the Bible contains errors here and there, but he must not say so, for on the ridges of Mont Blanc a very small sound may shake down snow enough to smother a village, and one small word with truth in it may start an avalanche of heresy big enough to break into pieces the Presbyterian church. There are not enough genuine believers in the Westminster confession to form a court big enough to try all the Presbyterian ministers in good standing who are thinking heresy to-day. When a minister sees a heretic every time he gazes in the looking-glass, and yet shows an orthodox face to his congregation, he feels like a theological harlequin and wishes his father had made him a cobbler, a tinker, or a tailor. He is entitled to sympathy, for preaching is his profession, the pulpit is his workshop, and he cannot learn a new trade. He must not quarrel with his bread, especially if a wife and children appeal to that nature which towers above all religions, and so he locks up his unbeliefs and preaches as much truth as the Sanhedrim will allow.

\* \* \*

When a man becomes a thoroughly obedient and servile partisan, the little bit of spirit he formerly had leaves him, and the soul of him becomes absorbed into the great Nirvana of the Republican party, or the Democratic party, or the Populistic party, or some other "time-honored" or "grand old" corporation. Once I had occasion to rebuke a teamster for whipping a mule, and the fellow had the impudence to tell me that the mule enjoyed it,—"as a counter-irritant," because the flies were bad. I do not know how it may be with mules, but I certainly know that there are men who enjoy a whipping given by the party-lash, and who feel proud that they are of sufficient importance to be thus honored by the driver. I present as a notable example of this wriggling abasement the taming of three or four members of the Illinois Legislature, who for several days had been rollicking in the unlawful enjoyment of personal and political independence. The official account of the taming reads like a chapter from "Roughing It," or "Huckleberry Finn."

\* \* \*

The question before the house was the passage of the new Democratic gerrymander, known as the Congress Apportionment Bill; a division of the state into districts that baffle the definitions of geometry. The old gerrymander was a bit of Republican "fine work," ingenious enough in its way, but far inferior to the present contrivance as a scheme for disfranchising the minority. Shocked by the extreme wickedness of the bill, four "high-spirited" and "independent" Democratic members of the house declared they



never would support it, and, as it required all four of them to pass it, the mule-drivers of the party became alarmed, because if the bill should fail, the Congress districts would remain under the old Republican gerrymander, so they determined to apply the whip, and they began on Mr. Thomas Carson, the leader of the dangerous revolt. He was invited to a private interview with the governor, and he went, rearing his proud crest in defiance of governor, president, and the whole Democratic party. When he went in, he looked very much like the imperious race-horse Cruiser, who was in the habit of eating all the grooms and jockeys that came near him; but when Mr. Carson came out, he resembled Cruiser after that rebellious horse had been honored by a private interview with Rarey, the horse-tamer. So humbled and subdued was Cruiser after that interview, that the most insignificant stable-boy could wipe his feet on him; and after Mr. Carson's interview with the governor, he came back into the House, but his haughty crest was drooping and his martial air was gone. Docile as a Chinaman, he said: "If I vote for this bill, I must surrender all the rights of the people whom I represent. While there has been a great cry and a great deal of brutality on the part of the majority, I feel that I cannot afford to defeat this bill, I therefore vote aye." (Great cheering from the Democratic side.) One by one the other three independent members, having relieved their consciences by denouncing the bill as full of abominations, submissively voted for it. They will never again try to break out of the corral.

"There is no new thing under the sun," says the Scripture, and I wonder whether or not all the popular sayings attributed to famous men come within that rule. Until I read the book, I did not know how much of our modern wisdom and how many of our socialistic theories are borrowed from Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and even as it is, I cannot quite get rid of the feeling that Sir Thomas plagiarised his ideas from some of our modern reformers and dreamers of dreams. So it surprises me to find that Shakespeare's fine description of Cardinal Wolsey is borrowed almost literally from the old historian Hollinshed. The expressive and homely phrase, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," is preserved in Benjamin Franklin's maxims, but it is curious to find that it was used by John Bunyan, and recorded by him in "The Pilgrim's Progress," before Benjamin Franklin was born. It really seems disloyal to question the origin of Lincoln's lofty description of our government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," yet, in looking over some old sermons delivered by Theodore Parker in 1846, I find this: "The aristocracy of godness, which is the democracy of man, the government of all, for all, and by all, will be the power that is." It is a sentence easy to make by any man who has ever been puzzled by a lesson on prepositions, and very likely it was used by orators in praise of popular government hundreds of years ago.

The Anti-Trust convention which met in Chicago on the 5th of June promptly resolved itself into a voting-trust for the masculine monopoly of the ballot. Two ladies were present in the convention, Mrs. Marian Harland, and Mrs. Corinne Brown, either of them equal in ability and statesmanship to any of the men, and so it was magnanimously resolved that they be given the privilege of speech, but that they must not be allowed to vote upon any question that might come before the meeting. Then the delegates proceeded in the old familiar way to denounce every trust, combine, conspiracy, and monopoly except their own. A "pool" was formed, by which the official honors were divided among the "three great parties." Judge Thomas H. Walker being elected second vice chairman, for the astonishing reason that he was a "true, sound, unswerving, and unflinching Democrat." This apparent inconsistency was quite consistent with the programme, because as the chairman was a "true, sound, unswerving, and consistent"

Republican, and the first vice-chairman a "true, sound, unswerving and consistent" Populist, a Democrat had to be taken into the partnership to complete the "combine." By this tripartite agreement the non-partisan and independent Anti-Trust element was ruled out. As might have been expected the convention broke into discordant pieces, the conservatives adopting one set of resolutions, and the radicals another.

The most conspicuous men in the Anti-Trust convention were Gen. James B. Weaver of Iowa, and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, two competent statesmen, well equipped for leadership because they have been "true, sound, unswerving, and unflinching" members of every political party that has existed since they were old enough to vote. They are versatile men, eager in the pursuit of political idealities, and able to skip over the hard problems of actual existence as easily as children skip the hard words in reading. Where the money is to come from to buy anything troubles them no more than it did poor Harold Skimpole. They can be ready at a moments notice to buy up all the coal mines, the iron mines, the woods and forests, the railroads, the steamboats, and the telegraphs, and pay for them by promissory notes redeemable "after harvest"; and such a trifle as the right of a man to be heard before being condemned in matters of life, liberty, or property is not worth a statesman's consideration. Mr. Donnelly proposed to confiscate the real and personal property of all trusts and combinations and to deny them access to the courts to enforce their claims. That the judges must hear before they can decide is no impediment at all in the way of Mr. Donnelly.

Mr. Donnelly proposed also to use grand larceny as a moral agent and a social remedy. He would withdraw the protection of the law from all the property owned by trusts, and any person prosecuted for stealing the property of a trust, should be discharged at once by the court. This is no visionary scheme of reform; it is eminently practical, because when all the property of a trust is stolen the trust will at once go into liquidation. It also imposes upon us an additional moral obligation, for the reason that when Mr. Donnelly's plan becomes law, it will be the duty of every good citizen to steal, in order to abolish the tyranny of trusts. It may weaken the moral sense a little, and there may be some trouble over a fair division of the spoil, but if the trusts are punished what matter about the means? The plan appears to have merit in it especially to those who want to do some stealing, and yet it is hazardous too, for if private citizens may steal for public reasons, the reasons will always be, and we shall never want an excuse for larceny. Flighty and unreal as those remedies are, they appeal to the imagination, and when advocated with eloquence and spirit they impose upon multitudes of men.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A CONVENTION OF CAPITALISTS TO SOLVE THE LABOR QUESTION.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:—

I inclose a plan which I am just putting out in the same manner that I did the other one, and I would be glad if General Trumbull would give his opinion of it and publish both together, as before. I think there is a great deal to recommend this proposal, and I wish it might be pushed.

Very truly yours,

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Capitalists stand in a most responsible position. Through the development of the industrial system, they are, by a certain accident, at the summit of industrial concerns. Being owners and managers, they control, to a degree which all the rest of society



combined cannot control, the direction which industrial evolution shall take. The well- or ill-being of society rests, therefore, exceptionally in their hands. This makes their responsibility paramount.

As yet they have not recognised their responsibility, and they have done nothing with their opportunities. But the responsibility cannot be evaded any longer. The time has come when the social problem must be solved, and the industrial power and position of the capitalists require them to take the lead in solving it. They must do this by the individual initiative which we all so prize, not by leaving it to the impersonal, irresponsible "social system" to evolve progress and improvement without help.

It is not difficult to see how this important move can be taken. A convention of the capitalists of the country should be held next fall for the purpose, and continued annually. To prepare for the convention, the capitalists of every city and town should meet to consider the problems and to organise representative committees to arrange practical measures for the congress. These meetings should be monthly,—all the capitalists of the city, in organised association, being their basis. They should invite before them workingmen and women of every type, as well as special investigators, to hear their views and obtain suggestions.

The convention should sit at least a week. It would be better to continue a month, so that successive delegations of capitalists might attend and the plans be made wider, wiser, and completer.

The ablest experts on the social situation should be requested to prepare addresses and outline policies, in order to make the congress to the fullest degree instructive and practically effective. Committees of action should be appointed to take immediate steps, in conjunction with the capitalists, to relieve the most pressing evils of the industrial system. They would rely upon the local associations of capitalists to second and execute their proposals. Able men would take hold of organisation, and details and fuller plans would soon unfold themselves. It is easy to see that the whole labor controversy would be placed on an absolutely new footing as soon as this was done, confidence replacing hostility. This is the American way of solving the most weighty questions of the age, or of modern centuries. No example in the world could be truer to American traditions, nor given at an apter time than in this year of Columbian celebration.

Let American capitalists and leaders of thought and action bring the plan to realisation without waiting.

[Comments by Gen. M. M. Trumbull may be looked for in the next number.—En.]

#### ANALOGY BETWEEN RECENT CHANGES IN THEOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY.\*

*To the Editor of The Open Court :*

A Friend writes as follows :

"The true evolution will be not, as W. K. Clifford said, to lose the Great Companion, but to feel vivid and loving companionship with the total and spiritual meaning of all nature, and especially with all goodness at every moment and in every act.

"For anything we know, this pathetic yearning for a personal God may be a transitional state of mind; and the transit may be towards powers and ideas—of which many living men may feel the beginnings, like young wings shooting from their shoulders,—which may render communion with the Good Spirit seen in laws and making for righteousness, quite as real and emotional as special prayer for special providences or special graces has ever been."

So much for the change in theology. The evolution in psychology, though hitherto much less studied, is marvellously similar in character: the abdication of the central ego; the conformity of

the developed ego with the ego which obtains throughout nature down to the molecule and the atom, in which the individual is not a nucleus possessing the properties of the molecule or atom, but their respective sums of properties taken together.

The two conceptions seem inseparable.

Yours,

HENRY H. HIGGINS.

#### COGITO ERGO SUM.

*To the Editor of The Open Court :*

Dr. Dreher, in his letter published by you May 18, says :

"Descartes's mistake is that he gives the axiom *cogito ergo sum* the form of a syllogism."

It is true that in the "Principia" Descartes appears so to regard the consequence. But that can only be regarded as a negligence of expression; for in his "Méditation" II, he had taken care to avoid saying that; and in a subsequent letter to Clerselier he expressly says :

"*Je pense, donc je suis*, ne suppose pas la majeure, *Tout ce qui pense existe*."

The position of Descartes is that the mind proceeds from the recognition of *cogito* to the recognition of *sum*, by a clear act of perception, sure and irresistible; and that it is to no purpose that it is called illogical, because the movement of thought in question long antedates logic. I do not myself mean to defend this; far from it. I only wish to state the historical fact.

C. S. PEIRCE.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 304. (VOL. VII.—25.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 22, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## MOTHERS AND SONS OF GODS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

In my previous paper it was stated that in Persian religion the sacred figures are known by their functions. By this is meant universal moral and human functions. The divine beings are representatives; they have no personal ends or private interests. Their functions relate to the earth and are determined by the conditions of the great conflict between the forces of good and evil. Above all the hosts and commanders in this conflict is Ahura-mazda, (*ahura*, god, *mazda*, shining,) usually called Ormuzd. He is light; he is creator of the good creation, that is, of the living forms in which good preponderates. But coeternal with him is the great uncreated inorganic mass; this clings to and entangles certain forms of life (e. g. the serpent) and is thus able to reproduce evil-force even in serpent-like men. Zoroaster's dualism was simply "the living" and "the not-living"; but Persian theology developed out of the latter a personal evil power, Angromainyus (Ahriman), foreign to Zoroaster's philosophy.

But in Zoroaster's religion, supreme above all forms, even above Ahuramazda, was the feminine spirit. This was personified in Anâhita. This name means *immaculate*. It is sufficiently remarkable that in the development of the mother of Jesus into a goddess, there should have been recently assigned her, in the dogma of her immaculate conception, this ancient title of a divinity worshipped in Persia two,—some scholars say three,—thousand years ago. Another notable thing is this: the functions of Anâhita in Persian religion correspond strictly with those of the Holy Spirit in Christian religion; and although the Holy Spirit is now masculine, in one of the recovered fragments of the Aramaic "Gospel According to the Hebrews," the Holy Spirit is feminine. Jesus therein says: "My mother, the Holy Spirit, took me by a lock of my hair to the top of Mount Tabor." (Compare Luke iv, 1.)

The residence of Anâhita was in Mount Alborz, whence her spiritual influence streamed forth in ether-

ial waves, passing over the obstructions of the "not-living" evil force. Dr. James Martineau, in his "Seat of Authority in Religion," cites as an important witness the "Gospel According to the Hebrews," the only Gospel written in Aramaic, the language spoken by Jesus. There can be little doubt that the above saying of Jesus comes from the first century. Its idea of a feminine Holy Spirit carrying him to a mountaintop is Zoroastrian, while the story in Luke iv, 1, marks the later development of the "not-living" evil obstruction of Anâhita into the Tempter. Some high authorities identify Pharisee with Parsee; however this may be, there is evidence of a conflict in Jerusalem between the Parsee Dualism and the Semetic Monotheism.

John the Baptist was probably an Oriental Dervish, who brought to Palestine a baptism similar to that still seen in the millions annually immersed in the Ganges and Jumna, though his "message" indicates an origin in Persia. That message was, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand"; it is to be defined against the Parsee theology that the conflict between Good and Evil (Ahuramazda and Angromainyus) had terminated in a compromise, by which the two powers were to rule alternately, each six thousand years. That was not Zoroaster's religion, which aimed to exterminate evil altogether. Jesus was baptised by John and shared his doctrine of a kingdom at hand, not remote, as the Pharisees, or Parsees, supposed. The Jews had indeed rolled the good and evil powers into one, and called their name Yahve, who said: "I create good, and I create evil." Jesus sundered them into the Father and Satan. Zoroaster, however, did not personify the evil, but only the good power.

Anâhita is described in the Zend-Avesta as a heavenly Virgin, immaculate, and very potent, from whom all heroic strength, by which evil monsters were slain, was derived. She is said to have "proceeded from" (those are the words, as now in the creeds concerning the Holy Spirit) the Supreme Being, Ahuramazda; but he, too, worships her, and from Anâhita he solicited the power to "bring the holy Zoroaster to think after my law, to speak after my law, to act after my law." This Ahuramazda reveals to Zoroaster and further describes Anâhita as "strong and bright, tall



and beautiful of form, who sends down by day and night a flow of motherly waters large as the whole waters of the earth, and who runs powerfully." Thus, Zoroaster is told, she overwhelms all haters, all oppressors, all demons, inspiring heroes with wisdom and strength. Examples are adduced, as of Yima, the first man, the holy king, who is also described as "the Good Shepherd." Yima prayed Anâhita for power to save men and cattle from the demons, and she granted this boon. He was followed by Asi-Dehaka, the serpent king, who sacrificed to her one hundred horses, one thousand oxen, ten thousand lambs, then prayed for power to exterminate mankind. This she refused, but did grant Thraetona power to subdue Asi-Dehaka.

Although this Holy Spirit had a terrestrial seat on Mount Alborz, her supreme abode was in the star-region,—the region nearest the earth of three, the others being the moon-region and the sun-region. She had an incarnation on earth, Aramaiti. The latter is the human Madonna, the genius of the Earth. According to Zoroastrian philosophy, when the good Mind began his good creation he could only create souls; Aramaiti supplied them with bodies. The first of these (*Adamah* of the Parsees) was "the Good Shepherd," King Yima. Through the wisdom of Anâhita, Yima was enabled to confer on men immortality, by giving them a certain fruit. "During the happy reign of Yima there was neither cold nor heat, neither decay nor death nor malice. . . . Father and son walked forth, each fifteen years old in appearance." Ahuramazda wishes Yima to promulgate the divine law to mankind, but Yima says he is not fit for that, but agrees to be the protector of "the divine settlements." After Yima had reigned one hundred years, there was room in the earth for the men and cattle. Ahuramazda gives him implements—winnowing tray and plow—with which Yima repairs to Aramaiti, who made the earth larger than it was before. This was done thrice (indicating the increase of earth's productiveness by culture), Yima's reign being extended to nine hundred years.

But then Ahuramazda forewarned Yima that the Evil Force,—the "not living," or Destruction,—would bring a long blight of Winter on the world; men and cattle would perish in the snows; and instructed him to make an enclosure, a sort of conservatory, two miles square, with door and window, in which to preserve "the best" men and women, the choicest animals, flowers, and fruits. There must be none admitted who were deformed in body or mind, none violent, crafty, jealous, or diseased. Again Yima appealed to the genius of the earth, Aramaiti, and by her aid was prepared the "*pairidaeza*," or paradise, of perfect forms, and perfumes, and songsters, "beside the streams whose evergreen banks bear never-failing food." And

therein every fortieth year to every pair two were born.

In the description of Yima's reign and his "divine settlement" the Eden of Genesis is anticipated. In the fatal Winter, and the enclosure prepared against it, are anticipated, by many centuries, the Deluge and the Ark. But the differences are significant. A particular family, genealogically derived from Yahve, is preserved in the Ark, and in Genesis nothing is said of a selection of finest and harmless animals. The Zoroastrian idea is moral and human, cultivation being indeed the central principle of Zoroastrian religion.

The long Winters came; the beautiful world was blighted: Yima led his select people and cattle into the enclosure, or paradise, from which they never returned: they were believed to be still there, enjoying every beatitude. But Aramaiti went not with them: to her was left the culture and civilisation of the earth. In her was gradually merged the celestial Virgin, the immaculate Anâhita, and together they make the Parsee Madonna, under the name of Aramaiti. I will here quote (from Haug) one of the ancient passages concerning Aramaiti:

"He [Ahuramazda] first created, through his inborn lustre, the multitude of celestial bodies, and through his intellect, the good creatures, governed by the inborn good mind. Thou, the Spirit who art everlasting, makest the good creatures grow. When my eyes beheld thee, the essence of truth, the creator of life, whose life is manifested in works, then I knew thee to be the primeval Spirit, the establisher of righteousness, Lord of the actions of life. In thee was the Spirit of the earth, Aramaiti, the very wise, the fertiliser of the soil, whose paths thou hast ordered, that she might go from the tiller of the soil to him who does not cultivate it. Of those two (the agriculturist and the herdsman) she chose the pious cultivator, the propagator of fruit, whom she blesses with the riches obtained by the good mind. All that do not till the earth worship the demons, and share not the glad tidings of Aramaiti. The thieving nomad knows not the true Light."

We here see that Ahuramazda differs from Yahve, who preferred the herdsman (Abel) to the tiller of the soil (Cain), who invented iron implements to remove Yahve's curse from the ground. Cain, slandered in the story of killing his brother, went over to the Parsee country, where he would be better appreciated; for in his son Enoch's name (afterwards Anak) Ewald has Anâhita, the Persian Holy Spirit. There is a suggestion of Aramaiti, genius of the earth, in Eve,—her longing for wisdom, knowledge of good and evil, and her function to be a helper in the garden of the first man (called *Adamah* in Persia). But the sexual characteristics of the Jewish version are absent from the Persian; and it is notable that while other oriental religions know female divinities only as queens or favorites of gods, in the Zoroastrian system there are female saviours, angels, genii, of whom none are married, and never an amour among them. They were too busy



bruising the serpent's head to indulge in wedlock or flirtations. It is clear also that the unique place accorded the feminine character by Zoroaster was not at all on account of any sentiment about female charms, but grew out of the fact that woman was the natural enemy of the nomadic life, which meant tribal wars and violence. Around her grew the home, whose security depended on turning men into peaceful workers and neighbors. Thus was exalted Anâhita, the celestial womanhood, incarnate in Aramaiti.

It is probable that the phrase in Genesis, "seed of the woman," generally supposed to mean her offspring, really meant the literal seed, or grain, sown by Aramaiti. In Persia, however, it had a mythical development similar to the early Christian myth, which possibly originated in it. It was prophesied that a saviour, Soshio, would be born of a Virgin; he would destroy the kingdom of the Serpent. Whether by this Virgin was intended Aramaiti is not clear. The Zoroastrian legend leaves to us, as the culmination of Zoroaster's religion, the virginal Holy Spirit, incarnate in the Virgin Aramaiti, who is ever invisibly occupied in gently pressing back the frontiers of wild nature, winning men to civility and peace, and by culture preparing the earth for the reappearance of King Yima with his selectest men and women, cattle and fruits, when the world will again be a paradise. The Virgin Mary also, in early legends, went about the earth helping the suffering and lowly. In the Catholic dogmas of Mary's assumption, and her immaculate conception, Aramaiti leaves the earth and becomes a celestial personage, wearing a heavenly crown; but in Zoroaster's vision the Madonna would not abandon the earth even when Angromainyus blighted it; King Yima might go but she remained at her post, and still remains, ascending not, wearing no crown,—ever working for the happier earth—the most beautiful conception of the religious spirit known in the sacred visions of mankind.

#### ATAVISM.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

A FEW months ago I made the acquaintance of an English physician who had recently returned from the East Indies, and diverted his fellow-travellers with a rather grotesque account of the superstitions that still haunt the venerable birthland of the human race.

"And that nonsense defies exorcism," I took occasion to remark; "does it not seem to prove that the craziest dogmas are the most indestructible?"

"Yes, I should think so," said the entertaining doctor, "if I had not a private suspicion that the doctrine of the Brahmins is Darwinism in a mystic disguise."

"Darwinism?—Oh, I see; you would consider

their veneration of bush-apes as a sort of ancestor-worship."

"Not that alone," laughed the doctor, "the whole doctrine of metempsychosis may symbolise our progress from apehood to manhood, and to apehood from—Darwin alone knows what. The Buddhists, you know, have a similar notion and believe that we are hampered or helped by our experience in the tree-tops of the foreworld,—another name for the occasional revival of ancestral impulses."

In the "Lalita Vistara" of the Cingalese Buddhists Buddha Sukyamuni is really described as reaching a stage of omniscience which penetrates the veil of the past, and now and then enables him to recollect his adventures in a former state of existence. "Yes, I remember," he tells his bride, "something similar happened ages ago, when I was a tiger and thou a tigress in the jungles of Bara-Gaya."

The Vedas abound with similar allusions. "It is a test of correct theories," says Emerson, "that they solve many riddles"; and is it not possible that a large number of otherwise occult psychic phenomena could be explained by the hypothesis of moral atavism?

The mysterious dread of darkness, for instance, which so often defies the protests of reason, can more than probably be traced to a time when our tree-climbing ancestors had to contend with the prowling carnivora of a tropical wilderness, till their souls became indelibly impressed with the repetition of midnight panics;—a million, or, shall we say a billion general alarms during the period that witnessed the evolution of timid monkeys to formidable apes and house-building savages.

The Borneo orang is abundantly able to cope with any night prowler of his native woods, but the dread of nocturnal surprise parties still haunts his soul, and in their sleep captive specimens will start under the influence of a bugbear dream and utter a sound strangely similar to the alarm-cry of the small tree-monkeys of the Sunda Islands. Nay, who knows if our very conception of deadly night-hags and long-clawed demons is not derived from the unconscious after-effect of such dreams.

The roving instinct, which Captain Webster, of the Dartmoor prison, recognises as an often wholly incurable propensity, may likewise have its roots in the habits of our Simian forefathers, who had no permanent home, but wandered in troops from grove to grove and were always awake to the suggestions of a chance for the discovery of new feeding-grounds. Professor Burmeister, during his rambles in the forests of the Rio Negro, saw an endless swarm of spider-monkeys travel through the tree-tops in a southwesterly direction, at a rate of at least five miles an hour, as straight and determined as a flock of migratory birds.



They evidently paid no attention to wayside objects, and, indeed, could rely on finding abundant means of subsistence in the sunny headwater valleys of the great river, and did not care if they should never be able to retrace their way to their former haunts.

M. du Chaillu witnessed a similar scene on the Senegal, and many competent menagerie managers incline to the opinion that confinement *per se*, rather than the incidental hardships of prison-life, may kill so many captive specimens of our Darwinian relatives. Darwin himself attests the fact that the pets of a travelling circus outlive those confined in the cages of a zoölogical garden, and the restlessness of the latter martyrs of science often suggests the desire of migration at any risk. Under an analogous impulse monomaniac vagrants will leave comfortable lodgings, and, like the proverbial Hibernian, "never feel at home till they are abroad."

Even the anthropoid apes of southern Asia and western Africa roam about at random, relying on the chance of finding fruits and insects enough to subsist from day to day, and leaf-trees enough to pass the nights in comfort. Those habits of our nearest zoölogical kinsmen, may, by the way, account for a negative peculiarity of the human species, viz., the remarkable lack of that "faculty of direction" that enables a hound to retrace his way from a distant hunting-ground, or even to strike a bee-line for home, since there is no doubt that the way-finding instinct of migratory birds and reptiles, as well as of dogs and wolves, is something entirely distinct from the faculty of scent.

How that semi-miraculous instinct may have been developed is plausibly illustrated in the habits of the wild ancestors of the genus *Canis*. A nursing she-wolf is often obliged to extend her foraging-trips to game-grounds at a distance of forty or fifty miles from the cavern where her helpless young await her return, and the ability to effect that return-trip in the shortest possible time was perfected during an endless series of generations by a process of natural selection. Æons ago, when the protocyon, the common ancestor of wolves and dogs, reared his whelps in the caverns of the antediluvian world, game may have been abundant enough to dispense with long-range excursions, but in the course of time necessity evolved a topographical instinct that became more and more superlative, much in the same way as the genius of the calculating boy, Colburn, progressed from simple addition to the instantaneous multiplication of billions, with or without the aid of a mental process which the young wizard himself would have been unable to explain.

The quadrumana of the tropics, on the other hand, have no need of that faculty. Like Fortunatus, they find a ready-made meal wherever they roam, and their

females carry their newborn babies in their arms,—not only during an occasional fit of tenderness, but day and night, till the prehensile arms of the little imp become strong enough for climbing purposes.

In all the species of our arboreal prototypes, the care of the young devolves almost exclusively upon the mother, and, as a rule, female monkeys are more cunning and especially more cautious than their male relatives, so much so, indeed, that trappers, on the average, can catch only one nursing mother and three or four females of any kind, for two-score specimens of the more adventurous, but less wary sex. The indoor life of our female ancestors has only slightly modified that contrast.

Even without the invention of barometers the approach of a gale could be predicted by numerous symptoms, and there are individuals who, long before the gathering of ominous clouds, have instinctive premonitions of a destructive storm, while ruinous earthquakes generally take their human victims by surprise. Dogs and cats, on the other hand, can be utilised as volcanic oracles, and before the great earthquake of Lima, October 12th, 1746, the citizens of the suburb of San Lazaro were warned by the strange conduct of a hound, who suddenly darted out of his master's grasp, ran to the middle of the street at a safe distance from the higher buildings, and there set up a howl which made several old neighbors rush out of their houses with the panic-shriek of "Teremoto!"—they had heard that same howl before and had not forgotten its fatal significance.

The apparent paradox of that one-sided instinct, is, however, fully explained by the fact that the cave-dwelling ancestors of the dog have much to fear from earthquakes and next to nothing from storms, while hurricanes may hurl down dozens of monkey-loaded trees that would resist a hundred earthquakes.

Forests constitute the life-element of our four-handed kinsmen, and the love of tree-shade and woodland scenery still asserts itself in many human minds with a passionate power which cannot wholly be attributed to the influence of the hunting-instinct, which, indeed, is almost dormant in many souls whose highest ideals of Arcadian beatitude are associated with visions of greenwood sports and the *Waldeinsamkeit* of the German poets.

Our orthodox friends might find an explanation in the international traditions of paradise, and Herbert Spencer speaks of the tendency to associate forest landscapes with the idea of hidden game and hunting-spoils (a theory, which, however, can hardly be reconciled with the unattractiveness, and even repulsiveness, of winter woods), but Moses and Spencer agree that the original home of our forefathers was a tropi-



cal tree-garden, and the instinctive homesickness after the evergreen woods of the South will survive the complete extermination of wild game-animals.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

### VOLNEY'S PROPHECY.

BY CORA LINN DANIELS.

WE FIND a curious utterance in Volney's "Ruins," a prophecy describing a congress of religions which is to be fulfilled in this year at Chicago. Volney writes:

"But scarcely had the solemn voice of liberty and equality resounded through the earth, when a movement of astonishment and confusion arose in different nations. On the one hand the people, warmed with desire but wavering between hope and fear, between the sentiment of right and the habit of oppression, began to be in motion. The kings on the other hand, suddenly awakened from the sleep of indolence and despotism, were alarmed for the safety of their thrones; while on all sides those clans of civil and religious tyrants who deceive kings and oppress the people, were seized with rage and consternation. But the legislator of the assembly said to the chiefs of nations: 'Leaders of the people! if you possess the truth, show it to us. We will receive it with gratitude, for we seek it with ardor. We are men and liable to be deceived but you are also men and equally fallible. Aid us then in this labyrinth, where the human race has wandered for so many ages; help us to dissipate the illusion of so many prejudices and vicious habits; amid the shock of so many opinions which dispute for our acceptance, assist us to discover the proper and distinctive character of truth. Let us terminate this day the long combat of error; let us establish between it and truth a solemn contest, to which we will invite the opinions of men of all nations; let us convoke a general assembly of all nations! Let them be judges in their own cause and in the debate of all systems, let no champion, no argument be wanting, either on the side of prejudice or of reason; and let the sentiment of a general and common mass of evidence give birth to universal concord of opinions and of hearts.' Thus spoke the legislator, and the multitude, seized with those emotions which a reasonable proposition always inspires, expressed its applause.

"A scene of a new and astonishing nature then opened to my view. All the people and nations inhabiting the globe, men of every race and of every region converging from their various climates, seemed to assemble in one allotted place; where, forming an immense congress, distinguished in groups by the vast variety of their dresses, features, and complexion, the numberless multitude presented a most unusual and affecting sight.

"On one side I saw the European, with his short close coat, on the other side the Asiatic, with his flowing robe. Here stood the nations of Africa, with their ebony skins and wooly hair, there the tribes of the North in their leathern bags. The Laplander with his pointed bonnet and snowshoes, the Samoyed with his feverish body and strong odor, the Tongouse with his horned cap, the Yakoute with his freckled face, the Kalmuc with his flat nose, the Chinese attired in silk with their hair hanging in a tress, the Japanese of mingled race, the Malays with wide spreading ears, the Kachemirian with his rosy cheek, next to the sun-burnt Hindu, and the Georgian by the side of the Tartar.

"I compared the dwarf of the Pole with the giant of the temperate zones, the slender body of the Arab with the clumsy Hollander, the squat, stunted figure of the Samoyed with the elegant form of the Greek and the Slavonian, the greasy black wool of the Negro with the bright silken locks of the Dane. I contrasted the brilliant calicoes of the Indian, the well-wrought stuffs of the European, the rich furs of the Siberian, with the tissues of barks, osiers, leaves, and feathers of savage nations, and the blue figures

of serpents, flowers, and stars with which they painted their bodies. Sometimes the variegated appearance of this multitude reminded me of the enameled meadows of the Nile and of the Euphrates, when, after rain or inundations, millions of flowers are rising on every side,—sometimes their murmurs and their motions called to mind the numberless swarms of locusts which, issuing from the desert, cover in spring the plains of Horan.

"At the sight of so many rational beings, considering on the one hand the immensity of ideas and sensations assembled in this place, reflecting on the opposition of so many contrary opinions, and the shock of so many passions in men so capricious, I struggled between astonishment, admiration, and secret dread—when the legislator commanded silence and attracted all my attention. He spoke: 'Inhabitants of the earth! A free and powerful nation addresses you the words of justice and of peace and offers you the sure pledges of her intentions in her own conviction and experience. Let us establish one solemn controversy, one public scrutiny of truth—not before the tribunal of a corruptible individual, or a prejudiced party, but in the forum of mankind, presided by all their information and all their interests. Let the natural sense of the whole human race be our arbiter and judge.'"

Volney then describes the arranging of the chiefs of each religion into groups, every one with his followers raising the standard of their faith. The legislator proceeds to open the parliament with an eloquent speech recommending the expression of opinion without dissension, and "the world's parliament of religions" is declared accomplished.

Although I have not quoted in full, the ready and able oratory of the legislator, nor given in detail the varied and charming descriptions of the surroundings and emblems, the flags and altars, the temples and grounds where he saw this congress gather, enough, I hope, has been given to stimulate the curiosity of the reader, and suggest the feasibility of procuring the famous book and perusing the wonderful prophecy for himself. It continues in a rational presentation of all the varied sects and divisions of human belief, and gives impartial arguments through their earnest representatives, of the merits of each. In similar language and under similar circumstances, no doubt, the great priests and ministers of all nations will speak in Chicago in the Autumn, and if they should use the very words of Count Volney, they could hardly present their cause more justly or eloquently. Although the reader, following the code of justice set down by the author, may not finish his volume without serious disagreement, few would be willing to argue upon the statement of his conclusion, which will perhaps also be reached by the World's Congress now assembling. He ends by saying: "The word 'country,' means the community of citizens who, united by fraternal sentiments and reciprocal wants, make of their respective strength one common force, the reaction of which on each of them assumes the preservative and beneficent character of paternity. In society, citizens form a bank of interest, a family of endearing attachments,—it is charity, the love of one's neighbor extended to the whole nation, to the whole world. All the social virtues are only the habitude of actions useful to society and to the individual who practices them. They all refer to man's preservation. Nature, having implanted in us the want of that preservation, has made a law to us of all its consequences and a crime of everything that deviates from it. We carry in us the seed of every virtue and every perfection. It only requires to be developed. We are only happy inasmuch as we observe the rules established by nature for the end of our preservation. All wisdom, all perfection, all law, all virtue, all philosophy, consist in the practice of these axioms founded on our organisation:

Preserve thyself.

Instruct thyself.

Moderate thyself.

Live for thy fellow citizens that they may live for thee."



## CURRENT TOPICS.

JUDGING by present appearances, the graduating class of heretics in the Presbyterian church will be very large this year. The Chicago presbytery met on the 12th of June, and the heretics were so numerous that they gave to the assembly an intellectual tone. Mental resistance to error had created a desire for spiritual freedom, and the imprisoned thought made a dash for liberty. The trial of Dr. Briggs was passionately condemned, and Elder Thomas Kane declared that it was no longer within the ability of any church "to regulate the power of thinking." This was not exactly true, for many churches regulate the power of thinking, and "don't you know that you mustn't think?" is their admonition to every child. This, through the instinct of self-preservation, for thought has vast capacity of extension, and when expanded by a little knowledge it may crack the walls of a very strong church, as it has often done. However, it was not for thinking, but for speaking, that Dr. Briggs was tried. A lie cares nothing for the silent unbeliever, but it fears the "outspoken" heretic, the "avowed" infidel, and it will destroy him if it can.

Perhaps those who know the science of the mind can explain that magnetic sympathy with martyrs that makes men seek martyrdom. Is it religion, pride, or conscience? It is no wonder that the fame acquired by Dr. Briggs has excited the emulation of his admirers, for it must be very delightful to be a celebrated man, especially when the "bubble reputation" is not sought at "the cannon's mouth," but is found in the easy tribulation of a church-trial. Several aspirants for the martyr's crown appeared before the Chicago presbytery, but the Rev. Dr. Hall was ahead of all competitors, and the distinction will probably be conferred on him. He avowed that he took the same position practically as that for which Dr. Briggs was tried, but lest this bit of heresy might not be sufficiently specific, he put his challenge in these words: "I do not believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch." The report says, "There was a hush at this announcement, but there was not a dissenting voice." This was bad for Dr. Hall, for if all his brother ministers in Chicago are heretics like himself, there will never be a quorum large enough to try him for heresy, and he may miss the luxury of martyrdom.

Two or three weeks ago, in a little corner of Old Virginia, a great man died. He was one of the working saints, but his death caused hardly a vibration in the public mind, because the world knows not its heroes, unless they introduce themselves with much theatrical pomp and a loud clatter of tin pans. Hearing his name, nine-tenths of his countrymen would inquire who General Armstrong was, and yet his tireless and brave spirit had grappled successfully with a wrong, from which the statesmen had retreated in despair. At the Hampton Institute he had shown that the Negro problem and the Indian problem could be solved by education of hand and brain, by gentleness and justice. His ideal was regarded as too spiritual for success, but he made it as practical as a spelling-book, a hammer, or a plow. In the days of slavery Hampton was a benighted corner of Old Virginia, but the genius of General Armstrong has made the historic little village the most enlightened spot in the commonwealth. The foreman is dead, but another will take his place, and his work will be carried on.

The financial situation is causing much anxiety just now, and the quack doctors are advertising their infallible remedies for "commercial depression," "tightness of money," "overproduction," "collapse of credit," and the various other evidences that the balloon is coming down. It is astonishing how sympathetic we all become when Banks and Business get short of money, and how eagerly we call on the President and Congress to furnish them relief. The financial situation of the poor, however, gives us no

concern at all, although in their case there is a perpetual stringency in the money-market. The present situation results from a multitude of legislative sins, but the scapegoat for them all just now is the Sherman Silver Bill. On that we lay the responsibility, leaving all the other acts of class-legislation to go on working mischief according to law. The Sherman Bill was a vote-monger's bid for the "silver" states. It was a bit of makeshift politics fraught with evil, but if it were sued for damages to-morrow, the measure of them would be the actual money loss occasioned by the monthly purchase of silver; and this loss is not great enough to cause financial disaster, nor even a "tightness of money."

We have allowed ourselves to be so often "awe-stricken" by the warnings of seers and soothsayers and political sages of importance that we have abdicated independence and given up the habit of thinking for ourselves. I felt this humility to-day, when I read the views of a celebrated senator, who is honored, I think, as the sage of Muddleborough. Ponderously he said: "The financial situation is undoubtedly caused by the operation of the Sherman Silver Law. The stringency will continue and will grow worse so long as that law remains. The President ought to have called the special session of Congress earlier than September, to take action on the complications that have arisen." No doubt the Sherman law increases the "stringency," but it is not responsible for it all. It requires the government to buy 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month, and the monthly injury it causes is limited to the sum wasted in the purchase of that silver. In other words, if the whole amount were thrown into the sea, the loss would not seriously affect the financial situation. Whether or not a man can afford to light his pipe with a fifty-dollar bill, depends upon his income. If that amounts to a million dollars a year, he can do it without much financial danger; and so the United States may foolishly spend three or four millions of dollars a month in the purchase of corn, or cotton, or silver, without falling into bankruptcy.

The visit of the royal Princess Eulalia, and of her husband, Prince Antonio, presents a very instructive object-lesson. Every morning the papers told us what the royal visitors ate and drank, the rich delicacies and the wines, but nothing of what they said. Must we not conclude from the newspaper accounts that intellectual taste was lacking in the royal guests and in their entertainers too?

I have often thought that Gilbert and Sullivan were entitled to high rank as teachers of genuine democracy. We laugh so heartily at "Pinafore," "The Mikado," and "The Pirates of Penzance," that we hardly notice the moral instruction contained in the musical sarcasm of the plays; and yet no finer satire is to be found in Cervantes or Dean Swift than those comic operas display. They make the mummery and flummery of royal and official etiquette so mean by caricature that we feel uncomfortable when practicing our flunkey imitations. The men and women of Chicago who lately mimicked the tawdry vanities of a decayed monarchy could not help feeling that they were playing a ridiculous part in "The Mikado." While the whole performance was ludicrous enough, there was a pathetic side to it, for it made visible the desire of American plutocracy to become an aristocracy in form and in substance too. To that end we must imitate the "old monarchies" as closely as we can.

This morning's paper describing the departure of the Princess from Chicago gives us this important bit of information: "The round face of O'Brien, Mr. Palmer's coachman was espied over the heads of the crowd. He sat on the box of the Palmer landau and handled the reins." To the ordinary reader this looks like a natural bit of off-hand writing, but there was method in it. It was



the proper English form in which to describe a coachman, and American snobdom has decreed that it shall be imitated here. In England a coachman is a menial who in *Vanity Fair* forfeits his Christian name as he forfeits his Christian equality. He may be Wilkins, Tompkins, Dubbs, or Stubbs, but never Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or John. The society reporter knew that very well, and so he dared not say Michael O'Brien, or John O'Brien, but contemptuously, as the form prescribes, "O'Brien." The principle was the same in slavery, with this difference that the negro had no surname. He was Bob, Jim, Pompey, Hannibal, or Caesar, and that was all. When Frederick Douglass escaped from slavery he found himself in freedom without a surname, and he chose "Douglass." If it should become necessary for him to earn his living as a coachman he would lose the "Frederick."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TIME AND SPACE.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

I have read the letter of L. T. Ives, and the letter signed F. H. S., addressed to you in No. 300 of *The Open Court*, in reference to your article, entitled "The Absolute," in No. 290, and my answer to it in No. 292; and also read your comments on the two letters with much interest.

The difference between Mr. Ives and myself seems to be resolvable into this question: Are time and space entities?

The arguments and illustrations in negation by Mr. Ives refer to entities of material substance. I do not see how that can be made applicable to time and space. Time and space are independent of material things. Neither of them can be affected by material substance in any way. If nothing else but material substance can be an entity, I should agree with Mr. Ives that time and space are not entities.

What is an entity? The most general and common definition of entity is: Being. If not too presumptive, I would add: Being, which exists within itself and can be distinguished from all other being. But the best definition of entity, I think, is: An independent *ens*. The definition should be such as would include all entities and exclude all nonentities. The word "entity" in literature has been applied to hope, fear, wish, desire; but such definitions would be too loose for scientific or philosophic exactness.

But are not truth, law, mind, soul, time, and space entities? If they are not entities, they must be nonentities. They certainly are not material substances.

Is truth, the sovereign ruler over all things, a nonentity? Is law—take, as an example, the law of gravitation, which governs the universe and the smallest molecule within it—a nonentity? Is mind, by which man learns all he knows,—pure mathematics, as an example,—mind, by which he guides his life, knows right from wrong and good from evil, a nonentity? Is soul, the infinite, eternal soul, which is life itself, a nonentity? Is time, without which nothing else could exist one moment, a nonentity? Is space, without which there could have been no creation, no universe, no earth, no man, no creature, a nonentity? Is not each of these a Being? A Being, that exists within itself, which can be distinguished from all other being? An independent *ens*?

Truth *is*, it must *be*, it cannot *not-be*, and cannot be changed, even by Deity. Time must *be*, or nothing else could *be*—for if any thing exists a single instant it must exist in time. Time cannot stop nor pause. Time rests never. Space must *be*, or nothing else could *be*. It cannot be changed. The space that occupies a given point in infinity must occupy the same point forever. Space moves never.

A more practical view of space might be taken. It is a mer-

chantable article. It can be sold and bought by bargain and sale, and conveyed by deed, the same as land. Every owner of land owns the space perpendicular to the level of its surface up to the heavens, and can sell and convey it by metes and bounds, the same as he can his land, and protect it by law, the same as the soil itself. Shall we then say that truth is a nonentity? that space is a nonentity? that time is a nonentity? They must have been before creation was possible, even by Deity!

My own mind, whatever it may be worth, is constantly driven and riveted to the conclusion that truth, time, and space are not negations, relatives, nor attributes; but that they are positive, self-existent, uncreated, unrelated, unconditioned verities, entities, and absolutes, without which nothing else could be, and that it is impossible for them not to be. They are self-necessities.

F. H. S. admits space to be a reality, and thus concedes that it is an entity; yet, in speaking of matter, he says: "It moves through nothing (space), and yet I know that *nothing* to be a reality." How he can reconcile these statements surpasses my understanding.

In your comments on these two letters, when you say: "Space, it appears to me, is not negative; it is positive. Space is not nothing, it is space," I fully concur with you; but when you add: "Space being the interrelation of things," if you mean by these words that the being of space depends upon the interrelation of things, I should feel constrained to differ with you, but shall remain,

Yours truly,

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

[Mr. Biddle says, "Time cannot stop nor pause; time rests never," and he regards time and space as entities, which would exist even if no other realities existed. I understand by time a measure of motion, so that if no moving bodies existed, time would not exist either. If there is nothing that moves, I find no sense in saying that time does not pause.

The same is true of space. By space I understand that quality of things, which makes their interrelations measurable. If things did not exist, there would be no space.

It is true that we can imagine time and space to exist, while all other things might be annihilated, but let us not forget that this is a purely imaginary idea. We can also imagine that another kind of space existed. If things were of such a nature that any point from a given point of reference could be determined only by four, or five, or *n*-coordinates, our space-relations would be radically changed.

Thus, I am not prepared to say that space is an entity or a thing in itself, which must be such as it is, whatever be the nature of things. Space, however, is for that reason not non-existent. Space is real. The word "space" describes certain purely relational qualities of the objects of existence.—Ed.]

### "A CONVENTION OF CAPITALISTS TO SOLVE THE LABOR QUESTION."

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

In *The Open Court* for June 15th, Mr. Morrison I. Swift calls a convention of capitalists to solve the labor question. He does me the honor to ask my opinion of the plan, and while my opinion may not be so profound as Jack Bunsby's, Mr. Swift is welcome to it.

I agree that a great deal of social responsibility lies upon the capitalists of the country, and among them I suppose Mr. Swift includes in a general way all the employers of labor. I think he is very nearly right when he says that they have power to control the direction which industrial evolution shall take. Also, I think he is right when he says that as yet the capitalists "have not recognised their responsibility," and therein lies an insurmountable barrier in the way of Mr. Swift, because until a sense of responsi-



bility takes possession of the capitalistic mind, capitalists will not call a convention to discuss the labor question. A convention of any class to reform anything must be preceded by a moral cultivation of the mind.

When the flowers and the fields are blooming, it is impossible not to sympathise with the summer-time optimism of Mr. Swift. How can we help exulting with him in the anticipation of a convention of capitalists calling upon workingmen and workingwomen to assist them in planing away the rough knobs of social inequality in order that justice may be done! Many capitalists in a private way are doing some good carpenter work in that direction, but they are not assisted by the masses of their "order."

Mr. Swift can easily test his plan. He thinks that a convention of the capitalists of the country should be held next fall and "continued annually." Very well! let him call it, or let anybody else call it, and there will not be a quorum in a hundred years. It comes down at last to a matter of self-interest and the interest of the capitalists is wrapped up in the preservation of the present system. At least they think so, which amounts to the same thing. A convention of capitalists, having taken the advice and heard the demands of the labor leaders, would promptly resolve to build an arsenal.

The plan of Mr. Swift while well intended, and worthy of support, appears to me to be defective in this, that it proposes no remedies, but simply a meeting to talk of remedies. Every proposed social or political change ought to have specific form so that all who advocate it may work intelligently together. "Industrial evolution" in a moral sense, leaving mechanical inventions, has never had any assistance from capitalists as a class, although individual capitalists have aided every reform that has been successful since the world began. Still, in the great struggle for industrial emancipation the workingmen must rely mainly on themselves.

Respectfully yours, M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### SPIRITUALISM NOT SPIRITISM.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

You will pardon me for one further explanation and suggestion. I hold no commerce with the word "Spiritism" whatever it may mean, and Allen Kardec seems to be one of a few who employ the term. It seems to be a word coined to take the place of the word spiritualism and is tainted with, and involved in, certain notions of the French preconceived theories of incarnation, and so far as I am able to know the facts the testimony of incarnate spirits discountenances the incarnation theory and invariably use the word spiritualism. I have yet to learn of one single instance where an intellectual and honest incarnate spirit ever used the word "spiritism" in his communications with mortals. Therefore, I for one, wish to talk and argue along the line of spiritualism and not spiritism which, so far as investigation goes, is or seems to be but a speculation.

Again, I do not misjudge the position of *The Open Court*. There is, however, quite a difference between saying that one is and really being open to conviction and truth. Yet be it far from me to judge any one's motives. I have passed through the former state and know what it costs to give up my notions and the so-called established canons and knowledge of material science for truth, for I am not a stranger to conservative, retrogressive, and progressive thought! I had no belief in the phenomena of spiritualism until I studied and examined them honestly, patiently, reverently, and I am now free to confess that for many years I was a deluded man. *Spiritualism is a fact*, and therefore I am ready with abundant facts to meet Dr. Max Dessoir or *The Open Court* in the *quod est demonstrandum* of these assertions and facts.

There has not been a single person in modern times, not even Sir David Brewster excepted, who boldly lied to uphold material

science as against spiritualism, for in reality there is and can be no antagonism between true science and spiritualism, who has fearlessly and conscientiously followed up his investigations of these phenomena, and so far set aside his notions and unbelief and agnosticism, and entered the occult world as a student and investigator, who has come out of such study without knowledge of the facts, and confessed that legerdemain, trickery, and what not of the inventions of man are not explanatory of the phenomena of spiritualism. I have no ax to grind in these matters—*The Open Court* has known me and of me for the past eight years, and I trust that whether my statements which may afterward be made in *The Open Court* with Max Dessoir be believed or not, that they will lead inquirers to study the phenomena and not pass judgment on what they may know absolutely nothing about. Are we ready to examine "phenomena" to say nothing of accepting present and past facts?

Respectfully

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

[Spiritualism (as we use the word) is a philosophical term and is as such opposed to materialism. As materialism is an attempt to explain everything from matter, so spiritualism is an attempt to explain everything from spirit.

Spiritualism is often used in the sense of spiritism; but spiritism is very different, indeed. By "spiritism" we understand the belief that bodiless souls or ghosts, or as Mr. Grumbine says, "incarnate spirits" exist and can have intercourse with human beings.

Mr. Grumbine produces reasons why he prefers the name spiritualism to spiritism which, we grant, must be of weight to him. The "incarnate spirits" use the term spiritualism in preference to spiritism, and we should be satisfied with their authority.—Eo.]

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of *THE OPEN COURT* will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 305. (VOL. VII.—26)

CHICAGO, JUNE 29, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
| Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## SPIRITUALISM.

BY DR. MAX DESSOIR.

Privatdocent at the University of Berlin.

IN answer to the two letters, and according to the wish of the Editor lately expressed in these columns, I will in a few words explain my attitude with regard to spiritualism. I confine myself entirely to the so-called *facts*; for between expanded spiritualistic views and a sort of religion and sleight-of-hand there exists, naturally, no connection. But even of the facts a considerable number must at once be set aside, viz., all those occurrences, which lie visible only on psychological ground and present no physical interest. The "indirect mediumistic" or rather "automatic" writing, the trance-speaking, the seeing or hearing of "spirits"—these and several others belong to the psychological manifestations, with which we will not occupy ourselves to-day. Concerning the other group of mediumistic apparitions, I can myself dispose of an experience of about three hundred séances with thirty-seven different mediums, amongst whom are Slade and Valesca Toepfer. The number of séances is for a period of eight years, certainly not a long time, but here in Berlin we cannot go to the next street-corner in order to get a medium; on the contrary, it needs considerable application of time and money. I have sacrificed both sufficiently to the causes of objectiveness, and I blame nobody now for refusing to waste precious time with spiritualistic séances. For nine-tenths of what I have seen, was manifestly sleight-of-hand.

Let us consider the following: Most of the phenomena can be very easily produced, provided the medium can move, although apparently held fast or bound; or in the case of slate-writing, when the medium somehow gets access to the slate. The apparent difficulty disappears upon closer contemplation; if only certain conditions, for instance, the freedom of movement, are fulfilled, then the performance becomes easy. Whether or not this supposition can be made, only a man technically educated in this line is competent to say. A "logical" impossibility, such as has been asserted of certain reported occurrences, does not exist, for logic has only to do with the *form* of our thoughts, and here we have to deal with the substance of obser-

vations involving mistakes, which lie in the contents of a verdict or a combination of verdicts.

It seems to me quite unreasonable that many spiritualists expect the sleight-of-hand performer to imitate the tricks at once with the same finish. The latter does not have the advantage of such a specialised education as the medium, and he is not accustomed to operate under the conditions, which are allowed to the medium.

On the other hand, it may be pointed out that some of the spiritualistic phenomena appear even without a medium, while others are connected with mediums who are above every suspicion of conscious fraud. It must be granted, however, that the reports of haunted places are one and all not proof against a close examination; they admit of no certain conclusion, but leave, at most,—I here remind you of the documents published by the Society for Psychical Research—the indefinite idea that besides the extraordinary number of subjective and epidemic transferable illusions there may exist some trivial thing of objective reality. Further, when in certain persons there can be no suspicion of conscious fraud, it still remains possible and is psychologically considered quite probable that some self-illusion may have led to the delusion of others.

But enough of negative criticism. In the course of many years we have seen that it has no effect upon the adherents of spiritualism. The fanatics and the scoffers still remain unreconciled. In order to make any progress at all the following three conditions must, in my opinion, be fulfilled. First the experiments with professional mediums should be so arranged that the proceedings and possible success should not be witnessed merely by the participants of the séance. For just as it befell Dr. Crookes, it will befall Professor Lombroso; it will be said: they are clever people, they have accomplished much that is praiseworthy in their province, but in this case they have allowed themselves to be duped. With complete justice science has a right not to accept incredible things as proved on the sole authority of a learned man. Spiritualistic experiments, accordingly, must be made quite independent of the reliability and credibility of a few speculators.



For this reason I had, when Mr. Slade was in Berlin, two tubes filled with reagent fluids that would affect each other if mixed. They were closed and placed in a glass globe which was also closed. The tubes and the globe had been accurately weighed and the places in which they had been fixed were marked. All this was seen by a large number of persons. Now it is, according to the science of our time, impossible that any fluid should get from one tube into the other without breaking or injuring the globe or the tubes; but if there is any truth in the penetration of matter, which Mr. Slade claims for his spirits, it must be a trifle for the dear friends of the summer-land to bring a drop out of tube *A* into tube *B*, and by so doing to cause a plainly visible change of color in *B*. That we can afterwards examine on the scales the amount that has been transferred from *A* into *B* may be mentioned incidentally; yet I regard it as very important, that in such a case the medium may do whatever he likes with the globe, keep it for hours under the table or take it with him into his cabinet, for the success of this experiment does not in the least depend upon the faculty of observation of those present, and the result can even be confirmed by such as remain at a distance.

What happened? Nothing, simply nothing, even after Mr. Slade had kept the apparatus for two days at his house!

Upon another occasion I had a leather thong cut in such a way that the ends remained joined and the organic connection was nowhere interrupted. I was impertinent enough to ask a particularly strong medium to make in it the celebrated Zoellner knot. We had for this purpose six sésances, of two hours each. The room was thoroughly darkened and to enhance the "harmony" (and I must confess also to while away the time) I played the violin. After the sixth séance I had the leather returned to me intact and inviolate.

In spite of these failures I see in experiments of that kind the only possible way of arriving at a scientific treatment of the so-called spiritualistic facts—always supposing that a possibility exists at all.

There is another condition. The spectators should first concentrate their attention upon the phenomena and not upon the intelligence in them. When from the inside of a table, rapping and crackling sounds seem to proceed, one must not begin at once with the usual questioning, but with an examination of the conditions. There may be connection with electric batteries, etc., etc.

Experience has taught us that with the methods that so far have been employed we can make no headway, therefore we have to try some other way.

The third point which I insist upon, is connected with this. The now prevalent interpretation of the spirit-hypothesis must be dropped, as it is the most

nonsensical and the crudest. Indeed, Sir David Brewster was right when he said: "Spirits would be the last thing that he would give in to."

"The true scientific spirit"—to use Mr. Grumbine's expression—consists in this: to advance such hypotheses only as are alone capable of covering all the pertinent facts and that do not contradict other experiences of ours. Neither is compatible with the spirit-hypothesis. Even if we believe all the phenomena of mediumism to be real, they can be explained otherwise than by the activity of disembodied folks. That the theory of spiritualists flatly contradicts all other knowledge and conceptions, every right-thinking and well-educated person must, I think, grant without hesitation.

I grant that some of the alleged manifestations are events that lie still within the scope of scientific progress; yet decidedly I deny that the hypothesis offered has any right to scientific consideration.

#### PSYCHOLOGICAL TERMS.

IN consideration of the importance of a clear, well-defined, and consistent terminology, we present the following psychological definitions and explanations:

*Sense-impression* is the effect of an event upon a sentient being.

*Sensation* is the feeling that takes place while a sense-impression is made. It is the sense-impression felt. Sensations are the simplest psychical facts and the ultimate units of our conscious subjectivity. They are, as it were, the atoms of our soul.

*Sentiment* is the degree of intensity as well as the mixture of pleasurable and painful elements, which, as it were, give color to feelings.

Feelings, when strongly tinged with sentiment, are called *emotions*.

*Traces* are such modifications of the feeling substance produced by sense-impressions as will persist.

*Memory* signifies that quality of sentient substance through which sense-impressions leave traces.

*Memories* are the feelings of the various traces when revived.

*Image* is the common name given to sensations and also to the traces of sensations, which latter become again sensations as soon as they are revived; as such they are called "memory-images." There are visual images, acoustic images, images of taste, of smell, of touch, and of temperature.

*Composite images* are combinations of the traces of many sense-impressions of one and the same or of a similar kind, superimposed the one upon the other.

*Perception* is the feeling that attends the entrance of a sense-impression into the composite image of its class. A sensation, while it is perceived, is called a percept.



Every perception is an elementary judgment. It is equivalent to a verdict that a sense-impression belongs to that class of traces among which it is registered.

By *person* we understand the totality of memory-structures and composite images, interrelated among themselves in an individual organism.

An isolated sensation, viz., a sensation which has not become a perception, which has not been registered in its respective composite image, may be called a feeling, but it certainly is not felt by the person who has the sensation. Feelings *are felt* by being interrelated, and the interrelation of feelings alone can produce perception. If a perception is interrelated with the most important memory-images of a person, including that idea which represents the person himself, it is called *apperception*.

The peculiar nature which characterises all the various apperceptions is called *consciousness*. Thus consciousness is feeling systematised or focused in a centre. It is a coördination of sentient images and an intensification of sentiment.

The pronoun "I" stands for the whole person of the speaker, and its Latin equivalent "ego" has been used to denote the unity of a person as it appears in consciousness.

Since we understand the nature of perception and apperception, the ego has ceased to be a mystery.

\* \* \*

The objects of the surrounding world (whatever may be their other differences) must obviously differ in form, and this difference of form naturally produces an analogous difference of sense-impressions, of sensations and feelings. This accounts for the various kinds of feeling, which are appropriately called *forms of feeling*.

Memory traces, being of various forms analogous to the various forms of objects, come to represent or symbolise that class of objects or events through a contact with which they have originated. They acquire meaning, and their feelings, having acquired meaning, are called *sentient symbols*.

*Ideas* are the meanings of sentient symbols.

*Thought* or *thinking* is the interaction that takes place among sentient symbols.

*Impulses* are feelings which tend to action.

*Passions* are strong sentiments tending to action.

*Will* is a conscious impulse, brought about after a longer or shorter deliberation by the verdict of a consensus of the most powerful ideas.

*Purpose* is an idea willed, i. e., a plan, the execution of which is determined.

*Action* is the motion of an organism, performed after a conscious deliberation; it is purposive motion.

The term *psychical* applies to feelings as feelings.

The term *mental* applies to thought-operations.

The term *spiritual* applies to the representative value of feelings.

*Soul* is the name given to the whole system of sentient symbols.

Soul, mind, spirit, and character are synonyms with different shades of meaning.

When using the term *soul*, we think mainly of the feeling element and the various forms of feelings, of sentiments, passions, and emotions.

When using the word *mind*, we think first of all of mental or intellectual qualities, of thought-operations, logical conclusions, judgments, or ideas.

When using the word *spirit*, we leave out of sight all the corporeal relations of a feeling organism, and think mainly of the meaning residing in psychic symbols, of ideas and ideals.

When using the word *character*, we think of the peculiar nature of the impulses, of desires, inclinations, and the will of a man.

\* \* \*

*Faculty* is the name given collectively to the various features of psychical, mental, or spiritual operations.

The old doctrine, that the soul possesses faculties which have their distinct seats and well-defined provinces, is exploded. Every faculty is a collective term to designate a certain kind of mental activity, or a certain quality of thought-operations. Thus we speak of memory, of cognition, of judgment, of imagination, of attention, etc., as faculties.

*Imagination* is (1) the free play of ideas; (2) that quality of thinking beings which allows images or ideas to enter into all possible combinations.

*Attention* is a concentration of the soul; it is that state of mind in which one impulse or will predominates, either suppressing all other impulses, or making them subservient.

*Cognition* is conscious and deliberate perception. It denotes especially all complex processes of perception, the analysis of complex ideas, and the classification of their elements in the respective categories to which they belong; in brief, all acts of acquiring knowledge.

*Intellect* is the presence of such conditions as make the acquisition of knowledge possible.

*Intelligence* is the ability of practically applying one's intellect.

*Understanding* is that quality which makes thinking beings find explanations. It is the recognition of changes as transformations, or, in other words, the tracing of causation.

*Reason* is, (1) that quality of sentient beings which



makes thought-operations possible. In short, it is the faculty of thinking.

Being especially methodical thinking, reason is, in its strict and proper sense, (2) the method of thinking, the purpose of which is the economy of thought.

Reason denotes also the means by which the economy of thought is accomplished. Economy of thought being possible through a systematisation of the uniformities of experience, reason means (3) abstract thought, or the ability of making and employing abstractions, and also those most important products of abstraction—generalisations.

Lastly, we understand by reason (4) the norm or criterion of thought-operations, by which we judge their correctness.

P. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ARE THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY CONDEMNED BY THE FACTS?

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

I have just read with great interest Mr. Victor Yarros's essay on "Individualism and Political Economy," published in *The Open Court* of March 16th. Permit me, however, to point out to him that he has forgotten the principal cause of the discredit now attaching, in the opinion of the masses, to political economy, the principles of which, very far from being weakened by the facts, are on the contrary demonstrated superabundantly by the entire social evolution of the last hundred years.

The masters and founders of economic science were pure *savants*, students, seeking exclusively the truth, as revealed by examination of the facts, without bias or private interest on their part, except the very legitimate ambition to enrich humanity with new truths, indicate the causes of its present miseries, and show the way to the best social condition realisable in a world which they have never deemed the best possible, Mr. Yarros being in error when he lays this reproach at their door. Their pretension has been simply to teach that, the world being what it is by virtue of inexorable fatalities, it imposes its laws upon man, who is himself subject to the fatalities of his own nature, more incapable of modifying himself than of reversing the law of gravitation.

Given, then, human nature, with all its selfish and brutal characteristics, as well as with its highest qualities; given the physical and physiological laws of the world and their powerful fatalities—the economists have maintained, and rightly, that the greatest possible good for humanity, whether considered in its entirety or from the standpoint of each separate nation, can be realised only by the greatest possible individual liberty; that every hindrance, every restriction placed upon this individual liberty, the object and more especially the effect of which is not to guarantee the equal liberty of all, can only injure the interest of all and diminish to some extent the realisable sum of human happiness.

Hence we have this law of *laissez-faire* and *laissez-passer*, so much assailed in these days by the masses, ignorant of their own interests, because ignorant of the laws which govern the world, which govern these masses themselves, but which can never be violated by them with impunity.

What is the origin of this error of the masses of to-day? It is to be found solely in the fact that each desires his own liberty, but, being embarrassed by that of another, would like to restrain it for his own benefit; in the fact that each would like to enjoy

the advantages of *laissez-faire* and *laissez-passer* without suffering the disadvantages to his personal interests that may accompany them; in the fact, in short, that in every-day life, setting aside all moral hypocrisy, each prefers his individual interest to the general interest, about which indeed he concerns himself but little, and the conditions of which he scorns to study, ready even to deny these conditions when they are or seem to him contrary to his petty personal welfare of the moment, without suspecting that in most cases he thereby compromises his interest of the morrow, his permanent interest, his own general interest,—that of his family and posterity.

On one side, then, a few rare men of science, personally disinterested in the questions of which they treat, and whose sole aim is to find the truest, most general scientific formulas, those most absolutely conforming to the reality of things.

On the other, entire humanity absorbed in the struggles of life, the ignorant, blind, passionate, restless, impatient mass, with all its rival egoisms, all its individual interests, more or less united by the identity of their economic situations, in larger or smaller groups and collectivities.

And these primary groups and collectivities ally themselves, syndicate themselves, federate themselves in larger groups and collectivities, in vast organisations, whose blindness is proportional to their size. For all these units, formed into coalitions and hierarchies, seek, not the common interest of all, but each an aspect of its personal, actual, daily interest: that is to say, they seek solely their professional interest, always hostile to professions aside therefrom, always opposed to the universal interests of the human community which the men of science have had exclusively in view, precisely because they could impartially study the play of all these special interests in antagonism.

Thus it is, for instance, that, each profession aiding the others to increase the sum of its wages or its profits, each loses in its exchanges with all the others much more than the increase of profit or wages which it has obtained, thanks to their coöperation. The only result is a rise in prices, a relative diminution of exchange for those who have retired, for those who have made savings, without any real improvement in the condition of the laborers. The terms of the relations have been changed, the relations remain the same.

Meanwhile, from this federation of special or partial egoisms has inevitably arisen the denial of the very principle of social science elaborated by the few disinterested and independent minds who have laid the foundations thereof. The existing state of things,—the general ill-being from which we suffer; the imminence of the social cataclysms which all anticipate, or summon, in endeavoring to precipitate them,—all this is the result of the general blindness, which the clairvoyance of a few sages is powerless to dissipate. They are not believed, they are no longer listened to. And the flood goes on, continually swelling, sure to multiply the evils which it pretends to cure. A fourth, a third of the civilised population of the globe may disappear within a few generations in the course of this social revolution, which, it is claimed, is to make earth a paradise.

\* \* \*

Is it true that facts have thus far contradicted the fundamental principles of political economy? When and to what extent have they been applied? What have been the results of their partial applications?

Political economy was born in the eighteenth century. It was born, in fact, with the Physiocrats, whose formula was too narrow; not because they were too optimistic, but because they took into consideration only one of the forms of wealth,—alimentary wealth. In one view of the matter, however, they were right; for after all, the entire annual revenue of human labor resolves itself into the aliments consumed annually by the race. Capital alone represents profit, accumulated savings; not only, as is believed,



in money or other exchangeable materials, but especially in true fiduciary values, really fictitious, representing labor consumed without real intrinsic value, and which would lose all their utility if commercial activity should stop. These are what we call the instruments of labor, useless in the absence of labor. This part of wealth would be annihilated by what is known as the social revolution, since there can be no production when consumption ceases. Everybody will go on eating voraciously; but for each industry devoted to the production of luxuries that shall be ruined, a certain number of laborers will surely be suppressed, there being no power in the world that can prevent it. Even though the state should be charged with dressing and feeding everybody, it could do it only with the labor accumulated by somebody. The mistake of the Physiocrats lay in their failure to understand this, and it is this that relates them more closely to the Socialists of today than to their successors, the liberal economists, who inspired our first revolutionary generation. It was on the strength of their principles that the Constituent Assembly lifted the barriers placed in the path of human liberty, of the liberty of labor and contract, by class distinctions or guilds. In destroying all privileges it conceived of equality only as an equality of liberty and rights, an equality of starting-points. To proclaim equality in fact, would have been to deny liberty, the fertile principle *par excellence*, and the sole source of all progress.

In 1789 France had a population of twenty-four to twenty-six millions at most, by far the greater number of whom, perhaps twenty millions, could be called poor, living from hand to mouth, without security for the morrow.

Our entire rural population lived then on black bread, made of barley, buckwheat, and sometimes a little rye. Not a farmer tasted the little wheat which he raised only on choice land. Each family killed one pig a year, two when it was numerous and the holding was large, requiring many laborers. Meat appeared on the table only four or five times a year, on holidays. The peasant drank water, a little milk or *piquette*; the wine or cider were sold, like the butter or eggs, save in harvest-time. The whole population went barefooted or in wooden shoes.

I can state on the evidence of my own eyes that in my childhood, from 1839 to 1848, in several cantons of the departments of Mayenne and Sarthe, such was the *régime* of the French peasants. I can affirm, on the evidence of other direct witnesses, that a similar state of things prevailed in the entire west and centre of France and in the whole vast region enclosed between the Loire and the Gironde and beyond as far as the Pyrenees, and that in Brittany conditions were even worse, the peasants living almost exclusively on buckwheat. Only in the north and east had they begun to experience some small degree of comfort. The wages of the men scarcely exceeded one franc a day, while the women received only thirty or forty centimes, besides their board.

Yet at that time rents were at least fifty per cent. lower than they are to-day, when our peasants eat wheat and meat, drink cider or even wine, and are decently clad and warmed.

And withal, in 1870, less than a century after the establishment of this *régime* of *laissez-faire* and *laissez-passer*,—at least, in the interior,—upon which to-day all forms of malediction are heaped, the French population had risen from twenty-four or twenty-six millions to forty-two millions, including our provinces on the Rhine,—an increase of more than fifty per cent.

During the same period, all the other European nations which have established the same principles of liberty have multiplied even more rapidly. All statistics show it.

An economic *régime* which gives such results cannot be bad.

But, even during this century of such magnificent development of human life, have all the principles of political economy been rigorously applied?

Far from it!

These principles condemn war, as a useless destruction of men and capital. Yet during this century wars have been incessant. They have caused the death of several millions of men and created a debt of more than a hundred billion francs. The interest on this enormous debt and the appropriation for war or for armed peace have to be furnished by taxes so tremendous that it has been impossible to levy them directly,—the only method defensible from the economic standpoint. To meet these expenses, it is necessary to resort to the fiscal lie of indirect taxation, which ruins labor and commerce.

What, then, would have been the increase of population and public prosperity, if on this point the teachings of all the economists without exception, from Vauban and Adam Smith to J. B. Say and Stuart Mill had been followed?

Political economy, in the name of the general interest, condemns all forms of fiscal protection. Now, throughout this century protection has continually existed, in various forms, in all States, even constitutional or republican, where parliaments, composed for the greater part of landed or industrial proprietors, have constituted veritable syndicates of private interests, agreeing to protect each other at the expense of the public interest. Thus they have levied on the poorest, for the benefit of the richest, taxes more than ten times as large as the revenue derived therefrom by the State. The recent laws protecting cereals in France will not bring thirty millions to the State; they will cost the people more than three hundred millions, which will go to increase the net product of the land to the benefit of its proprietors, who but for this would be forced to reduce rents.

After a century of such a *régime*, should we be astonished that, with a total increase of wealth unprecedented, this wealth is not well distributed? Should we be astonished that, while the rich have grown richer, the poor have grown poorer and more numerous? Is it the fault of political economy if so much misery has resulted from the violation of its principles?

Certainly not! But the people who suffer because these principles have been violated lend a willing ear to the advice of physicians whose remedies would be worse than the disease. In their profound ignorance of the real laws of nature, life, and society, they curse this political economy which they have heard spoken of vaguely by the very persons who have least appreciated its doctrines and done most violence to its formulas. They think they see in it the cause of evils which it might have prevented. If the teachings of its masters had been followed; if the *role* of the State, reduced to the minimum necessary to the security of person and property, had left every one free to put forth his activities under the sole condition of not hindering the activities of others,—we should have really witnessed the realisation of the best of possible worlds, considering the physical fatalities which govern it and over which science is continually achieving greater triumphs.

So far, only one statesman, Mr. Gladstone, has been bold and logical enough to apply the fundamental rules of political economy to taxation. In recently conferring upon England the benefit of cheap bread, he has done more to retard the social revolution than all the measures of coercion attempted elsewhere against its apostles, as blind as they are fanatical.

Let us confess, however, that the economists have not been infallible; that many of them have yielded to the influence of established prejudices, to the habits of mind and education of which even the most learned find difficulty in ridding themselves; that they have sometimes generalised their principles too hastily; that by faulty analogies they have extended them to problems to which they are inapplicable.

It is certain, for instance, that they have not clearly distinguished landed property, which by its nature is inevitably a monopoly, from personal property, whose inexhaustible source permits each to enrich himself without depriving others. They have



not, with Ricardo, recognised the distinction between eminent domain, property in the net product and social plus-value of the soil, which, resulting from the increase of the population, is its inalienable property, and the share of the gross product which belongs to him who possesses this soil and cultivates it by virtue of grants always revocable.

Ricardo, then, on the contrary, has, better than any other economist, demonstrated the right of the social collectivity over the part of the globe which it occupies,—that is to say, the principle of national ownership of the soil.

It is the great misfortune and the great mistake of the century that the young nations of America have followed in this particular in the footsteps of their elders; that their legislators, still biased by the traditions of the Roman law, have not made this distinction between individual possession of the soil, in the form of a temporary concession in consideration of rent, and domainial property in rent and plus-value; that in abandoning to first occupants a perpetual title they have started the young nations in the fatal path which led the Roman Empire to ruin, as it will lead to ruin all the existing nations of Europe which have followed it, and which are condemned thereby to perish in the crisis of that transformation of their system of land-ownership which has become inevitable.

But this special problem of property in land, analogous to all the other necessary forms of State monopoly, does not at all imply the falsity of the general principles of economic science which have been applied to it in a wrong way. It is, on the contrary, a consequence of these principles that land, by nature limited in extent and incapable of expansion, possessing a value of situation more variable than its intrinsic value as raw material and instrument of labor, remains the collective domain of the nation, the perpetually indivisible property of all its members and families from generation to generation; that nowhere may it be perpetually alienated, into the hands of individuals, with that right of use and abuse which the Roman law proclaimed and which killed Rome by the *latifundia*.

When each nation shall retain eminent domain over its soil, the net product or rent of which will suffice to meet the national expenses, labor, thus relieved of all fiscal burden, may be free without danger to free competition, which alone can defend the general interest against the always disastrous combinations of partial and private interests. Undoubtedly there will always be those who fail, since, with a territory incapable of expansion, population cannot indefinitely increase; but the number who fail must always be very small in comparison with the number who succeed. This is all that can be hoped for in the least bad of possible worlds under terrestrial conditions.

If, under the *régime* of war and fiscal protection to which we have been subjected for the last hundred years, interest on capital, thanks to liberty, thanks to *laissez-faire* and *laissez-passer* in internal relations, has fallen from 10 or 12 per cent., the prevailing rates in past centuries, to 3½ and even 3 per cent., there is reason to believe that with complete liberty of production and exchange the same capital, growing more and more abundant and competing with itself, will fall to a price so low that there will be no longer any advantage in dividing it. Then, in the interest of all, to avoid its destruction and dispersion with each generation, it will be necessary to constitute an hereditary and inalienable property in each family, possessed indivisibly by its members in a direct line, as a homestead title, guaranteeing the children against the condition of pauperism into which they might at any time be plunged by imprudent speculation, or the vices of their fathers, or even those mischances to which all are liable.

But all the social doctrines now current among the masses deceived by cranky social theorists, ignorant or perverse, blind leaders of the blind, could do nothing but turn humanity back into paths already travelled in the age of barbarism. Far from pushing it on

to further progress, they would condemn it to pass through a new period of degeneration.

In reality, all these doctrines, put forward as new, are very ancient errors, whose origins are to be found thousands of years ago in the old Oriental religions. They might be described as Christianity or even Buddhism gone to seed. They all start alike from the belief in a primitive equality of all human beings, which never existed, and in a providence which, governing the world with justice, cannot place a living creature in it without providing a place for it at the banquet of life.

If these same economic errors have sufficed to arrest the evolution of the old Asiatic peoples; if they have cost the Christian world a thousand years of barbarism,—under the new form given them by the present apostles of optimistic socialism, they would inevitably lead to another thousand years of depopulation, servitude, and misery, from which humanity would emerge only through new disruptions and rebeginnings.

The only social formula in harmony with the principles of economic science, the natural laws of the family, and the aspirations of the peoples for justice, is then:

1. Absolute liberty of labor, of circulation of its products, of contracts or exchanges, national or international, without any fiscal obstacle.
2. Inalienable national ownership of rent or eminent domain over the soil, administered by communes, under the supervision of the State.
3. Individual possession of the national soil by grants or leases, emphyteutic in character, running not longer than a century, with conditions guaranteeing good use thereof and preservation of its productive power.
4. Absolute ownership by the individual of the fruit of his labor, economy, acquisitions, and conquests, in the usual forms of constituted capital or chattels.
5. Constitution of the family or *gens* and descent of the name in a maternal line exclusively, with retention of the father's name as a surname during life.
6. Absolute liberty for men to dispose by will of half their possessions of whatever nature, and of the other half within the limits of their direct descendants, masculine or feminine, natural, legal, or adopted.
7. In case the father dies intestate, the natural, legal, or adopted sons to inherit each a child's half-share, and the natural, legal, or adopted daughters each a full share.
8. The right of women to dispose of their property by will to be limited to their personal possessions, to the fruit of their industry, to their acquisitions and conquests, in the usual forms of constituted capital or chattels.
9. In the absence of a will, the natural, legal, or adopted sons to inherit from their mother each a half-share, the daughters each a full share.
10. Capital acquired by women through dowry or inheritance, in the form of buildings or fiduciary titles yielding revenue, to constitute for them and their posterity a *homestead* or maternal property, inalienable or capable of reinvestment, and hereditary in an undivided form for their direct descendants in a feminine line.
11. The maternal homestead to be administered in each generation by the matron or maternal head of the family, except in case of physical or moral incapacity duly established, and under the supervision of a family council formed of all its adult members, presided over by a magistrate whose signature must be obtained before the decisions of the council can be executed.
12. The revenue of the maternal capital to be divided annually, per capita, among all the representatives of the family in a direct maternal line, healthy adult male children being excluded from the division.
13. In case of extinction of the direct maternal line, the ma-



tronal capital to revert to a fund for the endowment and assistance of abandoned children.

14. Every individual to be allowed, during his lifetime or by will, to establish a maternal homestead in favor of one or more living women, or to add to their already established homesteads by gifts or legacies to be used as an inalienable capital, hereditary for their descendants in a feminine line.

15. Each direct maternal family possessing a homestead to be under obligation to assist its aged, infirm, and orphaned members, and to assure them shelter and care.

Thus the lives and safety of women and children would be assured against all the uncertainties of speculation, against the vices or mischances which now afflict entire families, often through the fault of their head or through the various accidents which at any time may happen.

Thus would disappear all the conventional lies of our laws on filiation and marriage and all the scandals to which they give rise. Women, assured of the support of the family, would not be forced to remarry against their will and could choose husbands more freely with a view to the more rapid improvement of the human race.

Thus there would be no more children without family, no more old people abandoned to the always inadequate and unintelligent care of the State.

Thus pauperism would be reduced, from generation to generation, to those isolated individuals only whose families had become extinct. The existence of their last children would be guaranteed by the endowment fund established out of the estates of wealthy families which had likewise died out.

Thus each city or village, proprietor of its territory farmed out emphyteutic leases, would derive therefrom a revenue sufficient to meet public expenses without needing to close its gates by duties or establish taxes, always burdensome to the poor and heavy even for the rich.

Thus the rent of the land of each nation would suffice to balance the budget both of the communes and of the State, paying the cost of administration and of public works, without recourse to taxation, without needing to close its frontiers to imports or exports to the great detriment of commerce and laborers.

With such a social constitution we should see individual activities develop freely, wealth accumulate in the hands of those best fitted to make it fruitful, and ease and security prevail in the household, where man would represent especially the productive, woman the conservative, element of wealth.

It would prevent the progressive accumulation of landed property in a few hands. The formation of sterile *latifundia* would become impossible, and no more would ownership of the soil by a few families end in the disinheritation of future generations.

CLÉMENTINE ROYER.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

It is a pleasure to notice among so many modern improvements an increasing respect for the sanctity of human life. When I was last in England, I happened to be sitting one summer evening in front of a friend's house in company with half a dozen Englishmen and an American citizen. We were enjoying ourselves in peaceful conversation, when an organ-grinder planted himself directly in front of us and began to unwind about five hundred yards of torment from his diabolical machine. After enduring the discords for some time, the American citizen said: "You Englishmen are too squeamish about little things like manslaughter. I suppose if I should kill that organ-grinder I would be fined for it, instead of being complimented by the jury, as I would be in my own country." That was fourteen years ago; and human life is more sacred in America now than it was then, at

least in the neighborhood of Chicago. Men who recklessly commit homicide are no longer complimented by the jury. Far from it; last week the coroner's jury at Lemont, after finding that the deceased came to his death by a gun-shot wound, sternly recommended that "contractors Locker, Jackson, and Mayer be censured for shooting defenseless men without cause or warrant of law." The effect of this verdict will be wholesome. It will diminish the catalogue of murders, because people will not be so fond of shooting defenseless men without cause, when they run the risk of being "censured" for it by the jury. We have made a great advance, partly owing, let us hope, to the educational influence of the World's Fair.

\* \* \*

The labyrinthine logic of the conflicting opinions left the idolaters of "law and order" in a puzzled frame of mind, because what one set of judges thought was law last week, another set said was not law this week, and what will be law next week nobody knows. It is a perversion of language to give the dignity of law to the illegitimate union of Church and State attempted in the mercenary bargain made between Congress and the Fair. With the people's own money Congress bribed the Directors to shut the people out of the Fair on Sundays, and this arrogant usurpation we are called upon to venerate as "law." The parties to the contract on both sides were disloyal to the American Constitution when they made the bargain. Where one party says to the other, "We will help you to cheat the people out of their money, if you will help us to cheat them out of their liberties," a contract formed on the basis of such a proposition is against good morals, contrary to public policy, and hostile to the Constitution.

\* \* \*

While the Sunday-closing question has developed some very interesting chimney-corner law, its "exhibit" of antiquated theology deserves a premium. Such rare fossils have not been seen of late. Placing our old acquaintance, the Devil, on the Appellate Court, by the side of the Chief Justice, was a Gothic bit of ecclesiastical sarcasm worthy of the mediæval time, and the credit of it is due to the Rev. Dr. Henson. It was the same old fossil Satan, and when Dr. Henson introduced him last Monday at the Ministers' Meeting, his horned majesty was greeted by the brethren with a cheer. "I believe in a personal devil," said Dr. Henson, "and I can even imagine a personal devil squatting like a black toad on the bar of justice dictating a decision, and after the decision had been promulgated, slapping the promulgator on the shoulder, with the remark: 'I could not have done better myself.'" And the "promulgator" of that kind and Christian flattery of the Chief Justice felt injured that he himself had been spoken of as a "clown." Further complaining, Dr. Henson said: "One rascally editor spoke of me as the 'end man' of the Baptist church, and he did not say which end either." This was a libel, for Dr. Henson is not qualified for either end. He is neither Bones nor Tambourine; they sometimes brighten extravagance with humor, which Dr. Henson was never known to do.

\* \* \*

There is fitness and proportion in a lawsuit between two mighty nations concerning an animal so interesting and important as a seal, for a seal-skin sacque is a treasure coveted by queens, and worthy to be the subject of international dispute; but it seems hardly possible to give rank and dignity to an international controversy about such an insignificant insect as a frog. Nevertheless, the next case on the docket of the International Court is the suit between the United States and Great Britain as to the mercantile value and political standing of the Canadian frog. Seven or eight years ago diplomatic relations between the two nations were strained by the Canadian frog, because the Custom House officers were undecided whether he was meat, fish, or preserves,



the Americans contending that he was a fish, and liable to a duty of five cents a pound, or whatever the tariff was; while the British held that he was a reptile entitled to enter the United States duty free. The naturalists were not able to agree, nor the lawyers either, but before the nations came to blows the American Secretary of the Treasury scientifically solved the question by a compromise worthy of American diplomacy. He decided, if I remember the case correctly, that the frog was neither a reptile nor a fish, but a bird, and therefore free. Thus, war was averted for the time.

\* \* \*

And only for a time, for Major McKinley put a prohibitory tariff on the Canadian frog by special name and definition so that there can be no mistake about him. On the boundary line between the two countries he gives the Custom-house authorities a great deal of trouble owing to his activity and his ability to travel either by land or water. It is not always possible to tell whether a frog who has just hopped or swam across the line into the United States is a Canadian frog, or an American frog who has just been over to Canada on a visit, and this uncertainty causes the present complication. Captain Dwelle who runs a steamboat between Sandusky, Ohio, and Canada, has been arrested for giving a free passage to seventy-two live frogs from Canada to Sandusky, and the defense, if I understand it, is, that they are American frogs who merely went over to Canada on business, without any intention of becoming permanent residents of that country. The case is exciting international interest because Captain Dwelle's vessel has also been arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 while the Captain himself is liable to a fine of \$500, or about seven dollars a frog. At the first glance the whole proceeding looks rather diminutive when the greatness of the American Republic is considered, but on reflection we behold how necessary it is to protect the high-toned American frog against the pauper frog of Canada.

\* \* \*

According to the schoolbooks moonshine is reflected light, not flashing from any virtue inherent in the moon itself, but a pale glory borrowed from the sun. So, the ambition to shine conspicuous above our neighbors, and to classify ourselves as a select "order" prompts us to imitate the moon, and to radiate from our own vain personalities reflected light, some glory borrowed from our ancestors if we happen to have no fame within ourselves. The other day I saw a procession of men arrayed in martial splendor tramping proudly behind a band, to the measure of a quickstep known as "Marching Through Georgia." The rays of their bravery dazzled the eye, but when I saw their titles on their banners I said, "moonshine." They composed a division of an army called "The Sons of Veterans," and "the sheen on their spears" was borrowed, for it was their fathers who had marched through Georgia. Psychologically, of course, they were on that famous march, if it is true that every man carries his unborn posterity within him, but their share in its renown is "moonshine." It entitles them to nothing but a metaphysical pension, and even to a division of that the "Grandsons of Veterans" will soon present a claim. It is well to be proud of a noble ancestry, but it is better to do something that will make our own posterity proud.

\* \* \*

If the pale glory of the "Sons of Veterans" was mere moonshine, what shall we say of that other select and mystic order called "The Sons of the Revolution"? Its light is paler than the other, because it comes from a greater distance by about a hundred years. "The Sons of the Revolution" held a glorious festival of moonshine in Chicago on the 17th of June in honor of Bunker Hill. The dazzle of the parade was moonshine, and the splendor of the speeches was moonshine too, except those delivered by the

men who themselves had imitated their revolutionary fathers and had fought for the preservation of the Union in the war of '61. The light of their speeches was not moonshine; it was not borrowed: it was their own, bright, clear, warm, and beautiful as that of the sun. There was present at the festival a tonguener of renown, a phrase-maker fluent as a mocking-bird, and he made a speech rhetorically fine, but the glow in it was moonshine, for the orator himself would not have done the deeds that he glorified his ancestor for doing. When he was done talking I saw his venerable ancestor, "an old continental in his ragged regimental," glide quietly up to him, and plainly as I ever heard the ghost of Hamlet's father, did I hear him say, "My beloved great-great-grandson, that was an inspiring speech, but where were you in the awful battle-days from '61 to '65, when the republic was in greater danger than it ever was during the revolutionary war? Where were you?" And the Son of the Revolution answered, "I was looking for a substitute." I am aware that everybody could not go to the war; nor was it necessary, for there were duties to be done at home, and somebody had to work to keep our armies in the field. I have never had any criticisms for those who did not go, but I must have a little amusement at the expense of those who claim a share of martial glory because their ancestors did go in 1861, or in 1812, or in 1776.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 306. (VOL. VII.—27.)

CHICAGO, JULY 6, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## CORNELL'S QUARTER-CENTENNIAL.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

ONE of the chief topics of conversation at Cornell University during the Commencement week which recently closed, was the celebration in the Autumn of the quarter-centennial of the foundation of this institution. The programme has not yet been so perfected that it may be announced. But it is safe to say that the event will be a red-letter day in the history of higher education in the Empire State. It may be timely, therefore, to glance for a moment at the growth and present condition of the University.

At the beginning of the seventies, the then president of Cornell, Mr. Andrew D. White, was accustomed, in his annual address to the students, to refer to "the wheat fields that once waved where these buildings now stand." That stereotyped phrase depicts the condition of things on this hill twenty-five years ago. But to-day one sees here over a dozen buildings of greater or less architectural merit, scores of professors' cottages, miles of gravelled roadways lined with elms which have almost reached the "stately" stage, a bevy of pretty Greek-letter society chapter-houses, nearly one hundred and fifty instructors, many of whom enjoy established reputations, and about 1,700 students. What was once a "mushroom college" is now a solid university, standing in the front rank of the leading American institutions of learning, probably the best type of the "university with scientific leanings."

In order to substantiate this statement, let us examine for a moment a few sides of the subject. Take, in the first place, the purely material side, and let me indulge in some figures. For example, the annual income of Cornell University is in the neighborhood of \$600,000; its funds reach nearly \$6,000,000; its real estate \$1,500,000; the equipment of the various departments nearly \$800,000; while the salaries paid out during a year attain the sum of \$223,000. A round million dollars' worth of Western lands still remains in the possession of the University. A single building with its equipment—the Library—is valued at close upon \$600,000.

This fine new Library building now houses over a

hundred thousand volumes, embracing such special collections as the Anthon for the classics, the Bopp for philology, the Goldwin Smith for English history and literature, the Kelley for mathematics, the Sparks for American history, the May for works on the slavery question, and the White for history. Among the more notable purchases during the past year have been, Mr. George W. Harris, the librarian, tells me, the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne, 130 volumes; the Journals and Reports of the British Parliament, 333 volumes; the Pléiade Française, 18 volumes, costing \$130; *The British Critic* (1794-1843), 102 volumes, a complete set; the British Statutes at Large, 66 volumes, etc. Among the most generous donors during the twelve months were Ex-President White, now United States Minister at St. Petersburg, who sent nearly 600 volumes, many of which relate to Russian history; and Prof. Willard Fiske, who has given nearly 100 volumes in Italian, or on Italian subjects.

But any account of books at Cornell would be incomplete without mention of the Moak collection. This valuable recent acquisition places the law library of Cornell, Professor Collins informs me, in the front rank of college law libraries in the United States. It is particularly rich in reports, and may be said to be practically complete as regards the reports of the English-speaking world, even such distant lands as Australia, New Zealand, and Hawaii being thoroughly well represented on the shelves.

The rapid development of the young Law School is among the most gratifying events in the past two or three years of Cornell's history. The Law Building is one of the newest and handsomest on the campus. The law professors are earnest and enthusiastic. The creation in the country of a successful law school was deemed a hazardous experiment. But immediate success crowned this effort. The school had over two hundred students last year and has just graduated sixty-two; more than the number graduated in any other department of the University, except that of Mechanical Engineering.

The extraordinary growth of this College of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering should also be noted. Dr. Thurston may well be proud of what he



has accomplished. Of the 1,665 students in the University last year, not less than 546, or very nearly one-third, were entered at Sibley College. The capacity of the main building, which has been enlarged already once or twice, is now to be more than doubled. Ground has already been broken, and it is expected that the structure will be under roof by the end of the Autumn. An important new departure in the instruction of advanced students will be the thoroughly original investigations in the laboratories which are already organised, but which need more room for complete development. Dr. Thurston anticipates many gains to science from this work.

This Commencement, Professor Emerson threw open to the public for the first time his admirable collection of antique casts, which have been very tastefully arranged on the lower floor of McGraw Hall. If I have not been misinformed, Boston alone, in this country, possesses a more complete archæological museum of this kind.

The influx of students during the past few years has been so great—and the entrance examinations of last June show that the next class will be the largest ever known here—that the University has at last reluctantly turned to the State for aid. I say reluctantly, for it is evident that there exists a hesitancy, especially in the faculty, about abandoning the old policy of steering quite clear of Albany. But this past winter President Schurman went to the Legislature and returned with a \$50,000 appropriation for the agricultural department and it is felt now that still greater largesses may be counted upon from the same source in the near future. Judge George B. Turner of Auburn, the Alumni Trustee, in his report read to the Alumni, came out squarely in favor of State aid. "Is it too much," he said in closing, "to ask that the great State of New York be equitable and just to the University?" And the same note was struck in the Alumni meeting when it was proposed and carried unanimously, that a grand committee be appointed to consist of Cornell graduates who had received free instruction at the University, one from each senatorial and each assembly district in this State, whose duty it should be to urge upon the Legislature a generous policy in its treatment of Cornell.

Even a cursory glance at the facts in the case shows that, morally at least, the State of New York is bound to offer Cornell financial support. I cannot demonstrate them here for reasons of brevity. The curious feature of the matter is that while the University needs the money, deserves the money and will probably get the money, more than one friend of the institution is lukewarm in support of this new line of policy. What a significant fact and what a reflection on the Legis-

lative body of the greatest commonwealth of the Union!

Another phase of Cornell life calls for a word here. When the University was founded it was promptly pronounced by the orthodox to be "an atheistical institution." In those early years, the energies of the men engaged in placing the edifice on a solid basis were too much taxed to permit the refutation of this groundless charge. But, little by little, time and occasion enabled them to show the world that this antique accusation was simply a figment. The first strong move towards the pulling down of this scarecrow was the erection on the campus of the Sage Chapel, followed by the gift of a Preacher Fund, which made it possible for the University to invite to its pulpit the leading divines of all denominations. At the start, the clergymen came only during the fall and spring terms. But now the Sundays of the winter term are also marked by eloquent sermons. The next powerful blow which the bugaboo received came from the appointment of Dr. Schurman to the chair of ethics and the creation, through the beneficence of Mr. Henry W. Sage, of the School of Philosophy. And finally the enemy was put entirely to rout by the construction of Barnes Hall, which is devoted exclusively to religious purposes. So to-day it cannot be even whispered that Cornell is an infidel seat. Nor, on the other hand, has the University fallen into the Charybdis of sectarianism. There is no compulsory attendance on chapel and at the Woodford oratorical contest last June one of the speakers nearly won the prize by an ably written eulogy of Thomas Paine.

The co-education of the sexes also gives a special stamp to Cornell. What was once an experimental innovation has become such an inherent part of the system that all discussion of it is humdrum. The Commencement Day exercises offered one or two rather remarkable examples of the advance-stand on "the woman question" taken by this University. The brightest oration was pronounced by a woman, a graduate of the Law School let it be noted, and she was preceded by a scarcely less eloquent young man who made a strong appeal in favor of woman suffrage! President Gates, of Amherst, the guest of the University, was evidently so impressed by the spirit and juxtaposition of this portion of the programme, that he came out squarely for the new education in his speech at the Alumni dinner.

Though this account of the outlook at Cornell be brief and imperfect, it is evident that the youngest of our first-class universities may celebrate her quarter-centennial with head erect, for her progress has been remarkable, not simply when viewed from a material standpoint. If weighed in the moral and spiritual balance, Cornell University will not be found wanting.



## WEISMANN AND DARWIN.

BY PROF. GEORGE J. ROMANES.

IF FOR the sake of distinctness we neglect all the far-reaching deductions from his theory of *heredity* whereby Weismann constructs his elaborate theory of *organic evolution*, and fasten our attention only upon the former, we may briefly summarise the fundamental difference between his theory of *heredity* and Darwin's theory of *heredity* thus.

Darwin's theory of heredity is the theory of *Pan-genesis*: it supposes that *all* parts of the organism *generate* anew in every individual the formative material, which, when collected together in the germ-cells, constitutes the potentiality of a new organism; and that this new organism, when developed, resembles its parents simply because *all* the formative material in each of the parents has been thus *generated* by, and collected from, *all* parts of their respective bodies.

Weismann's theory of heredity, on the other hand, is the theory of the *Continuity of Germ-plasm*: it supposes that *no* part of the parent organism generates *any* of the formative material which is to constitute the new organism; but that, on the contrary, this material stands to all the rest of the body in much the same relation as a parasite to its host, showing a life independent of the body, save in so far as the body supplies to it appropriate lodgment and nutrition; that in each generation a small portion of this substance is told off to develop a new body to lodge and nourish the ever-growing and never-dying germ-plasm—this new body, therefore, resembling its so-called parent body simply because it has been developed from one and the same mass of formative material: and, lastly, that this formative material, or germ-plasm, has been continuous through all generations of successively perishing bodies, which therefore stand to it in much the same relation as annual shoots to a perennial stem: the shoots resemble one another simply because they are all grown from one and the same stock.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE THREE DIMENSIONS OF SPACE.

OUR geometricians have always attempted to construct space from its simplest elements. They take a point which is very vaguely defined as that which has neither parts nor magnitude. The point is moved, and its path is called a line. Now, a peculiar difficulty arises, when out of moving points alone they intend to define the idea of straightness. This is impossible, and, in want of anything better, a straight line is generally defined as the shortest distance between two points. Having a straight line, the rest is easy enough. We construct a plane by moving a straight line in any direction not its own, and solids, again by moving a plane in any direction not contained in the plane.

Many attempts have been made to circumvent the difficulty of presenting an unequivocal and purely rational, i. e., rigidly formal or *a priori*, definition of a straight line. Vain as these attempts were for that purpose, they have not been futile, for they led to the startling discovery of other possible space constructions. It is strange, nevertheless, that no one as yet has called attention to the faults of the method itself. Should we succeed in satisfactorily defining or constructing a straight line, it would avail nothing. We should be in the predicament of the physician who has removed one symptom only of a disease, without curing its deeper-seated cause, and the cause continues to work evil effects in other parts of the organism.

\* \* \*

The fault of the geometrical method lies (so it seems to me) in its apriorism. It is the same vice as that of the ontological school of philosophy, which starts the world from nothing. Nothing is one minus one ( $0 = 1 - 1$ ), which, when transposed, reads  $0 + 1 = 1$ . This at once launches us into positive statements. True philosophy, however, must not only start from facts, but also be and remain a statement of facts. Philosophy is the science of the method of dealing with facts according to their nature. The method of dealing with facts has to be derived from the facts themselves. Pure reason is nothing, unless it is the interaction of ideas. All processes of reasoning are mental operations with representations of facts. They start from known facts and proceed to unknown facts; and if the conclusions at which we arrive are not facts, our reasoning is a mere Vanity Fair.

All the formal sciences, not less than philosophy, must start with something; they must be based upon facts, and the facts of the formal sciences are the operations which are constitutional to our mind, and without which nothing would exist. Mathematics, at the same time, presupposes space, and space is the possibility of motion in all directions.

\* \* \*

How lame is the old method of constructing space with points!

First, notice that the definition of a point is negative. A point is something without parts and magnitude. Are there not many things without parts and magnitude, which are no points? All material things have parts and magnitude, but immaterial things have no extension and cannot always be divided into parts. Has, for instance, the color red any parts? Has a pain any parts? A desire may be great or strong, but it cannot be large. An idea may be grand, but it can possess no magnitude. Or can any one state what are the size and the parts of the idea of unity?

Second, consider that space, the thing to be constructed, is after all, tacitly or even openly, presup-



posed. To obviate the first objection an amendment is made. "A point," we are told, "is that *in space* which has neither parts nor magnitude." \* If space is presupposed, why trouble at all to construct it?

Having constructed the solid as the third power of extension, we suddenly stop; for space has, so we say, three dimensions only. This seems arbitrary and our mathematicians are puzzled as to why we cannot continue constructing four, five, or  $n$ -dimensional bodies. That such constructions are, theoretically, quite admissible, Grassmann's, Lobatschewsky's, and Riemann's investigations have demonstrated.

\* \* \*

Suppose we begin at the other end and say that in mathematics (1) our *mental operations*, and (2) *space* are given. Our mathematical operations are acts that take place in space; they are motions, and space is the possibility of motion.

Points are not real objects, but mental artifices to determine a position in space. A point is *in* space, but it is not *of* space, which means, it indicates a location, but has no extension. We may use as a point, or indicator of a special spot, anything we please, our own body, our finger, the point of a pencil, a dot, the whole earth, the sun, or Sirius. But we have to bear in mind that, extension being excluded, we have, as a matter of mental abstraction, to ignore the materiality of these indicators of location, and in case they are as large as, for instance, Sirius, we have to know where to locate the point, either in its centre, or at a specially marked corner.

Points are conceived as movable; and "space" being the condition of motion, we have further to inquire into the nature of space. We can construct various kinds of mathematical space, such as planes, homaloidal (or even) as well as curved, the three-dimensional space for stereometrical constructions, and also imaginary spaces of  $n$  dimensions. Yet we find, as a matter of experience, that our world-space is three-dimensional, and here we ask, Could not space just as well have either more or less than three dimensions? Is tridimensionality of space purely arbitrary, or can we detect for it any assignable reason?

Certainly, considering *a priori* arguments alone, space—i. e., the real world-space—could have any number of dimensions, or no existence at all, just for the same reason as we know not why the world exists, and why there is not in its place mere nothingness.

\* \* \*

The dimensions of space would appear less arbitrary, and we would sooner acquiesce in their nature, if they were infinite in number. Infinitude is the absence of limits. Infinitude, accordingly, is a matter

of course, while the finitude of a definite limit or number is a special restriction, which calls for a special explanation.

In the same way, eternity, or infinitude of time, is a matter of course, if but existence be given, while beginning and end must have their special causes. Eternity is implied in existence.

We ought to expect space to be in possession of infinite dimensions, for such a state of things would be as plausible and as little startling as the eternity of time.

This consideration suggests the idea of how to construct a space, not as Riemann did, of  $n$  (viz., any number of) dimensions, but of truly infinite (viz., inexhaustibly many) dimensions.

While attempting to think a space of an infinite number of dimensions, we are struck by the fact that space actually possesses infinite—not dimensions, but—directions.

A space of infinite directions is that condition of motion in which there is no restriction whatever. It means the absence of any impediment.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between a dimension and a direction?

Directions are the possibilities of motion in actual space; dimensions, however, are contrivances to determine directions as well as locations in space from a given reference point. Directions, accordingly, must be considered as given by nature; they are data of experience, and, being infinite in number, they are exactly what we must expect them to be. Dimensions are artificial; dimensions, as such, are not given by nature. They are as little natural as right angles, or logarithms, or a sinus, or an integral, or an infinitesimal.

Straight lines are directions of a peculiar kind. They possess a simplicity and consistency which distinguishes them from irregular lines and from curves.

\* \* \*

Sir Robert Ball, Astronomer-Royal of England, speaking of the theories of some modern mathematicians, who deny the Euclidean axiom of parallel lines, and proposing the theory that a straight line, after a journey which is not infinite in its length, may return to its starting-point, says, in an article published in the *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1893, p. 632:

"If any one should think this a difficulty, I would recommend him to try to affix a legitimate definition to the word 'straight.' He will find that the strictly definable attributes of straightness are quite compatible with the fact that a particle moving along a straight line will ultimately be restored to the point from which it departed."

Sir Robert Ball does not believe in homaloidal space, such as is presupposed by Euclid, but thinks

\* Most of the German text-books offer the following definition: *Ein Punkt ist ein Ding 'im Raum,' das keine Theile hat.*



that if he could but make space a little bit curved, all such difficulties, as infinitude, would vanish.

Now, we believe that the straightness which constitutes the homaloidality of space is not so much a quality of space, but of our methods of calculating and computing space-relations.

We can imagine a condition of things in which, through some unknown cause, a point moving with strictest consistency in one and the same direction would suffer a slight, but constant, switching off. This would make Euclidean straight lines no longer available for certain practical purposes, but would not render them theoretically impossible; nor would it involve homaloidal geometry in contradictions. The infinitude of homaloidal space would remain what it is now, a difficulty, but not an antinomy. However, the finitude of a curved space presents innumerable new problems, a satisfactory solution of which appears very improbable.

Professor Ball says that all the strictly definable attributes of straightness are compatible with curved space. While granting the difficulty of defining straightness by purely *a priori* methods from moving points only, we claim that straight lines are describable by methods of abstraction on the ground of our space-experiences.

Take two points of any line, and turn the line between the points round itself. Every line which by this operation will change its place is called curved, while that line which remains in its place is called straight; in other words, every curved line has an axis of rotation outside itself, while the straight line is its own axis of rotation. In one case, rotation makes a difference, in the other case, rotation does not involve change of position; and this latter condition is what Euclid calls "even," in describing a straight line.\* We do not intend to attach any importance to this description of straightness, but it seems to us that Professor Ball could not make it compatible with his idea of finite space.

We must not forget that infinitude, being the absence of limits, is a simpler conception than finitude. While the infinitude of space involves difficulties, the finitude of space, so it seems to us, involves not only an innumerable host of undreamed of problems, but also an actual antinomy. On close inspection it will be found to be a paralogsism of reason.

\* \* \*

Straight lines, as peculiar paths of motion, remind us of the rays of light. Light is the quickest motion we know of; and the problem has often been proposed, Why do the rays of light travel in straight lines, i. e., on paths of shortest time?

\* Euclid says: "A straight line is that which lies evenly between its extreme points."

Physicists of former ages found in this condition of things an argument for the Creator's wisdom; and at present there is a tendency to regard the path of a ray of light as the prototype of straight lines in geometry. The fact, however, is that light does not travel in straight lines or on paths of shortest time, but in all directions and on an infinite number of paths. On the paths of shortest time the action of light is so intensified as to produce that peculiar result which we call rays.

Similarly, if we consider a point as a permanent source of a homogeneous motion, which simultaneously takes place in all its infinite directions, the continuous summation of the results in the paths of shortest time would mark the geometrical straight line. This should assist us in looking upon the nature of a straight line as the accumulated sum of motion in one and the same direction. Suppose that motion pours forth in all directions, and that every point to which the motion is transferred is again a source of motion in all directions: Among the infinite number of directions there is always one which continues the direction from which the motion is received, so as to connect it directly, i. e., on the shortest path, with the original source. Thus the straight line represents the maximum of action in a minimum of absolutely unimpeded motion, and must as such be taken as a *Grenzbegriff*, i. e., a conception which denotes the utmost limit to be reached by a certain operation.

The homaloidality (or evenness) of space is not a positive but a negative quality, being due to the non-existence of any impediment of motion, it means the absence of positive qualities.

Suppose a ray of light did not travel in a straight line, we should not have to infer that space is curved but that there is an impediment to the action of light, preventing it from reaching the limit of a maximum of action in a minimum of time. Part of the action being absorbed by the resistance of the medium through which it travels the ray is no longer straight, but curved.

Suppose that a rotating line could not be made identical with its axis of rotation, we must assign a cause for our inability to reach the limit of its shortest size.

If the straight line is viewed as a *Grenzbegriff*, the mystery which surrounds it disappears. We need no longer marvel either at the wisdom of the Creator that the rays of light travel in paths of shortest time, or at the arbitrariness of nature that space is homaloidal.

\* \* \*

The problem accordingly is not, why is a straight line not curved, but what is a straight line? And concerning the extension of space, we must not ask why is space three-dimensional, but why can the infinite directions of space be reduced for purposes of space-deter-



mination or for the location of points to three orthogonal directions.

This problem is not a problem of philosophy proper, but of the algebra of formal thought, and we are not as yet prepared to solve it. We must be satisfied at present to have formulated it. Suffice it here to indicate that we are inclined to believe that any infinitude may be reduced for practical measurements to always three fundamental elements, the first one of which may be selected arbitrarily, while the second is to be constructed with reference to the first, and the third with reference to the first and second.\*

Suppose we have a system of infinite various interrelations. We represent them graphically as an infinite number of points in all possible positions, all of which are combined among themselves by lines. It is inevitable that the elements of these interconnections will be triplet relations. Suppose that all points are interconnected, the diagram will consist of triangles only. Every elementary interrelation will be of a three-fold nature and is determinable by three magnitudes.

We can always, with triads, or, so to speak, with logical triangles, compute any relation in any universe of infinite possibilities. Those interrelations which are more complex (we might call them polyads or polygonal relations) can always be resolved into or reduced to triads or triplet-relations.

\* \* \*

Those who have studied Hegel are familiar with the importance of the trinity-relation. The logical necessity of the triad is inevitable, for every simple relation is inevitably triune in its nature. The relation  $A$  and  $B$  is not a duality, but a trinity, for besides  $A$  and  $B$  we have that which combines them or constitutes their peculiar connection. Thus it is a logical necessity that all dualism leads to triism or rather triunism, and triunism is again monism.

We cannot even conceive of God without attributing trinity to him. An absolute unity would be non-existence. God, if thought of as real and active, involves an antithesis, which may be formulated as God and World, or *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, or in some other way. This antithesis implies already the trinity-conception. When we think of God not only as that which is eternal and immutable in existence, but also as that which changes, grows, and evolves, we cannot escape the result and we must progress to a triune God-idea. The conception of a God-Man, of a Saviour, of God revealed in evolution, brings out the antithesis of God Father and God Son, and the very conception of this relation implies God the Spirit that proceeds from both.

\* In this connection we call attention to the fact that the innumerable varieties of color-tints can be reduced to, and determined by, three fundamental colors.

Mathematics is a constructive science and we expect to find only *a priori* constructions in it. But this is a mistake. Although mathematics is a constructive science, it starts from certain data, and the data of mathematics are not the products of *a priori* constructions, but the results of abstraction. Our mental operations, as we use them in logic and in mathematics, are the same operations which are constitutional in our very existence with the omission of all sense-elements or knowledge derived by sense-experience. And mathematical space, too, is rather an abstraction than a construction. We first drop in our thoughts the materiality as well as the dynamical reality of relations and retain the mere form of interrelations—viz., positions and directions. These positions and directions are then taken to be infinite and continuous; and for purposes of determination they are reduced to the three coördinates, called dimensions.

Our explanations must not attempt to bridge the gap from non-existence to existence. We must not attempt to elucidate the qualities of that which exists from that which does not exist. Our explanations must aspire to be systematic descriptions of that which is, and comprehension consists in recognising the consistency of being. That existence exists, and that it is not non-existence will always impress us as arbitrary, but the qualities of existence will cease to appear arbitrary when we find that one fact agrees with all the other facts. The quality  $\alpha$  which we find in the configuration  $A$  appears different from  $\beta$  which we find in the configuration  $B$ . But when we find that  $R$  or Reality under the peculiar conditions given in  $A$  appears as  $\alpha$  and under the peculiar conditions given in  $B$  appears as  $\beta$ , so that  $\alpha = RA$  and  $\beta = RB$ , we cease to consider  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  as arbitrary.

The tridimensionality of space strikes us as arbitrary, but its main arbitrariness is the arbitrariness of reality itself. Otherwise there is hope that we can conceive it as a consistent corollary to the infinitude of space-relations. We can regard it as due to the same reason that a syllogism, consisting of two premises and one conclusion, presents a triad relation. In that case the tridimensionality of space is in the same predicament as other facts which can be explained by the usual methods. It is neither more nor less arbitrary than, for instance, the value of  $\pi$  as 3.14589... and of logarithm 3 as 0.4771213.

P. C.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE loss of a battle would hardly have cast as much gloom over England as the loss of the battle-ship *Victoria*, wounded so severely while on drill, as to go down in twelve minutes, carrying with her an admiral and four or five hundred men. Genuine as was the sorrow of the people for the loss of the ship and crew, they grieved still more because the calamity was due to bad seamanship, a timidity in obeying orders, indicating loose discipline



in the navy. That might be corrected, but more alarming still was the revelation that the most gigantic ships in the fleet, invulnerable to shot and shell, are doomed if struck by a ram. Of what avail is the strongest armament on deck, if a smaller ship, without any guns at all, may deliver a fatal blow beneath the water-line? To be sure, expert naval officers declare that a big ship, if skilfully handled, can easily beat off a smaller vessel, or sink her before she can approach near enough to ram, but this does not at all relieve the uncomfortable feeling, that if the big ship does get rammed, she topples over and goes down. This dread certainty has a depressing influence on the spirit of the boldest crew. Sailors are brave in battle, and they are brave on deck in a wrestle with a tempest, but no courage is proof against the danger of being drowned between decks in a moment and without a chance to fight. The easy manner in which the Camperdown sunk the Victoria must have a demoralising effect on the sailors of Great Britain and of all nations.

\* \* \*

I see by this morning's paper that there was a cabinet-meeting yesterday to consider the "silver question," and after discussing it for two hours without any very clear idea of the matter in hand, the meeting broke up, every member knowing a little less about silver than he did before. Disappointed at the failure of the cabinet, I found some comfort in the assurance that "the two conferences yesterday afternoon and evening between the President and Secretary Carlisle simplified matters to some extent"; and when I sought for the "extent," I found that "although the discussion took a wide range, it was necessarily brought back to one important and unmanageable point—that the executive had no power in the premises, Congress alone being able to deal with the measures for relief." There is an amusing resemblance in all this to the strategy of Mr. Micawber, who, overwhelmed with financial difficulties, after discussing twenty impossible expedients, confesses that he has "no power in the premises." The result of the cabinet-meeting is thus expressed: "That the best way to deal with the question was to *await the course of events* was generally agreed to, and it was with this view dominant that the meeting adjourned." This again reminds us of Mr. Micawber, when that serene philosopher was at the end of his resources and "waiting for something to turn up."

\* \* \*

Certainly, the law-making power is in Congress, but what seems to be needed is the law-breaking power; at least, that is the opinion of those Doctors of Money who are prescribing remedies now. They want the new Congress to break the Sherman Law to pieces, in order that silver may find its trade level, the same as wheat or cotton. No doubt, a great deal of reform lies in the repeal of laws, and the value of the new Congress lies in this, that it can repeal the legislation of its predecessors; but the danger of it is, that it may attempt constructive statesmanship of its own, and in that case it will very likely repeal the Sherman Bill to make way for something worse. By the law of commercial gravitation, silver seeks its level according to its value in the markets, and any artificial value given to it by legislation must be taken from something else, or from the resources of the whole community. We cannot overcome this law until we learn how to create something out of nothing; but in the vanity of legislators the natural principles of business are easily overcome. Nature has made the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers unequal, yet if the Ohio could send a big lobby delegation to Washington, Congress would immediately pass an act establishing a "parity" between the two streams.

\* \* \*

The most exciting topic of the week is the action of Governor Altgeld in pardoning the so-called anarchists, after they had been imprisoned for six years in the Joliet penitentiary, for the alleged murder of Matthias Degan, one of the policemen who was killed

by the bomb thrown during the meeting at the Haymarket, in Chicago, May 4th, 1886. The pardon itself was dramatic enough, but the reasons given for it will make a profound impression on the consciences of men. All considerations of mercy, magnanimity, and clemency are discarded as below the solemn dignity of the occasion, and the Governor liberates the prisoners as an act of supreme justice, which he was compelled to do in vindication of the law. The grounds of his pardon are, that the prisoners were not guilty of the crime for which they were condemned, and that their trial was unfair. According to the Governor's argument, the conviction was a triumph of judicial anarchy, wherein the constitution was set aside and the right of trial by jury overthrown.

\* \* \*

While censuring the Governor for pardoning the reputed anarchists, even his enemies admit that he is no timid soul. Facing the storm of denunciation which he knew must come upon him he showed a degree of moral strength not usual in governors of late. Any little "executive" could keep the prisoners in, but it required a great man to let them out. A public man in the prime of life, with boundless political ambition, Governor Altgeld put all his future prospects in peril, by an act of simple justice to three poor men who had neither influence, power, nor popularity. To do that and "face a frowning world" required courage of high quality. Apart from the merits of the case, when we think of the order of invertebrates from whom our governors have been chosen in these latter days, it is really refreshing, and even stimulating to look at a chief magistrate who has a Jacksonian backbone, a man with nerve in him, like John Hay's hero.

\* \* \*

"Who seen his duty, a dead sure thing,  
And went for it there and then."

\* \* \*

The Governor's message in justification of the pardon is a State paper morally and intellectually strong, and it will surely become historic. It is not so polite as a diplomatic letter, but it is more sincere. It is a spirited attack upon judicial anarchy, and in due time it may restore the constitution to the people of Illinois. Jeffreys will not always have a seat upon the bench, nor will Jonathan Wild command the police forever. The most dangerous form of anarchy that threatens the people now is the anarchy of judges, and there is timely warning in this bit of wisdom from Governor Altgeld, "No matter what the defendants were charged with, they were entitled to a fair trial, and no greater danger could possibly threaten our institutions than to have the courts of justice run wild, or give way to popular clamor." Governor Altgeld was himself a judge in Chicago, and he remembers that in the trial of the anarchists the courts "ran wild" while "popular clamor" made the rulings and gave judgment. There were men at the time who said in writing and in speech that the trial was unfair, but they were obscure citizens and their words were drowned in the "popular clamor"; but the Governor of Illinois cannot be disposed of in that way. His words will be read and studied by thoughtful men in every part of the world. They will provoke debate, and out of the debate will come to us again the writ of habeas corpus, freedom of speech, and the right of trial by jury.

\* \* \*

The loud and vehement censure that now beats upon Governor Altgeld is but an echo of the "popular clamor" that seven years ago overawed the judges of Illinois. It may sweep the Governor out of political existence at the end of his official term, but it cannot obliterate his message of June 26. That is a State paper, firm and solid as the State House itself, and it will remain a landmark of liberty when the Capitol has crumbled away. Whether or not the form of it was in good taste and according to etiquette is a trifling matter; the substance of it must be considered, and it must be examined in that calm, rational temper that will come when this whirlwind of denunciation has gone by. So, it may be con-



ceded for the sake of the argument that Judge Gary, in conducting the trial as he did, believed that he was honestly performing a public duty in a great emergency, but that, also, is a personal matter of little moment in the presence of a greater theme. The critics of Governor Altgeld assume that he pardoned guilty men, but he gives as a reason for the pardon that the men were innocent, or at least that there was no evidence to connect them with the throwing of the bomb. His critics also assume that the trial was fair, and they offer the judgment as evidence of that, but the Governor has put the judgment itself on trial, and he has brought columns of evidence to show that the jury was packed by the prosecution, and that the rulings of the court were not impartial as between the prisoners and the State. These are the issues raised by the Governor, and appeals to prejudice and passion on either side will only obscure them for a time. In the end they will get a fair trial.

\* \* \*

A great deal of mock reverence is claimed for the decisions of the courts, although there is no sanctity about them. They are binding as between the parties to the suit, but in this free country it always was the privilege of the defeated party to go down to the tavern and swear at the decision. Thirty-five years ago a citizen was disloyal who did not proclaim his allegiance to the decision in the Dred Scott case, and yet that famous judgment was freely criticised and condemned. So, in the anarchist case, it seems to be forgotten that the very first man of authority to contradict the Supreme Court was Judge Gary himself. According to the opinion of the Supreme Court there was abundant evidence to connect Fielden with the bomb throwing and with previous knowledge that the bomb was to be thrown; yet, in defiance of the Supreme Court, Judge Gary on the 8th of November, 1887, wrote thus to Governor Oglesby, "There is no evidence that Fielden knew of any preparation to do the specific act of throwing the bomb that killed Degan." That is what Governor Altgeld says, and for saying it he is assailed with a malevolence that reminds us of the attacks on Abraham Lincoln. The difference between Judge Gary and Governor Altgeld is very slight. Judge Gary said in substance, this: "There is no evidence to connect Fielden with the bomb throwing, and therefore he should not be hanged"; and six years afterwards Governor Altgeld adds the following amendment, "And therefore he should not be kept in the penitentiary."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### CAN THE SUPERPERSONAL BE CALLED HE?

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Can that which is *not* a personality be represented by the *personal* pronouns *he, his, or him*? I frequently read your definitions and descriptions of what you call God, as being *impersonal*: and yet you use *he, his, or him* to represent God. For instance in No. 296, in your Catechism you say: "The God of the religion of science is not a *person*. However, *he* is not less than a person but infinitely *more* than a person." If what you call God is *more* than a person, how can it be *represented* by a *personal pronoun*? This seems to me to be inconsistent and contradictory. It seems to me that only the orthodox conception of God can be represented by "*he*," "*his*," or "*him*"; while the scientific, monistic, entheistic, conceptions have no *use*, or *place* for those *pronouns*. It seems to me that the all-pervading and boundless, the Universe or Great All, can have no *he, his, or him*, which only represent *living* forms of length, breadth, and thickness: or *measured dimensions*.

Again, in No. 300, you say: "The religion of science finds God in all things." Very well. If God is in *all* things: if "God is *everywhere*," as the orthodox say, then God *must* be *everything*, i. e., the Great All: and as you say in No. 299, "*superpersonal*,"

etc. Now how can you as a *scientist* and *logician* say of the "*superpersonal*": the *boundless* All, *he, his, him*? In a letter to me you say, "I simply follow the old tradition, as we speak of the sun as *he*, and the moon as *she*." But the sun and moon have limits, dimensions, and are but *small parts* of God, or the boundless All: and to me, you might as well call an *atom* in man's or woman's organism *he* or *she*. Therefore, I think the Great All or God, cannot be *scientifically* represented by *he, his, or him*. Again, if the "*traditional*" use of *he* for God is consistent with *your* conception of "*him*," then why not use *she, hers, and her*, for God, since to my "*mind*," Nature: the All: God is just *as much feminine* as *masculine*. The earth is kept in its orbit by *two* forces: masculine and feminine. All nature is pervaded and sustained, etc., by these two forces from atoms to worlds and systems. "*Invasiye heism*" pervades, controls, and dominates all *man-made* laws, customs, constitutions, and institutions: and that is *why*, to a great extent, they have been and now are, so devoid of love, justice, equal liberty and humanity. So I say, let both *he* and *she* be *scientifically used* and *mean something, practically* for human progress and amelioration.

J. H. COOK.

[We fully grant the inadequacy of speaking of God as a human being, but we must not forget that to speak of God as a thing in the neuter "*it*," would be not less inappropriate. Until our linguists invent a special pronoun for God, we shall have to stick to the traditional usage.—Eo.]

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## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

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DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 307. (VOL. VII.—28.)

CHICAGO, JULY 13, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## AN ALIEN'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HERMANN LIEB.

UNTIL quite recently I thought myself entitled to the denomination of "American," with all the title implies; not an aborigine of course, but a full-fledged citizen of the American Republic, being a devoted adherent to the principles underlying its constitution and laws, and, having faithfully served the country all through the late war together with 275,000 others of the German tribe to which I owe my origin, I considered that title honestly earned. I was about to celebrate the "glorious Fourth" with my fellow citizens at Jackson Park, but having read the sermon of a pious patriot, the thought struck me, what interest have I in that celebration? I may be a spectator, but without a drop of "American blood in my veins," in short, an "alien," what business have I there? So, hanging out the American flag, to show to my native neighbors, whose houses remained undecorated, the loyalty of my sentiment, I concluded to stay at home and send the reasons for my absence from the place of patriotic rejoicings to the readers of *The Open Court*.

Of all the privileges a man (alien or native) may enjoy in this country, I consider that of free speech the most precious; true, it may not always be good policy to speak the truth; but it gives me infinite satisfaction to freely express my sentiments whenever I feel an impulse to do so, and since my people without distinction, have lately been made the subject of abuse and vituperation on the part of the "American" press and the "American" pulpit, I feel as if I must "talk back."

"The land of the free and the home of the brave" has again been thrown into a paroxysm of fear by the anarchistic phantom, resurrected, I apprehend, for a purpose. I may be mistaken in my views concerning Governor Altgeld's action in pardoning the anarchists and his letter of explanation; but if I am, my friends are aware of the fact that these views are not the result of a bias, neither for the pardoner nor for the pardoned. I merely state them as I understand the case. Mr. Altgeld distinctly asserts in his letter his opposition to anarchistic doctrines; nevertheless, he is called

an anarchist-sympathiser, who would substitute the red flag for the American stars and stripes; a renegade; a traitor; a rascal; a scoundrel; and *horresco referens* an "alien"; "a man without a drop of American blood in his veins." The identical breath which denounces him as an arrant demagogue pronounces him a political corpse; in other words, a scheming politician committing *hari-kari* with "malice aforethought."

I never had much faith in those who boast of their American blood, but I do believe in the common sense of the average American which generally asserts itself after a short period of excitement and bluster; I believe it will do so in the present case. For instance, he will readily perceive the hollowness of the charge that Mr. Altgeld pardoned these men to discharge a political debt, when the fact is considered, that the simple act of liberation cancelled that debt if any there was; he will neither be long in discovering that Altgeld could not have been actuated by any other selfish motive in charging the trial judge with prejudice and the jury with having been packed to convict, for the following reasons:

Governor Altgeld has never been charged with being an idiot; on the contrary it is generally admitted that he is an able jurist; that he acquitted himself creditably upon the bench, and his recent action with the state legislature, show him to be a level-headed executive. Again, the socialist vote in this state does not amount to twenty thousand all told, and that was assured to him by the mere act of clemency; they did not expect more. Moreover, he must have known, and in fact he did know, what the immediate effect of such a letter as he wrote would be upon the rural population of the state, and, as the astute politician that he is, he also knew that the republican press would make, which it did make, all possible political capital to be made out of it; that thousands of Democrats would either disagree with him or condemn his course as suicidal from a political standpoint; in short, he was certainly convinced that under the most favorable circumstances it could not possibly improve his own political prestige or that of the democratic party, while it might play havoc with both.



Now, is it not barely possible that Mr. Altgeld might have been actuated by some other motive than those of a political huckster? I do not hesitate to say that I share with the Governor the opinion that Judge Gary was prejudiced, as thousands of others were, but who to-day have changed their opinions. The honor, integrity, and uprightness of Judge Gary has never been questioned, and I think the Governor does him injustice by charging him with ferocity.

There is nothing ferocious about the Judge, and if he were a private citizen I would call him a "weak sister," without a backbone; without that power of resistance so essential in positions of responsibility at times of momentous emergencies. He was imbued—permeated is better—with the prevailing spirit of, "hang them anyhow"; he considered himself there to punish, not to judge, and unfair rulings were the consequence. However, these shortcomings of the Judge would have been of little consequence with an intelligent, impartial jury. This body of twelve men, supposed to be good and true, the Governor charges with great positiveness, were packed to convict. With his experience at the bar and upon the bench in Chicago, he ought to know, and I dare say he does know, what he so boldly assumes to assert in an official document as the governor of this state.

It is an open secret that jury-packing has been carried on in Cook County as a regular business by a certain class of "successful lawyers"; that instead of placing the seal of public condemnation upon the infamous practice, the scoundrels who have grown wealthy at this scandalous prostitution of justice have been rewarded with positions of trust and honor. Jury-packing and jury-bribing have thus been made respectable in Chicago. It is the boast of our civilisation that trial by jury is the palladium of our civil rights; what if Governor Altgeld took the course he did to arouse public opinion to a full contemplation of the awful consequences of tampering with the sacredness of the jury! The anarchy of Spies et al. is child's play, when compared with judicial lawlessness.

From the mass of senseless and malicious twaddle against Governor Altgeld, gathered and reprinted in the Chicago dailies, I pick the following kernel of wisdom, by *The Detroit News*:

"Governor Altgeld is flat-footed. He releases the three men still alive, because he believes they did not have a fair trial. There is no equivocation or shifting of responsibility there. The governor who will assume such a responsibility in the preservation of the rights of the citizen is not to be classed among those who would give countenance to its destroyers. The anarchy of the blatant expounder is not half so serious a matter for the state, as the anarchy that may find expression in prejudiced judges, packed juries, or police ready to furnish perjured testimony."

The closing sentence of this squib states the case exactly. Moreover, while it is true that the handful of

anarchists in Chicago are mostly foreign-born, the aggravated kind of anarchism, which finds expression in "prejudiced judges, packed juries, or police ready to furnish perjured testimony," is not to be charged to aliens, but almost exclusively to distinguished citizens to the manor born.

The anarchists who advised and encouraged the use of dynamite to destroy society must be held morally guilty of the act which they advocated, and neither they nor their friends can complain, if society, with like disregard of the forms of law, and with similar indiscriminateness in the selection of its means, by violence and force destroys them.

But it is different with the rest of the citizens whose safe-guard for life, liberty, and property is the confident assurance that the most abject criminal, who is arraigned before the bar of justice, will have a trial as fair and impartial as human institutions can make them, according to the settled forms and precedents which are the result of the experience of centuries.

This great republic is too firmly rooted in the affection and interest of its people to be in any manner endangered by the plotting of any handful of conspirators. Judges are subject to the same passions as other citizens, and it is to be regretted that Governor Altgeld could not have found some excuse for Judge Gary, on the ground of the panic prevailing at the time. But it cannot be denied that this daring rebuke, by a man whose judgment and patriotism cannot be seriously questioned, will do more to create a proper respect for law and the institutions of the United States than any act of a public official in recent times.

#### THE POPE'S PONTIFICAL LETTER ON FREE SCHOOLS.

BY G. KOERNER.

THE Catholic clergy of the United States has for many years carried on an unrelenting war against the public free schools. According to the immemorial rules of the Catholic church, all schools, high or low, had to be confessional. Non-confessional ones were, in the eyes of the faithful, endangering the souls of the young. Consequently, where there was a Catholic settlement of any considerable size, parochial schools were established. Parents and guardians of Catholic children were admonished not to send them to our free schools, and the disobedient were visited with clerical penalties, even to the extent of excommunication.

Some Protestant denominations were also much opposed to non-confessional schools, and they also, as a general rule, have provided for parochial schools and seminaries. As these separate schools had to be sustained by those religious societies, their members were of course liable to double taxation. They had, under the laws of most of the states, to pay heavy taxes for



the support of the free schools, from which they derived no direct benefit. Hence it was not surprising, that repeated efforts were made to turn over a proportionate part of the public school-fund, to which the Catholics had contributed, to the support of their parochial schools. But these efforts almost invariably failed of success. In most of the states not only laws, but stringent constitutional provisions expressly prohibit the appropriation of any money, or money's worth, for the benefit of any religious establishments or denominational schools. An amendment to the Constitution of the United States is now pending in Congress, by which, if adopted, the states will be prohibited from passing any laws in favor of religious societies. The language of that proposed amendment is almost identical with the article of the Illinois Constitution on that subject.

It may be remarked in passing that the opponents to our common school laws asserted that the common schools themselves were confessional. To a certain extent the charge may be conceded. As long as those schools were opened in the morning by reading from the King James version of the Bible, which Catholics do not recognise as the genuine Bible, or by prayer of a Protestant tendency, and as long as teachers sometimes introduce religious views in giving their lessons, which were considered unsound by the Catholic church, that church could hardly be blamed for not allowing Catholic children to attend our common schools.

It will be recollected that a year or two ago Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, conceived a plan to relieve his coreligionists from the burden of double taxation. Catholics, he proposed, might send their children to the common schools, particularly in places where the communities were small and hardly able to build schoolhouses and to pay salaries to teachers. Religious instruction should be given by priests at off hours or days, when the schoolhouses were not used by the full school, and in Sunday-schools. The clerical authorities were to make arrangements with the local public school-boards to carry the plan into effect. Branches which might be considered offensive to the religious convictions of Catholics were to be excluded. At the city of Faribault, Minnesota, the scheme of Archbishop Ireland was for a while carried out.

The course, however, adopted by the Archbishop, raised a mighty storm. Some of the archbishops and bishops, and a great many of the priests and vicars violently denounced it, as being a departure from the firmly established canons of the church. It found still less favor with a great part of the Catholic laity. With them the question of language also played a great part. While in all the parochial schools the English language was taught, the medium of instruction was the language spoken by the respective communities. The

religious service was also performed in the language spoken by the members of the congregations. They most stoutly protested against this attempt to deprive them of the use of their mother-tongues, still so dear to their hearts.

Both sides carried on an angry war, so that the Pope felt himself called upon to "*extirpate*," as he says in his pontifical letter, "*the germs of dissension, whose flame was fanned by various writings published on both sides.*" He therefore instructed his legate, Satolli, to attend to this very important subject.

In obedience to the papal command, Satolli, in November last, addressed a meeting of all the Catholic archbishops in the United States, and in order to understand the Pope's last encyclical, it may be as well to give some extracts from this address:

"To the Catholic church belongs the duty and the divine right of teaching all nations to believe the truth of the Gospel and to observe whatever Christ commanded; in her likewise is vested the divine right of instructing the young in so far as theirs is the kingdom of heaven, that is to say, she holds for herself the right of teaching the truths of faith and the law of morals in order to bring up youth in the habits of Christian life. Hence, absolutely and universally speaking, there is no repugnance in their learning the first elements and the higher branches of the arts and natural sciences in public schools controlled by the State, whose office is to provide, maintain, and protect everything by which its citizens are formed to moral goodness, while they live peaceably together with a sufficiency of temporal goods, under the laws promulgated by civil authority.

"The Catholic church in general, and especially the holy see, far from condemning or treating with indifference the public schools, desires rather that by the joint action of civil and ecclesiastical authorities there should be public schools in every state, according as the circumstances of the people require, for the cultivation of the useful arts and natural sciences; but the Catholic church shrinks from those features of public schools which are opposed to the truth of Christianity and to morality; and since, in the interest of society itself, these objectionable features are removable, therefore not only the bishops but the citizens at large should labor to remove them in virtue of their own right and in the cause of morality.

"It is greatly to be desired and will be a most happy arrangement if the bishop agreed with the civil authorities or with the members of the school board to conduct the school with mutual attention and due consideration for their respective rights. While there are teachers of any description for the secular branches who are legally inhibited from, offending Catholic religion and morality let the right and duty of the church obtain of teaching the children catechism, in order to remove danger to their faith and morals from any quarter whatsoever."

It is very plain that Satolli's address embodied the ideas of Archbishop Ireland, which were that our common schools must eliminate from their teaching in the elementary as well as in the higher branches everything calculated to give offense to the religious views and sentiments of Catholics.

But it seems that this declaration of the Pope's legate did not still the troubled waters. So the Pope himself took the matter in hand. We learn from his



encyclical letter, that before coming to any conclusion he requested the archbishops and bishops "*to fully open their minds to him in private letters on the subject,*" and that his request was diligently complied with by each of the addressed prelates. "After carefully weighing the matter," he declared himself in favor of the Ireland scheme as explained by his legate at the New York meeting of the Archbishops. He does not condescend to disclose what the verdict of the prelates was, whether his determination rests on a majority or minority vote. Presumably the majority was against the Ireland scheme, for otherwise the Pope would hardly have failed to mention that his decree was supported by a majority of the archbishops and bishops of the United States. Be that as it may, his decision will be accepted by the faithful as infallible.

The Pope's letter is verbose and considerably involved. Still there is one passage which cannot well be misunderstood. He writes: "The principal propositions offered by the legate Satolli were drawn from the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore and explicitly declare that Catholic schools are to be most sedulously promoted, and that it is to be left to the judgment and conscience of the ordinary to decide according to circumstances, when it is lawful to attend the public schools."

Now if it were not treating the letter of the highest dignitary of the Catholic hierarchy with something akin to irreverence, it might be said of this whole controversy: "Much ado about nothing." *Parochial schools are to be sedulously promoted.* Consequently, where they exist, as they do in all large cities, and towns, and even in well-to-do villages, or where they will be afterwards established, it becomes the religious duty of the parents and guardians to send their children and pupils to the parochial schools, and on failure to do so are liable to be visited with clerical punishment as heretofore, if they send them to the common schools. Should, however, circumstances in smaller communities prevent the promotion of Catholic schools, children may be allowed to attend the common schools, provided that the ordinary succeeds with the local public school-boards in fashioning the instruction in such a way as not to hurt the consciences of the Catholic scholars. Everything is left to the discretion of the local priests.

The idea of ever making a satisfactory arrangement of this kind is altogether visionary. The rule-of-three and spelling may be taught without trenching on religious views. It is different with the branches that are taught in the higher grades of our common schools. Geology, for instance, is one of the higher branches. Even if the lessons in that science are merely elementary, yet the scholars would learn that our planet filled with myriads of living beings, existed many millions of years before the period assigned by the Mosaic account

to the creation of the world. This simple incontestable fact would dismantle the paradise, annihilate Adam and Eve, uproot the apple-tree, crush the serpent and swamp Noah's ark with all its menagerie, and with this general smash how many deductions drawn from the Book of Genesis would vanish into thin air. Astronomy would work a similar mischief on the souls of Catholic school children.

Take another instance, history. The most prudent and unprejudiced teacher of that branch, could hardly avoid giving offense to Catholic religious views, when treating of the origin of the Papal power, of its struggle for supremacy over the secular rulers in the Middle Ages, of the Reformation, the Thirty Years War. The ordinary, priest, or monk would be sure to interpose his veto at once, and matters would remain precisely as they were heretofore.

The situation, if Ireland's plan could be carried out, would at best be a very singular one. If Catholic children were sent to the common schools, where there are parochial schools, the parents might be excommunicated for disobedience, while parents sending children to the common schools, for want of a parochial one, were allowed to do so with impunity.

There is such a deep gulf between science and dogmatism, that it cannot be bridged over either by scholasticism, bland double-dealing words, nor by the elastic and equivocal vatican maxim: "*Tolerari potest.*"

#### ON SWINGING THE ARMS. IS IT A VESTIGE OF QUADRUPEDAL LOCOMOTION?

BY LOUIS ROBINSON.

THE suggestion made by Mr. Hiram M. Stanley in *The Open Court*, No. 296, that the swinging of the arms in walking is a residual vestige of quadrupedal locomotion, appears well worthy of further attention. The idea has occurred to me several times in the course of my investigations of the atavistic peculiarities of young children, for in early life such movements are much more noticeable than in adults.

Shortly before reading Mr. Stanley's letter I had been carefully watching some little children at play, and trying to analyse the character of the muscular movements of the upper limbs which appeared to be the invariable accompaniments of the act of walking. I satisfied myself that the movements were of muscular origin (as distinct from a merely passive or pendulum-like swinging of a relaxed limb) by placing my hand on the arms of several of my little playmates when they were running or walking rapidly. Alternate contractions of the deltoid and triceps muscles were distinctly observable at each step, together with other rhythmic movements, especially in the pectorals and other muscles connecting the arm with the trunk.



That these phenomena were to some extent atavistic appeared probable for several reasons. In the first place the movements of the arms are probably useless in ordinary bipedal locomotion since the tendency among athletes is to suppress them. They are also absolutely "natural," and occur spontaneously in young children as soon as they can walk with any degree of confidence, and tend to diminish in later life. We find moreover that automatic nerve-impulses to muscles are very persistent in spite of change of environment and the lapse of time, when they represent some movement which was habitual and necessary at a prior stage of racial development. This is seen in the muscles which have to do with facial expression, especially those about the jaw; for when we assume a determined look we involuntarily brace our biting muscles, just as our pre-human ancestors doubtless did when teeth took a very important part in the settlement of disputes. Among the many pieces of evidence which could be brought forward illustrating this law, a familiar example may be noted in the perpetual movements of the degenerate tails of domestic hogs. Although now quite useless in the great majority of cases for the purpose of driving away insects, they are constantly twisting to and fro when flies are about.

Although agreeing with Mr. Stanley as to the atavistic significance of the movements of the arms in walking, I am very doubtful if we can trace them to the method of locomotion of earth-walking quadrupeds. In the first place I do not think that the facts within our knowledge justify the supposition that our ancestors ever habitually walked on all fours upon *terra firma*. The whole anatomical structure of our hands and feet, (as I endeavored to show in an article in *The Nineteenth Century* in May, 1892.) proves that they were primarily developed to meet the needs of an arboreal existence. Many apes, it is true, walk on the larger branches after the fashion of quadrupeds, and at a very remote period our ancestors may have made use of this mode of progression. The fact that all the Catarrhine apes move the fore and hind limb of opposite sides coincidentally when walking on all fours, supports this view; (I have observed that many of the New World monkeys move both limbs on the same side together when traversing a level surface) but as far as I can ascertain all the anthropoids, although they adopt the alternate method to some extent when on the ground, commonly when traversing the branches, hang by their hands alone, and swing from branch to branch in this manner. In fact all the apes which are most nearly allied to us move the arms more than the legs in the method of locomotion most usual with them; and when we study human anatomy from an evolutionary standpoint it seems almost certain that our tree-climbing forefathers had the same habit.

This makes it all the more probable that some trace of atavistic habits of progression would be persistent in the nerves and muscles of the arms, since *the prominence and permanence of vestigial phenomena depend upon the importance and continuance of function in the past*. But it will be seen that any remnants of this stage of existence would not show traces of true quadrupedal locomotion. In climbing, and in walking on the ground, different sets of muscles come into play to support the weight of the body; for in one case the limbs are pulling, and in the other pushing, organs. Still, although this would influence the nature of the vestigial muscular manifestations it would not affect the order in which the limbs came into action. The three kinds of anthropoid apes which I have had opportunities of observing, viz., Chimpanzees, Orangs, and Gibbons, all move their arms and legs when climbing upwards, in the same rhythmic order as is habitual among quadrupeds, and hence we should expect to find—and in fact we do find—the remnants of the same rhythm in ourselves. But if the involuntary contractions of the muscles of the upper extremity which cause the arms to swing when we walk, could be analysed in detail, we should, I think, discover that the muscles were those which would be of use in climbing rather than those which would serve to support the body upon the ground.

One practical difficulty in the investigation is, that as soon as the attention of the subject of the experiment is directed to his arms, the purely instinctive movements become vitiated. It is a rule that when conscious volition is absent, the inherent instinctive habits come into prominence. It is when the man who has been varnished at the university becomes excited and is off his guard that he reverts to the dialect of his boyhood and to the gestures and gait natural to him by inheritance. This is of course a truism, but I am inclined to think that its application goes further than most people are aware. I have several times seen lunatics and men (and more especially women) who were intoxicated, when frenzied with rage, assume the attitude of defiance common among apes. The instinctive dependence upon teeth and claws reasserts itself at such times, and even the most primitive artificial weapons are ignored.

A sudden access of terror, with the loss of all presence of mind, is even more potent than rage in sinking the human faculties and in bringing the deeply seated and primitive animal instincts to the front.

I think, by applying this law or principle to a class of facts familiar to every one who reads the newspaper reports of boating and bathing accidents, we may gather some further light on the evolutionary history of our methods of locomotion.

Nearly all animals, with the exception of man, swim



when suddenly immersed in water without previous teaching. If we analyse their methods, we find that in swimming they move their limbs in almost exactly the same manner as they do when walking upon land; and this serves both to support them in the water and to move them in the direction in which they desire to go. A puppy or a kitten, however great its terror from the shock of a first immersion, "swims naturally."—Why does a man flounder helplessly and drown?

Man, from the very earliest times of which we have any record of human existence, has been essentially a river-side animal. He is, and always has been, far more aquatic in his habits than such creatures as the cat and the donkey, and yet these animals can swim by instinct, and he cannot. His actions, when he suddenly finds himself in deep water—especially the lifting of the arms alternately above his head—serve to drown him, rather than to save him.

But, if we analyse the movements of the drowning man who has entirely lost his presence of mind, we find, I venture to think, an explanation which is in harmony with what we know of the laws of instinctive actions. He endeavors—quite involuntarily, of course—to *climb*. His hands are invariably thrown upwards with open fingers, as if to grasp at some support above his head. That he will catch at a straw, instead of making any rational effort to save himself, has become a proverb. He does not attempt the movements of quadrupedal locomotion and keep all his limbs well beneath him, as true quadrupeds do instinctively, or he would swim with ease, after the fashion current among the Indians, before they learned our more artificial style of natation. I have been told, but have not cared to verify the report by deliberate experiment, that many apes will flounder and clutch at the air and drown, when thrown into the water, just as man does.

The convulsive and irrational clutching movements of the arms in patients in danger of suffocation (commonly spoken of as "fighting for breath") are, I believe, another involuntary reversion to the form of instinctive movement, *which meant safety in all ordinary kinds of peril throughout millions of years of our racial history.*

It will probably strike many people as a rather venturesome inference, especially if they have not been in the habit of considering the class of evidence here brought forward, that the cause of drowning in nine cases out of ten is to be found in the fact that we have, at the back of our rational and bipedal humanity, the instincts of beings, which, whenever terror seized them, sought safety among the tree-tops; but if space permitted, I could bring forward a good deal more evidence which points to the same conclusion. There can be no doubt at all that many of the involuntary and automatic movements of the muscles—including

the swinging of the arms in walking—are so many records of our simian descent.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have observed that many apes, when climbing, use the fore and hind limb on the same side *together*. I have also been informed that apes move their limbs in this way in the water, and one informant, who ought to know, stated that a man who cannot swim does the same. Can any readers of *The Open Court* throw any light on this question? Do the Indians swim in this way?

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

It is my custom every Sunday morning to read the "Church Notices" in the paper, so that I may select a suitable place of worship for the day, and last Sunday morning I found among the religious advertisements, this: "ATTFIELD HALL. Bob Burdette the Hawkeye man will preach at 10:30 A. M." Short and commonplace enough, but please put the emphasis on the "Bob," note the rhetorical effect, and observe how artfully it intimates a comic sermon; for is not Bob Burdette the Hawkeye funny man, and will he not wear in the pulpit as elsewhere the jester's cap and bells? I am not more sentimental than other men, but I confess that I read that advertisement with a melancholy mind, and I could not help wishing that some literary genius fitted for the task would write for one of the great magazines an essay on the subject of underrated men, amongst whom I think he would place this poetic mixture of sunshine and rain, of laughter and tears, this funny man, Bob Burdette. That he is now at nearly fifty years of age an underrated man is largely his own fault, and upon him I lay a responsible share of the blame. He wore his cap and jingled his bells with a jaunty rollicking joy and proclaimed himself a funny man, but Robert Burdette is no more a funny man than "Tom" Hood was a funny man, or "Bob" Burns, or "Charley" Dickens himself. There are pages and pages of his work that in their eloquent blending of humor and pathos remind us of Dickens at his best. I wonder if men will always refuse to recognise him except when he is in his motley garb, and if he is to remain forever among the underrated men.

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When it was announced that the art of rain-making had been discovered, I offered no congratulations, because I feared that it might be used for mischievous and malicious purposes. A rain-maker, for instance, not having a ticket of admission to an open air festival, might enviously send a shower of rain and spoil the picnic. Worse than that, at a time when fine weather is desirable for getting in the crops, the rain-maker, if maliciously disposed, may bring on rains and injure the harvest of a whole county. Next to the Creator himself, the original rain-maker was Jupiter Pluvius, I think that was his name, and a classic fable tells us that once upon a time, when the lands were parched with drought, the farmers prayed that he would send some rain, and he answered them by saying that whenever they could agree upon a day for it he would send the desired rain, but as they never could agree, of course he never sent the rain. The condition imposed by Jupiter Pluvius was reasonable enough, but our modern Jupiters propose to send rain upon the just and upon the unjust whether they want it or not. At this very moment, a rain-maker by the name of Jewell is besieged by the importunities of pious persons, many of them clergymen, imploring him to set up his apparatus in Chicago, and deluge that city every Sunday, so as to prevent Sabbath-breakers from attending the World's Fair on the Lord's day; and unless the Directors can buy him off. Mr. Jewell will very likely do it



The petitioners have not yet found out that if the Lord wishes to punish the Fair, he is able to send the rain himself without the help of Mr. Jewell.

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From a thousand pulpits last Sunday, vitriolic invective was poured upon Governor Altgeld for pardoning the "anarchists," and the sermons were a sad and melancholy exhibition of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." The sins committed by the Governor were justice, charity, and mercy, and for these the professed followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene denounced him as an alien, a traitor, and an anarchist. In order to give their pent up rage full play they were compelled to make an addition to the Lord's prayer, and thus they prayed in the amended form, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us—*excepting the anarchists.*" Forgetting the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," they played with calumny and poured false accusations upon the living and the dead. The Rev. Mr. Delano of Evanston in a kindly, Christian way spoke of the Governor as a "so-called governor" and as a "gross caricature." In a meek and gentle spirit he called Neebe, Schwab, and Fielden, "vile traitors, red-handed serfs, and unsavory lazzaroni," although they never ate the bread of idleness in all their lives. Among those who sought the pardon of the anarchists are numbered many thousands of honest, industrious workingmen; in fact, more than three hundred and fifty societies of workingmen were represented by delegates in the Amnesty Association, and Mr. Delano lovingly complimented these as "the crowd that swarms and spawns and simmers in the social bog, and vomits spleen from morn till night." Like the red Indian he mutilated his dead enemies, and figuratively exhibiting their scalps, he reviled them as "gibbeted murderers." Mr. Delano is but one specimen out of hundreds of his order, and yet not one of those vituperative "Divines" has attempted to answer the argument of Governor Altgeld that the men he pardoned were innocent of the crime for which they were indicted, and that their trial was unfair.

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There is a good deal of headache in the Silver Question for any man who is foolish enough to study it. I have been devoting myself to it for some time, but like the man in the maze, the farther I travel the more bewildered I am. After studying the plan of some famous Money Doctor until I think I understand the subject pretty well, another M. D. comes along and shows me that his rival is a quack, incurably wrong in his diagnosis of the case, and in his financial therapeutics too. The only thing about it that I know with certainty is that the country is in a very bad way owing to a superabundance of silver, and some other natural aptitudes and opportunities; a sunshine too creative, and a soil too rich, an oppressive affluence of corn, and wine, and oil, with too much coal in the underground cellar filled by Nature millions of years ago. It may seem to be irreverent, but according to the Doctors of Money we are afflicted with too many good things, and for this exuberance of blessings they tell us Divine Providence is not altogether free from blame. In spite of legislative efforts to diminish the gifts of God, and to impair the energies of men, the productive activities of the earth never cease; the mountains of silver in the West continue to yield their bounties, the land is all resplendent with a carpet of golden grain, and still we can hear the corn grow. Substituting the puny laws of men for the munificent scheme of Nature, the Doctors of Money teach us an inverted system of economy. They tell us that the harvest of the mines, the factories, and the fields is too abundant, and that this is the beginning of our national distress. There must be a fallacy in that argument, for although individual persons may have too little of Nature's blessings, the whole community never can have too much.

If those distressing superfluities are not limited in some effectual way by statesmanship, I fear that I shall have solid silver spoons upon my table, instead of the bits of plated iron that I am using now; and lest it may seem that in the foregoing paragraph I have rebuked an imaginary theory that has no existence, I will quote a few sentences from a leading article that appeared last Monday in a Chicago newspaper of great circulation and authority. Speaking of the silver-miners and their enormous harvest, the editor said: "It is a calamity to these people that overproduction has caused not only stagnation, but a stoppage in the sales of the main product of the territory where they live." This is an exaggeration, for the stoppage is not of sales, but of sales at the high prices, which it is the business of abundance to diminish. The editor then pities them for the dazzling richness of their store, as if they were a caravan of overladen camels, and he says: "They are entitled to respect and sympathy in this adverse period." After that, he consoles them by the statement that other industries are suffering from a similar calamity. He says: "Producers in the wheat belts, in the corn belt, and in the cotton belt, have suffered from too abundant harvests." To make that convincing, he should have shown how the producers in the tobacco belt, and the sugar belt, and the peanut belt, and the eggs and chickens belt, had prospered from a meagre harvest and a diminutive supply. We do not need a political education to convince us that abundance is not a "calamity." Moral intuition teaches us that mankind cannot have too much of either health or wealth, and that the gospel of scarcity is false.

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Two or three weeks ago, I made a few remarks in *The Open Court* about the firing of salutes, and the etiquette necessary to be observed in firing, but I did not think the ceremonial was quite so sensitive and punctilious as it really is. In the regulations of the army it is commanded that the 4th of July shall be saluted at sunrise by the firing of twenty-one guns at all the military posts in the United States. Last 4th of July, at the post of Governor's Island, New York, one Captain Vannes was appointed to perform this duty, and, as the report informs us, "one private soldier was detailed to count the number of discharges. He got mixed in his tally and failed to call a halt until twenty-three shots had been fired." General Howard, who commands at Governor's Island, was very angry when he heard of the miscount, and, what is very bewildering, the private soldier, not the captain, was arrested for the misdemeanor, and is now awaiting trial by court-martial. It seems to me that the captain was responsible; he was appointed to superintend the firing of the salute, and he should have counted the explosions himself, instead of leaving the duty to a private soldier deficient in arithmetic. Even as an old soldier, strict in discipline, I do not think that the offense was very grave. I grant you, that if the soldier had fired only nineteen guns instead of twenty-one, the affair might have been serious; but he gave the 4th of July its full ration of honor and two shots over for good measure. Was there any harm in that? As a patriotic American citizen I would approve of a hundred or a thousand guns. In fact, judging by the racket, the schoolboys of Chicago must have fired a salute of at least five million guns, and not a boy has been arrested yet. I hope that General Howard will immediately release that private soldier, and "squash" the court-martial.

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In speaking of the miscount made by the soldier, as to the number of guns fired in salute for the 4th of July, the newspaper says that the blunder was "unique in military records." I think it my duty to dispute that, because I know of a case much more "unique"; in fact, as a Chicago dry-goods merchant said to a lady the other day, when selling her a fashionable dress, "this is the uniqueest thing out." About forty-four years ago, when I was a sergeant at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, the garrison was aroused







# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 308. (VOL. VII.—29.)

CHICAGO, JULY 20, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE TOOL.\*

MAN, according to the Bible, is created in the image of God. By natural science he is classified as *homo sapiens*. Aristotle defines him as ζῷον πολιτικόν. Theologians say: the distinctive feature of man is religion. Students of ethics find that man alone can form ideals; man, accordingly, is a moral being. Philologists, like Noiré and Max Müller, say, man is a speaking animal, for "reason is speech," a truth which appeared quite obvious to the Greek mind which for "word" and "reason" employed the same term, λόγος. And our own great countryman, Benjamin Franklin, gave expression to the energetic spirit of American industry by saying: "Man is a tool-making animal."

Are these definitions contradictory, or do they agree? Are they, perhaps, corollaries of one and the same truth viewed under different aspects? And if they are, must we regard some of them as penetrating deeper into the mystery of the nature of man than others? Perhaps we shall find every one of them useful in its way when we endeavor to go to the bottom of the problem.

The biblical definition is rather broad and vague. It is adapted to suit men of very different views, and can be interpreted, in the light of various God-conceptions, in various ways. The difficulty is, it requires more explanation than it gives; but let us not for that reason think the less of it. The naturalist simply labels the class and the family of man. Aristotle's definition applies to one very important but not an exclusive quality of human beings, for there are other social animals than man. No one calls ants or bees human beings, although they certainly lead a social life and possess institutions quite analogous to cities and states. The philosopher's definition is quite correct: reason is the distinctive feature of man, and the philologist's explanation of reason as the product of language removes that mystery that might be attached to reason. Yet Franklin's description of man, although not made with any intention of theorising, is the most striking one of all; for it suggests that man's reason developed by the exercise of reason. The organ was created by its function. Applied reason made of man a rational being.

\* An address delivered before The World's Congress Auxiliary July, 1893.

Work has been the great educator of mankind, and the employment of tools was the school through which man had to pass.

It is ordained that in the sweat of his face man shall eat his bread, and how often do we complain that this is the order of nature! We are too apt to believe that work is a curse, when really it is a blessing. For in truth our civilisation of to-day is the product of work, and the human soul with its rationality, its ethics, its ideals, its grandeur, has become what it is only through constant struggles, tribulations, anxieties, and by incessantly toiling onward in the road of progress.

Toil is wholesome, it demands great efforts and rouses man's energy. Yet it is not the purpose of life, nor does it constitute the human of man. Toil is the common lot of all creatures; toil tries their souls, and sifts from among them the strong for survival.

The human of man is his method of toiling: it is his economy of rendering his work more effective; call it the rational method, call it the systematical or scientific method, call it the divine or God-imitating method, call it morality or whatever you please; philosophers call it reason, but reason is most certainly a method of work; aside from work it would be a mere Vanity Fair, and it manifests itself most obviously in the use of tools.

Anthropologists and ethnologists have devoted much study to the tool, and many of them have made it the chief object of their inquiries. Their labors are not wasted, for indeed, the use of tools forms, as it were, an anthropometer wherewith to measure the manhood of man and to determine the degree of human civilisation. Tell us what tools a nation uses and we shall be able to give a fair estimate of its intelligence, culture, and morality.

\* \* \*

The English word *tool* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *tól*, which is a contracted form of *tawil*. The verb *tawjan*, connected with the Gothic *tanjan*, means to prepare, to make, its root being the same as in the Greek *τυγχάνειν*, *τυχή*, etc., and the German *taugen*, *tüchtig*, etc.

The German word *Werkzeug* is of a much later origin, but that, too, expresses the same idea; it is derived



from *wirken*, to work ; it is the instrument for performing work.

What is a tool ? A tool is any implement employed for rendering work effective. Work fills the gap between the needs of the worker and his purposes ; it bridges the chasm between a desire and the thing or state of things desired ; and a tool facilitates the performance of work, it helps us to execute the motions necessary for reaching the end in view.

Thus, tools exist only where there is a purpose, and the use of tools is always a mechanical operation. On the one hand, the use of tools implies purpose-ensouled creatures, i. e., beings who feel their wants and make efforts to supply them ; and on the other hand, tools are possible only in a world in which there is action and reaction, in which push and pressure take place, and where push against push, pressure against pressure, produces what we call resistance, i. e., a world, the interrelations of which can be described in mechanical laws, or briefly, in a world whose constitution is mechanical.

Tools extend the sphere of our existence. Hammers, spades, axes, are prolongations of our hands : the dairy, the bakery, the kitchen, are, as it were, appendices to our digestive organs, to the teeth and the stomach ; engines and railroads are wings on our feet ; and machines of all descriptions are tools that have become independent, but still remain our faithful servants. Their work increases our powers and widens our dominion in nature. Every invention and perfection of tools and machines represents a growth of power, so that the muscular energy of our body has in time become an insignificant item in the total amount of the forces at our command.

\* \* \*

The traditional contempt for the mechanical originates in regarding the tool as a passive instrument. The tool does not in itself possess will or life, but is made subservient to the purposes of the man who uses it. Taking this view, the habit of calling a thoughtless man's work "mechanical" is justified. Mechanical denotes the machine-like routine performed without feeling, without consciousness of purpose, without any knowledge of the why and the wherefore.

We speak of a weak character as being a mere tool in the hands of others. This usage of the word is perfectly legitimate ; but we should be careful lest this view of the tool should lead us to underrate either the tool itself or the mechanical factor which gives value to the tool.

While the tool is only a passive instrument, the use of the tool is an action, and has from the beginning been conceived as an action. It is a remarkable fact to which Noiré calls attention that the names of tools are always descriptive of the work performed by them,

while those of most utensils are derived from the processes by which they are produced.

Noiré says, that the tool, as we positively know, always appears in the oldest conceptions as something active. The shears, the hoe, the needle, the knife, are named from the work they perform. Noiré says :

"Not every activity deserves the name of work. Activities which serve the preservation of life, as eating, drinking, walking, running, repulse of hostile and destructive powers, are to be excluded. The idea of work implies something lasting, something creative.

"Lazarus Geiger has proposed a good classification of human activities. He distinguishes between tools, utensils, and weapons. Not having given, at the same time, his reason, he provoked much criticism from reviewers who did not understand his ideas.

"Those three categories form an analogon to the famous conception of the Hindu religion according to which the active All-being of the world manifests itself in three factors, as Brahma the creator, Vishnu the conservator and sustainer, and Siwa the destroyer. This trinity necessarily originates in human thought. It has its root in the conditions of life and in its manifestations.

"The tool corresponds to the creative principle. The utensil serves the preservation of life. We shall never speak of cups, tables, beds, or chairs as tools, while the weapon is the destroyer.

"This, of course, does not exclude the possibility of the same thing filling all these functions ; an axe may serve as a tool and as a weapon. The stick employed for walking is a utensil ; for defense, a weapon.

"Thus we understand why utensils almost always are regarded as passive and named from the way in which they are produced, while tools are conceived as active. Weapons are sometimes actively, but mostly genetically named. The use of cutting or tearing tools as weapons almost suggested itself. In such a case the weapon naturally kept the name it had as a tool. However, the sword, (German, *Schwert*) as Geiger observes, is always represented as something smooth and sharp. The Latin *gladius* is connected with *glaber* and the German *glatt*. The spear (German, *Speer*) is so called from sharpening the point. *Schaft* (Middle High German, "arrow," Modern German, "the pole of a lance") is called from *schaben*, to rub off (a word preserved in the English "to shave") ; the bow (German, *Bogen*) from "bow," (German, *biegen*) to bend.

"In the face of such facts, which are beyond any doubt established by the science of language, it is inconceivable how any priority to the tool could be claimed for the weapon."\*

\* Noiré has given us, in the book from which this passage is quoted, a most admirable sketch of the importance of the tool in the evolution of mankind. It is one of those books which none should leave unread.



The tool was the first instrument used by man. The usage of the tool taught man to employ instruments as weapons and to make utensils.

But the importance of the tool is greater still.

Only by handling tools did man learn to appreciate the effect of work; and experience with the effect of work taught him slowly, very slowly, the import of the mechanical in nature.

What is the mechanical?

The mechanical is, as it were, mathematics in motion, and the mechanical in nature is the *raison d'être* of its own glorious order, its wonderful regularity and systematic constitution that allows us to trace its uniformities and to formulate them into natural laws.

The mechanical is often contrasted with mental activity. And, indeed, there is a difference between the purely mechanical, i. e., machine-work, or lifeless motion, and thought, which latter is a peculiar kind of living and feeling motion. But to bring the mechanical into antagonism with thought or contrast it with organised life as something that is contradictorily different from it, is a gross misstatement of the case, for the psychic life of feelings manifests itself in motions. Organised life is not, as has been maintained, a break in the mechanical constitution of the universe; it is not an exception to the laws of motion. If this were so, the harmonious unity of the world would be changed into a mysterious duality.

Feelings, to be sure, are not motions, nor are ideas motions; but when a sentient being feels, and when a rational being thinks, there are motions taking place in the nervous substance of its brain, and all these motions are mechanical events, which, as such, conform as strictly to the same laws of mechanics as any other motions in the world,\* and reason itself is in a certain sense mechanical, for reason originates with thought-operations, (which are the psychical aspect of brain motions,) *under the constant influence of those mechanical uniformities* which surround us, and which, in a word, we may call the cosmic order of the universe.

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Man's reason and the origin of his reason remained a deep mystery until we became acquainted with the mechanism of reason. We learned to understand that a rational being is in possession of a tool of reason; and this tool of reason is language. Says Noiré, "Man thinks because he speaks," and Max Müller repeats the same idea in the motto, "No reason without language, no language without reason."

Words are sounds to which special meanings are attached, and these meanings are called ideas. Sounds become words when they symbolise objects or events

or qualities of objects, or relations among objects, and the human soul is a system of sentient symbols.

Now, the sentient symbols are interrelated in a soul; there are innumerable interactions taking place among them; and these interactions are called "thought," while the norm which must regulate our thought so as to correctly represent the surrounding world is called "reason."

The life of organisms, including the action of the brain, far from being a break in the mechanical laws of the universe, should be considered a higher, a more perfect, and more complete degree of the mechanical. Our tools and machines are only in part mechanical; their mechanical properties are their soul, and their soul does not permeate their entire existence in the same way as the souls of animals and plants do. Says Leibnitz, strikingly: "A machine ceases at certain limits to be a machine: it becomes mere material, be it iron, wood, copper, or something else, while organisms remain 'machinal' throughout, even in their very infinitesimal parts." (Quoted by Noiré, loc. cit. p. 61.)

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Man's reason has been developed by working with tools, but the possibility of tools depends in its turn upon man's ability to handle tools. In order to handle things, we must take hold of them; and in order to take hold of them, we must have at our command a mechanical contrivance which may briefly be designated as a tongs.

Tongs are possible in this mechanical world of ours because pressure and counter-pressure can hold tight, and, as it were, take captive such things as are coherent. We cannot seize air or water by tongs, but we can seize meat, or wood, or iron; and the potentiality of what, in a general way, we call tongs is an important feature of the mechanical constitution of the universe.

Nature has formed many kinds of tongs, the jaws of animals, the bills of birds, the tip of the elephant's trunk, and the hands of anthropoids as well as of human beings. But none of them is so perfectly adapted for using tools as the hand.

Man owes the formation of his hands, not to his own merits, but to the happy circumstance that at a certain period of his development he had to seek shelter and food on trees. His upright gait, as well as the opposition of the thumb to the four fingers, are but the natural result of climbing habits. Man's anterior extremities had in a still remoter period of his existence served mainly as motor organs. Not having sharp claws as the cat, those individuals alone that developed the tongs qualities of the hand, so as to easily take hold of the branches above, had a chance of survival, and this tongs-organ, once developed, could be used for any other purpose as well.

\* See for particulars *The Soul of Man*, pp. 1-22, a view which is summarised and further explained in *The Monist*, Vol. III, No. 4, pp. 112-115.



The hands are superior to the elephant's trunk, because they are two coöperating tongs, while the elephant's hand, as the Hindu calls the trunk, is single. Furthermore, hands possess great advantages over the bills of birds and the jaws of animals of prey, because the work of hands is carried on under the constant supervision of the eyes. The eyes can watch the hands; they greatly aid in regulating and adjusting the actions of the hands, and, what is of greater consequence still, this condition affords a training in observation. The changes wrought being an object of interested attention, are noted and teach a lesson in reflection. We learn to look upon the events which we bring about as transformations, and thus acquire an insight into the nature of causation in which our own activity operates as the cause that produces the effect.

The development of reason depends so much upon the proper mechanical employment of our hands that we even to-day use the words "to grasp," "to conceive," "to comprehend," as expressions denoting the most important mental act of a rational cognition. Comprehension means literally a seizing of the several things at once, so as to handle them as we want.

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The hand is a tool; and Aristotle calls it with truth, "the tool of tools," for without the hand man could never have handled other tools. Moreover, language is a tool, also; and truly of language, too, we can say that it is "the tool of tools," even in a higher degree and with a deeper sense than of the hand; for without language, man could never have invented tools, without language he could never have reasoned.

We might train monkeys to handle tools, but we cannot train them to invent tools. All animals lack that tool of tools, i. e., rational thought, which enables man to handle concepts and to interconnect them in his imagination.

Not only the speech of our common day parlance is a tool, but also the more perfected language of algebra. Algebra is a machinal contrivance of mental operations to facilitate calculations. The whole mechanism is spiritual. We operate with symbols which have some fixed meaning, but the work performed is entirely mechanical. During the operation we do not in the least think of the significance of the symbols, and retranslate them into their meaning only in the end when the result is obtained. Supposing that the data from which we started are true, and that our operations are performed with rigid correctness, the result will be perfectly reliable.

Thus, we can calculate in a few minutes an algebraic example, starting with equations that represent certain values. During the calculation we are unmindful of the significance of the symbols; and the result when read in the sense which was given to the

equations at the start, affords us a wonderfully accurate information concerning things which we did not know before. Either we could, by any direct experience, not know the result at all, or perhaps only after many scrupulous investigations, and even then not with the same accuracy.

Is not this wonderful indeed? How such mental operations are possible, and how they, although purely mental, can give us real information concerning the outside world, has puzzled the greatest philosophers. It is the bottom problem of philosophy; and it is the same problem as this: How is the construction of machinery at all possible?

The exact agreement of the first printed Bibles made people believe that they had been produced by witchcraft. In the same way, it is surprising that a purely mental operation can be used to determine certain features of real things, but the fact is, these mental operations are analogous to, and can appropriately represent, the operations that take place, or may take place, in the objective world. Our mind is a product of operations; it grew by mental functions, and it grew unconsciously according to the same laws of mathematics and mechanics which regulate all possible happenings in the cosmos, determining the paths of celestial bodies, as well as the atomic construction of crystals, plants, and animals. Our mind developed in the same way in which the regularities which we are so fond of admiring originated in the surrounding world.

All events that take place in the world are separations and combinations. Now, when we let our mind perform its natural operations, the same as those which are an inalienable and intrinsic quality in all events that happen, we can construct in our mind relations analogous to those which obtain in reality; and by knowing the products of mental operations, we can describe and predict their correspondent realities.

That all the wonderful achievements of mathematics in motion, as realised in machines, and of the mathematics of reason, as realised in the mechanism of our mind, are possible, is due to the consistency of nature. A sameness of operation produces a sameness of result. And this consistency is unalterable and eternal; it is the most obtrusive and significant feature of the world. It is all-pervading and determines the character of the universe.

The presence of this feature makes of existence a cosmos—an orderly whole, regulated by laws; its absence would throw it into confusion; without it the world would be a chaos. But in fact we cannot even picture in our fancy a world without it; and thus we recognise in it the key to the harmony that obtains in the laws of mind as well as in the laws of nature in general, and we need no longer wonder at the agreement of mind with nature, as did Kant, for the laws of



mind are only a reconstruction of certain purely formal laws of existence. The formal laws of mind, such as obtain in the purely formal systems of thought,—in geometry, algebra, and formal logic,—are made, it is true, independently of sense-experience; they are not direct copies of our surroundings, but they are built by the functions that were furnished to the mind by nature.

\* \* \*

It is quite legitimate to speak of the hand as a tool, and of language as a tool, for they are tools as much as a comptometer, a typewriter, tongs, or an ax. But they are tools of a special kind; they are more than tools, they are organs. In other words, they are parts of ourselves, they are living tools. That which is generally meant when we speak of tools is the lifeless mechanical contrivance invented to make the work of living tools more effective.

The history of tools, and of their inventions, is the history of the growth of the human mind.

Inventions are not (as the term seems to mean) haphazard findings. If that were so, invention would be a matter of luck, and the Indians might as well as the Europeans have invented printing.

Miss Olive Schreiner makes the dreamy shepherd-boy on a South African farm ponder on the invention of a shearing-machine, and Bulwer Lytton lets a savant in the time of Warwick, the king-maker, invent a steam-engine. Other historical novel-writers, such as Ebers in his Egyptian novels, are guilty of similar anachronisms. We might as well suppose that the inventor of the needle had at once thought of inventing the sewing-machine. But there are no jumps in progress, and the evolution of the mind is not less continuous than the rest of nature.

The history of inventions represents a ladder on which we can always reach only to the next rung. The possibility of making each step is, upon the whole, definitely determined by the laws of existence.

Nature, as it were, leads man onward, step by step, as if she pursued a special and well-calculated method of education. The mechanical contrivances to be invented are suggested by our surroundings, and man finds them as soon as he reaches a stage of maturity that enables him to detect them.

In one sense, we can say man is throughout self-made. He had to climb the ladder of evolution, and every one of his bodily and mental qualities is acquired by himself. In another sense, we can say that man is nothing through himself: nature has made him. She led him step by step to find that which alone made him such as he is—a rational being, a tool-making creature. Those who deviated from the path prescribed by nature, were hopelessly doomed to extinction. The path is prescribed in general outlines only;

it admits of infinite variations in all its details, but certain general conditions are rigid and do not allow of any deviation.

The earliest inventions are the best evidences of the fact that nature invents through man. The invention of pottery, for instance, apparently came about by man's attempts to heat liquid food in his drinking vessels, viz., in skulls and gourds. When exposed to the fire, the vessels began to burn, and to protect them against the fire they were covered on their outside with clay. There can be no doubt that for a long time vessels to be used for cooking were such clay-covered skulls and gourds, for great numbers of them have been found in various districts which testify to this fact. That the skull or the gourd was not an essential part of the cooking-vessel was perhaps, as we say, accidentally discovered, i. e., not by forethought or reflection through a process of reasoning, but simply through the virtual experiences that the gourd within the clay rotted away or wore off, while the clay cover not only remained serviceable, but proved superior to other vessels that still contained their gourds. And thus the pot was invented, not by the wisdom of man, but by nature, who, as it were, taught man an object-lesson: and man's merit consists only in having attained through previous similar object-lessons the ability to understand the lesson.

How long it sometimes took men to learn a lesson taught by nature is difficult to say. But certain it is, that even to-day all inventions are made in the same way. Nature teaches the lesson, and we are her disciples. The higher we rise, the quicker can we climb; and this produces the impression that we could climb in any direction we please: but we cannot, and our inventive geniuses are only the better disciples of nature, our great and kind teacher.

A very important progress is marked in the transition from the hunting stage to the nomadic era of mankind: and several hypotheses can be made as to how it was effected. It is generally assumed that the hunters, having killed a cow or a sheep, might have easily caught their young ones and taken them to the camp of the tribe. This is not probable when we consider the temper and intelligence of the men at that period. We might almost expect that a cat would spare and feed the young birds in the nest, after having caught and eaten the mother.

There is another and more probable solution of the problem.

The Deer Park Cañon, in La Salle County, Illinois, received its name from its being used by the Indians to keep deer in it, which in times of great need could easily be killed. It is a big natural enclosure, from which the deer, if the exit were well guarded, could not escape, and where they found sufficient food,



water, and shelter. It must have been more difficult to hunt an animal than to chase it into the cañon, where herds of deer could be kept without trouble.

The Indians who lived on this continent when the white man came, had been taught the lesson, but had not yet learned it. Nature had shown the red man that he could keep herds; he actually kept herds of deer in the natural enclosure of Deer Park: and yet he had not as yet become a shepherd or a nomad. He still remained a hunter.

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The constitution of nature being such as to confine the possibility of progress to certain prescribed paths, explains in a natural way the oft-noted fact that the same inventions are sometimes made almost simultaneously by different men—a fact which otherwise would be very mysterious. Thus Newton and Leibnitz invented the infinitesimal calculus independently of each other, and Laplace propounded the nebular hypothesis which forty years before him had been set forth by Kant, though it is certain that Laplace had never heard of Kant's proposition.

In the field of inventions similar instances are not less frequent.

Moreover, we can say that man was destined on this earth to develop into such a being, or at least almost such a being, as he is now. We cannot deny the possibility that other animals might have developed into rational beings, but through the fulfilment of the conditions for attaining to rationality, they would have become very much like men.

In Noiré's excellent book on the tool, we find the following suggestive passage:

"The bear presents many similarities to man. He walks on soles—a circumstance which qualifies him for an upright gait so that he can easily be trained to dancing. In decisive moments of struggles he rises upon his hind legs in order to use effectually his front paws and teeth. In other respects, too, he is interesting to mankind, for our most ancient ancestors have struggled mainly with him for the possession of regions and dwelling places. Such were the very oldest and most momentous warfares, the final outcome of which secured to man the sole dominion over the earth and all its inhabitants. The bear had no disposition for a higher evolution: the social instinct, and above all that wonderful organ of creative activity, the hand, were lacking in him. Those warfares, accordingly, constitute a struggle of spiritual superiority against brute force in which the robber-system succumbed." (P. 88.)

Without considering the context in which Noiré thus mentions the bear, we use this passage to explain nature's method of compelling her creatures to develop towards a definitely prescribed ideal.

The bear might have been victorious in these antediluvian struggles, but he could only have gained the victory, if, like the anthropoids, he had lived a social life, so as to feel the want of communication and develop language—a life which alone affords the effectual advantage of mutual assistance. The anthropoids, in their turn, might have in the meantime lived lonely lives as do animals of prey. And, furthermore, if the bear had been a social being, if, consequently, he had been victorious, if he had thus far developed on the strait and narrow path that leads up to the evolution of reason, he might have had other chances, too, to acquire those qualities which distinguish man now. He might, by his climbing habits and by common work, also have developed hands. With the habit of covering his body his hair would have gone; with the increase of intelligence his forehead would have protruded and his jaws would have receded, which would have arranged the parts of his head in a superordinate position, and, upon the whole, he would have more and more approached the human form man possesses now.

It is a strange fact that all the human races tend to develop toward a common type, in stature as well as face and proportion of limbs; and it is not less remarkable that the development of tools, too, as for instance, at the present date, the construction of dynamos and motors, makes towards a certain ideal. When an invention is made, such as the bicycle or the typewriter, we find very soon a great variety of them in the market. By and by, however, they begin to approach one another in form, and in the end when all the patents have expired, one looks very much like the other, even in the arrangement of apparently accidental qualities.

There are no prototypes of things such as Plato conceived in his "ideas," but there is, after all, something analogous to prototypes. The universe possesses a definite constitution which, upon the whole, determines the nature of its creatures and offers a premium to those who, each one in his line, resemble their ideal most closely.

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Nature's ideal in the domain of mentality is reason, and there is no possibility of any variation. There is but one reason, and should upon other planets other rational beings develop, they will have to develop the same kind of reason. They will have to invent tools, tongs, hammers, axes, and machines, the essential mechanical contrivances of which will have to be the same as in our tools, only their accidental attributes will vary according to conditions. Therefore the quintessence of the soul of man has become and must have become such as it is. The possibilities of going astray on the road of progress are innumerable, and the chance



of hitting the right road is but one among many. Thus the old truth is seen in a new light:

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth into life, and few there be that find it."

But this strait gate and narrow way leads to life only because it is the directest approach to the rational and ethical ideal of nature. The human of man, his reason, his ethics, his soul, is predetermined by the deepest constitution of being.

Man's similarity to God manifests itself chiefly in his invention of tools. Nature's phenomena are a constant creation of new forms and man is the only creature which has learned to create. Man imitates God by calling into existence forms that never existed before: and thus man, the creator-creature, is moulded into the image of nature's divinity. In other words, the old biblical truth holds good still:

"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

Science is so often, but always erroneously, regarded as the destruction of religion: but science only destroys the accidental features of religion and leaves the essential ones stand. Instead of destroying, it purifies religion.

What is true of the ideal prototype of man and of machines, is true also of religion. There is an ideal prototype of religion too: and this ideal prototype of religion is not a mere dream. The development of religion shows a constant advance, and all honestly religious people are, in their spiritual evolution, consciously or unconsciously, approaching this common goal. The nature of our religious ideal is foredetermined as much as man's reason and his methods of inventing tools.

Science is not the enemy of religion, but its sister and co-worker. Science, as the inquiry into truth, must ultimately lead to the establishment of a religion of truth,—a religion not built upon any pretenses of special revelations, but upon the facts of reality, preaching to man the great moral commands which are (not less than reason and the potentiality of tools) ultimately founded in the immutable and eternal constitution of the universe.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

AS THE toothache sometimes disappears when we behold the dentist and his dreadful nippers, so the commercial panic vanishes at the sight of an extra session of Congress and its awful potency for mischief. Business now declares that it never had any toothache. It pretended to be in pain because of the Sherman Law, but the prospect of something worse has effected a sudden cure. Business now tells us that "exports are increasing," that "gold is coming back," that "confidence is restored," and that if we did not have quite so much prosperity and abundance we should get through the sickly season well. Business further tells us that "the principal cause of depression is the feeling of uncertainty regard-

ing the action of Congress on the subject of the currency, because the silverites will make a desperate fight against the repeal of the Silver Purchase Law unless they can get something worse in place of it"; and therein Business is right. Legislation is a game of special interests, and the "silverites" know how to play it as well as anybody. The art of the game is to get good partners, for Congress has a very wholesome respect for a strong combination. Of course, it will hardly do now to pretend that all our troubles are due to silver, therefore Business offers a little discount on its claim of a month ago, and says, "There are other causes of depression, such, for instance, as the large quantity of wheat carried over into the new crop year." "The children are crying," says Business, "because there is too much bread in the cupboard," and herein Business is wrong. The more we have the more we can sell, if we will only remove the statutory obstacles that limit exportation.

For a long time it has been asserted that the courts of Chicago are "congested," because there are more cases on the dockets than the judges are able to try; for which reason justice is greatly delayed, and in some cases practically denied. A demand was made for ten additional judges, but our lawmakers compromised on six; and as a substitute for the other four, they adopted the very practical expedient of raising the price of justice, thereby making it a luxury harder to get than ever. The docket fee for beginning a suit was raised from six dollars to ten; and, approving the change, as far as it goes, a Chicago paper very profoundly says: "Had the fee been raised to twenty dollars, the pressure on the courts would be relaxed so thoroughly that more judges would be needless." That is very true, and had the fee been raised to a hundred dollars many of the judges now on the bench might be dispensed with altogether. Unfortunately, the new tariff on lawsuits makes remedies in courts of record a perquisite of the rich, and the "pressure on the courts" is relieved by the exclusion of the poor. Wrongs are not lessened, but redress is limited. Only those may apply for justice who can pay ten dollars as a docket fee. So long as we have courts they should be made easy of access to the rich and the poor alike. The change is in the wrong direction, because the fee is in the nature of a fine; it is not imposed for the payment of expenses, but the confessed purpose of it is to diminish the number of suitors in the courts. It is a long departure from the spirit of the most enlightened and sublime sentence to be found in "Magna Charta," "We will sell to no man, we will not deny or delay to any man, right or justice."

It is just forty years ago to a minute since old Ike Foster of Marbletown entered a quarter section of land over on the West Fork where the big spring was, and a few days afterwards he got notice from the land office that there was a prior entry on that quarter, and consequently Mr. Foster's entry was vacated. Old Ike replied that he could not accept the apology, that he was bound to have that quarter and the big spring, otherwise Uncle Sam, would have the toughest lawsuit on his hands that he had ever seen since he came down stairs. The name is different, otherwise I should be of the opinion that old Ike had emigrated west and been elected Governor of Colorado, but the Governor's name is Waite, and therefore he cannot be old Ike, although he resembles him so closely in his conversational style. Yesterday the Governor made a speech in which he demanded that Uncle Sam immediately reverse the laws of nature and make sixteen ounces of silver equal in value to an ounce of gold, otherwise his venerable uncle would have on his hands not only a lawsuit but also a red and sulphurous war. "If the money power," said the Governor, "shall attempt to sustain its usurpation by the strong hand, we will meet that issue when it is forced upon us, for it is better infinitely that blood should flow to the horses' bridles rather than that our national liberties be destroyed." That is very much in the style of old



Ike, and if Uncle Sam does not wish to see the cowboys of Colorado wading in blood up to the bridles of their horses, he will at once abandon the gold money power, and submit meekly to the silver money power of Colorado. I would advise the Governor not to stake too much upon his bluff, because Uncle Sam is a strong player himself, and he may possibly call the hand.

\* \* \*

The most pathetic and the grandest thing in all this world is a strong man dying at his post; like, for instance, that old admiral on the "Victoria," who, refusing to save himself so long as any sailor was unsaved, stood at his place on the bridge until the last moment and heroically went down when the ship went down. Equally fine was the courage of those firemen at the World's Fair, who, in obedience to discipline, climbed up to the ledge of a tall tower and fought the fire above them until the fire below them burned away all possibility of escape. What battle bravery was ever more sublime than that of Ed. Murphy and his three companions, who, wrestling with flame and smoke, mounted on trembling ladders to the roof of the burning building and snatched the mangled Captain Fitzpatrick out of the flame. One of these was a British soldier, a life guardsman, so they say, a stranger and a foreigner, without any moral obligation to help Fitzpatrick except the sympathetic tie of nature that binds all men together in brotherhood. These children of the true nobility were men in humble station, who, probably, never heard of chivalry; and yet the knightly prowess of a Bayard, or a Sidney, was not of higher quality than the chivalry of this unimportant fireman Ed. Murphy and the rest. The moral splendor of their achievement improves and elevates us all. No man can read the story of their valor without becoming better and braver for their example. In spite of the selfish tendencies of a competitive and mercantile age, these men have shown us that the old heroic spirit is not corrupted yet, and that the demigods we have read about may still be found in the ranks of the common people. There is good, strong fibre still in the body, and the divine ideal of duty in the soul.

\* \* \*

Whether or not clay modelling and similar arts ought to be taught in the primary schools, is a question that has agitated the School Board of Chicago, but the London School Board is vexed by a more intricate puzzle still: the quality and quantity of theology proper to be impressed upon the infant mind. The gravity of the situation appears from a report published in a London paper to the effect that "The Rev. F. J. Coxhead, on the occasion of a visit to one of the Board Schools, was grieved to find that the doctrine of the Trinity was not made sufficiently prominent in the infant department." It was very shocking to discover that a whole schoolful of students, all of them under eight years of age, differed in their understanding of the doctrine just as much as if they were Doctors of Divinity. The lesson was that part of St. Luke's Gospel which tells how Jesus went up to Jerusalem and strayed from his parents, when his mother, finding him in the temple, said: "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." A precocious theologian eight years old, being asked who was the father of Jesus, confidently said, "Joseph," an answer which displeased the Rev. Mr. Coxhead, who thought that the children "should have been carefully warned not to put too literal a construction upon the words of the mother, and to have been informed that the case was one of great mystery, involving truths too profound for the human understanding." The result of it is that the School Board itself is now engaged on the problem of the Trinity. All of which has caused Mr. J. Alanson Picton, a member of the English Parliament, to say in the *London Weekly Dispatch*, that "the defects in the School Board system—its narrow range, its mechanical teaching, its insufficient appreciation of great educational ideas—are all more or less due to the friction of difficulties created by the intrusion of theology."

It is worthy of notice that in this land of equality and liberty, where one man is theoretically as good as another, the value of a sentiment or speech depends upon the rank and quality of the speaker, so that "what in the captain's but a choleric word is in the soldier downright blasphemy." A joke by the judge, though dull as a lump of putty, excites the convulsive laughter of lawyers, jury, bailiffs, and spectators, whereas a brighter jest by somebody else may provoke nothing but a frown. In like manner, when we hear the political or social alarm-bell ringing, we want to know who is pulling the rope, because whether we will attend to the alarm or disregard it depends largely upon that. For instance, Mr. David J. Brewer, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, has been sounding the alarm-bell at a Fourth of July celebration, where he served as orator of the day, and he found ominous warnings in the antagonism between combinations of capital and combinations of labor. In the fever of imagination he saw coming events of dire import, visions of revolution, and he tragically wanted to know, "if a bloody struggle would be required to abolish this form of slavery as a bloody struggle was required to abolish negro slavery." This was described by one of the great papers of Chicago as "a hysterical cry of alarm that might be expected of a rattle-brained blatherskite at a Sunday afternoon meeting of the Trades and Labor Assembly, but exceedingly sensational and unbecoming in a member of the bench of the highest court in the country." That quotation shows how rapidly we are becoming the devotees of the caste, estimating men by their trades and professions, their money, and their official rank. Criticising Judge Brewer for his "cry of alarm," the editor goes out of his way to throw a few bricks at some workmen on the other side of the street who are not in the controversy at all. For his inflammatory talk the Judge of the Supreme Court is merely "sensational and hysterical," but a workman who talks exactly like the Judge is "a rattle-brained blatherskite."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

*CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.*

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 309. (VOL. VII.—30.)

CHICAGO, JULY 27, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## WHAT IS CHRISTIAN FAITH?

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

IT IS easy to chop logic about matters of which you have no experience whatever. Men color-blind have more than once learnedly discussed the laws of color-sensation, and have made interesting deductions from those laws. But when it comes to positive knowledge, such knowledge as a lawyer has of the practice of the courts, that can only rest on long experience, direct or indirect. So, a man may be an accomplished theologian without ever having felt the stirring of the spirit; but he cannot answer the simple question at the head of this article except out of his own religious experience.

There is in the dictionary a word, *solipsism*, meaning the belief that the believer is the only existing person. Were anybody to adopt such a belief, it might be difficult to argue him out of it. But when a person finds himself in the society of others, he is just as sure of their existence as of his own, though he may entertain a metaphysical theory that they are all hypostatized the same *ego*. In like manner, when a man has that experience with which religion sets out, he has as good reason,—putting aside metaphysical subtleties,—to believe in the living personality of God, as he has to believe in his own. Indeed, *belief* is a word inappropriate to such direct perception.

Seldom do we pass a single hour of our waking lives away from the companionship of men (including books); and even the thoughts of that solitary hour are filled with ideas which have grown in society. Prayer, on the other hand, occupies but little of our time; and, of course, if solemnity and ceremony are to be made indispensable to it (though why observe manners toward the Heavenly Father, that an earthly father would resent as priggish?) nothing more is practicable. Consequently, religious ideas never come to form the warp and woof of our mental constitution, as do social ideas. They are easily doubted, and are open to various reasons for doubt, which reasons may all be comprehended under one, namely, that the religious phenomenon is sporadic, not incessant.

This causes a degeneration in religion from a perception to a trust, from a trust to a belief, and a belief

continually becoming more and more abstract. Then, after a religion has become a public affair, quarrels arise, to settle which watchwords are drawn up. This business gets into the hands of theologians: and the ideas of theologians always appreciably differ from those of the universal church. They swamp religion in fallacious logical disputations. Thus, the natural tendency is to the continual drawing tighter and tighter of the narrowing bounds of doctrine, with less and less attention to the living essence of religion, until after some *symbolum quicumque* has declared that the salvation of each individual absolutely and almost exclusively depends upon his entertaining a correct metaphysics of the godhead, the vital spark of inspiration becomes finally quite extinct.

Yet it is absurd to say that religion is a mere belief. You might as well call society a belief, or politics a belief, or civilisation a belief. Religion is a life, and can be identified with a belief only provided that belief be a living belief,—a thing to be lived rather than said or thought.

The Christian religion, if it has anything distinctive,—and must not aspire to be the necessary ultimate outcome of *every* path of religious progress,—is distinguished from other religions by its precept about the Way of Life. I appeal to the typical Christian to answer out of the abundance of his spirit, without dictation from priests, whether this be not so. In the recently discovered book, “The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,”\* which dates from about A. D. 100, we see that long before the Apostles’ or any other creed was insisted upon, or at all used, the teaching of the Lord was considered to consist in the doctrine of the Two Ways,—the Way of Life and the Way of Death. This it was that at that date was regarded as the saving faith,—not a lot of metaphysical propositions. This is what Jesus Christ taught; and to believe in Christ is to believe what he taught.

Now what is this way of life? Again I appeal to the universal Christian conscience to testify that it is simply love. As far as it is contracted to a rule of

\* Edited with translation and notes by Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown. New York: Scribners. 1884. Also, by Philip Schaft, 3d Edition. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 1890.



ethics, it is: Love God, and love your neighbor; "on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." It may be regarded in a higher point of view with St. John as the universal evolutionary formula. But in whatever light it be regarded or in whatever direction developed, the belief in the law of love is the Christian faith.

"Oh," but it may be said, "that is not distinctive of Christianity! That very idea was anticipated by the early Egyptians, by the Stoics, by the Buddhists, and by Confucius." So it was; nor can the not insignificant difference between the negative and the positive precept be properly estimated as sufficient for a discrimination between religions. Christians may, indeed, claim that Christianity possesses that earmark of divine truth,—namely that it was anticipated from primitive ages. The higher a religion the more catholic.

Man's highest developments are social; and religion, though it begins in a seminal individual inspiration, only comes to full flower in a great church coëxtensive with a civilisation. This is true of every religion, but supereminently so of the religion of love. Its ideal is that the whole world shall be united in the bond of a common love of God accomplished by each man's loving his neighbor. Without a church, the religion of love can have but a rudimentary existence; and a narrow, little, exclusive church is almost worse than none. A great catholic church is wanted.

The invisible church does now embrace all Christendom. Every man who has been brought up in the bosom of Christian civilisation does really believe in some form of the principle of love, whether he is aware of doing so, or not.

Let us, at any rate, get all the good from the vital element in which we are all at one that it can yield: and the good that it can yield is simply all that is any way possible, and richer than is easily conceivable. Let us endeavor, then, with all our might to draw together the whole body of believers in the law of love into sympathetic unity of consciousness. Discountenance as immoral all movements that exaggerate differences, or that go to make fellowship depend on formulas invented to exclude some Christians from communion with others.

A sapient critic has recently blamed me for defective cocksureness in my metaphysical views. That is no less than an indictment for practising just as I have always preached. *Absurd* was the epithet ever coming to my tongue for persons very confident in opinions which other minds, as good as they, denied. Can you induce the philosophic world to agree upon any assignable creed, or in condemning any specified item in the current creeds of Christendom? I believe not; though doubtless you can gather a sequacious little flock, quite

disposed to follow their bell-bearer into every vagary, —if you will be satisfied so. For my part, I should think it more lovely to patch up such peace as might be with the great religious world. This happens to be easy to an individual whose unbiased study of scientific logic has led him to conclusions not discordant with traditional dogmas. Unfortunately, such a case is exceptional; and guilt rests on you who insist on so tautening the lines of churches as to close them against the great body of educated and thinking men, pure and undefiled though the religion of many of them (you are obliged to acknowledge it) be. Surely another generation will witness a sweeping reform in this respect. You will not be permitted to make of those churches a permanent laughing-stock for coming ages. Many things are essential to religion which yet ought not to be insisted on: the law of love is not the rule of angry and bullying insistence. Thus, it seems plain to me, I confess, that miracles are intrinsic elements of a genuine religion. But it is not half so important to emphasise this as it is to draw into our loving communion, almost the entire collection of men who unite clear thought with intellectual integrity. And who are you, any way, who are so zealous to keep the churches small and exclusive? Do you number among your party the great scholars and the great saints? Are you not, on the other hand, egged on by all the notorious humbugs,—votaries of Mammon or of Ward McAllister,—who deem the attitude of a church-caryatid to be a respectable or a genteel thing? Your voting-power, too, is repleted with many who, as soon as they are a little better informed and educated, will drop away from you; and in these days that education will come speedily.

To those who for the present are excluded from the churches, and who, in the passionate intensity of their religious desire, are talking of setting up a church for the scientifically educated, a man of my stripe must say, Wait, if you can; it will be but a few years longer; but if you cannot wait, why then Godspeed! Only, do not, in your turn, go and draw lines so as to exclude such as believe a little less,—or, still worse, to exclude such as believe a little more,—than yourselves. Doubtless, a lot of superstition clings to the historical churches; but superstition is the grime upon the venerable pavement of the sacred edifice, and he who would wash that pavement clean should be willing to get down on his knees to his work inside the church.

A religious organisation is a somewhat idle affair unless it be sworn in as a regiment of that great army that takes life in hand, with all its delights, in grimmest fight to put down the principle of self seeking, and to make the principle of love triumphant. It has something more serious to think about than the phraseology of the articles of war. Fall into the ranks then; fol-



low your colonel. Keep your one purpose steadily and alone in view, and you may promise yourself the attainment of your sole desire, which is to hasten the chariot wheels of redeeming love!

## GOOD LUCK TO ALL.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

"WANTED: an amanuensis—must be well educated, and capable of correcting manuscript. To a young man who fulfils these requirements a permanent position and good salary is offered. Apply in person, at 7 P. M. sharp, to Dan'l Dexter, No. 6 West Oddth street."

This advertisement appeared in the *New York Daily Era*, and was read early in the morning by two men, to both of whom it presented a strong attraction—by Willett Beekman, young, of olive, Latin complexion, brown hair and eyes, journalist, up town over his modest breakfast, and by Johann Geldstein, grizzled and gray, forty-five and an immigrant, at a news-stand in the Bowery.

Poor, hungry Geldstein, only half a year in the savage city, almost penniless, weary of ransacking the streets for work, seized the chance like a drowning man, and at five—his well worn clothes and hat furnished up as best he could—appeared at Mr. Dexter's door.

Early as the hour was, Beekman was there before him. By six a dozen more applicants were on hand, but on the stroke of seven the brown stone steps of Mr. Dexter's house were cluttered with fifty or more, all, it is safe to say, ravenous for a chance to work.

It seems a pity, does it not, in a great, half civilised land that some call Christian, so many cultured men should find it hard work to get work?

Something of this sort Geldstein said to Beekman, and in the two hours together the men got friendly and compassionate, each after his own fashion. At last the time came, the door opened, and the American went in.

Twenty minutes later he came out.

"I can't say I'm sorry," said he to Geldstein and the rest, "but Mr. Dexter has engaged me, it's no use for you to wait."

A few, perhaps incredulous, or very, very hungry, stayed on, still hoping for a chance, but the German took his new acquaintance's word as final.

"Would you tink it impertinent to ask vot he pay for dot work?" he asked as they walked towards the avenue.

"It's no impertinence," answered Beekman good humoredly, "the pay is twenty dollars a week, ten hours a day."

"Twenty dollars," muttered Geldstein, "zo mooch as dot. Vell—glück auf!"

So he was about to turn away when a thought occurred to him.

"Bote it may be you vill not vant to stay. Something better may durn up vor you. Here—here is my address. Vill you not gif me vord?"

Beekman promised, and they parted at the corner.

This was Thursday. On Saturday evening Geldstein received a postal card:

"I am going to quit. Couldn't stand it. If you would like the place meet me in the park Sunday, at six P. M."

At the time appointed the German came.

"Don't be in too big a hurry to thank me," said Beekman gloomily, "wait till I tell you the sort of man you'll have to deal with. I doubt if you can stand it either."

"I assure you," replied the other, "I am not particular; I dink I could stand anyding, yes, anyding—"

Beekman shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, perhaps. For one thing, I suppose you do not mind working on the Sabbath—"

"On Sunday! No, vy should I?"

"I suppose not," continued Beekman; "most Germans are, I believe, indifferent. Well, that was one thing I couldn't do. I was brought up by a Christian mother. I have always kept the day holy, and I always will. Mr. Dexter insisted upon my coming to work to-day. I declined, and that was the end of it. I spoke of you though before I left. You asked me to, and I did. But that wasn't all, nor the worst, as I look at it, for you; the man is rich, but he is a low, illiterate blackguard. He did not want help in what he called his literary work,—he wanted a flatterer. He was profane, coarse, and vulgar. I need employment, but not badly enough to sink my manhood or forget that I am a gentleman."

"I respect you for dot," said Geldstein.

"You say you respect me; I suppose you intend to apply for the place, and yet you, too, are a gentleman."

"Yes," responded Geldstein slowly, "I am, or perhaps I better zay—I vos."

"And could you stand to be cursed and sworn at?"

"Could I?" Geldstein smiled. "Oh yes, I dink so; I would like to dry it vonce."

"Then you'll have the opportunity; Dexter said he saw you out of the window last Thursday and liked your looks—"

"He did—he did zay dot?"

"Yes, and he told me to tell you he'd keep the place open till to-morrow at ten."

"I dank you," exclaimed Geldstein earnestly; "Gott knows I dank you. I vill be dare, be sure I vill be dare. I dink I can serve dis man's purpose. I am a university graduate—Bonn."



"Oh! you'll do. It's easy to see you have the education. But I can hardly believe you will stick it out, and stand his abuse and flatter his miserable vanity. How can you,—a refined man like you?"

"How can I? Do you ask, how can I?" Geldstein leaned forward, feverish hope in his eyes, deep, truthful earnestness in his voice. "I vill dell you vy I can,—because I vant vork,—vork vor money, and money vor food,—not zo mooch vor myself, bote down on Mulberry street I haff two little girls; my Gretchen, fife years old, and my Elsa ten years;—poor little dings, day haff note dis day enough to eat, do all I can, and twenty dollars,—my Gott, vot vould dot do? Stand bad language, yes,—vy not? Be cursed and sworn at, yes,—vy not? Flatter and lie, yes, yes,—vy not? I vould do all dese tings, yes, and glad,—for money, you zay—no, bote for dem vot I love."

"Under the circumstances," said Beekman soberly, "I can hardly blame you: that would be asking too much of human nature; but there is another point I must warn you against: Mr. Dexter is a strict deist in his belief; he was down on me because I am a professed Christian. Do you believe in a God, Mr. Geldstein?"

"Beliefe! vot is it do beliefe? Do zay a ting is zo vid vun part off de brain vot all de rest zay is note zo? Is dot do beliefe? Bah! no. Ven dis Meester Dexter zay, vos dare a God? I sall zay, vy yes. Vun God? Only vun? I sall zay, certainly, only vun. On de udder hand, off he zay six. I swear darc vos six, and, off you please I dell heem I vos intimately ackervainted vid em all."

Geldstein smiled cynically, but Beekman shook his head.

"I am sorry," said he, "that you are not a Christian—"

"Note a Christian. How do you know I am note vun?"

"Why, you do not profess to be one, do you? Besides," Beekman hesitated, "I thought,—that is,—are you not—a Hebrew?"

"Yes," answered Geldstein, soberly, "I vos a Hebrew,—a Jew." Then passionately: "Profess! Vot is profess? Now listen: let me dell you vot happen dis very day. Ven I got dot postal card how glad I vos. I zay to my dear little Elsa, I vould dake de last dollar vor vot you call vun square meal. I did, and den trust—to vot?—to de Lord, you zay; vell, yes,—to de Lord; bote I dink,—I put it—joost trust—trust and wait, ven vun moost vait, trust and vork ven de vork comes. Do de best vun can every time, all de time. I did dot always. Ve came offer in de ship—Normannia, and my wife she die at de quarantine; yes—cholera; den dare vos my poy, my Carl; ah, a nice, goot poy, he vos; ve got rooms, clean, gootrooms; I got zome vork for a vile,

and Carl sold papers to help his papa, and Elsa she dake care off dings. Vell, last Fall my dear leedle Carl vos taken down sick; he vent to de hospital, and dare he die in a week—scarlet fever. Yet I do note dispair. I trust,—note vor myself, bote for Gretchen and Elsa.

"Vell, I vos going to dell about it,—dis morning I left dose kleine kindern, and I valk up de avenue. I moost valk; I moost go and go. Den by and by,—it vos dime for de church do go in. I vos near von, and I dink do myzelf I do zo vant vork, I zo vant Meester Beekman to help me get vork, it may be to pray Gott vill do no harm. It vos a big church,—oh! a grand church, blenty of vine carriages at de vront and on de side street. De music too,—dot vos vine. Vell, I go in; I sit down by de door, and I vait. De minister vos big and handsome. Dey sing, he read de Bible, and den he preach; he zay his text vos, 'Vence shall ve puy pread dot dese may eat?' Den he go on do dell how goot his congregation had been vid offerings to de Lord, and how de moneys had been spent. He dold zome stories off poor old people vot dey got out off trouble till he made me believe he vos really vot he said,—about his master's business.

"I zay do myzelf I vill vait and zay a vord to heem after de church vos offer. Zo I vait, and ven he got done talking and laughing and shaking hands vid zome vine ladies, I zay could I speak vid heem. 'Vell,' said he, 'speak up, vot you vant?' Den I dold heem how it vos vid us, he all de dime looking at me and never smiling vonce. I dell heem how it vos vid us,—vid me and my leedle vuns; dot I had hopes of vork, and I zay, suppose I do not get dot vork, vill you note help me den?"

"He look at me very sour. Vos I a drinking man? he ask. I dell heem honest, zomedimes I drink beer, bote never ven de children haff no bread. 'Ah,' he zay, 'dot's it,—you drink.' I zay, no, no, earnest, because dot vos note true. Den he ask me, vos I a constant attendant on divine worship? Vot could I answer to dot? I zay, vot he mean by vorship? Ven I zay dot, he dell me at vonce he could do nodding vor me. 'Sexten,' he zay, loud, 'show dees man out.' I zay, vos dot to be about hees master's business? 'Sexton,' he zay, very loud, 'put dees man out,—he is deranched.'

"Den de sexton he dell me to go, and I vent. Ven ve got to de door I zay, 'Sir,' to de sexton, 'Sir, vot might dees church haff cost perhaps?' He zay, 'about a million.' And I zay, I dink dot vos a very expensive church vor de Lord to approve, ain't it?"

To all this Willett Beekman listened intently, affected by the man's earnestness, affected by the flood of his broken speech, much in the same way that it has, or ought to have affected you,—with a deep conviction of his sincerity.



And yet, because of his orthodoxy, Beekman could not restrain his endeavors to lead this man who was an infidel in his own narrow way.

"Can you not see," he said, "that even if this man was an unworthy minister of the gospel of Christ, it is no reason why you should reject Christ himself?"

"Ah, my vriend," broke in the German, "haff I note asked you pefore how you dell I reject Christ?"

"Do you accept the doctrine of the atonement?"

"Doctrine! ah, vot vos doctrine? Vot do you mean ven you zay, accept Christ or reject Christ? Now, dis minute (he went on impetuously) I am grateful vor de hope of vork,—grateful to you. Ven you vant to know vedder I am grateful to Gott, I zay grateful,—note as zome dink to nodding, pecause I vind no Gott as I vind you: bote—joost grateful, vedder I vind vork or note—always grateful. Den you vant to know vedder I reject Christ. Dell me, vot you mean by Christ? Vos Christ Gott or man? Ven you know vot in you vos Gott and vot man, den vos dare no more doubt dot dare vos Gott and man,—dot dey vos different and yet de zame.

"Oh, Meester Beekman, I haff read dot story in de Bible dot Gott came down from heaven. I dell you de preaching off it,—vot you call doctrine,—is most all—vot de Bible zay itself—foolishness; bote ven I dink off my leedle vuns, I—a fadder—I dink dot Christ-idea vos no foolishness. Vedder it happen I don't know; nobody knows; bote off I had been Gott: off I vos Gott, I vould haff died vor a vorld dot I love. To live thirty years and den die, dot vould not be so hard, I dink vor Gott."

Of course this was heresy to the brown-eyed American. The thoughts of the steel-gray eyes are always heretical to those of brown; but a deeper thing than thought tugged at his brain and made him recognise in spite of his narrow creed the common brotherhood they shared. They sat long together, parting at last with an honest hand-clasp, Beekman with "Good by and good luck," Geldstein with a brave "Glück auf."

So may it be with all of us,—every one.

## TWO SYSTEMS OF PENOLOGY.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

THE editor of *The Open Court* handed me of late two books, official reports of penitentiaries, and requested me to say a few words in comment thereupon.\* These two books are issued by institutions having the same purpose, the correction and reformation of offenders, and the prevention of crime, but they radically disagree as to the principles of penology and

\* *New York State Reformatory at Elmira. Seventeenth Year Book. Containing the Annual Report of the Board of Directors for the year ending September 30, 1892.* N. Y. S. Reformatory Press. 300 pp.

*Penological and Preventive Principles, with special reference to Europe and America,* by William Tallack, Secretary of the Howard Association of London. Wertheimer, Lee & Co., London. 400 pp.

as to the means by which the work of reformation should be done. Harsh treatment for the sake of society seems to be the plan of the Howard Association, while mild correction for the sake of the offender appears to be the principle of Elmira. The Howard Association seeks to punish, while Elmira tries to cure.

The revengeful spirit of the Howard Association appears in its criticism of the merciful method adopted at Elmira, which it ascribes to "maudlin sentimentality on the part of many well-meaning persons, who have ignorantly sought to improve upon the Divine Wisdom, and upon the operation of the fundamental laws of moral discipline, by rendering the condition and treatment of evil-doers a positive source of encouragement to themselves and of strong temptation to those who are struggling to remain honest and thrifty." The advocates of the merciful system are "quasi-philanthropists," actuated by a "false charity" and a "spurious piety," while the United States is complimented as having "a larger proportion of this spurious philanthropy than any European nation." If John Howard could visit London again, I wonder what he would think of the Howard Association. He never supposed that his efforts to soften the harsh code of Leviticus were an attempt "to improve upon the Divine Wisdom."

With all its imperfections, the Elmira plan has achieved beneficent results of the most encouraging kind. According to the report of the Board of Managers, the Elmira system converts criminals into self-sustaining, law-abiding citizens. "That such a result," say the Managers, "is accomplished by the agencies in operation in the Reformatory to the extent of eighty per cent. of paroled men, is reasonably assured by statistical tables already shown."

The Howard Association doubts the accuracy of the report, and says: "Even if it be so (and the matter is open to question), such a result, however good in itself, is quite compatible with an increase of criminality being produced amongst the outside community, by the knowledge that the discipline of so large an establishment furnished so many advantages to the evil-doers." Not a word of testimony is offered in support of this objection, and the argument contained in it is so thoroughly protected by the ironclad armor of prejudice as to be quite invincible.

That crime is to some extent an accident resulting from artificial conditions, is a truth recognised at Elmira, and crime is treated there also as a moral disease to be quarantined against and "cured." In the admirable report of Mr. Brockway, the Superintendent, he says: "There is no safety for society, but in quarantining and curing, in reformatory prisons, the criminally infected individuals brought to our attention by their crimes."



Much of the crime for which we take such cruel revenge is our own, the consequence of the conditions we have made, and most of us ought to sentence ourselves to "do time" in a moral penitentiary. Here is a short sermon, full of spiritual power, for it smites upon the conscience of every man who has influence or authority in this land. It is by Mr. Brockway, where speaking of youthful criminals, he says: "Not too harsh judgment should be visited upon them, for they are not altogether responsible, and society is not without responsibility for the above-named conditions of character. A vast number of young men in the great cities are environed with false and fictitious social distinctions and notions of happiness; the speculative spirit of the times diverts, and the crowding-out influence of monopolies, whether of organised capital or labor organisations, discourages." There is warning in those words. The causes of crime are social, the punishments individual, and "vengeance is mine" says the State.

The course of discipline at Elmira appears to be chiefly physical and moral. Physical culture forms a foundation on which is laid all sorts of handicraft, by which the patient, after he is cured, may earn an honest living. In addition to that, a good academical education is provided in order to strengthen the moral faculties and the front of the brain. The Howard Association complains that there is not enough religion in the discipline administered at Elmira, but the statistics prove that less than five per cent. of the prisoners need religious training, as all the others had more or less of it before they went into the prison. Of the whole number of prisoners at Elmira, 89.4 per cent. are Christians, 6.3 per cent. are Hebrews, and 4.3 per cent. are classified as having no religion.

We read lately in *The Open Court* an article on "Christ and the Christians; a Contrast." The Elmira penitentiary and the system pursued by the Howard Association present the same contrast. The Elmira penitentiary management is actuated by the spirit of Christ, while the Howard Association is an embodiment of the principles of the name-Christians.

The success of the experiment at Elmira will civilise the whole science of penology; it will restore the Lord's prayer to jurisprudence, teaching men to forgive others as they hope to be forgiven; it will awaken society to a knowledge of its own responsibility for the sins of its victims; and in due time it will reform the spiteful and sanguinary criminal codes of all the world.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

Two or three weeks ago I spoke with misgivings about the art of rain-making which I thought might be perverted to malicious and mischievous uses. I did not think my fears would be justified so soon, but it appears from the dispatches, that Mr. A. B. Montgomery of Goodland, Kansas, is a rain-maker of remarkable power,

and a few days ago he dropped a deluge on to the farm of Mr. James Butler of Lyon county, and thereby destroyed a promising field of wheat. Whether this was done inadvertently or maliciously the papers do not say, but whichever way it was, Mr. Butler has begun suit against Mr. Montgomery for damages amounting to the full value of the injured crop, and the verdict is waited for with great interest by all the farmers in Lyon county. I predicted something of that kind. A law ought to be passed forbidding rain-makers to practise their profession except by permission of the County Commissioners, or the City Council. I should like to see the City Council of Chicago debate the question on opposing petitions from the citizens, some of them desiring rain, and the others dry weather. Or, the whole matter might be left entirely to the Mayor.

\* \* \*

A cynical moralist once remarked that a man ought to be good unless he got a higher praise for being bad. Few of us are candid enough to say that, although many of us adopt the sentiment as our guide in practical religion. The gate money not amounting to the expected sum, the Directors of the World's Fair are now convinced that it was wicked to open the Fair on Sundays. They have therefore ordered that hereafter the gates be closed on the Lord's day. The boycott imposed by the churches is now lifted from the Fair in words of patronage and praise. At Ravenswood, Chicago, the Baptists and the Methodists laying aside for the time their theological disputes, have united in passing the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, Promise is made that the great Columbia exposition is to be henceforth conducted in such a manner that as members of the churches and community we can render unstinted support and coöperation without violating our conscientious convictions,

"Resolved, That so far as possible between now and November next we will arrange our business and recreation with a view of availing ourselves of the great educational and ennobling influences of that splendid exposition, which has come to our very doors, and that we will encourage our friends at a distance who may have hitherto hesitated or remained away to visit the World's Fair."

\* \* \*

Ever since the appearance of the "Sunday closing" question, sinful persons have asserted that the Fair was a moral teacher, and that its lessons ought to be learned on Sundays by those who are not able to study them during the week; but those advocates of Sunday opening have been branded by press and pulpit as "mockers," and "scoffers," and "anarchists." They are in good company now, for the righteous people themselves declare in deliberate words that the Exposition is not only "splendid," but also "educational and ennobling." It seems from this confession that because of its "educational" influence the clergy were jealous of the Exposition as a Sunday school teacher. All "educational" influences except their own must be suppressed on Sundays, or be boycotted by them on every other day. They must be protected on Sundays from the competition of all "educational and ennobling" institutions. "Educational" Mondays and Tuesdays, or even Saturdays, may be tolerated, but Sunday must be preserved as a festival to ignorance. On Sundays the gospel of the arts and sciences and of all realities must be forbidden; the gospel of pictures and statues, of coal and iron, of corn and wool, of handicraft and engines, of electricity and steam. This gospel is too "educational and ennobling," therefore it must not be preached on Sundays. Better the gospel of pure idleness than that. The reproach of their master "Oh, ye of little faith" applies to his over zealous disciples now; for if they are afraid of "educational and ennobling" influences on Sundays, they can have but little faith in him. A true religion is friendly every day in the week to everything that is "educational and ennobling." Only a false religion is afraid.



During the hard winter of 1856 the climate of Marbletown was tempered several degrees by the burning heat of a contest waged between the Baptists and the Methodists as to the exact meaning of the Greek word *baptizo*. Every Sunday the Baptist minister proved both in the morning and evening sermons, and also in the Sunday school exhortation to the children in the afternoon, that it meant "immerse," while the Methodist clergyman in his pulpit and Sunday school proved that the genuine translation was "to moisten," "to sprinkle," or "to pour." Members of the other denominations, and the Gentiles, complained that the village had been kept in a theological ferment for three months on a question of no importance; and in the early spring the combatants themselves called a truce. They said that as it was nearly time to elect the School Board, an opportunity was thereby offered for a treaty of peace that would reconcile the factions and allay religious inflammation. Therefore, they magnanimously proposed a "Non-Sectarian" ticket, to be divided fairly half-and-half between the Methodists and the Baptists. This amiable compromise left the Presbyterians, and the Unitarians, and the Nothingarians, and all the rest outside, but every man of them was permitted to vote for the "Non-Sectarian" ticket. Last night the Bar Association of Chicago held a meeting in behalf of a "Non-Partisan" judicial ticket, and the proceedings reminded me of the Marbletown comedy. A report was made appointing a "primary" for July 28th, at which "all members of the bar should be permitted to vote provided they divided up their candidates equally between the Democrats and the Republicans." Nobody is to be disfranchised by this arrangement, as the populists and the mugwumps, and the laborites, and all the others will be permitted to vote for a "Non-Partisan" ticket composed exclusively of partisans.

\* \* \*

The province of Kansas was born to trouble, and its early days were passed in turmoil, anarchy, and fighting. In that province was the miniature civil war that, like the small white cloud in the tropics, portended the tempest close at hand. The hope of Kansas lay in resistance, and its faith in guns. By the law of hereditary passion, the new generation, like the old one, appeals to arms, and authority unarmed is imbecile. Last winter, the rival political parties at the capitol argued the question with rifles in their hands, and by a brittle compromise a conflict was averted for the time. The Chaplain of the Senate, like a judge passing sentence of death, prayed thus: "May God have mercy on this treason-infected State, Amen"; and when asked, "Which party are you alluding at?" he replied, "The party that mobbed the militia." The Chaplain of the House, being of the opposite party, prayed the other way. Next winter the militia will mob the others, for the story is that the governor is now reorganising it on a "Populist" basis, the Republican battalions being "mustered out," and there is a great deal of hopeful promise in the appeal of the "official organ," which editorially says: "Have men who will obey orders, and who will have no qualms in riddling the carcasses of those who attempt to tear down a legally elected government." Now, as the other party will probably not have any qualms about "riddling the carcasses" of the militia, the prospect is good for some excitement immediately after harvest.

\* \* \*

I do not know whether there is any such thing as a chameleon or not; and if there is, I doubt his ability to change his complexion from one color to another, as necessity or policy may require. I think that only a political party or a partisan can do that, and do it in a moment, like the fabulous chameleon. I am trying to discover the true complexion of the parties on the Silver Question, but they baffle me by continually changing color. And the party platforms, too; they not only change their color, but their substance. In some places they are made of gold; in other places of silver; in others, again, of paper, or wool, or iron, or

wood, or leather. For instance, I find that the chameleon of the Democratic platform is white in Atlanta, and yellow in St. Louis; against the repeal of the Sherman Law in one locality, and for it in another. The *Atlantic Constitution* rhetorically and spasmodically says: "The contest is to be between bimetallism—the double standard of our organic law—and gold monometallism—the single standard of the foreign Shylocks. The time is ripe for such a contest. The people are ready for it. The Democratic party still lives, and its platform is not destroyed." That is very much in the style of the tin-clad warrior on the stage, when he shouts to his imaginary legions in the flies: "What, ho!—my braves. Forward!—and mount the castle-walls.—By my halidome, the time is ripe;—and we are all ready and eager for the fray"; but the *St. Louis Republic* thinks the Democratic platform is of a different color and remarks: "Instead of wasting time over the organisation of a contest in which the Sherman Act will be 'held as a hostage,' the Democrats will obey the Chicago platform and wipe out the law." Strange as it may seem, those contradictory papers are appealing to the same platform; their apparent opposition is not their fault, but is due entirely to the platform, which has the bewildering but valuable gift of changing color.

\* \* \*

Like a political magician, the *St. Louis Republic* provides whole rainbows of color for the service of the party and the platform in a time of danger. It says, the Democrats will "wipe out" the Sherman Law, "in order that they may uninterruptedly study the monetary condition of this and other countries, examine the relations between gold and silver, and present a policy of bimetallic coinage, supplemented with redeemable paper, which will satisfy the business intelligence of the people, and restore healthy activity to the distribution of products." If the chameleon, besides changing his color, could also talk, that is the sort of jargon he would use. It is a programme that will bear any interpretation and change with any climate. How much more "study" must the party give to the question in order to know something about "the monetary condition of this and other countries"? "How much fish," said an ambitious young man to his physician, "ought I to eat in order to strengthen my brain?" "Well," said the doctor, "you might begin with a couple of whales." How long does the *Republic* think it will take the Democratic party to "examine the relations between gold and silver"? About what time in the twentieth century will the party be ready to present "a policy of bimetallic coinage, supplemented with redeemable paper"? What sort of a "relation," "standard," "ratio," "parity," or whatever it is, will the party establish in order to "satisfy the business intelligence of the people and restore healthy activity to the distribution of products"? Those questions are not hard, for the "business intelligence of the people" is not great, and it can easily be satisfied. Give us a definite plan, before the color changes again.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THOUGHT-CONCEPTION.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

After reading your Note as to the use by M. Noire of the term *Anschauung*,\* I should wish my Article† on the above subject to be taken as omitting the sentences referring to "ideal intuition." This does not, however, affect my argument, which, so far as it relates to Noire's theory, is that the perception based on sense-experience "was due to the activity of the intellect, which, and not the will, was the active principle in the origination of conception and lan-

\* *The Open Court* No. 302, p. 3694.

† *Ibid.* No. 301, p. 3682.



guage." It is necessary, however, to bear in mind the distinction between will and volition. The former may be regarded as the external expression of the latter, and as language is audible presentation, through an act of will, my view may not differ in this respect from that of Noiré. My chief point, however, is that the act of naming "did not spring from the action of the will in relation to the object, but in the perception of a quality possessed by the object, whether as the result of human activity, or of the activity of nature." It appears to me to be one of the chief merits of the English philosopher Lewes, that he insisted on the fact that what the psychologist calls an "object" is strictly a mental abstraction, and is thus to be distinguished from the external reality cognised through the feelings. Yours,

C. STANILAND WAKE.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

FROEBEL LETTERS. Edited with explanatory notes and additional matter by *Arnold H. Heinemann*. Boston: Lee & Shephard, 10 Milk st. 1893.

In this little book there are gathered together, without much pretense of orderly sequence, some new and interesting data connected with the life and teachings of Friedrich Froebel, the father of the Kindergarten. Fourteen letters from his correspondence with Col. Hermann von Arnswald, who, after having been his pupil, had in mature years become his confidential friend, constitute its central feature. But this is not all. These letters are furnished with copious notes, and several short chapters of biographical and pedagogic matter swell the volume to one hundred and eighty-two pages. Some interesting reminiscences of the second Frau Froebel—his best pupil as well as the companion of his later years and the continuator of his work,—are furnished by Marie Heinemann. A particularly interesting chapter is formed of passages marked in the books of his library, with accompanying annotations from his own hand.

Its publication was undertaken, it is stated, at the desire of Frau Froebel, in pursuance of her husband's often-repeated request, renewed upon his death-bed, to have his correspondence given to the world, "as in it he had expressed his ideas with greater clearness than in his works." On account of his involved and difficult style it was forty years before the lady could find any one to undertake the task of translating and editing them.

It cannot be said that the volume is a perfect compliance with the wish of the great educator. His letters to Von Arnswald are but a small fraction of his whole correspondence, and probably by no means the most valuable portion. Froebel's many disciples, and especially those of them who are professional Kindergartners, would doubtless give a warm welcome to a volume or series of volumes containing all of his extant letters, including those exceptionally important ones addressed to Dr. Mai and other fellow-educators, at least so far as they throw light upon his own character and teachings.

The book before us, although somewhat sketchy and desultory, will have to the student of the Kindergarten system the value of throwing a little additional light upon the spirit and aims of its founder, and upon his system, which, on account of the oft-lamented lack of a complete and authoritative handbook, such as had been planned by Froebel himself, must be gathered piecemeal from the numerous disconnected sources in which it is recorded. To the miscellaneous public, and the student of the higher aspects of human life, these glimpses of the inner and outer experience of the patient and heroic enthusiast enforce the moral that "obstacles and difficulties are the means by which Providence seeks to strengthen and elevate man" (p. 161).

M. M. S.

### NOTES.

Mr. Peirce in his article on the "Christian Faith" sets forth most vigorously his views of the policy of the churches and, in connection with his subject, speaks of "those who, in the passionate intensity of their religious desire, are talking of setting up a church for the scientifically educated." Should Mr. Peirce allude in this passage to the endeavors of *The Open Court*, we have to tell him that he misunderstands our enterprise. When we speak of the Religion of Science we do not mean to set up a church for the "scientifically educated." We only intend to make prominent a principle which must sooner or later be recognised in all the churches, viz., that religious truth rests upon the same basis as scientific truth, and that the same methods of inquiry must be applied in religion as in science. Mr. Peirce says: "He who would wash it [the grime upon the venerable pavement of the sacred edifice] must get down on his knees to his work inside the church." We have less confidence than he in the efficacy of genuflections. The work must be accomplished with reverend devotion but not by reverend devotion. It cannot be accomplished, inside or outside of the church, by piety, but by that spirit of scientific research alone, against which the churches have sinned so seriously.

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## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 310. (VOL. VII.—31.)

CHICAGO, AUGUST 3, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

I.

ONE hundred years ago was organised the religious society which seventy years ago founded South Place Chapel. Its history represents every phase of religious progress in that time. It was organised by an American now little thought of, but who in that dread year, 1793, was looked upon by the orthodox as a sort of theological Robespierre, assailing the King of Heaven, though really he was only guillotining Satan. This American was Elhanan Winchester. Born near Boston (1751), eldest son of a mechanic who named his fifteen children out of the Bible (boys out of the Old, girls out of the New, Testament), and brought them up as solemn citizens of ancient Judea, Elhanan was given only a fair common-school education, and taught himself Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. He became a rigid Calvinist preacher, but while preaching about New England met on his way, casually, a young lady who shook her head at his doctrine and said all must be saved, for she "beheld an infinite fulness in Christ for all mankind." He interrupted her with denials and texts, silenced her, passed on his way; but her one sentence carried his destiny with it. He never saw her again; he never knew her name or abode; he carried to the end of life a hurt that he could not tell her that he had found out his error and her Truth. Her soft word, a little seed cast on Puritan rock, took root, crumbled the rock into a robust tree of faith (of course, called heresy), whose fruitful slips were planted in various parts of America and England. One of those slips is represented in the hundred years of South Place Society: the seed of it was planted by a Yankee girl four generations ago. She lived and died in her little sphere, dreaming not that the still, small voice of her spirit would be heard in distant lands, would animate leaders of men, and that her heart, a century after it ceased to beat, would be reminding other lonely hearts of the immeasurable influence of the true word spoken in fit season, amid whatever weakness and obscurity.

Elhanan (signifying "God-given") made good his name. It is said (II Samuel, 19) Elhanan slew Go-

liah; elsewhere the feat is ascribed to David, but we will assume it to be a forecast of the Bostonian who saw Washington besieging the British and went forth to besiege Hell. He carried to the combat one brief text,—*"God is Love."* With this he began his Universalist revolution in England (1787) when even Unitarians feared a doctrine that might mitigate the fears of mankind. He was, however, kindly received by Priestley and Price, in private, though no Unitarian assembly heard his voice. He was also received in a friendly way by the aged John Wesley, who at times inclined to Universalism. He was a grand kind of man (his portrait is before me), and wonderfully eloquent. He preached about London in small Baptist chapels, and in a schoolroom, until finally a number of admirers from various denominations procured a chapel in Parliament Court; and there, on February 14th, 1793, was organised the society which has now reached its centenary.

Parliament Court has a grand sound; so grand that the American Universalist who wrote some account of Winchester, a sort of tract, says that he (Elhanan) preached before the Houses of Parliament! But really Parliament Court is a squalid alley, and the chapel (now a Jewish synagogue) was small and dismal. Yet it is probable that the London fog was never illumined by more glorious visions than those that shone on the worshippers of Divine Love in dingy Parliament Court. Elhanan was a rhapsodist; he versified the hundred and fifty psalms, composed two hundred and thirty-seven hymns, and wrote a poem in twelve books on *"The Process and Empire of Christ."* He was also a millennial enthusiast and preached two famous sermons on *"The Three Woe-Trumpets of Revelations,"* in which he identified the opening French Revolution with the second "woe-trumpet." He had an enormous capacity for belief. His first publication in London was the *Visions of an old Frenchman* whom he had found in Pennsylvania, who, in a forty-one hours' trance had visited the other world and conversed with Adam himself, from whom he received the assurance that all of his (Adam's) posterity would be saved. The pamphlet was sold for the benefit of a widow.

The death of John Wesley (March 2d, 1791) was



the occasion of a strange outburst of hatred against him, and Elhanan Winchester, who had announced a funeral service for him, was even threatened for it. So far as I can discover, the only memorial for the dead Wesley, outside of Wesleyan chapels, was that of Winchester,—who did not care much for Wesley's preaching, but admired him personally.

On October 12th, 1792, Elhanan gave a glowing oration in honor of the tricentenary of Columbus's landing in the New World. The conclusion was prophetic :

"I look through and beyond every yet peopled region of the New World, and behold period still brightening upon period. Where one contiguous depth of gloomy wilderness now shuts out even the beams of day, I see new states and empires, new seats of wisdom and knowledge, new religious domes, spreading around. In places now untrod by any but savage beasts, or men as savage as they, I hear the voice of happy labor and behold beautiful cities rising to view. Lo, in this happy picture, I behold the native Indian exulting in the works of peace and civilisation. I hear the praises of my Creator sung upon the banks of those rivers unknown so long. Behold the delightful prospect ! See the silver and gold of America employed in the service of the Lord of the whole earth ! See Slavery, with all its train of attendant evils, abolished ! See a communication opened through the whole continent, from North to South, and from East to West, through a most fruitful country ! O America, land of liberty, peace, and plenty, in thee I drew my first breath ; in thee all my kindred dwell. I beheld thee in thy lowest state, crushed down under misfortunes, struggling with poverty, war, and disgrace ; I have lived to behold thee free and independent, rising to glory and extensive empire, blessed with all the good things of this life and a happy prospect of things to come. I can say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast made known to my native land, in the sight and to the astonishment of all the nations of the earth !"

Parliament Court Chapel, small as it was, implied a grand step ; for it was the day of small things for even orthodox dissent, of much smaller things for heresy. Elhanan does not appear to have maintained Trinitarianism, but he did not assail it. He adhered to his gospel of universal restoration. He wrote a reply to Paine, but it was gentlemanly,—a rare thing ! Yet his movement was a spark kindled from the burning enthusiasm of humanity which Paine had kindled. The society in Parliament Court called themselves "Philadelphians,"—loving brothers,—no doubt remembering what the Spirit, in the Book of Revelation, said to the church at Philadelphia : "I have set before thee an open door which none can shut." And shut it never has been. Winchester wrote to his friend Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, one of his converts, that he had found "many doors opened in England, especially among the Baptists and Presbyterians." He preached in many English towns ; he arraigned the slave-trade, denounced capital punishment, instituted a true ethical society. After nearly seven years' work here he was compelled by domestic troubles to return

to America (May, 1794). It was his religious belief that a preacher, "to be above reproach," must never be without a wife ; but the fifth Mrs. Winchester uttered so many reproaches that the poor man resolved to put an ocean between himself and her. Though a Philadelphian geographically, she was spiritually the reverse. However, she became penitent, was forgiven, and joined him in America. The Society entreated his return ; but, while they awaited his presence, his death was announced. He died at Hartford, April 18th, 1799.

The memorial service for Elhanan Winchester in Parliament Court was long remembered. Amid draped walls the Rev. William Vidler, his first ministerial convert, preached from the text : "He being dead, yet speaketh." Four hymns were written for the occasion, all containing verses of exaltation,—such as this :

"Oft whilst he spake our souls would rise,  
And open spread Faith's widest wings,  
And mount and soar above the skies,  
And realise eternal things."

For a good many years Winchester's "Dialogues" represented the main strength of the Universalist propaganda in England. Many congregations were formed, which used to meet in private houses. The basis of their belief was that the sacrifice of Christ must be unlimited in effect. They were very puritanical. The late Lord Houghton told me that Universalist meetings used to be held in the home of his boyhood, Freystone Hall, and that they were strict Sabbatarians. This was perhaps why they could not at once unite with the Unitarians. But they are now, I believe, completely absorbed.

#### AXIOMS.

SUPERSTITIONS are much more common than is generally assumed, for they not only haunt the minds of the uneducated and uncivilised, but also those of the learned. Science is full of superstitions, and one of the most wide-spread of its superstitions is the belief in axioms.

"Axiom" is defined as "a self-evident truth."

It is not the peasantry who believe in axioms, but some of the most learned of the learned, the mathematicians ; and since mathematics, with all its branches, is a model science, the solid structure of which has always been admired and envied by the representatives of other sciences, so that they regarded it as their highest ambition to obtain for the results of their own investigations a certainty equal to the certainty of mathematical arguments ; not much offense was taken by any one at the notion that all the sciences might start with axioms, and that there are some simple and self-evident truths, which need not and cannot be proved.

Euclid does not use the term "axiom." Euclid begins his geometry with "definitions" (*ὁροι*), "pos-



tulates" (*αἰτήματα*), and "common notions" (*κοιναὶ ἐννοαί*). Aristotle, however, repeatedly uses the term and defines it in his *Analytics* once as "the common principles from which all demonstration takes place" (I, 10, 4), and in another passage as "that immediate principle of syllogistic reasoning, which a learner must bring with him" (I, 2, 6).

Euclid's postulates and common notions were both called axioms by his followers; the former are counted 1-9, the latter 10-12. The first and most important one of the postulates is, "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another." Of the common notions, the first and most important one is axiom 10: "Two straight lines cannot enclose a space."

That Newton called the laws of motion "axioms," need not be mentioned here. His usage of the word is simply a misnomer.

\* \* \*

It is a strange idea that there can be truths which need no proof, but millenniums have passed without its being scarcely doubted. If the fundamental truths of mathematics, with the assistance of which all the theorems are to be proved, must be taken for granted, does not the whole of mathematics remain unproved? And if mathematics be permitted to start with axioms which must be taken for granted, why should not philosophy and religion have their confessions of faith, too?

Schopenhauer, one of the most radical philosophers, does indeed take the view that the whole of mathematics remains unproved. He says:

"That that which Euclid demonstrates is correct, we must concede according to the principle of contradiction; but why it is so, we are not informed. Accordingly, we almost have that uncomfortable sensation which we experience after a trick of legerdemain, and, indeed, Euclidean proofs are remarkably similar to it. Almost always truth comes in through the back door. It is found *per accidens* from some incidental circumstance. Sometimes apagogic argument closes the doors, one after the other, and leaves open only one into which we enter for no other reason. Often, as in the Pythagorean theorem, lines are drawn, and we know not why. Afterwards we notice that they were snares, which unexpectedly close, and thus compel the assent of the student, who now has to accept what remains to him in its interconnection perfectly incomprehensible. Thus we can go over the whole Euclid without really acquiring a true insight into the laws of spatial relations, or, instead of them, learn by heart only some of their results. This kind of cognition, which is rather empirical and unscientific, is comparable to the knowledge of a physician, who is acquainted with diseases and cures without knowing their connection.

"Euclid's logical method of treating mathematics is unnecessary trouble and crutches for healthy legs. . . . The proof of the Pythagorean theorem is stilted and insidious." (Schopenhauer, "Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," Vol. I, p. 83.)

Schopenhauer's view is not without foundation. Grassmann, one of our greatest mathematicians and the pathfinder of new roads in his science, says, concerning mathematical arguments:

"Demonstrations are frequently met with, where, unless the theorems were stated above them, one could never originally know what they were going to lead to; here, after one has followed every step, blindly and at haphazard, and ere one is aware of it, he at last suddenly arrives at the truth to be proved. A demonstration of this sort, leaves, perhaps, nothing more to be desired in point of rigidity. But scientific it certainly is not. *Uebersichtlichkeit*, the power of survey, is lacking. A person, therefore, that goes through such a demonstration, does not attain to an untrammelled cognisance of the truth, but he remains—unless he afterwards, himself, acquires that survey—in entire dependence upon the particular method by which the truth was reached. And this feeling of constraint, which is at any rate present during the act of reception, is very oppressive for him who is wont to think independently and unimpededly, and who is accustomed to make his own by active self-effort all that he receives." (Grassmann, "Die lineale Ausdehnungslehre, ein neuer Zweig der Mathematik," Introduction, page xxxi.)

Schopenhauer's criticism is good, but his method of mending the fault is not satisfactory. He makes of the whole structure of mathematics one great axiom and proposes to treat all mathematical truths in the same way as axioms. He proposes to prove them directly by intuition, to let them appear as self-evident, and imagines that no further argument is needed.

Says Schopenhauer:

"In order to improve the methods of mathematics, it is above all necessary to give up the prejudice that proved truths have any superiority over those which are intuitively known, or the logical argument, resting upon the principle of contradiction, over the metaphysical, which is immediately evident; and the pure intuition of space belongs to the latter class.

"That which is most certain and always incomprehensible is the contents of the principle of sufficient reason." (I. c., Vol. I, pp. 87-88.)

Grassmann pursues the opposite method. While Schopenhauer makes all mathematical theorems axiomatic, thus introducing into it a peculiar mysticism; Grassmann proposes to discard axioms altogether. He says:

"Geometry at the present day, still lacks a scientific beginning. The foundation on which the entire structure rests, suffers from a flaw that necessitates a complete reconstruction of the system. . . .

"The flaw, the presence of which I propose to show, is most easily recognisable in the concept of the plane. Taking the definition given in the systems of geometry, with which I am acquainted, I find it to be assumed fundamentally therein, that a straight line which has two points in common with a plane falls wholly within the plane;—be it that this is tacitly accepted (as Euclid has done), or embraced in the definition of a plane, or propounded, finally, as a distinct axiom. The first case,—where the assumption is tacitly made,—is on its face unscientific; while the second, as I shall presently show, can with no more reason pretend to the requisites of scientific character. . . .

"The only remaining course, therefore, in case we wished to hold to the method of geometry hitherto pursued, would be to convert that proposition into an axiom. But, if an axiom can be avoided, without having to introduce a new one in its stead, it must be done; even though it should bring about a complete reconstruction of the whole science. For, in this way, the science must gain substantially in simplicity. . . .



"The abstract methods of mathematical science know no axioms at all; the initial proof, in these methods, is brought about by the combination of predications; use being made of no other law of progression\* than the universal one of logic that that which is predicated of a series of objects so as to apply to each separately, can be predicated in fact of each separate object belonging to that series. To set up as an axiom this law of progression, which, as we find, embraces merely an act of reflection upon what was intended to be said by the general proposition, can occur to no mathematician; this is done, improperly, in logic; and sometimes even it is attempted to be proved in that science."

Grassmann finds that "in geometry only those truths are left as axioms which are derived from the conception of space." Such truths, however, are not axioms in the proper sense of the term, but statements of fact which are true if verified by experience.

The methods of mathematical reasoning are rigidly formal thought-operations; they are, to use Kant's terminology, "absolutely *a priori*"; but the material which forms the substratum of mathematics consists only in part of products of rigidly formal thought-operations. Some notions concerning space which have been derived by experience slip in unawares, which, according to Grassmann's method, had better have been systematically formulated and propounded at the very beginning.

The notion of space upon which mathematics is based may briefly be formulated thus:

The constitution of space is throughout the same, being in all its places and directions three-dimensional, which means that three coördinates are needed to determine from any given point any other point.

This implies that equality is conceivable with difference of place and direction; so that the products of the same constructions in different places will be the same—a maxim formulated in Euclid's eighth axiom.

Geometry, now generally called Euclidean geometry, presupposes the existence of a plane. The nature of a plane is described in Euclid's eleventh and twelfth axioms as follows: "Two straight lines cannot enclose a [finite] space."

All the proofs by which it is attempted to demonstrate these axioms either presuppose what they are meant to prove or fail to prove it.

How can we escape the difficulty?

Suppose we construct with a pair of compasses a circle by keeping one point steady and allowing the other to describe a line which will return into itself. We might rack our brains in vain to find a logical proof for the statement that all the circle's radii will be equal, without assuming that all the points of the circumference remain at an equal distance from the centre. This

latter, however, is the same as the former; and both are such as they are by construction.

The so-called Euclidean plane must be made such as it is by construction, and the possibility of constructing other planes is by no means excluded. How this construction is to be accomplished it is not for us to say. Euclid's eleventh and twelfth axioms simply serve to characterise the nature of the plane in which we proceed to construct our geometrical figures.

It is a matter of course that axioms, being out of place in mathematics, are out of place in any of the sciences and also in philosophy.

The bottom rock to which we have to dig down in all our investigations are not principles, or maxims, or axioms, but facts. Such things as principles and maxims have to be derived from facts, and axioms must be dispensed with altogether.

Obviously, Euclid's "common notions" are not axioms; but must we not regard his postulates as such?

Euclid's postulates are rules of reasoning specially adapted to mathematics, which, however, in a general form, are universally applicable in all logical reasoning.

Are not these rules of reasoning self-evident? Are they not principles which must be granted before we begin to agree, and must they not therefore be accepted as axioms?

The rules of reasoning have often received the name of axioms, but we cannot allow that their authority can be regarded as above investigation and proof.

The philosophical world has always vaguely felt that axioms are inadmissible in philosophy. The various philosophers have tried either to prove them or to do without them, to evade them.

At present it is generally supposed that we have to accept either the one or the other horn of this dilemma: either axioms are the result of an elaboration of particular experiences, i. e., are, like all other knowledge concerning the nature of things, *a posteriori*, or they are conditioned by the nature of human reason, they are *a priori*. The most prominent representative of the former view is John Stuart Mill; of the latter, Kant.

Kant replaces the name axioms in mathematics by the word "principles" of mathematics, but the fact remains the same; he regards the mathematical principles as self-evident and directly apprehended by way of intuition. Being necessary and universally valid they are *a priori*. Indeed, to Kant, the whole field of the *a priori* is an empire of axiomatic truths, and Schopenhauer, his disciple, was more consistent than the master, as he accepted this consequence.

Mill discards not only axioms, but also the necessity and universal validity which should be the distinctive feature of axioms. To him axioms are generalisations of single experiences, but, being exceptionally

\* What Grassmann calls the law of progression, is, as we should say, the consistency of mental operations, the nature of which may be formulated as a sameness of operation producing a sameness of result. See the articles "The Formal" and "Reason" in *The Open Court* Nos. 301 and 302.



simple and frequent, they possess, though not necessity, yet after all a quite exceptionally strong certainty.

Kant's weakness lies in the fact that he still accepts, if not in name yet in fact, principles or axioms, as truths that are immediately certain, while it is urged against Mill, that our certainty of axioms, so called, does not rest upon experience. No amount of past or additional experience makes them more certain, and in case experiences arise contradictory to them, we do not doubt our axioms, but distrust our observation.

The author of the article "Axiom" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (Prof. G. C. Robertson) still regards the question as unsettled. He says of the claims of these rival schools :

"The question being so perplexed no other course seems open than to try to determine the nature of axioms mainly upon such instances as are, at least practically, admitted by all, and these are mathematical principles."

Our solution of this perplexing problem is to regard the rules of reasoning, such as Euclid has formulated under the name of postulates, as products of rigidly formal reasoning.

Man's reasoning consists of his mental operations, and man's mental operations are acts.

The mere forms of mental acts are such as advancing step by step from a fixed starting-point. We thus create purely formal magnitudes. We can name every step and can combine two and more steps. This is not all. We can also revert step by step; we can disassociate our combinations and again separate our magnitudes partly or entirely into their elements. Purely mental acts are, as acts, not different from any other happenings in the world. The sole difference consists in their being conscious, and that for convenience sake a starting-point is fixed as an indispensable point of reference. The starting-point may be any point; the names of the products of our mental operations may be any names; yet it is requisite that, once taken, the point of reference shall remain the same, and also the names of the same magnitudes must remain the same.

Our mental operations, by which the rigidly formal products, commonly called *a priori*, are produced, being the given data out of which mind grows, and as regards their formal nature being the same as any other operations in the world, we say that the products of these operations are ultimately based upon experience. However, they are not experience in the usual (i.e. Kant's) sense of the word; they are not information received through the senses. They are due to the self-observation of the subject that experiences, and this self-observation is something different from the mysterious intuition in which the intuitionists believe. The

subject that experiences does not take note of external facts, but of its own acts, constructing general schedules of operations which hold good wherever the same operations are performed.

Thus on the one hand we deny that the rigidly formal truths are generalisations abstracted from innumerable observations; and on the other hand that they are axioms or self-evident truths, or principles acquired by some kind of immediate intuition. We recognise their universality and necessity for all kinds of operations that take place, and yet escape the mysticism that our surest and most reliable knowledge must be taken for granted, that it is unproved, unprovable and without any scientific warrant.

### SPIRITUALISM.

#### A REPLY.

BY J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

[Lack of space prevents us from publishing Mr. Grumbine's rejoinder to Dr. Dessoir in full. Accordingly, we had to take the liberty of abbreviating it, but trust that this extract contains Mr. Grumbine's most vigorous arguments, which, to those who take the same standpoint will appear overwhelming and unanswerable. We, however, must confess that we are not convinced, not because we take another view of the nature of spirit, the spirituality of man and of the world, but because there obtains an irreconcilable divergency of opinion between Mr. Grumbine's and our own view concerning the criterion of truth and the reliability of evidence. In this respect, indeed, Mr. Grumbine's article deserves special attention. It will appear as a psychological problem to many, to be classed together with the cases of Wallace and Crookes.]

We do not believe that Dr. Dessoir will have anything to reply, and unless unforeseen circumstances arise, we consider, with the following remarks of Mr. Grumbine, the present discussion as closed.—ED.]

DR. MAX DESOIR did not accept my challenge to afford a single argument to destroy the testimony of D. D. Home and the witnesses of his marvellous powers of mediumship, and, therefore, in reply to his rather interesting article, which is more of the nature of a *narrative* than a *proof* of the incidents of his experiences with the phenomena of spiritualism and the tricks of legerdemain, the latter by his certain and acknowledged confession forming practically nine-tenths of what he witnessed; leaving but one-tenth of what he really saw of the phenomena, that challenged doubt and could not be explained by the alleged *formal* of philosophy and the canons or formule of material science, unexplained.

If the learned Doctor made his experiments and got no results with Mr. Slade, or made investigations with alleged but seemingly fraudulent mediums and saw no manifestations which were not the tricks of legerdemain, for he does not say that *he thinks* these manifestations were not genuine but says undeniably



that they were spurious, what right, we ask in all justice to *facts*, has he to *condemn all facts as legerdemain*, and where does he get his knowledge to affirm that the actual phenomena are not of spirit and from excarnate spirit?

Dr. Max Dessoir implies that all mediums are frauds. He says that it is unreasonable to expect the sleight-of-hand performer to imitate the phenomena of spiritualism or the tricks of the medium at once, the medium having trained himself or herself by a "specialised education" for such legerdemain, and yet in his previous articles he admits and the editor of *The Open Court* took the pains to point out that Dr. Max Dessoir is one who is inclined to believe in the existence of spiritualistic phenomena not yet explained by science. *Such* is the inconsistency of his position that it seems necessary first to remove the antecedent contradictory statements and set the readers of *The Open Court* on the watch, lest by anxiety to be truthful we might commit ourselves to the folly of admitting Dr. Max Dessoir to be an enemy in his own household. He is not a spiritualist. With all of his séances which he attended, and they gave him but an *education in frauds*, and yet for all that as a scientist he would in the genuine unscientific spirit cry out against what he knows actually nothing about. We know nothing of the scope of Mr. Slade's mediumship, whether it was or is in his power to really do as he tried to do under test or free conditions with the apparatus which Dr. Max Dessoir supplied. That he failed to do as he had hoped he could do, is by no means an argument against the impossibility of the phenomena. D. D. Home made and gave tests of a similar nature and in other respects far more audacious, inexplicable, and wonderful with Professor Crookes under conditions prescribed by him and rigidly maintained by the medium, which left no grounds for doubt nor denial, tests, however, which were natural, and yet Dr. Max Dessoir, in the face of one failure with Slade, who perhaps *merely consented*, as a personal favor, *to try to do* as Dr. Max Dessoir wished, or at least who may have overestimated his ability to afford such manifestations, or at best who, in his eagerness to catch the ear of the German Professor and his followers, overstepped the region of his psychic power, (an error which is sometimes done, for mediums are not able to do everything,) defiantly says with our irate Brewster "he was right—*spirits would* be the last thing that he would give in to."

This one single exhibition I shall cite of what we shall call merely "*phenomena*," for then Dr. Max Dessoir cannot say that we were *partial to spiritualism as against materialism and agnosticism*. A young man visited my home one Sunday, June 18th, 1893, and I received for him through automatic writing an analysis

of his spiritual gifts, also the name of an angel or spirit-intelligence who was then about him, her description being given and the astonishing news that she is the inhabitant of another planet, which is located beyond Neptune, in remotest space, and which is larger than Jupiter. For the time, so agnostic was I of the verity of the message and of its excarnate spirit-origin, that I doubted my own senses. Yet the young man believed me against my doubts, inferring that I would not lie or seek to deceive him, he being a dear friend and a young man of fine attainments; yet my doubts were irresistible and not to be idly set at naught. The young man put me to the test. He went to Chicago, visited a prominent medium, an independent slate-writer, whose name I can now give if desired, and received on separate slates, which he washed, examined, and kept his eyes on throughout the séance, eight communications from this spirit-intelligence. On the Monday evening following this revelation in his presence through automatic writing the name of the angel, which is "Faith," was given me. Now, every one of the messages which he received in Chicago from the medium was signed by this excarnate intelligence, "*Faith*." This spirit gave also the name of the planet where she resides. The medium knew nothing of this private conference between this young man and myself, is not a mindreader, and never saw the young man before. There is but one explanation; perhaps Dr. Max Dessoir may have that one, and if so, let him make legerdemain explain this phenomenon if he can.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

IN Mr. Herbert Spencer's latest work, "Negative Beneficence and Positive Beneficence," he pours high spirited contempt upon the "tipping" system, so prevalent in England, and he says: "That social life may be carried on well without gratuities we have clear proof. A generation ago while there still continued much of the purity that characterised American institutions, employés, and among others the servants in hotels, looked for nothing beyond the wages they had contracted to have for services rendered. In England, too, at the present time, there are to be found even among the more necessitous, those who will not accept more than they have bargained to receive. I can myself recall the case of a poor workwoman who, seeming to be underpaid by the sum she asked, declined to receive the extra sum I offered her." The custom of tipping, remarks Mr. Spencer, "while seeming to be beneficent is essentially unbeneficent," and yet he himself practices that "unbeneficent" system. He offered that poor workwoman a "tip" and she rebuked him by declining it. The poor workwoman had strength of character enough to practice the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, but the great philosopher himself had not. Does he never "tip" the servants at the Athenæum club? And, if not, what sort of a mutton chop do they give him when he goes there for his dinner?

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The *Detroit Free Press* reviewing Mr. Spencer's book, appears to doubt that anybody ever did refuse a "tip" in England; and it says: "Mr. Spencer's 'workwoman' we are bound to accept on his assurance; but she could make quite a handsome income as a



'freak' in an American museum." Further, that paper says: "There is a prevailing impression among travelled Americans that the Lord Chief Justice and the Premier are the only persons outside the royal family to whom one could offer a 'tip' without the certainty of having it accepted." The *Free Press* is loyal and respectful to the royal family as a genuine Briton, dutifully pretending not to know that their Royal Highnesses are the most incorrigible tip takers in all England, although they "graciously please to accept" their tips in a patronising, condescending, and magnificent way. Sometimes, however, they accept them in the plebeian spirit of James Yellowplush himself. When I was a boy, they used to sing a song in England about a rustic who was visiting Windsor, where he had the good luck to meet a man who showed him a great many places of interest in the castle and the town. At parting, the visitor gave the man a shilling, which was thankfully received. Immediately afterwards he learned from a bystander that his "guide, philosopher, and friend" was the king himself; whereupon he followed him up and said, "If I'd a knowed that you was the king, I wouldn't ha' gin you the shilling"; and, here, as I remember it, the chorus came in. But this was in a song, and the story may not be historically true.

As an Englishman I am proud to learn from the *Free Press* that there are two personages in England, the Lord Chief Justice and the Premier, who are above the temptation of tips; and as an American I would be equally proud if the *Free Press* could give the same praise to the Lord Chief Justice of the United States, and to Mr. Cleveland's "Premier." Perhaps it can; but I have my doubts, because judging by the customs of this country it may fairly be assumed that those dignitaries get plenty of tips in the shape of passes on railroads, free tickets to everything, and favors of that character. If there is within the United States any president, vice-president, cabinet minister, senator, judge, congressman, governor, mayor, alderman, or any other officer, who is above tip-taking, he can, like Mr. Spencer's workwoman, "make a handsome income as a 'freak' in an American museum." There may be nothing corrupt in tip taking, but the effect of it is that the receiver puts himself under obligations to the giver, and the value of those obligations, except when strictly personal, must be abstracted or at least withheld, from the whole commonwealth, where all the proceeds of official duties rightfully belong. The taint of tip taking is rapidly spreading over the social system of the United States, as I personally know. I, myself, have been so pampered in America with railroad passes, free tickets to the circus, and similar gratuities, that when I have to pay my fare, I complain of it as a personal injury, and I protest against it as a tyrannical imposition.

The first money that I ever earned in America, I earned as a "roustabout," some forty-six years ago. I was at the time an "undesirable immigrant" in quarantine at Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence river, a few miles below Quebec. I know I was "undesirable," because although I had paid my fare to Quebec the authorities there would not permit me to land, and they ordered the captain of the boat to take me "to — out o' this," whereupon he carried me up to Montreal, and dumped me on the levee like freight. While at Grosse Isle, a sloop came along laden with pine boards for sheds to shelter the fevered immigrants in quarantine, and the mate hired a small squad of us to unload the sloop, promising to pay us one pound as wages for the entire job. We unloaded the sloop, whereupon he paid us a gold sovereign, English money, and here I got my first lesson in monetary science, which the way of it was this: We went into a little store to buy some trifles, and the storekeeper worked a financial miracle right there. He gave us not only the articles we bought, but also more money in change than we had paid in. Thinking he had made a mistake

we called his attention to the number of shillings given us, but he said there was no mistake, and that he had given us the proper change. The explanation was that silver being at the time "cheap money" in Canada, a gold sovereign was worth more than twenty silver shillings. The lesson I committed to memory then was this, that the dearest money is the best for wages to the workingman. The mate of that sloop could have paid us twenty silver shillings and pocketed the discount, but he paid us a gold sovereign, and we pocketed the premium. If any workingman, or any other man, can show me that there is a fallacy in this example and that the quotient is wrong, I will cheerfully reverse my opinion that the dearest money is the best for wages, although I have cherished that opinion for forty-six years.

Can a man be guilty of a crime which he did not intend to commit? This is not so easy a conundrum as it seems to be. It has bewildered and entangled some judges of high degree; the courts of Illinois answering in the affirmative, and the English courts deciding the other way. Here is the way they solved the puzzle in a remarkable case recently tried in England. Ben Tillett, a labor agitator, was charged on various indictments with having, on December the 18th, at the Horse Fair, Bristol, incited persons then and there present to unlawfully assemble and commit a riot. The riot grew out of a strike and was no doubt excited by the seditious and inflammatory speeches made by Ben Tillett to the strikers and other workingmen. The judge, in summing up, declared that the speech was "reprehensible and extravagant," and he said that the resulting tumult was undoubtedly "a riot." The verdict was: "Guilty of uttering words calculated to lead to riotous conduct, but that he spoke in the heat of passion and without any intention to provoke a breach of the peace." Then the judge, turning to the prosecuting attorney, said: "It seems to me, Mr. Matthews, that is a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner must be discharged." So it seems that in England a man cannot be guilty of a crime which he had no intention to commit.

Last week the subject of "Education" was discussed at the Auxiliary Congress. Every day the rooms of the great Art Palace were crowded by enthusiastic people, and they listened eagerly to the variety of papers read. This week the subject is continued, and the interest, instead of diminishing, is increasing every day. It is fortunate that this town was appointed as the place for holding these educational congresses, because, perhaps, a little of their influence may reach that poorly enlightened legislature called the City Council of Chicago. Probably there is not another legislative body in the world so innocent of education; and yet, by a solecism so comical as to be grotesque, this aggregate of undeveloped intellects has just passed upon the qualifications of the School Board. Six men and one woman were appointed by the Mayor, as members of the Board of Education, but before they could be confirmed, they were compelled to satisfy the Board of Non-Education that they would expel "fads" from the schools. "Fads" is the contemptuous nickname by which they describe those more practical and intelligent methods of instruction, which in all sensible communities have supplanted the stupid old humdrums as effectually and beneficently as the railroads have abolished the stage-coaches of the olden time. The sinister purpose of the Board of Non-Education is to deprive the common schools, as far as possible, of their educational power.

Last Monday at the Education Congress a laboring-man had something to say, and a startling something, too. He shook his leather apron over the whole assembly and gave a smoky color to the atmosphere. He said that 60,000 children in the city of Chicago, entitled under the laws of Illinois to an education, were deprived of it because there was not room for them in the schools.



It gave pungency to the proceedings, but the flavor was too strong; and really the laboring-man ought not to have said it, because there is no use in bringing just nothing but vinegar to a picnic. It was an uncomfortable revelation, and as soon as it was made, the trumpet-vauntings of the great city became weak as the notes of a tin whistle; its tall buildings drooped, and its proud Exposition morally shrivelled up. What availeth it that a city is materially great, if it is at the same time spiritually and intellectually small? The next day a bishop came to repair damages, and he said: "We were told yesterday that there are 60,000 children in Chicago who cannot find seats in our public schools. But why is this? Simply because the people from every part of the globe have been crowding in upon us. But I pledge you, on behalf of this great city of Chicago, that just as soon as possible we will have the amplest provision for every child within our city limits." Right reverend bishop, is that apology sufficient? How comes it that everything in the city, except the schools, grows with its growth? How comes it that in addition to accommodations for business, for pleasure, and for worship, you could build the White City by the lake at a cost of thirty million dollars, while 60,000 children are deprived of that accommodation in the schools that belongs to them by law? Right reverend bishop, do you not think that the city ought to stop growing until the schools catch up?

\* \* \*

Even at the risk of being tiresome, I must add a postscript to that last paragraph. Bishop Fallows is a learned man of good heart and good brain: he is a patriotic man, full of energetic public spirit; and he is a just man. For these reasons I regret that he did not strengthen Mr. Morgan, instead of yielding to civic pride by excusing those men who govern us and who shut our children and our grandchildren out of the public schools on the insufficient plea that there is no room for them there. That the heart of the bishop is with the schoolchildren and the schools is proven by his enthusiastic pledge on behalf of the city "to make the amplest provision for every child." Unfortunately, the bishop's pledge is of no more value than my promise to buy the Palmer House and the Auditorium. I cannot redeem the promise, nor can the bishop redeem his pledge. I have always admired that old sea-captain mentioned in the story, who, out of abundant gratitude, left enormous legacies of money to his friends, besides a great number of gold snuff-boxes and diamond-hilted swords, although the good-natured old imposter did not own a dollar's worth of anything. I sympathise with his motive, for I have a number of good friends to whom I would like to leave about five million dollars, if I had the money; and I believe I'll do it anyhow. The bishop's pledge is good-hearted and void, like the old sea-captain's will.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "INDIVIDUALISM AND POLITICAL ECONOMY."

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

Permit me to comment briefly on the more or less indirect criticisms passed upon my essay under the above title by Mme. Clémence Royer, in her interesting letter published in your issue of June 29th.

It is strange that Mme. Royer should have read a negative where an affirmative was elaborately argued. Surely the essential principles of political economy, and the philosophy of freedom which constitutes their real basis, needed no defense against the reproaches which I plainly laid at the door, not of the consistent individualistic advocates of *laissez faire* in the economic sphere, but of the inconsistent economists, who, in the language of Cairnes, merely sought to offer a handsome apology for the established order of things. Did I not wind up by pointing out the logical implications of *laissez faire*, and by calling upon political econo-

mists to put their advocacy of freedom upon a rational and scientific basis?

Again, Mme. Royer falls into error when she avers that political economy has been unjustly condemned, and that only the ignorance and selfishness of the masses are responsible for the widespread belief that political economy has ignored popular rights and popular interests. It is true that political economy has been regarded with suspicion by the masses, but it is equally true that the present demoralised condition of that science is the result, not of the suspicions and accusations of the masses, but of the fatal blows of profound thinkers and critics, many of them prominent economists themselves, and of the "spirit of the age." Political economy is weak, because it is a house divided against itself. In my essay I omitted all reference to the distrust of the masses, not because I attach no importance to it, but to guard against the obvious objection that the masses are incompetent to form an opinion on the subject,—an objection which I did not care to discuss at the time. I showed that political economy was discredited in scientific circles, and I gave the names of its chief assailants: Cliffe Leslie, Ingram, Cairnes, Carlyle, Ruskin, Toynbee, Proudhon. I may add Böhm Bawerk.

Doubtless no economist is open to the charge of deliberately sacrificing popular rights and consciously inventing sophistical apologies for inequitable arrangements. But there is such a thing as class *bias*, and a mistaken advocate may be more dangerous than an insincere one. Moreover, the anxiety to resist change and conserve the things that are, often prompts men to shut their eyes to the defects in their own systems. The essential principles of political economy are sound, but few of the economists knew how to defend their position or what a consistent application of the professed doctrine involves.

I believe in *laissez faire*, but it would be difficult for me to point to an economist logical enough to comprehend the difference between the alleged *laissez faire* of to-day and the true *laissez faire*. There is Proudhon, to be sure, but he was more than an economist. There is Spencer, but he does not claim to be an economist. What economists advocate freedom of banking and credit and a system of land tenure compatible with equity and equal liberty? Yet without freedom of credit and a proper system of land tenure there can be no such thing as *free* competition.

VICTOR YARROS.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 311. (VOL. VII.—32.)

CHICAGO, AUGUST 10, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## ALIENS WANTED!

THE *Washington Post* lately published an editorial under the caption "Assistant Anarchist, Perhaps," in which "Mr." Hermann Lieb is pilloried as an alien whose Fourth of July celebration consists in "applauding a blow at the institutions which were born that day." "Mr. Hermann Lieb," the editor of the *Post* says, "informs us that he is an alien. We should have guessed it from his utterances."

The *Washington Sentinel* has taken the trouble to give the nativistic editor of the *Post* a lesson in the history of our country. And the editor of the *Post* needs it, for he seems to know little either about American institutions and their spirit or about the history of the United States. The *Washington Sentinel* says:

"That article is evidently from the pen of the Republican head of the *Post*, Mr. Hatton, formerly of Iowa. He and several other editors of the same calibre have for some time sounded the tocsin of war against the 'aliens,' i. e. foreign born citizens.

"As we happen to know that 'alien,' Mr. Hermann Lieb, for many years, we will place Mr. Hatton under involuntary obligation to us, by telling him, what he evidently does not know, who that Assistant Anarchist, that 'alien,' Mr. Lieb, is.

"When Mr. Hatton was a very little boy and was playing marbles on the dusty streets of Burlington, in fact long before any trace of his journalistic fame was perceptible, that 'alien' Mr. Lieb was fighting the battles of this country, commanding an Illinois volunteer regiment in some of the bloodiest battles of the late war. When the war ended this 'alien' was honorably discharged as Brigadier General. Of course Mr. Hatton knows nothing of that, as he was too young at the time when that occurred.

"General Lieb, the 'Assistant Anarchist, Perhaps,' is an old German-American Democrat. He is one of the best Democratic speakers in the West. But Mr. Hatton is a Republican, and that explains his want of personal knowledge of General Lieb's status.

"If the publishers of the *Post* and the other city Know-Nothing papers will take our advice, they will at once provide means and ways to instruct their editors in the history of the country during the past forty years, and drive their Know-Nothing nonsense and native self-conceit out of their silly little heads. We will give them lessons *gratis*, if they only allow us the use of their columns. At any rate their 'alien' advertisers will thank them for it if they evince a better understanding of their country's history and best interest."

To classify Governor Altgeld, the Generals Hermann Lieb and M. M. Trumbull, or any other men of their stamp as Anarchists is not only ridiculous but also dishonest. What the Chicago Anarchists were

guilty of was the holding of incendiary meetings and the publishing of revolutionary articles; but they were indicted and convicted for a crime which was never proved against them. If they had been indicted and convicted, according to the law, for their illegal speeches, they would have suffered justly. But in fact they were indicted for the murder of Matthias Degan by the explosion of a bomb, a result which the prosecution pretended was brought about by the inflammatory speeches of the defendants. And the prosecution rested mainly on the assumption that they were Anarchists who had been preaching revolutionary views. Failing to connect the defendants with the bomb-throwing the prosecution pretended that their speeches and writings were in some remote way the cause of the bomb-throwing. The jury was easily persuaded to take this view of it and the defendants were convicted. Governor Altgeld has convincingly shown that this conviction was itself revolutionary, anarchistic, and illegal.

We do not defend the Anarchists, nor would we justify the licence of preaching assassination and revolution. But let us not forget that the licence which they took was generally practiced by the same journals and newspapers which are now loudest in their denunciation of Governor Altgeld. These were guilty of the very same offence as the Anarchists. They recommended the use of shells and all kinds of weapons against the strikers.\* As if violence was a matter of principle, they found no fault with the dynamiters in Ireland, and instead of rebuking their methods of reform, encouraged and unhesitatingly justified them. They themselves panegyricised assassination abroad and preached its practice at home against their socialistic adversaries, but in others they regarded the mere thought of violence as punishable by death.

The question before the jury was not whether Anarchism was to be condemned or tolerated, but whether or not the defendants were guilty of the crime committed at the Haymarket. If their guilt could not be proved by evidence beyond a reasonable doubt, they should have been acquitted—whatever were their opin-

\* We quote from the *Chicago Times*: "Hand-grenades should be thrown among these union sailors who are striving to obtain higher wages."



ions on social questions, on politics, religion, or anything else.

We must say in excuse of the prosecution and the jury that the time in which the verdict was given was one of extraordinary excitement. The people did not know what the Anarchist movement might result in; it might have developed into a real revolution as it did about a century ago in France. In a word, the people were afraid. They were overpowered by a feeling of unsafety. There was a lack of confidence in the stability of our institutions. And cowardice is always the cause of cruelty and tyranny. A strong government only can afford to dispense justice; a weak government naturally resorts to oppression. The panic that prevailed at the time of the trial is the only excuse for the judge, the prosecution, and the jurors. Allowance must be made for the frailty of human nature, and we should therefore not be too severe on men who tried to do their duty and failed.

The conviction of the Anarchists was an act of lawlessness, it was a violation of the most sacred rights of the citizens of all civilised countries. We complain of the Czar that his judges condemn persons, not for crimes, but for opinions; yet we ourselves, in this respect, were not better than the Czar.

What person's life, liberty, and property would not be jeopardised, if our courts ceased to judge strictly according to the law, and if in times of excitement people could be hanged because they hold opinions averse to the prevailing sentiment?

Courts that dispense justice without interfering with the personal rights of the people are the cornerstone of all civilisation and especially so in a republic.

The conviction of the Anarchists would have been an impossibility in England, in France, and also in Germany, for in all these countries the judges are independent even of the government. But our judges and juries, to a great extent, are not independent; they represent the average opinion of our public and are influenced by public prejudices and fears.

Governor Altgeld stated his reasons for granting a pardon to the Anarchists. He has been savagely abused for this, but no one has as yet refuted his arguments.

Considering all in all we ask, Who is the conservator of law and of justice, and who is the Anarchist or law breaker? Who is truly American and who is alien to the spirit of our institutions? Altgeld or his opponents? The United States of America would be more American if we had among us more aliens of the stamp of Altgeld, Trumbull, and Hermann Lieb! If these men are typical aliens, let us have them. Such aliens are wanted!

Governor Altgeld knows as well as his opponents that the Anarchists held opinions which are unsound and even dangerous. But that is no reason for with-

holding justice from them. Governor Altgeld had the courage to right a wrong. He has, for his brave action, been reviled by those who know not what they are doing, but he will be blessed for it by later generations; and the document in which he has set forth the arguments that induced him to grant the pardon, will forever remain a valuable inheritance and a memento to strengthen the sense of justice in our children and our children's children.

EDITOR.

#### THE ETHICS OF LEGAL TENDER.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

THE bronze policeman in the Haymarket seems to have no more terrors for anarchistic orators than the statue of Columbus on the Lake Front. Within easy pistol-shot of the county jail, the Silverite party held a convention on the 1st of August, where silver-tongued agitators of high rank inflamed the passions of the delegates by denunciations, exhortations, and appeals, which, had they been uttered by workingmen, might have put them in peril of their lives.

Amid thunders of applause, Gen. A. J. Warner, a statesman of great influence, and formerly a member of Congress, paid his compliments to Senator Sherman in language plagiarised from the Lake Front speeches delivered by the so called Chicago Anarchists in 1886. After mildly referring to the Senator as a "demon" and a "whited sepulcher," he delicately hinted that through some neglect or oversight the Senator had not yet been hanged or sent to the penitentiary. ("He ought to be," shouted a red-faced, silver-bearded delegate, who was standing in the aisle.) General Warner said that the "plot to demonetise silver would be known in history as the crime of 1893. Let those who had to do with it rot in oblivion." ("That's what they deserve," said the man in the aisle.)

Continuing according to the Lake Front model, General Warner said: "You did not wade through slaughter to liberate a black race, to allow our own children to become slaves." Referring to the capitalistic enemies of a free silver coinage, the orator said: "Men who try to destroy the conditions of peaceful society are the real Anarchists. This is a life and death struggle." ("That's what it is," said the man in the aisle.) This exciting and rather inflammatory talk made the convention delirious with enthusiasm. General Weaver rushed up to congratulate the speaker, while the delegates stood upon chairs, waved their hats, and howled. The bronze policeman held up his hand and threatened, all in vain.

The proceedings had at the Silverite convention reveal the intense feeling on the money question that now prevails, especially among those who think that their own particular interests are placed in jeopardy by the anticipated legislation of Congress.



I have received some letters from critics of my views on the money question, but as they all assume a legal tender prerogative as a necessary element of money, we have no ethical or economic basis of agreement or of difference. Government may usurp the power to give money a legal tender quality, but in the dominion of morals the act is absolutely void. There justice reigns. Every debt contains a moral obligation, which it is not in the power of any government to discharge. For several years I have maintained with very poor success that before our monetary system can stand firm on a scientific foundation, it must be released from the pernicious patronage of government and the legal tender quality taken from every form of money. I have just received a letter from a correspondent in Ohio, a fervent bimetallist, in which he says: "I have given your suggestion to strip money of its legal tender function considerable thought, and must confess there is a deal in the proposition to recommend it. But the great powers giving one metal the legal tender fiction, would give to that one metal here a corresponding advantage over the other as a commodity."

My correspondent seems to think that at least one form of money must have the legal tender quality, and this opinion appears to be almost universal. This gives me no uneasiness whatever, for I can wait. I see a few signs which indicate that I shall not have to wait so long as I expected, for within the past two weeks, the *Chicago Herald* has abandoned the whole theory of legal tender as mischievous and unsound. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in his latest book, "Taxation and Work," surrenders the legal tender principle in a rather qualified form. He says: "There is no need of a legal tender among men who intend to meet their contracts honestly." The qualification does not qualify, because, if honest men do not need any legal tender, dishonest men ought not to have its aid, and Mr. Atkinson might as well have said: "There is no need of legal tender at all."

Commenting on Mr. Atkinson's views of legal tender, the *Westminster Review* remarks as follows: "That expression 'legal tender,' by the way, is not a well-defined one in Dr. Atkinson's mind. He imports into the well-established phrase the idea that a nation is always on the watch to palm off a coin for more than it is really worth—whereas the value of legal tender is to meet the convenience of the community by earmarking the best medium of exchange; and the history of currency shows us over and over again that, if the government sets its seal upon an inadequate medium, the nation will set it aside."

The above explanation shows that the phrase "legal tender" is much better defined in Mr. Atkinson's mind than it is in the mind of his critic. The *Westminster Review* seems to think that the phrase "legal

tender" does not now include any debt-paying qualities, but is merely an indirect method of "earmarking the best medium of exchange." This may be all the effect it has in England, since the government has adopted the standard of the markets, but in the United States it means the privilege of paying debts with depreciated coin or currency. Even the limited and comparatively harmless character of "legal tender," as defined by the *Westminster Review*, condemns it, because the *Review* confesses that government sometimes earmarks an "inadequate medium," instead of the "best medium," which is a very good reason why it should altogether cease the practice of earmarking money. By the nation the *Review* means, of course, not the government, but the people in their markets. And here, every inadequate medium will be set aside, because the government has no power to make anything a legal tender in the purchase of goods. Where, however, the inadequate medium has the government authority to discharge debts, it may work incalculable mischief before the nation can "set it aside."

Much confusion, not only of mental ideas, but of moral ideas also, has arisen from an innocent use of words and phrases, such, for instance, as "payment," "legal tender," "full legal tender," and the like. Some people mean by "full legal tender" the power to buy goods as well as to pay debts. This was the meaning given to the phrase by the French republic, and the penalty for giving it a more limited meaning was death. Yet the legal tender of the French republic could not buy goods, although it had behind it the French nation, the forfeited lands of the nobility and clergy, and the guillotine. Even England, at a later day, decreed by law that no person should give more for a guinea than twenty-one shillings in paper money, and all persons were forbidden to give less for a one pound note than twenty shillings in silver. This was statesmanship in England as late as the nineteenth century. But it was void statesmanship. Men gave the market value for the paper money, and no more. There was not power enough in the British monarchy to compel them to give more, and the reason of it is that omnipotence is denied to man. Creation is the sole prerogative of the Almighty. Neither Parliament nor Congress can create value. They may take value from one thing and add it to another, as in legal tender legislation, but they cannot create value to the amount of fifty cents.

In demanding the free coinage of silver into money, the Silver Convention meant "legal tender" money, and any proposition to grant free coinage to silver at its actual value would have been repudiated with scorn. If we take from coins the fictitious value given to them by "legal tender" laws, there can be no objection to coining all the Rocky mountains into silver dollars, so



long as they can be absorbed without artificial pressure into the business of the country. When the country needs no further supply of those dollars the coinage of them will automatically cease.

As all the proceedings of the convention were inspired by the "legal tender" theory, this will account in some degree for the inconsistencies of the speakers, for the extravagance of the speeches and the amusing fables incorporated into the preambles and the resolutions. Like the effigy at the fair, which anyone may throw a stick at for a penny, an imaginary figure called "old England" was displayed upon the platform and every speaker took a shy at that for nothing. Senator Allen of Nebraska made the following astonishing statement: "The people have confidence in the government, but at present we cannot breathe except through the lungs of old England." ("Hit 'em again, they're English," yelled delegate Hanna.) Congressman Newlands said that "England's subtle policy was behind the present troubled condition in the money world." And the chairman, in introducing Governor Waite to the audience, said: "There is one man in the United States who has been accused of everything bloody, except that of being a bloody Englishman." Whenever the knives and daggers of rhetoric became dull they were immediately sharpened by the speakers on the effigy of "old England," and then used upon Cleveland, Sherman, or Carlisle.

In a purely emotional and sentimental convention it is unreasonable to expect much logical coherence in the speeches, or harmony of statement. Therefore it is not surprising to find Governor Waite holding up as a warning "the disastrous result in England of the gold policy," while General Warner declared that the result of her gold policy had enriched England and made her the great creditor nation of the world. \$5,000,000,000, he said, was now due to England from other nations.

By this time it began to glimmer upon some of the delegates that the "disastrous policy" which had enriched England, might enrich the United States, but the light was immediately extinguished by Mr. Thomas, of Colorado, who showed that the mathematics of business worked one result in England, and a contradictory result in America. He described the "ruin attendant upon following the dictates of England" and said, quoting John Sherman as authority, "It is a known fact that the reverse of what suits England always suits this country." This profound maxim drawn from the ethics of anglophobia is very popular in America, although I have never heard it except in the election season, and then I have known it to do good service. If England uses one multiplication table, it is our duty to reject it and use a table that gives different results. If England uses one language we should use another,

and if England will persistently remain a Christian country, we ought to embrace the religion of Mahomet. If what Mr. Thomas and the rest of them said is true, all other nations are merely the commercial satellites of England, and even the United States of America is under the hypnotic spell of that country, and powerless to resist her will.

#### THE STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

##### II.

WILLIAM VIDLER, stonemason at Battle, brought up a churchman, was persuaded by his sweetheart, Miss Sweetingham, to listen to a Baptist preacher in her father's house. Either through influence of the preacher or the sweetheart young Vidler became a Baptist, and was consoled for parental alienation by marriage with his sweetheart. He became the Baptist preacher in Battle, and in 1787, aged 27, was trying to support a wife and five children on fifty pounds a year, which he besought the Lord to increase. In 1792, when the author of "The Rights of Man" was burnt in effigy at Battle, as elsewhere, the mob stopped at the doors of eminent dissenters, crying "No Paine!" Vidler came out and complimented them on the ingenuity of their effigy; and to their demand, whether he was for Paine, replied, "No, my lads, be sure I have no liking for *pain*; I am for *ease*." The mob laughed, gave him three cheers, and passed on. About the same time Elhanan Winchester visited Battle; Vidler heard and surrendered. The congregation was also converted, and with their Minister were formally excommunicated at Chatham; the Baptist Presiding Elder expressing to Vidler, who was present, a wish "that the hell he advocated might be his portion." After Winchester's departure for America, Vidler succeeded him at Parliament Court, London. He edited a monthly—"The Universalist Miscellany, or Philanthropist's Museum. Intended chiefly as an Antidote against the Anti-Christian doctrine of Endless Misery." In one of the volumes there is a portrait of his thoughtful countenance. He dreaded the Unitarians, but was steadily convinced of their tenets. In 1802 he abandoned the Trinitarian dogma, and was a martyr: large numbers of the Society left him. Denial of the Trinity cost the Society three hundred and twenty pounds per annum. Vidler's salary was reduced to thirty pounds. But Vidler thrived on martyrdom; from being thin and consumptive he became gigantic, and once, when driving with Rev. Robert Ashland, their carriage suffering a collision, Vidler's weight kept it from upsetting. His mental and moral weight kept Parliament Court Chapel from upsetting when it collided with Trinitarianism. They went on bravely and gradually recovered strength. Curiously enough, the Baptist



notion of a "chosen people" survived the Universalist and Unitarian conversions, holding its traditional exclusiveness at the Communion Table until 1808, when all were invited to partake. Having then got the Philadelphian substance, they gave up the name. Among the advanced ideas of Mr. Vidler was his protest against cruelty to animals; so early as 1801:

"There are several species of barbarity in this *Christian* country which reflect dishonor on our national character. Throwing at cocks, we believe, is pretty generally disused since our moral Mentor, Addison, so compassionately pleaded their cause in one of the papers of the Spectator; but cock-fighting and bull-baiting yet continue; and we fear that the practice of pinning the cockchafer among children is yet frequent. Parents and tutors of youth ought to discourage everything of the kind; from cruelty to animals the transition is very natural to cruelty to our own species."

He proceeds to place under ban even the pleasures of the chase, a radicalism on which none had previously ventured. Vidler was soft-hearted; he once pawned his watch to help a poor man named Javel, who sometimes came to his Chapel. But Javel was really a footpad, and one night tried to rob Vidler. (Later on the footpad was executed at Chelmsford.) Vidler died in 1816, and lies in the Unitarian graveyard at Hackney. He was a very eloquent extemporaneous preacher, had taught himself Hebrew and the classical languages, and was an ingenious critic. He was the first to speak a good word for Judas, whom De Quincey and others have since vindicated, and who is now proved a mythical type of ancient anti-Semitic hatred. Judas, he thought, meant to bring on a crisis between Jesus and the priesthood, and never doubted that the latter would be overthrown. He also pointed out that the account does not say that he hanged himself, but that he was choked with grief. This was a bold thing to write in 1799, the period following Paine's "Age of Reason," when freethinkers were in prison, and Unitarians forswearing freedom with the protestations of St. Peter. He also preached three sermons on Satan, which the congregation wished him to print; but death prevented, and it cannot now be known whether he made out a good case for the Devil also.

Darkness shrouded the little Chapel when Vidler died; but in that darkness rose its star, to lead the Society for a generation with ever increasing light. This was the Rev. William Johnson Fox, M.P., the most eloquent pulpit orator known to English annals. The biography of Fox, on which his daughter, Mrs. Bridell Fox, is engaged, will make many for the first time acquainted with him; for he was one of those men whose concentration on their own time transmits to the future results of their work rather than their name. Fox was to London even more than Theodore Parker was to Boston. He too was a mechanic in boyhood, and in the Corn Law agitation signed his letters "The

Norwich Weaver Boy." Born at Wrentham, Suffolk, 1786, his father moved to Norwich, where the lad had four years schooling in a dissenting Chapel school. His father, Paul Fox, was a rigid Calvinist, and from him the son had a hard pious training. But his mother had some imagination; and, there being few books in the house besides Bibles, she used to get novels from some library and read them to her son while he was at the loom. An old friend of mine remembers his saying, in the pulpit, "I was brought up on the sour milk of Calvinism, and surely it disagreed with me." How much does liberalism owe to John Calvin! He burnt one Unitarian, but has made millions. Yet Calvinism did not in those days lose its grip on youth because of its repulsiveness. It held young Fox with its glittering eye, and offered the only door to a career of moral influence. In his twentieth year he entered Homerton College, London, to study for the ministry under the eminent Dr. Pye Smith. Each student was required on entrance to make a statement of his belief, and it may interest your readers to peruse that of this youth (1806) who subsequently became the leading Theist of England:

"The Christian religion is a display of the perfections of God, as they are exemplified in His conduct towards the human race. It teaches us that so depraved are we by nature, and so vicious by habit, that it was impossible for God to offer pardon to such guilty creatures, unless reparation was made to his offended justice. Jesus Christ, the only begotten of the Father, who dwelt in his bosom from eternity, has in human flesh suffered the punishment due to our iniquities, and God has promised that whosoever believeth in Him shall in nowise perish, but have everlasting life. Yet such is the infatuation which Sin and Satan have produced in the human heart, that all would neglect this great salvation, did not the Holy Spirit incline the heart of some to receive it, while the rest are left to experience the dreadful consequences of their obstinacy.

"Impressed with a deep sense of that Almighty Goodness which has snatched me as a brand from the burning, and animated with an ardent desire to be an instrument in the hands of God of awakening some to the knowledge of their state, and the necessity of a crucified Saviour, it is my earnest wish to engage in the work of the ministry; relying not on my own strength, but on the grace of God, for support through the difficulties of that awfully responsible station, and fully resolved to devote, through the remainder of my existence, the talents with which I am entrusted to the glory of God and the best interests of my fellow-creatures."

So low on the ladder, yet with such upward look, did Fox set his feet in his twentieth year. He was shy; in his first sermon, to aged spinsters of a neighboring almshouse, he could hardly utter anything. But in 1810 he left Homerton with high testimonials, and settled with an Independent chapel at Fareham. But hardly had he begun to preach before he was beset by doubts. A Catholic priest has sent me a letter written by Mr. Fox to his grandfather in that year, in which he says:

"My young friends say, throw off the trammels of Orthodoxy, dissolve an unpromising connection now. My old friends will



think me worse than mad to give up Fareham. My own plan at present is this—to fulfil my twelve months' engagement—to advance my sentiments boldly, explicitly, firmly, and at the end of the time to remain with them, should they wish it, only on certain conditions, such as throwing open the doors of fellowship to heretics. If they submit to this, I cannot expect to find a more desirable situation. If they will not, I shall leave them with more credit than now, immediately after coming amongst them. We have many heretics here,—Universalists, etc.—who vie with the others in zealous attachment to myself. This gives me fine opportunity for uniting and forming them. But, alas, the heretics understand one's discourses and use their powers, while the orthodox are such fools, that one may preach all the heresies in Christendom without their knowing it, unless they are told so. Should Bishop Bogue, or any one else, tell them so, then down go my castles in the air."

(Here is a curious incident. At Fareham this young minister was much interested in teaching a deaf and dumb girl, Mary Franklin. Eight years after he had left Fareham, he married a lady of Chichester, and their first child (a boy) was born deaf and dumb.)

Through painful doubts the minister was borne as by a torrent, his heart still moored to the old associations.

"I had at times, actually, fearfully, and vividly, the prospect of being damned for not believing what I could not believe. It was amid deprecations and agitations that I pursued my inquiries. I had no sympathisers, no confidant; external expressions of what was going on did but occasion coldness, suspicion, alienation; my path was through dark valleys, shaken by an earthquake. It seemed as if there were a spell on me, and I must go on, feeling that I was going wrong, toiling to arrive at the abandonment of Heaven, and diligently marking out my own damnation. The investigation became more and more fascinating. I used to take books on the Unitarian controversy to bed with me and read them for hours with the candle on my pillow."

Mr. Fox endeavored to form a Society at Fareham on a "comprehensive principle, with Virtue and not Faith for the bond of union,"—thus anticipating the Ethical Culturists by over eighty years,—but the speculative heretics had no inclination for any such ventures. He parted with the Trinitarian dogma in 1810, with that of the Atonement in 1811, but with the eternity of hell only in 1812. The free-born Liberal might expect that this monstrous absurdity of hell would be the first abandoned; but it must be remembered that it was by that chronic panic about damnation that the whole system of absurdities was built up. No orthodox dogma could have been tolerated had not reason been terrorised. Hell was the *raison d'être* of church and priesthood; so by evolutionary law it is the most deeply imbred and the last to go. It is this that makes the spiritual progress of so many minds a series of convulsions, instead of a happy expansion under the light of their time. When Fox had prevailed against that phantasm, the storm was over; the peaceful azure spread above. Soon after, in 1812, he was ministering to a congenial Unitarian Society in Chichester. There he had leisure for culture and had

there won a wide reputation for eloquence, when he was invited to settle with the Parliament Court Chapel,—where his first discourse was given on Easter Sunday, 1817.

#### WHY WE CALL GOD "HE."

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

OBJECTIONS are often raised by advanced thinkers of several types to the application of the personal, and especially of the masculine, pronoun to Deity.

Some object, because it is not a person; others, because it is without sex; others, because there is in the fulness of its being the attributes of every sex; and others, again, because its prolific fecundity and universally fostering care may be more fitly represented in thought as a Maternity than as a Fatherhood.

Those who realise how essential to the integrity of individual thought is the principle of the essential veracity of universal human nature will be prepared to find for a usage so general, as that which is thus questioned, some rational sanction in the nature of language and of that Being or Aspect of Being for which a suitable pronominal designation is the desideratum.

I shall endeavor in the following paragraphs to show that (1) although God is superpersonal, and therefore (2) sexless, and (3) yet in a certain sense bisexual, and although (4) his creative and preservative activities constitute a true Maternity, nevertheless (5), when considered from the religious point of view, it is the pronoun *He* which alone can justly be applied to Him.

It would not be germane to my subject to enter upon a discussion of the nature of Deity. Let it suffice to remark that if God is not a person in the ordinary sense of the word, *He* must be either more or less than one; but the very nature of the God-idea is that of a Highest, therefore *He* is superpersonal and not infrapersonal; and as there is no superpersonal pronoun, the personal one is the nearest approach to exact expression which is possible in the present state of language.

All who accept the God-idea agree in recognising in cosmic thought and cosmic order, in the sum-total of universal ideas, the highest manifestation of Godhood, if not its very essence. Now, the words *he* and *she* are applied to beings just so far and so far only as they share, or are supposed to share, or are for the occasion represented as sharing, in this cosmic thought, in this heritage of the ideal.

For example, in the animal world we, as a rule, say *he* and *she* only of those species or individuals which are the most intelligent. Even in speaking of the same animal we are apt to use the word *it*, when speaking of it as a mere object, a thing, but *he* or *she* when viewing it as a being capable of entering into relations



of thought and sympathy with ourselves. Grounding ourselves upon this principle, we cannot fail to recognise that nowhere is the personal pronoun more appropriate than in references to the grand Sum-Total of universal thought, that vast and all-penetrating Law which is the necessary condition and responsive object of all our thinking.

But why do we speak of this Superpersonality as if it were masculine? Is it not raised far above the differences of sex? Yes, it is true that whether we view it with the scholastic as *Actus Purissima*, i. e., Most Simple Energy, or, with our nearest contemporaries, as the Ideal World-All, it is in every case necessary to consider it as devoid of extension and material shape, and therefore of sex, in the ordinary and literal sense of that term.

But in the God of the scholastics all things exist "eminently," as the expression went, (*eminenter*), and the God of the religion of science is in like manner the summation of all excellencies, since he is the enduring element of existence, the Subjectivity of the universe; and in either case he unites in himself all that is admirable and divine, he is both father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister; and the very Archetype of fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, and sisterhood.

If all this be so, then the question forces itself anew upon us, with still greater imperativeness, Why is it that we forget the motherhood, and wifeness, and sisterhood, and speak of God only as the Father, the Husband, the Brother?

In this, as in many other instances, there are two standpoints which may be taken by the devotee of the religion of science; that of pure science and that of the particular application of science which is called religion.

Whatever is thought of may be considered either in its objective or in its ideal affinities; either in its relation to things or to thoughts; either from the standpoint of the body or of the soul. The world-all, considered in its relation to material, objective existence, is Mother Nature, the creatrix, the preservatrix, the transmutress. This is the Sakta of Hindu thought, Mâhadevi, "the Great Goddess," (identical again with the Ionic Demeter,) she, who to the Vedantists becomes Mâhamâya, "the Great Illusion."

It is because this conception is a philosophical, rather than a religious, one, that many of the sects of India have given it such exceptional prominence. The Hindus are very prone to allow their philosophies, profoundly subtle and of lasting value as they often are, to usurp the garb and office of religion, to which they have little claim.

Religion views God in his relation, not to material things, but to the soul. God stands, as it were, upon

one side, and the soul upon the other. The happiness, the very life of the soul, depends upon its union with him. In this union, which is the very essence of religion, it is God who takes the initiative. God acts, and the soul coöperates. God is the Supporter, the Lover, the Bridegroom, of the soul. The study of the psychology of the spiritual life makes it more and more evident that the mystics of all ages, from the bard, who in the name of Solomon wrote the Song of Songs, down to the author of the Gita Govinda, have been right in representing it under the image of an espousal, in which the divinity is the bridegroom and the soul the bride. The attribution to the Supreme Object of religious devotion of fatherhood and brotherhood involves a similar conception. The World-All speaks continually to every soul through a thousand voices, summoning it to a loving participation in the Cosmic Life, a loving submission to Cosmic Law, a loving repose in Cosmic Order; the elect soul hears the call, obeys its Heavenly Father, embraces its Celestial Bridegroom, follows the leadership of its Elder Brother.

The truly religious attitude of the spirit is a distinctly feminine one; masculinity may be the vehicle of theology or philosophy, but it cannot attain to the Divine union. It is the gentleness, affectionateness, trustfulness, dependence, loyalty, appreciativeness, and seership of womanhood, which are the essential conditions of the Supreme Beatitude. Children reflect these qualities so perfectly that Jesus said: "Unless ye become as a little child ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

It is because God, on the other hand, is a synonym for the highest degree of sustaining power, protecting guardianship, sage direction, illuminating thought, and potent attraction that we call him Father, and that some have called him Lover, and Bridegroom, and Husband.

#### HEAVENLY FATHER AND MOTHER.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

IN *The Open Court* of July 6th a correspondent asks for the proper pronoun to designate the great first cause,—the Creator of all things and objects to the pronouns "he," "his," and "him," and "she," "hers," and "her." As the masculine and feminine elements must have been simultaneous in all creation, in thought as well as matter, united in the Godhead, there should be some comprehensive pronoun recognising the united sex. But since linguists have not yet supplied the need, we must introduce the "Heavenly Mother" in our prayers, and hymns of praise, and in asking a blessing at our tables.

Theodore Parker always began his prayers "Heavenly Father and Mother." I well remember what a



new world of thought it opened to me the first time I heard it. An Episcopal clergyman, told me that when Emerson was visiting him, he tried to find out whether he believed in God, without asking him directly. He thought he could do so by inviting him to say grace at table. But Emerson simply looked up and said, "Spirit of all good make us thankful." Thus avoiding all questionable pronouns and leaving his host still in doubt as to the nice shades of his belief in God, and his supervision of our daily bread.

The usual masculine grace has long been a thorn in my flesh. It is enough to make all the feminine angels weep to see a healthy, happy, bumptious man with a good appetite, spread his hands out over a nicely roasted turkey that his feeble little wife has basted and turned for two hours in a hot oven, and thank the Lord as if the whole meal had come down like manna from heaven, whereas like magic, one little pair of hands had produced the whole menu. There she sits at the head of the table from day to day, with bowed head, while the Lord gets all the glory of her labors. My sympathy with these patient souls, culminated one day in the composition of a more fitting grace, for our sires and sons to use in future, especially when their own wives and mothers are the culinary artists. Though an occasional word of praise for faithful Bridget might sweeten her daily toil.

"Heavenly Father and Mother, make us thankful for all the blessings of this life; and make us ever mindful of the patient hands, that oft in weariness spread our tables, and prepare our daily food, for humanity's sake, Amen."

However, the pronouns "he," "his," and "him" are used in law for both sexes. In the whole criminal code there is no mention of "she," "hers," and "her." Women are tried and hung as "he." Whether the codifiers of our laws thought us too good ever to be found in such disreputable classes, or of too little consequence as factors in civilisation for notice, is an open question. But singularly enough, as there is no mention of "she," "hers," and "her" in the constitutions, we are not allowed to vote or enjoy the privileges of male citizens, but the criminal code being more *liberally interpreted* we can be punished as male citizens. "Consistency is indeed a jewel."

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

THE GERM-PLASM. A Theory of Heredity. By August Weismann. Translated by W. Newton Parker, Ph. D., and Harriet Rönnefeldt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893. (Pp. 477.)

The readers of *The Open Court* will find a complete discussion of the chief thesis of this work from the pen of the distinguished English biologist, Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan, in the next number of *The Monist*; so that anything more than mention of the work is here unnecessary. It will be sufficient to say that Dr. Weismann

has collected here the results of many years of labor on the question of Heredity—results which have made him famous and have considerably modified the course of study of this problem. The translation, which has been a difficult one, is apparently well made, though with the word *Anlage* the translator confesses he has had much difficulty. The *Anlage* of an animal is its constitutional characters and capacities, as distinguished from its acquired ones, and might be so translated where disposition will not do. Professor Parker uses the phrases "primary constituents," "rudiment," etc.

We may also mention that The Open Court Publishing Company will very soon publish the second volume of Prof. G. J. Romanes's "Darwin and After Darwin." This second volume, entitled "Post-Darwinian Questions," is mainly devoted to Weismannism, and those who are following Romanes's discussion would do well to read Professor Weismann's book. μркк.

Charles H. Kerr & Co. have just published a collection of Sermons (edited by Mr. James Vila Blake) of the late Henry Doty Maxson, pastor of the Unitarian Society of Menomonie, Wisconsin. The sermons are well written and will doubtless find many readers. Mr. Henry Martyn Simmons has supplied a biographical introduction. The paper and letterpress of the book are not as good as they usually are in the books of this company. (Pp. 334; price, \$1.00.)

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## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 312. (VOL. VII.—33.)

CHICAGO, AUGUST 17, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year,  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE LESSON OF OUR FINANCIAL CRISIS.

BY HERMANN LIEB.

"THE finances of the country are completely demoralised"; of course they are, as the logic of events, for, if they were not the "eternal law of gravitation!" the "immutable law of justice!" were unmeaning ejaculations. There is just as much sense in supposing that the natural laws underlying the social organisation can be violated with impunity, as that an individual, carrying on a riotous living, can expect to keep his health and to live to a green old age. "It is loss of confidence," says one searcher for the cause of the prevailing "crisis,"—as the symptoms of social and political rottenness are politely termed; "it is the silver" says another, "it is the fear of a reduction of the tariff," says Governor McKinley, etc., etc. I may be mistaken, but, in my opinion, it all may be attributed to the departure from honest, broad-minded, ethical, political methods some thirty years ago; a departure from the *laissez faire, laissez passer* policy in the management of our government and the adoption of the paternalistic in its stead.

That this country had a most glorious beginning, who will deny; that in the history of mankind there never was a people so favored with endless natural opportunities and possibilities, with political institutions, admired and envied by the civilised world to this day? For almost seventy years the American people, with slight interruptions, were enjoying a degree of healthy prosperity in keeping with the natural growth of the country. Mr. Blaine himself, who can hardly be charged with Jeffersonian proclivities, in his "Twenty Years of Congress" is constrained to confess that up to the sixties "the business of the country was in a flourishing condition"; that "money was very abundant"; that "large enterprises were undertaken" and that "the prosperity of the country was general and apparently genuine." He said:

"After 1852 the Democrats had almost undisputed control of the government, and had gradually become a free-trade party. The principles involved in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased, not only among the people but among the protective economists and even among the manufacturers to a large extent. So general was this acquiescence that in 1856 a protective tariff was not suggested

or even hinted at by any one of the three parties which presented presidential candidates."

But a change from this satisfactory state of affairs was wrought through slavery agitation and a destructive war with all its demoralising tendencies. It brought forth a complete revolution in the economic management of the country; the old shibboleth "by and for the people" was set aside and the watchword "by the few and for the few" substituted; an era of jobbery and of wild speculation in and out of congress was inaugurated. What the outcome of this condition of things would be was prognosticated by President Lincoln, who, shortly before his death, wrote to a friend:

"Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing to a close. But I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned; an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before."

Have not Lincoln's apprehensions been realised to the letter, and in a much shorter time, doubtless, than he himself believed?

Wealth, which in all times has striven for political mastery, is to-day the standard of excellence. To become wealthy is to become wise, good, and great; and in proportion as wealth is exalted, labor is abased. With want and oppression, however, comes inquiry, and labor is beginning to show signs of political self-consciousness. Their leaders, who are applying themselves to economic truth, have discovered that the original cause of labor's grievances is unwise and vicious legislation. But, owing to want of clearness in the presentation of remedies and the personal schemes of politicians, a Babylonian confusion prevails in the minds of the masses. The most absurd fulminations of cranks and demagogues are seized upon and formulated into socialistic, anarchistic, corn-crib-loan, greenback, and fifty-four per cent. legal tender demands, according to location and circumstances, until one set of laws are required for the mechanic and laborer in cities, another for rural populations, and a third for the silver states of the West.



Under such a clamor for contradictory and unscientific legislation, vicious laws remain unrepealed and the robbing of the people goes merrily on. Degradation of labor, destitution and misery on the one side,—aristocratic tendencies, wasteful extravagance, and brutal indifference on the other; class distinction, offensive social disparities, mistrust, and hatred between the citizens of our country, are the disastrous consequences.

*Es ist der Fluch der bösen That,  
Dass sie fortaugend  
Böses muss gebären.*

[It is the curse of evil deed  
That, propagating,  
Evil it must breed.]

And what is the remedy offered? The repeal of the Sherman free-coinage silver bill to bring this country back to its normal condition? The attempted effort to arrest the decomposition of a tree, the roots of which are dying from neglect, by clearing it of some of its decaying branches, could not be more futile. It will afford only temporary relief. The remedy, to be effective, must fit the evil, and its application must be entrusted to clean hands. There must be a radical change in the politics of the country; and those, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, whose education has been almost exclusively materialistic and whose highest aspirations consist in the gratification of physical pleasures, are not the doctors from whom we may expect the proper remedy.

One of the two great political parties, the one which never ceases to claim Thomas Jefferson as its political patron-saint, and to assert its undying devotion to his "time-honored principles," would seem to have had a correct conception of the situation by pointing out the protective-tariff policy of its opponent as the immediate cause of our industrial and financial perplexities; for, in its last national convention, that party declared it to be "a fraud and a robbery of the great majority of the American people."

There was no equivocation and no evasion in this declaration; it was the carefully prepared statement of a scholar and statesman (the present candidate for governor of Ohio), adopted as a substitute for a milder and less truthful one, by an overwhelming majority of the convention and subsequently ratified by the American people at the polls.

Has this emphatic and imperative demand been complied with? No, because a minor intervening question has wrought a change of thought.

It is broadly hinted that this vacillating policy is the shrewd work of the money-power and its allies, the protectionists, who in raising the hue and cry of silver, which at best is but *one* of the protected industries, have succeeded in shaking the first resolve of our "statesmen" and thus irreconcilably divided the forces

that formed a solid phalanx against the great tariff-robbery.

In this emergency, the Democratic party vividly reminds one of Dante's description of indecision and failure:

*"And like the man who anwills what he willed,  
And for new thought doth change his first intent,  
So that he cannot anywhere begin,  
Such became I upon that slope obscure,  
Because with thinking I consumed resolve,  
That was so ready at the setting out."*

#### THE STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

##### III.

IT is a droll illustration of the Puritanism surviving in the most liberal Society in England, in 1817, that the artistic music used on the occasion of Mr. Fox's welcome gave deep offense to a majority of the congregation. The committee passed a resolution: "That the practice of introducing into the service of this chapel solos, duetts, and sacred pieces in which the congregation cannot unite is quite incompatible with true devotion," etc. Voluntaries on the organ were forbidden, and it was ordered "that whenever Denmark is played, the duet in that tune is to be omitted." But the organist and the choir rebelled, and there was a tremendous controversy, so prolonged that for fifteen months no note was heard from the organ at all! This in a Society afterwards celebrated for the finest music in England. So little had Mr. Vidler's liberality extended in a secular direction, that when he was trying to eke out his salary by book-selling he left his partner because the latter published "The British Stage." Mr. Fox became celebrated as the best theatrical critic of his time.

For many years Mr. Fox's greatest service was in drawing the Unitarians out of their puritanical and sectarian narrowness. This he did not by direct assault or ridicule, but by interesting them in large public questions, of education and reform. The failure of the French Revolution had brought under eclipse the high visions that arose with it. The radicals were mourning their lost leaders—as Coleridge and Wordsworth—and faith in man was going down. Fox was the first to revive those visions, and raise again the song of the morning stars. He was entirely fearless, and, having become a uniting bond among the Unitarians, and their leader, he brought a sort of judgment day among them. In 1819 Richard Carlile was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of fifteen hundred pounds, for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason." The prosecution was begun by a Unitarian. There was loud applause in the court-room on the verdict of guilty. On the Sunday preceding the trial Mr. Fox arraigned the whole principle of such prosecutions; and on October 24, 1819, after the ver-



dict, but before the sentence, he gave a discourse which shines as the one religious candle in that dark time. Mr. Fox was then a firm believer in Christianity, and in the Bible, but his plea was the bravest word spoken in the pulpit since Tillotson went silent. He defended the rights of Atheists. "There is no medium in principle between the liberty of all and the tyranny of a particular sect. Christians, you kindle a flame in which yourselves may perish." The Congregation printed the discourse, and sent a unanimous protest to the government. In 1821 Mr. Fox again showed his fearlessness in denouncing the treatment which Queen Caroline, just deceased, had suffered: at the Society's annual dinner of that year the usual toast to the king was omitted.

Mr. Fox did much literary work. He helped J. S. Mill and Dr. Brabant to establish the *Westminster Review*, for which he wrote the first article. He wrote much for the *Retrospective Review*, among other things a valuable paper on Witchcraft (sixty pages). His congregation outgrew Parliament Court Chapel, and on May 22, 1823, the foundation stone of South Place Chapel was laid. The land cost six hundred pounds, and to-day can be sold for twenty thousand. The cost of the building was 3,546 pounds. It was opened on February 1, 1824, with discourses from himself and others which amounted to a fresh declaration of the only confession of faith on which he had accepted the pulpit in 1817—"I believe in the duty of free inquiry, and the right of religious liberty." But, strange as it may appear, all this time the authority of the Bible had not been brought into discussion. That Mr. Fox was a firm believer in that authority, even so late as 1827, is shown by a letter of great interest which, by the favor of Mr. Fox's daughter, I am able to insert here. It was written to Mr. Fox by a young lady of his congregation, Sarah Flower, since known to the world as Mrs. Adams, author of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." She was in her 22d year, and writes confessing her doubts about the Bible, caused by the questionings of Robert Browning, the poet, who was then aged fifteen! It will be seen that she feels certain that the confession will cause her friend and Minister pain. This document, which is of highest literary interest, I quote in full. It is dated November 23 (1827) from Harlow, her birthplace.

"You did not ask me to write, and perhaps will be little thankful for what you are like to receive; a regular confession of faith, or rather the want of it, from one whom you little suspect guilty of the heinous sin of unbelief. It reads like half jest; never was I more in earnest. My mind has been wandering a long time, and now it seems completely to have lost sight of that only hold against the assaults of the warring world,—a firm belief in the genuineness of the Scriptures. No, not the only one. I do believe in the existence of an all-wise and omnipotent Being,—and that, involving as it does the conviction that everything is working together for

good, brings with it comfort I would not resign for worlds. Still, I would fain go to my Bible as I used,—but I cannot. The cloud has come over me gradually, and I did not discover the darkness in which my soul was shrouded until, in seeking to give light to others, my own gloomy state became too settled to admit of doubt.

"It was in answering Robert Browning that my mind refused to bring forward arguments, turned recreant, and sided with the enemy.

"And when I went to Norwich [Musical Festival], oh, how much I lost! In all the choruses of praise to the Almighty my heart joined and seemed to lift itself above the world to celebrate the praises of him, to whom I owed the bliss of those feelings; but the rest of the 'Messiah' dwindled to a mere musical enjoyment; and the consciousness of what it might once have been to me brought the bitterest sensations of sadness, almost remorse. And now, as I sit and look up to the room in which I had first existence, and think of the mother who gave it, and watch the window of the chamber in which she yielded hers—in death as in life a fervent Christian—that thought links itself with another: how much rather would she I had never been born, than to be what I now am.

"I have a firm belief in a resurrection—at least, I think I have. But my mind is in a sad state, and before that goes, I must endeavor to build up my decaying faith. How is it to be done? I want to read a good ecclesiastical history as a first step. I dare not apply to papa. I dare not let him have a glimpse of the infatuation that possesses me. Had he been less rigid in his ideas of all kinds of unbelief; it would have been better for me. But I have had no one either to remove or confirm my doubts; and Heaven alone knows what uneasiness they have given me. I would give worlds to be a sincere believer, to go to my Bible as to a friend in the hour of trouble, feeling that whatever might befall, *that* would never desert me, and defying the world to rob me of its consolations.

"My life has been like a set of gems on a string of gold—a succession of bright and beautiful things without a dark thread to dim their lustre. But it will not be always thus. It is not thus now, and some resources I must have against the evil time, which is beginning to set in. The very study will be a delight, even if it has not the desired result. The consciousness that I have not examined as far as in me lies weighs heavily upon me, and to you I now look to direct my inquiries. 'Tis a bold step, and I wonder how I could bring myself to it. I have often longed to speak to you, but *that* I could not do. And now, it seems as if I could not bear to speak to any one, but I want quietly to read in my own room—what? Why, any books that you would deem suitable.

"I shall soon be at home [in London], and if you will lend them and let me read them, my mind will, at all events, be relieved from whatever portion of guilt may mingle with its present uneasiness. I hope this will not worry you. I would not be one to add to the annoyances that visit you; but that you have a sincere regard for me I now believe, and how it is returned let this confidence, which you possess unshared by any one beside, bear testimony.

"I long to come home. Harlow is not what it once was; and it has added to the feeling of loneliness which has been coming on. Though I may often be mirthful, I am not always happy. But I am in a sad mood this morning, and to-morrow may be brighter in the heavens and in the heart. So I will not write any more than one thing, and that you know already, that I am yours affectionately, Sally.

"Burn and forget, not me and those books, but the letter and low spirits."

Out of such pangs was born that hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee," for many years sung in South Place Chapel before it was heard outside; the hymn for



which six different tunes have been composed and which Christians are singing in every part of the world, unconscious as yet that it is really a hymn of their pilgrimage from the old faith to the new. I have before me, as I write, the first draft of the hymn, a beautiful autograph, written for choral responses,—and the heart of the world is responding.

In the above letter may be recognised a tributary to the spiritual life and history of South Place. The letter was in advance of the opinions of Mr. Fox, who was by no means of sceptical temperament. He was acknowledged leader of the Unitarian denomination, and had Sarah Flower's letter never been written South Place might to-day be merely a sectarian chapel. What influence did the letter have on his opinions? He did not remove Sarah's doubts; she became even more sceptical as time went on; but Mr. Fox came over to her view. In my first part of this history it was told how the Calvinism of Elhanan Winchester yielded under the touch of a New England maiden, whose name he never knew—one sunbeam from her larger faith—and probably the last remnant of Calvinism that clung to the Society he founded, bibliolatry, yielded under the English maiden's heartbroken confession. Well named was Sarah Flower. Sweetest flowers have bitter buds. That budding doubt of hers blossomed under her minister's culture to beauty and fragrance, and by the fruit that followed many sad hearts like hers were nourished into strength and joy.

#### THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM—SPACE AND MATTER.

BY DR. JOHN E. PURDON.

PURE empty space, the concept of free motion along three mutually perpendicular right lines is unthinkable independent of its relations or its material content. It is the material content that determines the actual existence of space. The most pronounced idealist will not deny that matter is actual and real, involving relations as well as existence; for to do so would deny the existence of the ego, which is the correlate and supplement of matter.

What is matter independent of perception? The question is unanswerable and therefore only a verbal one. Matter out of consciousness is still regarded as the permanent possibility of sensations, and so far the life of each individual is a cosmical fact. If the whole human race were suddenly snuffed out of existence we do not believe that the universe of matter would vanish, and, therefore, supposing we are still talking about the same thing, we must grant it a spiritual existence, either as being in itself spiritual substance, restricted as to its form, or else the object of continuous perception in a mind analogous to our own.

In the one case the separate, mutually exclusive, elements of matter would determine a spatial monad-

ology in which the relations of the parts would be determined by inherent law; while in the second place the separate parts, still existing by hypothesis, would have their places determined with the laws of the perceiving mind.

Now whether such a mind, analogous in its laws and operations to our own, includes time and space in one form, through the transcending of the distinction of external and internal, it is unnecessary to inquire; for we (who acknowledge it) have evidence sufficient to show us that the operations of the human mind do transcend the restriction of time, through the anticipation of real events, which afterwards exhibit themselves to ordinary experience in terms of material change.

We cannot deny when we perceive matter that what is directly given to us is feeling in fixed form; but what it would be other than feeling that could be so perceived it would be impossible for us to conceive. Each man, under the same conditions, has the same perception, but his feelings are not my feelings and yet we have something in common. We have the whole universe, less the individual body, in common and from the fact that we can act independently through our muscles, we can each act upon every one else and change his perceptions, from the fact that we can move matter in the mass. The laws of nature are common property and produce universal results.

But what keeps matter out there in space?

It is the state of the feeling organism that determines its permanence for each in turn; and when the laws of the organism vary or enlarge (for we cannot suppose that they contradict, even though they may produce counteracting results) they bring into play forces in the external field of space which produce *as general results* as a muscular pull would do—physical mediumship, so called.

No one is inclined to deny that matter from the physical point of view, may be, and most probably is built up out of the ether, and so, that an action exerted on it through the ether may be found to produce unique and unexpected results. Such an action should be specific, and there is plenty of evidence to show that such an action is not only possible but actual. Light affects the body specifically; but the waste heat that is radiated from the organism is not different in its nature from that which comes from a hot stone, metal, or piece of wood. The lowly organised *Gymnotus* discharges genuine electricity from its body on purely physiological principles, and certainly, though the *modus operandi* be not apparent, the assumption that the most highly organised animal can operate on itself in an inverse process has nothing in it contradictory or absurd, particularly when we have the facts to back up the assumption. We know nothing at all



of the direct process whereby, through the interoperation of feeling and force, we construct our individual "matter" in a given case. We know (at any rate we must believe), that all do it in the same way, and that the universal machinery is at the disposal of each for its construction both as regards substance and form. This involves the recognition of the fact that the "ether of space," so-called, is the common property of living beings.

What is given to us pure and private since everything in space is common property? The succession in the subjective field of thought, the time-moments of the internal forms of sense, is the experience from which we must generalise to build up our world of space and time, and I think we have the means of doing it, at least symbolically. We must appeal to the logic of pure mathematics.

If we take eight elements, points, names, time-moments, anything in fact which possesses the property of divisibility into recognisably different parts, we can group them in a manner that will throw light upon this fundamental inquiry regarding space, time, matter, and form. The arrangement also suggests how it is possible to conceive that the fundamental thoughts of time and space, of progression and position may be not only related, but actually correlative. To explain.

Sir William Hamilton, of Dublin, in his earlier days wrote a treatise to prove that algebra was the science of pure time, and in his later years discovered that quaternions, the pure algebra of space, might be developed from the symmetrical handling of certain triplet forms. This algebra of four units had three mutually perpendicular directed unit lines of reference for position in space and an undirected unit, positive or negative unity which he always believed was related to time. Now it is not only possible to arrange eight points in a linear series in eight different ways to obey the fundamental laws of quaternions, but it is possible to distribute eight points in solid three-fold space so as to obey in three mutually perpendicular visual planes the same laws; the distribution in two planes at right angles as naturally determining the third as two vectors at right angles determine their product.

But while the lines in space form a fixed and *natural* system, form the true algebraic counterpart of our mode of externality, (than which we cannot realise any other in terms of sense,) we can build up innumerable systems from the transpositions of named successions of things and their arrangements into sets. Here space and its content is the result of a fixed limitation—the reality of things as they exist in experience and which first wakes up the mind from without through the action of matter upon sense—but that partial kind of the possible arrangements of things, i. e., of ultimate elements of sensibility must not be permitted to

set a limit to the actual in nature. And so with spiritualism and man's higher possibilities both as regards "matter" and "form."

Let us not dispute about words; if a new experience is born let us adopt it, and not bastardise it, denying our manhood and its relation to our own body and soul; relegating it to its father, the Devil, and otherwise behaving like those priests whose rôle the dogmatic man of science so often imitates! It is the duty of the investigator and more especially of the teacher to go and hunt out the truth, even if he has to associate with those who are too often liars and cheats. But no more of this. I give the formula or system built up from some of Hamilton's early work:

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	4	3	6	5	0	7	2
2	7	4	1	6	3	0	5
3	2	5	4	7	6	1	0
4	5	6	7	0	1	2	3
5	0	7	2	1	4	3	6
6	3	0	5	2	7	4	1
7	6	1	0	3	2	5	4

If we take the square root of positive unity, 45670123, it will give the six square roots derived from it in three polar pairs, as shown in the rows, and also the three other polar pairs shown in the columns. If we assume then that 45670123 represents negative unity, we have the system obeying the Hamiltonian laws of quaternions.

These laws are all contained in one formula:

$$i^2 = j^2 = k^2 = ijk = -1,$$

from which are derived the secondary laws.

$$\begin{aligned} ij &= k, & jk &= i, & ki &= j, \\ ji &= -k, & kj &= -i, & ik &= -j. \end{aligned}$$

Now, remembering that 0 and 4 are the initials of positive and negative unity, we can take any of the other six to stand for *i*, *j*, or *k*, or for  $-i$ ,  $-j$ , or  $-k$ , the behavior of the rows or columns as they operate on one another, fixing the rest after these have been taken. The rows and columns operate upon one another simply by counting, the analogue of the fundamental formal operation of the soul when the elements have been named, numbered, and ordered in some natural process.

I have not marked the symbols opposite the rows or columns as I want the idea to appear in its full significance, namely, the laws of the general identical with the laws of the particular. If the individual units are particulars, then the row in a manner represents a class, a qualified class built out of all the elements in a certain order, each row the qualified class-representative of its own initial symbol, while the square in its full equational significance is *the* Universal.

There are innumerable systems obeying the same laws which can be built up from these definitional



equations. They all illustrate the logical principle here hinted at.

Half a dozen different men might build up the same octavic set, making each his choice of one of the six available fourth root symbols, each man being thus, at first, analogous to an arbitrary line in space. When the time succession is fixed in 01234567, and the space property of reversibility is fixed in 45670123, the freedom and arbitrary element of cause or force is always sure to result in the same actual arrangement, though it may be differently built up by different elemental workers.

This is more than a pretty conceit; it is an application of the logic of quaternions to the genesis of the real in time and space. It is also indicative of the mode in which pseudo-systems, or those not corresponding to the reality of permanent experience, may be constituted. Matter is built out of the elements of feeling.

I have taken the liberty of presenting my view of a certain double controversy at present going on in that splendid instrument of education, *The Open Court*. I think that all formal abstract science is working towards the same direction, viz., a true theory of Man's limitation and also Man's enlargement. If philosophers would understand what they are disputing about there would be agreement where there is now difference, for the human mind is built on essentially the same lines.

Whether the void has a real existence or not, is merely a matter of words, and whether the individualised spirit of a man, who once lived on this earth, reappears through another man and shows his presence by signs, is also a matter of words and definitions. But whether each earthly man has an organism, constructed out of elements of feeling, that nearest experience we have of spirit, which survives the death of the body, is no longer a matter of words, but of very hard science. If its existence cannot be determined experimentally, it must be justified from an analysis of the laws and operations of the human mind, in their relation to the natural possibilities pointed out to us by the suggestions of pure mathematics.

#### CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

##### WHO IS HIS MOTHER?

BY HUDOR GENONE.

WHILE Jesus sat at meat in the house of one of his disciples a certain lawyer came unto him.

And there came also in with him a woman.

And the lawyer said unto Jesus, Behold this woman whom thou seest is mother unto him with whom thou sittest at meat.

She is now old and well stricken in years, insomuch

that she can no longer labor, and she hath none to provide for her.

And thy disciple suffereth not his mother to come into his house.

I pray thee, therefore, to command him to harken unto the voice of this woman, that she abide with him so long as she liveth.

Jesus said unto the disciple, Is this woman thy mother?

Then the disciple answering said unto Jesus, Master, she it was indeed who gave me birth.

But after I was born she left me to follow a life of pleasure, and another took me in and cared for me.

And that other lyeth ill even now in an upper chamber of this mine house, and I minister unto her daily and comfort her.

Jesus saith unto the lawyer, Thou hast heard what has been said—what sayest thou?

Then the lawyer answered, Can a man have two mothers? This woman whom I have brought unto thee, she is his mother.

Jesus saith unto him, Nay, not so. After the fashion of this world was he born of her.

That which is born of flesh is flesh. She gave him body and he shall give unto her meat.

But unto her who gave him love shall he give love; and who gave him a home in his youth shall he give a home in her old age.

For verily I say unto you, she only is a mother who is motherly.

Love only is love that is lovely.

God only is God being godly.

And I only am Christ being christly.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

A RUMOR, probably false, is now in circulation to the effect that in the arrangement of committees in the new Congress, Mr. Springer will be deposed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Mr. Holman, the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," from the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations. The Democratic organ in Chicago, from which I get my Democratic views on men and affairs, thinks that Mr. Springer ought to be retained in his position, but that Mr. Holman ought to go, and it says: "It can be understood easily why Holman should not have his old place as chairman of the committee on appropriations, for he was an obstructionist, a chronic objector, and a cheese-paring reformer, while he increased, instead of reducing the whole amount appropriated." As a citizen of Chicago, interested in its prosperity, I must indorse that estimate of Mr. Holman; for, judging by the appropriations, this "Watch-dog of the Treasury" has not performed his duty well. He has been barking violently and scaring away a few wretched mendicants from the front gate, while sturdy burglars were breaking in at the back window. We could resign ourselves to that, but the principal Chicago objection to this "watch-dog" is, that he was watching when he ought to have been asleep; at the critical moment when our patriotic citizens were trying to get \$5,000,000 out of the United States treasury for the benefit of the World's Fair, Mr. Holman opposed that appropriation, so that we only got \$2,500,000.



instead of the \$5,000,000. Evidently, such a "watch-dog" is useless for our purposes. What we require is a sentinel who will watch the other fellows, and who will not be too vigilant when we ourselves are loitering around the treasury and trying to discover the combination of the public safe.

A gentleman by the name of Stewart, who represents in the national Senate the mountainous desolation called Nevada, is reported as boasting thus: "What is the use of talking compromise, when the friends of free silver have an actual majority in the United States Senate?" Some commentators regard this boast as bluffing, a practice upon which many of the inhabitants of that remote province depend for a living, but in this particular instance there is a dangerous probability that Mr. Stewart is betting on a strong hand. His little principality, containing 45,000 people altogether, is just as potent in the national Senate as New York, although New York has one hundred and thirty times the population and a thousand times the wealth of Nevada. This equal representation of unequal States is a solecism in government, and the aristocratic anomaly cannot last. For purposes of sentimental politics it may work well enough, but when it wrenches out of symmetry the farming, the manufacturing, and the commercial elements of social existence, when it affects money and material prosperity, minority rule in this country will be overthrown; and the Senate must be established like the House of Representatives on proportional representation, or be shorn of its political power, as the House of Lords was by the House of Commons in 1832. There are eleven so-called silver States, if we include among them Nebraska and the two Dakotas, casting altogether twenty-two votes in the United States Senate, although their combined population amounts to only 4,200,000, while New York alone contains a population of nearly 6,000,000 people. Considering that the free-silver sentiment is very strong in many of the other States, especially of the South, Mr. Stewart, with twenty-two votes for 4,000,000 people, appears to be playing merely the legitimate strength of his hand.

The President's message reads like a lecture on the follies of legislation, and there is something almost plaintive in its petition for the repeal of laws. Surrounded by financial wreck and ruin, the President says to Congress: "This is your doing. This is the result of your statutory laws." That a great people, capable of making steam engines and building ships, and of doing anything else that they wish to be done, should actually allow a set of political dunces to make laws in restraint of business and pay them for doing it, is a phenomenon miraculous to me. It seems to be so to the President, for he says: "The knowledge in business circles among our own people that our government cannot make its fiat equivalent to intrinsic value, nor keep inferior money on a parity with superior money by its own independent efforts, has resulted in such a lack of confidence at home in the stability of currency values, that capital refuses its aid to new enterprises, while millions are actually withdrawn from the channels of trade and commerce to become idle and unproductive in the hands of timid owners." The reproach will avail nothing, for, although surrounded by evidences of their fiatical imbecility, it is impossible to convince our makers of laws that they do not share with Omnipotence the fiat power. With admirable self-complacency they look upon the mischief they have done and prepare, with due solemnity, to make a few more fiat laws, and when they finally retire from the fiat business, they will boast of the number of years they spent in the public service. I would not like to see it, and yet it might serve as a useful warning, if, when some time-honored statesman dies, they would change the ancient formula, and write upon his tombstone this: "For thirty years, as a Representative and Senator in Congress, he looked faithfully after his

own interests, and devoted himself to the public injury." This would be a rather ungenerous epitaph, and yet it would correctly describe some of our most conspicuous public men.

A very good plan to "restore confidence" has been adopted by a New York bank whose resources have been somewhat crippled by the indiscretion of the president, who got away to Canada with most of the deposits. A new president having been appointed, the directors advertised his portrait and points of character in order to show that by the laws of appearance and physiognomy he would very likely make a better president of the bank than the other. The statement reads very like what the soldiers used to call a "descriptive roll," a sort of pen and ink portrait whereby the subject might be recognised at any future time. A similar "descriptive roll" of the former president is also given, so as to advertise the contrast. Both descriptions read very much as if they were written by one of those meandering phrenologists, who used to pick up a living by selling flattery to vain people at so much a head. "The new president," says the advertisement, "is a man of spare figure, apparently about sixty years of age, with features of a thoughtful and rather nervous cast." If comparisons are any guide to character, this information ought to be of some value, because the old president, who sent the "assets" up in a balloon, "possesses a powerful frame and great energy." Another point in favor of the new president is that "he is smooth shaven," while the old, bad president has a "full beard," which, however, "does not conceal his firm and energetic cast of features." The old president gave away a great many thousand dollars to hospitals, universities, industrial homes, the Young Men's Christian gymnasium, and to various Christian charities. In explanation of these gifts, he said he regarded them as "hostages to the Lord." It is clearer than print that a bank president has no right to give "hostages to the Lord," especially when they consist of other people's money. It is a comfort to the customers of the bank that the new president gives nothing to the Lord nor to anybody. The old president "was an attendant of the Church of the Pilgrims," while the new president doesn't care a silver dollar for the Pilgrims, and he would make Plymouth Rock available assets to macadamise the street. Another important thing to look after is the parentage of a bank president. The old president is the son of a Methodist minister and owned pews in two churches; the new president is the son of a banker and doesn't own a pew in anything. Would it not be a good plan for every bank to advertise the president in this manner? And a brief description of the cashier might be a good thing, too.

The comedy of prayer was played in the United States Senate a few days ago, in such a startling way as to excite the interest and attention of the Senators themselves, although as a rule they are armor-clad against the potency of prayer. The Senate has a praying machine of its own, in the form of a chaplain, whose duty it is to give the Senators a good character in all petitions to the throne of grace, and for the performance of this duty he is paid, not by the Senators themselves, but out of the public treasury. The present chaplain is new to the Senate, although he was for many years chaplain to the House of Representatives, where he had the habit of making some very good stump speeches in the form of invocations to the Almighty. As the proceedings begin with prayer, and the chaplain has the first word every morning, he has precedence over all the members, and can get in a few remarks on public affairs before anybody else has a chance. He availed himself of this privilege on the second morning of the extra session, in a way that astonished the Senators and actually straightened them out of their devotional attitude. The newspaper account of it reads like this: "At the sound of the gavel every Senator was upon his feet, with clasped hands and bowed head, to



listen to the customary invocation. It was the blind chaplain's second attempt to appeal for spiritual grace in the Senate. To the surprise of everybody he started in on a eulogy of the late Senator Leland Stanford." In the usual tombstone style he pleaded the virtues of the dead Senator, and, "as the eulogy proceeded the Senators gradually lifted their chins and lost their air of devoutness." This proves the eloquence of the prayer, for hitherto nothing but a drink has had the power to make a Senator "lift his chin." The Rev. Mr. Milburn has wisely taken this early opportunity to convince the Senators that they now have a chaplain who will give them absolution and a certificate of character good for seats in the celestial senate when they die. They need such an advocate very much, but it looks like spiritual petit larceny to pay him out of the public taxes instead of their own money.

\* \* \*

We are now at the beginning of the convention season, and whatever may be the fate of the wheat and corn, the crop of resolutions will surely be abundant and of good quality. Soon the campaign orator, warbling like the mocking bird, will be flitting from stump to stump, binding the voters as with a spell, and predicting ten thousand majority for the ticket in Buncombe county alone. Soon the perambulating free circus, acrobats, clowns, donkeys and all, will be upon the road, furnishing me for nothing a recreation more delightful and improving than a trip to the seashore. I admit that in the Shakespearian drama we may find some fairly good philosophical comedy, but the versatility of Sir John Falstaff himself is not equal to the impudence and humor furnished gratis by the stump orator in a political campaign. I wish I could spend a couple of months in Ohio this fall, and travel from county to county, listening, for instance, to Colonel W. A. Taylor, who gave this pledge yesterday to the Ohio Democratic State Convention: "From this hour until the sun goes down upon a Democratic victory in November, my voice will never be silent." Whether the affrighted people take to the woods or not, the hewgag of Colonel Taylor must and shall be heard. I hope that Colonel Crites, the chairman of the convention, will be as devoted as Col. Taylor and supply election music for the people until the "ides of November," as another oratorical colonel described election day. How great must be the campaign value of a colonel who can talk like this: "While the so-called 'Little Napoleon' is there meeting his final Waterloo in the arena of national politics, let us make this little bantam of Ohio a dead bird by placing in the pit with him to-day one of our proud Democratic roosters with nobler spurs, who shall drive him completely from the Buckeye roost upon which for nearly two years he has so gracefully posed, over which he has so defiantly dominated and all of which he has so basely polluted." For persons who are not politically well, and who need "intellectual treats," Ohio is the place to spend the election season.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ARM-SWINGING AS SURVIVAL.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

With some diffidence I would say a word in reply to Mr. Robinson's remarks—which have just come to my notice—a *propos* of my note on "Swinging the Arms in Walking as Survival." If this swinging it a survival of hand (foot) over and beyond hand-motion, if we swing arms "because our tree-climbing ancestors used to swing by them," should not the movement be with up-lifted arms, somewhat like the overhand stroke in swimming, and should there not also be a tendency toward clutching? On the contrary, as matter of fact, is not the swing toward a quadrupedal trot rather than toward arboreal swinging, and does not the palm tend to open—plantigrade act—rather than to grasp? Further,

professional pedestrians, who evidently make it a point to find out the most effectual modes of arm assistance to walking, adopt generally, I believe, pawing movements, strikingly quadrupedal; whereas, on Mr. Robinson's theory, they should use a rapid overhand, clutching motion. It is then, I think, not the arboreality of our ancestors that survives in pedestrian arm-swinging, as it does very markedly in the holding-on power of infants, so admirably investigated by Mr. Robinson, but rather the simple quadrupedal locomotion which our arboreal ancestors inherited and employed when on *terra firma*. When the first men took to earth and bipedal progression became common, the hastening of speed by arm-swinging came as pre-arboreal instinct. I am also inclined to think that the arm movements are in part due to a natural tendency toward balancing, and that thorough investigation will show them as thus a complication of pre-arboreal reversion and balancing.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

### NOTES.

We publish in this number a representative article on spiritualism, written by a prominent Spiritualist. Dr. John E. Purdon cannot be classed with the great mass of his fellow believers; he has a peculiar standpoint of his own, which is interesting and worth the trouble of understanding. He bases his faith in the existence of a world-spirit and also in the immortality of man's spiritual personality upon certain doctrines of modern mathematics, following partly Bishop Berkeley, and partly the inventor of quaternions Sir William Rowan Hamilton—the latter not to be confounded with the metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton. With Dr. Purdon we also accept the spirituality of existence and we enjoy his exposition and application of the Hamiltonian formulæ, which are very ingenious, but do not appear to us conclusive in what they are supposed to prove.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 313. (VOL. VII.—34.)

CHICAGO, AUGUST 24, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## CRITICAL REMARKS ON WEISMANNISM.

BY PROF. GEORGE J. ROMANES.

WEISMANN has found, in the first place, as one result of his brilliant researches on the Hydromedusae, that the generative cells occur only in certain localised situations, which, however, vary greatly in different species, though they are always constant for the same species. He has also found that the varying situations in different species of the localised or generative areas, correspond place for place with successive stages in a process of gradual transposition which has occurred in the phylogeny of the Hydromedusae. Lastly, he has found that in each ontogeny these successive stages of transposition are repeated, with the result that during the individual life-time of one of these animals the germ-cells migrate through the body, from what used to be their ancestral situation to what is now the normal situation for that particular species. Such being the facts, Weismann argues from them that the germ-cells of the Hydromedusae are thus proved to present properties of a peculiar kind, which cannot be supplied by any of the other cells of the organism; for, if they could, whence the necessity for this migration of these particular cells? Of course it follows that these peculiar properties must depend on the presence of some peculiar substance, and that this is none other than the "germ-plasm," which here exhibits a demonstrable "continuity" throughout the entire phylogeny of these unquestionably very ancient Metazoa.

The second line of direct evidence in favor of the continuity of germ-plasm which Weismann has adduced is, that in the case of some invertebrated animals the sexual apparatus is demonstrably separated as reproductive cells (or cells which afterwards give rise to the reproductive glands) at a very early period of ontogeny—so early, indeed, in certain cases, that this separation constitutes actually the first stage in the process of ontogeny. Therefore, it is argued, we may regard it as antecedently improbable that the after-life of the individual can in any way affect the congenital endowments of its ova, seeing that the ova have been thus from the first anatomically isolated from all the other tissues of the organism.

The third and only other line of direct evidence is, that organisms which have been produced parthenogenetically, or without admixture of germ-plasms in any previous act of sexual fertilisation, do not exhibit congenital variations.

Taking, then, these three lines of verification separately, none of them need detain us long. For although the fact of the migration of germ-cells becomes one of great interest in relation to Weismann's theory *after the theory has been accepted*, the fact in itself does not furnish any evidence in support of the theory. In the first place, it tends equally well to support Galton's theory of stirp; and therefore does not lend any special countenance to the theory of germ-plasm—or the theory that there cannot now be, and never can have been, any communication at all between the plasm of the germ and that of the soma. In the second place, the fact of such migration is not incompatible even with the theory of pangenesis, or the theory which supposes such a communication to be extremely intimate. There may be many other reasons for this migration of germ-cells besides the one which Weismann's theory supposes. For example, the principle of physiological economy may very well have determined that it is better to continue for reproductive purposes the use of cells which have already been specialised and set apart for the execution of those purposes, than to discard these cells and transform others into a kind fitted to replace them. Even the theory of pangenesis requires us to assume a very high degree of specialisation on the part of germ-cells; and as it is the fact of such specialisation alone which is proved by Weismann's observations, I do not see that it constitutes any criterion between his theory of heredity and that of Darwin—still less, of course, between his theory and that of Galton. Lastly, in this connection we ought to remember that the Hydromedusae are organisms in which the specialisation in question happens to be least, as is shown by the fact that entire individuals admit of being reproduced from fragments of somatic tissues; so that these are organisms where we would least expect to meet with the migration of germ-cells, were the purpose of such migration that which Weismann suggests. This line of evidence therefore seems valueless.



Nor does it appear to me that the second line of evidence is of any more value. In the first place, there is no shadow of a reason for supposing that an apparently anatomical isolation of germ-cells necessarily entails a physiological isolation as regards their special function—all "physiological analogy," indeed, being opposed to such a view. In the second place, there is no proof of any anatomical isolation. In the third place, the fact relied upon to indicate such an isolation—viz., the early formation of germ-cells—is not a fact of any general occurrence. On the contrary, it obtains only in a comparatively small number of animals, while it does not obtain in any plants. In the Vertebrates, for example, the reproductive cells are not differentiated from the somatic cells till after the embryo has been fully formed; while in plants their development constitutes the very last stage of ontogeny. In the fourth place, the argument, even for what it is worth, is purely deductive; and deductive reasoning in such a case as this—where the phenomena are enormously complex, and our ignorance unusually profound—is always precarious. Lastly, in the fifth place, Weismann has now himself abandoned this argument. For in one of his later essays he says:

"Those instances of early separation of sexual from somatic cells, upon which I have often insisted as indicating the continuity of the germ-plasm, do not now appear to be of such conclusive importance as at the time when we were not sure about the localisation of the plasm in the nuclei. In the great majority of cases the germ-cells are not separated at the beginning of embryonic development, but only in some of the later stages. . . . It therefore follows that cases of early separation of the germ-cells afford no proof of a direct persistence of the parent germ-cells in those of the offspring."

The last line of direct evidence, or that derived from the alleged non-variability of parthenogenetic organisms, is, as Professor Vines has shown, opposed to fact. Therefore, in his later writings, Weismann has abandoned this line of evidence also.

Upon the whole, then, we must conclude with regard to the fundamental postulate of perpetual continuity, that there is actually no evidence of a direct kind in its favor.

#### CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

##### IN THE BEGINNING.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

SATAN, having knowledge of the purpose of the Lord concerning creation, waxed curious thereupon.

So he gat him straightway to heaven, and having entered therein, he sat him down, as well as he could, poor devil, because of his tail.

Tell me now, O Lord, said he, what is this that I have heard with my ears concerning thy purpose?

Then the Lord explained unto Satan.

And Satan harkened politely till the explanation was overpast.

Which is more than can be said for some of the righteous who hear my words.

For they harken but a brief space, and lo! then wax they of a sudden wroth.

And shy names at me, and get up quickly and hie them hence.

Vexed am I, and sad for their wroth waxing and their name shying.

But verily am I joyous at their hence hieing.

For it is better to dwell alone eternally than to be in the company of fools who comprehend you not.

Which may account in some measure for the facts, though not quite satisfactorily for the Lord's civility.

Satan also was civil, yet was he filled with all manner of incredulity.

This is a big contract that thou hast undertaken, O Lord, said he.

And the Lord admitted that it was.

I can see, said Satan, that thou canst mix chaos like dough, and spin worlds like tops.

But when it comes to making a man in thine own image, O Lord, thou wilt get badly left.

With that Satan gat him upon his feet, and chuckled, and said good day, and went forth unto his own place.

Not many ages after that,—to wit, in the Azoic age, Satan came again to heaven, quite early.

And rang, and was let in.

O Lord, said he; but thou art getting on finely with thy creation.

And the Lord admitted that he was.

Thou hast mixed thy chaos like dough, and spun thy worlds like tops.

But where is thy man that thou didst brag of aforetime?

Then did the Lord not kick Satan out of heaven because of his incredulity.

As the manner of so many who pass for his disciples now is.

No, not a bit of it, but he sent one of his angels out into the back yard for a morsel of protoplasm.

Which when Satan saw he could make nothing of but mud, or, at most, that it was like unto jelly.

Then thought he that the Lord had been too previous.

So he smiled and said, Is this thy man?

And the Lord answered and said unto him, It hath the makings of one.

But, and if it be made in thine image, O Lord, said Satan, this protoplasm is a mighty poor likeness.

Then would Satan have gone; but the Lord told him not to be in a hurry, but, if he must go, to call later on.



The next morning, therefore, Satan called around again, when he found the jelly had become a moneron.

At which he only smiled and went his way.

But nevertheless,—for he was a persistent devil,—Satan called the following day about noon.

Then had the moneron grown into a tadpole.

And the tadpole wiggled.

And Satan, perceived the wiggling, and was frank and said, It wiggles.

And the Lord admitted that it did.

But thy man, O Lord, said Satan, ought he not to more than wiggle?

And the Lord admitted that he ought.

Shall I call again? said Satan.

And the Lord answered and said unto him, Call again.

So Satan did call yet other times.

And the mud which was like unto jelly, and became a moneron, and a tadpole.

Yea, verily the same grew fins and was a fish, and scales and was a turtle, and wings and was a bird, and hind legs and was a pterodactyl, and four hands and was an ape.

When Satan saw the fish he chirruped unto it that it leave the Lord and come to him.

But the fish took no notice of Satan whatsoever.

And the same was the case with the turtle and the bird and the pterodactyl and the ape; for neither had regard unto Satan.

Neither for his chirruping nor any beguiling, for they were of this world and wiser in their generation than the children of light.

But about the going down of the sun on the sixth age came Satan yet again.

And as he looked over the picket fence of the garden he saw and beheld the ape, that he had lost his tail and had grown a thumb.

And Satan was confounded, and communed among himself, and concluded that this did, after all, begin to look like business.

So Satan tried his old trick and chirruped.

And lo! the man, pricking up his ears, spoke saying, Who said apples?

When Satan knew that it was of a truth a man who had thus spoken.

And then was he frank once more, and said unto the Lord that he owned up.

For verily thou hast mixed thy chaos like dough and spun thy worlds like tops, and now I perceive that thou hast made thy man.

And I perceive also that he is made in thine image, not because of any strong personal resemblance, nor yet by a strawberry mark.

But because when I chirruped unto him he hark-

ened, now know I that he hath the power to choose between thee and me.

So Satan went away, and communed yet again among himself.

And bethought him that the Lord had not invited him,—as he had aforetime cordially,—to call again.

Yet did Satan resolve that he would call again.

And he has called again,—many times, for he is a persistent devil,—even unto this day.

#### STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

##### IV.

ALTHOUGH the fact may not be of grateful remembrance to the Unitarian sect, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association was founded in South Place Chapel, and its first foreign secretary was Mr. Fox. There had been several small associations, and these had gathered their representatives in the Chapel on May 25th, 1825, when the more comprehensive association was discussed and agreed to, the organisation being completed next day at London Tavern. It is to be feared that the denomination little realises the historical significance and honor of its title. Adoption of the word "Foreign," omission of the word "Christian," denoted a new departure, due, not to British, but to Hindu influences. It was preceded by an interesting history. While Mr. Fox and others were in their agonies of revolution against English idolatry, a great Hindu, Rammohun Roy, already free, was trying to deliver his Oriental countrymen from idolatry. Then he helped in liberation of the West. It was Rammohun Roy who really caused the organisation of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. A scholar of ancient family, with wealth and education, he had mastered Oriental and Eastern languages, studied the old religions in their own lands, and suffered for his pure Theism. In 1803 he founded the Society which has developed into the Brahmo-Somaj. In 1811 he began the agitation against widow-burning, which was abolished eighteen years later. He had long been teaching his theistic views and had published selections from sacred books of the East, when he studied Hebrew and Greek in order to read the Bible in the original, and, in 1820, published his "Precepts of Jesus." His teacher in Greek was a Mr. Adams, a Baptist missionary. This gentleman made an effort to convert Rammohun Roy to orthodox Christianity, but was himself converted to the Hindu's faith. Some adherents of the Hindu teacher started theistic movements in various places, and those of Madras communicated with Mr. Fox. In September, 1820, the Parliament Court sent five guineas to the native Unitarians of Madras, and in 1824 twenty pounds were contributed to build an Anglo-Indian



Unitarian Chapel in Calcutta, still, I believe, used by the Brahmo-Somaj. It was these facts, and the Hindu religious poetry translated by Rammohun Roy, which awakened Mr. Fox to a unity larger than Unitarianism. He had to conquer many prejudices about "heathenism" before he could found an Association large enough to include Rammohun Roy. That Hindu was, in fact, as a religious thinker, without a peer in Christendom. With him began the reaction of Oriental on Occidental thought, which has since been so fruitful.

The Unitarians generally, though they have rejected the best fruit of that foreign seed imported in 1825, rejoiced in its flower, which visibly expanded in London six years later. On May 25th, 1831, the Association held its sixth anniversary in South Place Chapel, and Rajah Rammohun Roy—now Ambassador to the British government—arrived just in time to be present. That was the Pentecostal day of London Liberalism. There were present Unitarians from France and Transylvania; and Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, was there. Rammohun Roy spoke briefly but impressively, and filled all present with enthusiasm by the charm of his personality. The great speech was, of course, by Mr. Fox, who in the course of his speech said:

"The Rajah remarked to me the other day, with some indignant feeling, that he had been shown a painting of Jesus, and the painter was false; he had given him the pale European countenance, not remembering that Jesus was an Oriental. The criticism was just. Those theologians have painted falsely, too, who have portrayed Christianity as a cold, intellectual religion, and not given it that rich Oriental coloring of fancy and of feeling with which the Scriptures glow, and by which they possess themselves not only of the mind, but of the heart and soul of man. O, thus may our religion appear, creating the whole human race anew in the image of their Creator!"

In this speech Mr. Fox urged the establishment of Domestic Missions, and that was done. It is significant that this recognition that the true mission work was needed most in England should have occurred in the presence of the Hindu teacher. His Society did large charitable work and was energetic in all reforms. The congregation consisted mainly of educated people. Thomas Carlyle told me of his going to hear Fox. "His eloquence," said Carlyle, "was like opening a window through London fog into the blue sky. But," he added, "I went away feeling that Fox had been summoning these people to sit in judgment on matters of which they were no judges at all." I assured Carlyle that he was mistaken. Mr. Fox was teaching the teachers, men and women, who, or many of them, were centres of influence in their several spheres. And not only in England: in Washington, during my troubles about slavery (1856), and in Cincinnati, during our divisions about miracles, I had been valiantly

sustained by some who had been trained to the love of freedom in South Place Chapel.

Mr. Fox has a historical reputation in England as the "corn-law orator," along with Cobden and Bright. I heard Froude, the historian, describe Fox's eloquence as a noiseless storm, under which the people bent as trees. Another told me that he once saw the thousands in Covent Garden Theatre spontaneously rise, unable to retain their seats under his eloquence. But this was not the finer part of Mr. Fox. He was surrounded by young literary aspirants whom he stimulated, encouraged, helped. On that great day when Rammohun Roy was welcomed at South Place, a young lady came in with Mrs. Fox, and for the first time heard her name pronounced in public. He had encouraged her to write for three prizes, and she had won them all. This was Harriet Martineau, whose literary position was thenceforth assured, and whose gratitude to Fox ended only with her life.

The first original hymn ever sung at South Place, and the first original music, were the hymn of Harriet Martineau, and the music of Eliza Flower, for a memorial service on the death of Rammohun Roy, in 1833. The Hindu, who died suddenly at Bristol, desired to have written on his tomb the Persian line—"The true way of serving God is to do good to man." In his memorial discourse Mr. Fox dedicated himself and his Society to that rule of conduct. From that time he more and more abandoned Christian legends, and steadily advanced to the catholic Theism of which he became the foremost English apostle. The word "catholic" is especially appropriate in describing his Theism, for he was active in pleading for the relief of Catholics and Jews from the legal disabilities they long suffered. The Society repeatedly petitioned Parliament against those oppressions. The same year that witnessed the emancipation of Catholics left twelve deists in prison, and for these also South Place worked long before it became theistic. I have before me a sermon of his written out (he never read his sermons) in 1835, which has never been printed, and may be quoted as showing both his catholicity and his style.

"It was only a few days ago that I was witness to the adoration of a mere bit of wood. It was at the feast of the raising of the Cross, which is celebrated at this season in Catholic countries. I saw this bit of wood enshrined in gold, carried along by the priests in their flowing robes; and in the countenances of the kneeling multitude there was an expression of the most fervent devotion and gratitude, which was well worthy of remark; but not merely on account of the striking fact that an implement disgraceful as the gallows—indeed far more so, for no free man was crucified, whatever his crime might be—should by a strong association with a striking instance of moral heroism become an object of reverence. Far more than this. The people felt that sympathy with suffering greatness which made the tears run down their cheeks; and then they sympathised with the glorious triumph over the powers of evil. And what is this but the greatest and purest emo-



tion—that which shall at some future time, in this life or the next, become the realisation of the moral omnipresence of God in all that fulness of glory which the lofty imagination ascribes to the Eternal Spirit?"

In 1830 sacraments were discontinued at South Place Chapel. When a man gives the people his own flesh and blood to eat, he, and the recipients, find sacraments turned to fossils—not bread but stone. Not long after the minister ceased to preach from texts, and no longer confined his lessons to Hebrew and Christian scriptures. He was surrounded by a fine circle of literary friends—Hazlitt, Thomas Campbell, Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, John Stuart Mill, John Forster, R. H. Horne, Talfourd, the Brownings, Hennells, Flowers, Martineaus, Brays, Howitts, Clarkes, and many another. He was the right hand of Macready in the work of elevating the stage. He first recognised Tennyson, and on the first poem of Robert Browning cried "Eureka." This was while he edited *The Monthly Repository* (1831–1836) which contains the best history of the progress of English thought in those years. South Place was always sought out by eminent Americans. Longfellow told me that when he entered the Chapel the choir was singing his "Psalm of Life"—the first time he had ever heard any poem of his sung as a hymn. He afterwards dined with Mr. Fox. The South Place Society entertained many Americans at its annual dinners. At one of these Mr. Fox said:

"We are not, like the Edinburgh Reviewers, sick of hearing of America, as connected with civil and religious institutions. You well remember how often her sons have mixed with us at these social meetings—and how often we have found delight in contemplating that noble country with her broad rivers, her rich and yet uncultivated plains, her cities, ever and anon springing up in her desert wilds—with the horn of plenty in her hand, and the olive of peace on her brow, and crown and mitres under her feet. With feelings the most expansive to all our fellow creatures, and the most firm as regards our own principles, let us drink, 'Civil and religious liberty all the world over.'"

#### WILLIAM MACCALL.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man  
Must labor, must resign  
His all too human creeds; and scan  
Simply the way divine!"

—Matthew Arnold.

THE late William Maccall was a misfortunate genius who narrowly missed eminence. A comparative stranger to the *fin de siècle* generation, his record is nevertheless singular and arrestive—strikingly suggestive as illustrating the texture of accident, its thinness and transparency, that may separate like a funeral pall the light of fame from the incurious eyes of baffled constructors. Maccall constructed in literature and devised brilliantly; he pressed Carlyle closely in popular translations from the German, and sought other by-

ways in the hymns of Denmark and Swedish romance; and his annunciation of Individualism as a triune coherence of religion, philosophy, and politics, was at least original and classic. His friends in earlier days were of the intellectually illustrious, and occasionally the contrast was grimly pronounced, as in the instance of J. S. Mill; elsewhere the attraction was understandable, Christopher North and Carlyle to wit, whose gorgeous and expansive idiosyncrasies he shared and sometimes excelled. His poetry was of the color of the chiefest among melancholy bards, nearing, perhaps, most sympathetically the inspiration without the abandon of Heinrich Heine. Maccall was essentially an aggressively angular genius, and it is in relation to two of his most bristling angularities (pointed for Individualism and against Agnosticism) that the judicial favor of these columns is courted. The supremest suffrage of Individualism is impossible for the born slave and dangerous for the born tyrant,—each is the other inverted,—and Maccall wrecked his own promise in its exercise, but the purport of this essay is to submit that the excesses of Individualism tend to more blessedness, singly and communally, than the benevolently besotted schemes that ferment into adumbration from mentalities prompted by discontent, millenniumward.

Maccall was a unique insurgent. His mind was full of color and harmony, but he resented outline and proportion. The processes of his individualism lacked definiteness, and, failing logical limitations, it was inevitable that he should rebel against his own rebellions. His place was not in the modern world wherein he wandered like an alien,—he was distantly separated from the antique world, wherein alone he might have found rest in conquest. He was at feud with all his environments and lamented his feud. The feud was pardonable, but the lament was fatal. The world forgives and adores its brilliant truants when they return with discovered treasures of jewelled thought, but Maccall had not the trick of genius for heavenly commerce; he forgot that a thing of beauty, to be a joy forever, must represent an equivalent in the market it disdains. He passed to and fro in the wilderness, and whether his mantle was of song or prophecy, his message was unheeded, because of his self-distrust and contempt for the world, *because* he lived in it. The picturesque outcast was supremely gifted and was prodigal of his illuminations, yet his failure was signal and he accepted it without contest. He had a suicidal courage, but no patient audacity; his defeat was embittered with starvation, and only his pride was invulnerable. The average judgment is compact as average cabbages are—the world, if it condescended to appraise, would censure a poet who did not pay, a prophet who did not profit, a philosopher who evolved



not pounds but phantasies from the combinations of his brain. The significance has two interpretations.

Maccall acknowledged no massive initiator, no divine philosopher in Mr. Herbert Spencer. The mystical nomad was assailed in every sensitive nerve by the ponderous oracle. This was the inspiration of Maccall's quarrel with Agnosticism, which he superficially confounded with Spencerism. In his somewhat rhapsodical but fascinating volume of reviews on "The Newest Materialism" (1873), Maccall discussed the eminently respectable British thinker with reasoned offence. Spencer was denied the creative genius of books as well as philosophy. It was suggested that his talents were in the way of "good, solid, trustworthy articles, satisfying the requirements of an utilitarianage and savoring more of the encyclopædia than of nature," such as qualified "a writer to be a useful contributor to some of the larger and graver periodicals. But a system of philosophy extending over a dozen years, and costing the British householder the formidable sum of eight pounds sterling, would demand a colossal combination of Baconian faculties of which neither Mr. Spencer nor any Englishman of this generation has given evidence." Many fallacies were dissected, many eccentricities of style and defections of grammar were crisply ridiculed. And Maccall, individualist of individualists, registered his passionate complaint that Spencerian logic robbed sublime truths, not only of poetry and imagination, but of scientific worth, in the hard, dry, starved, and penurious pages under review. Many of us fervently assent to the doctrine that the majority of all majorities have been wrong,—that the minority is generally more righteous. Here the individualism of the soul represented by Maccall emerges into lurid contrast with the academic propositions frigidly stated by Spencer. Maccall contended for passion, enthusiasm, and electric contagion in the order of propaganda "*since man is a part of the universe and cannot depart from the conditions of the universe.*" The italics are mine and emphasise one of the vivid conclusions that perpetually arrest the student of Maccall, and for which we vainly quest in the vast platitudes of Spencerian exposition. That man is a part of the universe is obvious enough, but to base the truth of emotion on the truth of existence, and with swift confidence to blend cause and consequence in a single word of insight, was beyond Mr. Spencer and in advance of his estimable disciples. Yet, great is Diana of the Ephesians, great is the respectable insularity of the English; Mr. Spencer is the apotheosis of respectability, however unorthodox, and is accepted as seriously as he accepts himself: his copy-book, Individualism, is to be respectfully discussed, the cosmical deductions of a versatile vagrant to be serenely yawned at.

Having been permitted in these columns previously to suggest a view of Agnosticism independent of the Spencerian sanction and sympathetically approximating toward a catholic interpretation of Carusian Monism, I do not propose to solicit another indulgence in that direction. But it may be pardonable to indicate the defect of Maccall's review of Agnosticism,—the defect of disastrous misapprehension. Let us assume for a space that Mr. Spencer is politely eliminated—or, if necessity demand, abruptly so, even Jonah-wise—from the philosophical perspective apportioned to the scan that is named Agnostic. Mr. Spencer dismissed, the fetish-dogma, the pretentiously exaggerated petulance, yclept "The Unknowable," disappears like a vampire-dream. The sentiment concealed by the evil phrase quietly retreats within legitimate confines, i. e., the *unknown*, not the *unknowable*. What is unknown by this generation may be apprehended by the next; to mortgage the understanding of posterity were a burlesque swindle of the soul. The Agnosticism which does not know, is simply the humility, not the incapacity, of knowledge. There are two senses of unequal excellence,— "common sense" and "good sense." "Common sense" is full often sure that it knows. Good sense occasionally only knows that it does not know. Between splashing in the shallows of dead-certainty and cautiously essaying a passage on deep waters, which is the task of dignity and hope? There are two senses of mystery, and Maccall is only right in the vulgar sense when he announces that every religion had mystery as foundation and essence—the mystery of miracles and sensuous mysticism. But the mystery which science leaves with man after each hopeful conquest, increases a significance profoundly beyond the spaces of dominion over which the shadows of the supernatural hovered. The sceptical criticism of our day is touched with sadness that is not despair, melancholy that is not unlovely. It is not canker or leprosy, but the fineness of sense in the imminence of change and the harmonies of sunset. The light is subtle and holy in its grand decline, and there is a pensive note of human sorrow blending with the wandering melodies of the evening breezes. Between sunset and sunrise there is so much unrest and uncertainty. Then is the sense of mystery deepened, and the commonplaces of the day are transformed into confessions. Hard creeds were dissolved in the intellectual passion of noontide, but the orphaned heart strains after the sweeter aspect of them and traces in dreams the wraiths of them flying in the clouds. We are between the decline of belief and the assurance of reconstruction. Who shall say that the mystery of all existence has not deepened?—the birth of man, his relation to the universe, time and eternity, seed-time and harvest, love and death. Which of you that are



armed for progress shall fear to confess that the old arrogance was timidity,—that the new hesitancy is the courage of wisdom? Wherefore let us tarry awhile in soulful patience, confident through all vacillations that it is wise to wait and wiser to erect no landmarks as boundaries of the sunrise. We shall forget Mr. Herbert Spencer, forget that his brawling "Unknowable" was a solemn plagiarism, lifted without pantomime from the famous "Analogy" of Butler, who based revelation on the appeal to ignorance, without any papal flavor in his plea.

Maccall's approach to the religious sentiment was ample, ardent, and magnificently tolerant. Yet his chivalrous mysticism while inexpressibly refreshing in this shoddy age was prone to deviate, and to plunge—one of his own mannerisms!—into "ecstatic abysses." Phantasy and emotion were his all-in-all; science and the humanities were graceless and without favor. His exaltation of intuition of instinct meant his own intuitions, his own instincts, his religion was the effeminate side of his individualism. His very individualism was of the pining and repining order; there were no strenuous, stalwart qualities cohering therein; it was an evangel of valiant adjectives. Maccall was no fighter, still less a hero. Possibly that was the secret of his belittling of his friend Carlyle—a petty petulance, occasionally betrayed after Carlyle's death,—whenever hero-worship was in evidence. Whether any of the thousand children sprung from the intellectual loins of Carlyle gathered inspirations of honesty and heroism from his teaching, might be discussed but most certainly might not be decided by Maccall. But surely the adoration of heroes does not indispose for heroic action, if so, the better part of biography is invalid. Maccall received much from Carlyle and acknowledged nothing; the twain had singular resemblances of sorrow and revolt; each had the stern Scandinavian accent, although while the greater teacher created resolutions and echoes, the lesser was wholly ineffectual. Neither were subject to the world or its principalities and sovereigns; each in theatrical moments identified the universe with themselves, and demanded cosmical freedom for themselves, because their bosoms harbored all verities and excluded all figments,—mankind and the tribunals of mankind being figments rescued from chaos, in whatever measure of reverent attention might be crystallised from the activities of the reading public. Carlyle proclaimed the gospel of silence,—“don't palaver” he insisted in thirty odd volumes,—that his own deliverance might be heeded. Maccall adjudged the mass of literature a mixture of geometry and delirium, presently to be quieted in Nirvana the blest where his personal effulgence would sublime, if any gleam of intelligence emerged into the spectral and debatable realm. The millennial and celestial aspi-

rations of all men strangely, but certainly enshrine, precisely the measure of whatever treasure they secretly index in all their craving needs. Greasy hats shall be exchanged for jewelled crowns, tattered coats for splendid texture, cottages for mansions, aching limbs for airy wings, labor and sorrow for repose and blessedness, partings for reunions; and all the thousand passionate discords of the present pilgrimage for ten thousand eloquent melodies and lullabies, in the beautiful city which immortally survives the tempestuous wrecks and shards of all other delusions. Most pathetic of all is the man of high, but unconventional genius and convictions, speculating in the wilderness of all outcasts, that peradventure acclamation *may* come for his supreme but unsuccessful imaginations, when the gaslit boards and the clamorous harlequinade are of narrow time, and the stars are vivid on a transfigured stage, whereon, at least one lurid spell is magically emancipated, and critics are eternal gods. Haply Maccall remembers, haply he forgets. We know how deep is the curse of a granted prayer in our days of labor,—who shall gauge the everlasting repentance that might crown the nights of anguish behind the door of doom? Better perhaps the veiled angel hold the golden key unturned. One recalls a characteristic passage of Heinrich Heine:

"The poor soul says to the body: 'I will not leave thee, I will remain with thee; with thee I will sink into night and death, with thee drink nothingness. Thou hast always been my second self, thou hast enveloped me lovingly, like a vestment of satin lined with ermine; alas! all naked, and despoiled of my dear body, a purely abstract being, I now must go and wander about up there like a happy nonentity, in the kingdom of light, in those cold spaces of heaven wherein silent centuries will gaze gaping at me; they drag themselves along, full of weariness, and make a feeble clamping with their slippers of lead! Oh! it is horrible! Oh! stay with me, my well-beloved body!'

"The body says to the poor soul: 'Oh, comfort thyself, distress not thyself thus. We must endure in silence the fate decreed for us by destiny. I was the wick of the lamp, it needs must be that I consume myself: thou spirit, thou shalt be chosen to shine up there, a pretty little star, of purest clarity. I, myself, am but a ray. I am only matter; vain spark, I must vanish, and become again that which I was—a few cinders. Therefore adieu, comfort thyself. Perhaps, after all, it is much more amusing than thou thinkest. If thou shouldst meet there the Great Bear in the vault of the planets, salute him a thousand times from me.'"

What is the lesson of this self-defeated life? That limitless liberty is the necessity of all temperaments redeemed from the involuntary bias of driven oxen. How could any system of exaggerated altruism, definitely detail into comprehension of natures so rarely endowed for harvest, yet so sorrowfully spoiled by the very isolation that was the suffrage of their salvation? Maccall devised his frustrate gifts into a fluctuating, but opulent, bequest for whosoever may seek to appraise its treasures; he elected to suffer for his weird sincerity, rather than seek to profit by the supple



treacheries of literature and the pulpit,—even the Unitarian pulpit he occupied for many years. Such natures are among us, interpreting their own destiny and solving many difficult problems for the heedful. What would—what could, Authoritarian Socialism do with these luminous wanderers of vast microcosms, forever descending and redescending gulfs of speculation, or climbing Parnassian steepes of aspiring song? “Oh,” says the earthly-paradise person, his bosom panting with the humanitarian *Zeitgeist*, and the sagacity of the ages in his fraternal cranium,—“*we would make them do something useful for Everybody, and Everybody would do something useful for them!*” Truly a vision of Eldorado—or clownish conformity. And I have heard of clowns with broken hearts. But seriously, Socialism, as indicated by its discordant disciples, is simply organised selfishness. Selfishness is not the desire to live as we like to live, it is the desire to reform or coerce others into living as we like to live. Unselfishness means letting alone as a negative good, and tolerating nonconformity, accepting variety, rejoicing in the freedom of others, as a positive good. The most excellent sympathy is the sympathy of absolute freedom. It is a cowardly sympathy that pities small-pox because we, too, may some day suffer; the true Individualist would sympathise most with suffering he himself was free from by every security. In England, some sincere and much hypocritical sympathy has been aroused by the insanity of a distinguished poet, and there was a parallel in France. Such sympathy is inexpensive; heroic sympathy would pity the *success* which touched genius just the “little more.” Similarly, tears are diverted from the tragic Christhood to the merely painful crucifixion. Sentimental selfishness, which is Socialism in two words, reduces the heroic in petty perspective exactly as it extends the area of its own obnoxious egotism.

Finally, the men who chiefly benefit the race by reason of realising their own individuality and divining their own genius, have been not too often men who have been free from the obligation to toil. Oppositely, others, conscious of genius, have freed themselves from this obligation, and starvation has conspired their eloquence into subtler echoes—perhaps shattered their dower into marvellous imageries and dissolved their laments in dancing melodies. These twain extremes would be impossible under a régime of compulsion to labor, and surely this impossibility is not to be arrogantly decided by labor majorities; surely art should speak first, and the loyal inheritors of art should determine the balance. Let labor speak for itself, but the issues beyond remain with cultured minorities insurgent against all despotisms, whether of princes, popes, or peoples. It was the glory of the Renaissance that it interfered with no social problems, but encour-

aged the individual to free and natural and beautiful evolutions, and beauty and individuality grew out of art and humanity as the day emerges from the night. From the dark womb of a thousand silent years sprang a race of right royal children, who, standing alone in their freedom with nothing to consecrate the past or to make the future glorious, with no warrant save liberty and their own splendid aspirations, conjured with the parable of all beauty, carving, building, painting, and singing, till the lonely cry of Dante was as the liberation of all passionate expression in color, form, and music.

This was the crown of freedom, the fruits of Individualism. What shall it profit the world if it gain an assurance of bread and labor, yet destroy the soul of man? The soul in freedom dreams of beauty, in bondage it dies, because no beautiful dreams may blend with beautiful dawns.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

THERE was a tableau! Liberty's clear light  
Shone never on a braver scene than that.  
Here was a prison, there a Man, who sat  
High in the halls of State! Beyond, the might  
Of Ignorance and Mobs whose hireling Press  
Yells at their bidding like the slaver's hounds,  
Ready with coarse caprice to curse or bless,  
To make or unmake rulers!—Lo, there sounds  
A grating of the doors! And three poor men  
Helpless and hated, having nought to give,  
Come from their long-sealed tomb, look up, and live,  
And thank this Man that they are free again.  
And He—to all the world this Man dares say:  
“Curse as you will! I have been just this day.”

## THE OPEN COURT.

“THE MONON,” 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 314. (VOL. VII.—35.)

CHICAGO, AUGUST 31, 1893.

{ Two Dollars per Year.  
{ Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## OUR NEED OF PHILOSOPHY.\*

### AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHY, religion, the arts, and the sciences are the most important possessions of mankind. By introducing certain ideas into men's minds you determine their doings and omissions. As people think, so they feel; and as they feel, so they act. Our conceptions lie at the bottom of our sentiments, and our sentiments determine our attitude in life.

The great mass of the people are not conscious of this process as it takes place in their own souls. Their ideas, as a rule, are vague, and their sentiments impulsive, or even instinctive. All the more will their motives be governed by the dimly defined world-view that forms the bottom-rock of their comprehension and constitutes the frame of their character.

Philosophy is a clarification of the convictions which dominate our being, and as such it is the most indispensable thing in the world.

The people at large who are not philosophers, religious teachers, artists, and scientists have been in the habit of taking what is offered them. Formerly the laws of a country were dictated by kings, or a few powerful leaders. If the government of a country was imbued with the right spirit, all went well and the mass of the people enjoyed the benefit of their rulers' wisdom. But times are changing. The people begin to make the laws themselves. Consider the importance of the ideas people think, and you will grant that the people have and should have an interest in the making of ideas. People want to know how thinkers think their thoughts, for upon the authority of those thinkers the people have often blindly to rely. They want to know how it happens that now this and now that philosophy grows into prominence; they want to learn something about their own wants, that they may discern between those who offer them wholesome food and those who pander to the low instincts of the masses.

There is one point, especially, which it seems ad-

visable to insist upon. It is a matter of course that the ignorant should learn from the scholar, but it may sound strange when we add that also the scholar should learn from the ignorant. And this inversion of a general rule, if true at all, is most true in philosophy. Philosophy is not for the learned exclusively; philosophy is for the people and from the people.

While the learned furnish the materials and give to them systematic shape, the spirit of a philosophy rises from the hearts of the multitudes. Philosophies are not, as is so often assumed, the work of isolated thinkers. Philosophies are peculiar superpersonal beings that extend their influence sometimes over whole nations.

Philosophy is made by the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the time, but to our philosophers belongs the responsible duty, not only of rendering clear and distinct, but also of directing the aspirations of their time, of guiding the yearnings of the people, of censuring their errors, of purifying and of elevating their views. Thus their philosophy, in its turn, again affects their public and becomes an important factor of the future.

The spirit of our time surrounds us like the atmosphere, invisible but none the less inevitable. We breathe its air without knowing it. Its subtle influences can be evaded by no one, be he ever so learned or ever so ignorant.

A lonely thinker who is not in contact with the world that surrounds him, may be ever so wise and may write very valuable books; but he will have no influence upon his contemporaries. A philosopher must feel the pulse of the people beat in his own heart, with all the nobility of their aspirations, and with all the errors that sway their minds. He must adopt the good features of public sentiment and conquer their evils, that his readers can follow him and profit by his exertions.

Every era in the evolution of mankind has its problems. A philosopher must understand these problems and work out their solutions.

The philosopher who imagines that the philosophy he has worked out is his own creation is deceived. We are wont to say, "I have an idea." It would be more correct to say, "The idea has me." The philo-

\*Address delivered at the World's Congress of Philosophy, Chicago, Ill., August 24th, 1893.



sophical need of a certain epoch of human evolution takes possession of a man's soul, and this need begets in his mind the philosophy of the century.

#### GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Think of the influence of Kant upon the German nation. It is true, his methods of philosophising were not popular, but his philosophy was. It sprang out of that stern religious spirit which recognised the truth that man lives not for pleasure, that he has a higher calling, which on penalty of perdition educates his moral nature. Kant's philosophy is concentrated in his categorical imperative; he is the philosopher of the moral "ought"; and that rigorous devotion to duty which penetrates the whole fabric of the Prussian state is only Kant's views practically applied.

This philosophy of duty, which sprang from the spirit of the nation, was elaborated into learned systems of thought by Kant, Fichte, and other men of their kind, and these again affected the people as leaven raises the dough. The people became conscious of what they dimly felt. Their aspirations were clarified. Kant's philosophy of puritan sternness was right and applicable to practical life. It had a strengthening effect, and thus it came to pass that Prussia, the state most representative of this spirit, grew in power and broadened into Germany. Germany's success in peace and war is due to the philosophy of duty which created under unfavorable conditions flourishing industries and made her armies irresistible; for it inspired the hearts of the nation, from their kind-hearted but stern old Emperor and his great counsellors down to the simple-minded private, who had perhaps never heard of philosophy in his life.

The philosophy of duty made Germany great. But let us not forget that even virtues can be exaggerated into vices. There is a danger of one sidedness in the German conception of duty. Duty is the counterpart of right. He who has duties must have rights. The man upon whom duties are heaped without the due proportion of rights becomes a slave. He is compelled to do service, but his honor is not pledged to perform the work. Nobody can blame him when he asserts his manhood in open revolution.

#### FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.

There is another nation in Europe which in many respects presents a strong contrast to Germany: it is France. The time will come when instead of combating one another, these two nations will seek to learn from each other, that they may mutually profit by their experiences, and that the virtues of each may help to overcome the shortcomings of the other.

If you visit the French exhibit at the World's Fair, you will find the inscription on the escutcheon of France *Droits de l'homme!* "The rights of man."

There is a grandeur in this conception, but also a danger. It confers a dignity on man. Every man has rights and he should insist upon his rights. But if he be not worthy of them he will not be able to maintain them.

The philosophy of duty was, even before Kant's time, so deeply ingrained in the Prussian mind that the greatest king that ever sat on the throne of Prussia, instead of boasting of his divine right as a ruler, declared that he was the first servant of the people. How different was the conception in France. In France the king proclaimed the right of absolute sovereignty over the country. "*L'état c'est moi*" was the motto of Louis XIV, and the aristocracy helped him to suppress the rights of the people. But the people arose in their might and asserted the rights of the *tiers état*.

French philosophy is the philosophy of the rights of man, but it neglected the duties of man. It proclaimed man's right to the pursuit of happiness. Had the Germans possessed something of the French spirit, they might have made their ideal of duty grander still; and had the French better understood German thought, they might have deepened their conception of right. For there are no duties without rights, and no rights without duties.

The philosophy of a nation is important, for it foreshadows the nation's fate.

Let us hear what Heinrich Heine says of the interrelation of French philosophy and French history. He says in his articles on "The History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany," Book III:

"The idea which we think, is a soul without a body. It gives us no rest until we have given it a body, until we have helped it to sense-perceptible existence. The idea wants to be deed. The word wants to become flesh. And strange! Man, like the God of the Bible, has only to speak out his ideas and the world is formed. It becomes light or it becomes darkness. The waters are divided from the dry land, or wild beasts appear. The world is the signature of the word.

"Mark, ye proud men of action. Ye are nothing but the unconscious servitors of the men of thought, who often in modest retirement predetermine all your actions with strictest exactness. Maximilian Robespierre was nothing but the hand of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the bloody hand which out of the womb of the times brought forth that body of terrorism the soul of which had been created by Rousseau."

#### ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY.

Having spoken of German and of French philosophy, I should also add a few words on English philosophy. In consideration of the fact that the United States of North America developed from English colonies, and that English has always been the official language of our country, it is natural that English thought should have been of great influence upon the American mind. But this influence is more felt in science and literature than in philosophy, and strong though it is, it affects philosophy only indirectly.



English modes of thought, through poetry and literature and those subtle influences which are produced by the mechanism of language, in an indirect way, most powerfully tell upon the development of America, but the American conceptions of life naturally form a contrast to English views.

When speaking of English philosophy we mean that traditional way of philosophising mainly represented by Locke, Hume, the two Mills and Herbert Spencer, modified, but not much influenced, by Berkeley, and tempered by Kantianism through Hamilton, and by Hegelianism through the Neo-Hegelian school.

We must bear in mind that philosophy did not as yet exist among the first settlers. They brought with them, however, the germs from which in time a philosophy would naturally develop. They brought with them their love of liberty so deeply rooted in the Saxon mind, deepened by the religious convictions of Protestant Christianity in the shape it took in the minds of the Puritans and the Friends.

The first philosophical movement on the shores of New England was elicited not by an English thinker but by Kant, and the effects of his transcendentalism are not yet obliterated. True, English books are studied in this country more than French and German works. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, especially, are extensively read and highly appreciated; but we can hardly say that any English philosophy has been powerful enough to affect the spiritual life of the nation. We have learned from the English in innumerable details and offer them our gratitude ungrudgingly, but the spirit of philosophising has developed in the United States with great independence and certainly not as an offshoot of English thought.

#### OUR NEEDS.

There is one great advantage in the old world. The authority of science and scholarly philosophy is so well established in Europe, that corybantic minds have little chance of gaining the public ear, and European scholars sometimes wonder how it is possible that the United States government itself is so often compromised by wild schemes. We need only mention here the rain-makers who were officially supported in carrying out the ridiculous experiments that made our country the laughing-stock of other civilised nations.

How often do we hear the reproach that America is the country of cranks! The liberty of our country gives to every Tom, Dick, and Harry the same chance to display his puerilities as to the sound thinker to propound rational ideas. How shall we overcome the evil influence of nugacities? How shall we discern between the man of worth and the man of notoriety?

Those who do not know our ideals, principles, and

hopes, see in such conditions not only symptoms of immaturity, but also of decay. We beg leave to differ from this view: these conditions are evils which contain the seeds of a harvest of good; they are prophecies of a fairer future. The United States of America are so constituted that we have but one choice left us: we must educate the masses or go to the wall.

How often has mankind been in a similar predicament! Many steps in advance have been made in this way, for it is one of the most important methods of Nature's educational system. She proposes a problem to her creatures which must be solved on penalty of perdition. "Solve it," she says, "or die." And her creatures do die, until one of them finds the narrow and strait path that leadeth unto life.

The situation in which we are is serious, and although we must be confident that in the end we shall solve the problem that confronts us, we have sufficient reason not to be too sanguine, for it is not impossible that we shall have to pay for it dearly.

We shall have to pass through times of great tribulations and anxieties in which Nature in her attempts to eradicate those unfit for survival will destroy, with the guilty, many that are innocent. Those who think that our country is prosperous enough to trespass the laws of being, have to learn lessons that will not please them. But there is no escape.

We believe in the principles of liberty, of universal suffrage, of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. We apply these principles, we suffer from the ignorance of our legislators and self-elected magistrates, and we have thus the opportunity of learning by experience.

This state of things renders the task of an American philosopher peculiarly important and difficult. European philosophers may sit in their studies and devote themselves to the abstract questions that please them. American philosophers have to step upon the same platform with the mountebank. Here all meet without pretensions, and the sage must reply to the incoherent notions of the fool as to his equal. This naturally appears to a European scholar as a humiliation; but by doing so a thinker does not stoop; it does not lower his work; on the contrary, it will only widen his views and deepen his convictions. Injudicious notions cannot be ignored in a republic where every man has the same vote. If they are ignored, they will do harm, for errors are mental diseases. Says Marcus Aurelius: "Dost thou think that a false opinion has less power than the bile in the jaundiced or the poison in him who is bitten by a mad dog?" And folly is not less injurious here than elsewhere.

He is not the right man for our wants who simply shrugs his shoulders at the visionary conceits of the world. Go to the fool and meet him; make science



confront folly ; let those simplest notions against which a presumptuous dotard sins be elucidated ; and if he is incurable by reason of his inborn stubbornness, or perhaps because some hope of personal advantage warps his opinions, provide such instruction for the people that they may learn to discriminate between error and truth.

#### OUR PLANS.

We Americans almost regard it as our duty to fall into every error of political economy into which European nations have fallen before. We might learn from their experience, yet prefer upon the whole to make their experiments over again. But if we adopt a sound philosophy and are severer in enforcing the authority of science, we can greatly abbreviate this process. Therefore, the philosopher should on no pretext withdraw from the task that is set him.

Solon observed that when the baser elements among the voters of his city gained the upper hand the better class of people retired from political assemblies leaving the decision of the weal and woe of their country in the hands of the mob. In order to prevent the evil that might thus arise from the inactivity of the better class, he passed a law that in times of public excitement no voter should fail to attend to his political duties.

Let us imitate this law, not only in politics, but in science and philosophy, also. Let every scientist, every philosopher, every thinker, know that he holds a responsible office, and that it is his duty to let the people enjoy the benefit of his exertions. The crank has a right to be heard. Let us respect his right. His ideas should be analysed. Erroneous views are very useful in so far as they compel us to revise the entire structure of our thought, down to the bottom rock upon which it rests. In this way alone can education be instilled into the broad masses of the people.

What we want here in America is not only to have universities of as high a standard as in Europe, but also a university extension which will so raise the general level of education that by and by the uneducated will entirely disappear.

Such is our American plan. We are still far from our goal, but we believe in our ideal.

Is this ideal impossible? Perhaps it is. Like perfection, it shows us an approach to an infinitely distant aim. But every step toward it is an important advance on the road of progress. The full attainment of the ideal may be impossible, yet the ideal itself is practical.

As Christianity is a religion in which every one should be a priest, so our country is a political organisation in which every one should be a king. Our social habits, our civilisation, and our education must be raised to meet this high standard. That gross errors

of political economy, in commercial matters and in other public affairs, should affect our legislation, must become impossible, not because a few men in Washington are conversant with the subject, but because the masses of the people who elect the legislators are so thoroughly informed that a judicious policy will under all circumstances ultimately be assured.

We Americans have started our republic with French ideas ; we have asserted the rights of man in the preamble to our Constitution. But we have too much Saxon blood in our veins and too much Teutonic thought in our minds not to know that all rights imply duties. Let us accordingly work out a philosophy of our own, a philosophy as broad as the world and worthy of the lofty humanitarianism of the founders of our country, a philosophy which will combine dignity with obligation, duty with rights, and self-discipline with self-assertion. This is our mission in history ; let us work out our noble destiny !

"America, thy name is opportunity !" said one of our best American thinkers. Well, then, let us bear in mind that an opportunity can be lost as well as improved. It lies with the people of this great nation to improve or to lose the great opportunity that a kind Providence has provided.

P. C.

#### THE STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

#### V.

No man greatly moves men by his doubts, but by his convictions. William Johnson Fox was not a sceptic : it was his strong belief in divine justice that emancipated him from Calvinism, which denied that justice ; and it was his enthusiasm of humanity, his poetic love of nature, that caused the traditional miracles to shrivel into folk-lore. Writing in 1830, he says : "There is nothing in the Universe which is not strictly religious. Whatever isolates itself is superstition. All sciences are doctrine ; all industry is worship ; all laws of matter and of mind are God's will ; all revelations of those laws are God's works ; all devotion, goodness, and happiness have their best and broadest basis in the truth, that of him, and through him, and to him are all things." An old officer of the Mint tells me that he remembers Fox giving a discourse on Geology and the Bible, at the end of which he closed the Bible, and, with a hand on either cover, said : "Ah, my friends, do not let the range of your intellect be limited by the mechanical art of a book-binder !" He liked to keep up the sentiment of the old observances if separable from forms, as in suggesting a real friendly supper, instead of the Communion. Dr. Martineau tells me that when he was a young minister in Dublin, Fox visited him there (they were both Norwich men) and "dedicated" his eldest son



(Russell Martineau, now the eminent Hebraist of the British Museum). That was his substitute for christening. (That was in 1831, when Martineau forfeited his pulpit in Dublin rather than receive the State aid (*Regium Donum*), distributed among the Presbyterian churches, in which the Unitarians were included. Martineau then visited Fox in London and preached for him at South Place. Fox urged him to settle in London, but an invitation to Liverpool prevailed.) But Martineau was then, as now, in advance of the Unitarian body, which indeed Fox had to drag after him. He was a few years later liberated by a tempest. Unhappy relations with his wife came to open rupture, and this, with his opinions in favor of divorce, (opinions now incorporated in English law,) caused a division. Mr. Fox and his wife came together again, but meanwhile the tempest had separated the Society from a sect, and given it the independent position it has occupied for nearly sixty years. During the turmoil Mr. Fox sent in his resignation, but the Society insisted on its withdrawal; and in yielding to their request, Mr. Fox assumed more advanced ethical ground. Their freedom, he declared, must not be limited to theological questions.

"Pulpit instruction, to obtain any power of usefulness, must extend to topics of far greater practical importance than the articles of any creed. We must carry into moral speculation; into civil and political life; into the investigation of institutions and manners; the same fearlessness and frankness, and the same reference to great principles and ultimate purposes, that are requisite in theology, even though they entail a repetition with aggravations of the same results in the imputation of bad motives or bad tendencies, the aspersion of character or conduct, and the interruption of that peace which is never advantageously preserved when it obstructs freedom of thought and speech, the promulgation of truth, and the progress of individual or social reformation."

Mr. Fox lost the Presbyterian wing of his Society; it was a small wing, albeit heavy, and he gained in its place a wing related to his genius. Robert Browning told me that Mr. Fox was "a man of both talent and genius; and sometimes put out his talent to work for him." Before the split, Fox, I suspect, used to compensate his unprogressive wing with his talent, for lifting the progressives by his genius. But it is characteristic of Mr. Fox's method, that, although he had really taken away the basis of Supernaturalism, the superstructure tumbled palpably under the touch of another man. This was the Rev. Philip Harwood, who (February, 1840) became his assistant. Harwood gave six discourses on Strauss's "Leben Jesu" (not yet translated), and these, being published, first awakened public attention to the new theory. Even South Place shuddered, and Fox had to defend Harwood. In September, 1841, Harwood left the ministry and became a journalist. For many years before his death (1887) he had been editor of *The Saturday Review*, the

organ of all conservatism, and few remembered in him the heresiarch of 1840, who was the first to throw discredit from a pulpit on the miracles of the Bible.

Some seceders followed the miracles, but the Chapel became the recognised centre of religious rationalism, and attracted the most enlightened audience in London. On Easter Sunday, 1842, was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Fox's settlement, when a silver vase, a purse of four hundred pounds, and an illuminated address were presented to him. There was a grand dinner during the week, over four hundred at the table, among them many ladies. The Society had always had annual dinners, but this was the first dinner the ladies had attended. It is curious that this public-dinner conservatism, outlasting all others, should have prevailed so long in a Society that owed so much to women.

To two ladies—Eliza and Sarah Flower—the Society owed a debt second only to that due to the eloquence of the minister. They were daughters of Benjamin Flower, the famous editor of *The Cambridge Intelligencer*, who, for criticising a bishop in his paper, was imprisoned. In prison he was visited by a sympathetic lady, whom, on release, he married. From such parentage came Eliza and Sarah, aged respectively twenty-six and twenty-four, when their widowed father, dying (1829), left them to the guardianship of Mr. Fox. They were refined, cultured, lovely; their home, near that of Mr. Fox, was the salon of literary and musical people. Mendelssohn was often there, attracted by the wonderful genius as a musical composer of Eliza. In Sarah's letter to Mr. Fox, given in a former paper, Robert Browning, at the age of fifteen, is referred to. Six years later his first poem, "Pauline," had appeared, and Sarah wrote to a cousin about the poet (in June, 1833):

"Have you seen anything of 'Pauline'? I will send you down one of the first copies. We have renewed an old acquaintance with the author, who is the 'poet-boy' we used to know years ago. He is yet unmatured, and will do much better things. He is very interesting from his great power of conversation and thorough originality, to say nothing of his personal appearance, which would be unexceptionably poetical, if nature had not served him an unkind trick in giving him an ugly nose."

Nature must have redressed this wrong, for Browning had a good enough nose in later life. But the really unkind trick of nature was in bringing Browning into the world eight years later than Eliza Flower, who chiefly inspired "Pauline." Browning would gladly have married her, had she consented. In conversation with him I saw that she stood sacredly apart in his memory. "She was a composer of real genius," he said. In the year before her death (from consumption, 1846) Browning wrote to her:

"I never had another feeling than entire admiration for your music—entire admiration—I put it apart from all other English



music I know, and fully believe in it as the music we all waited for. Of your health I shall not trust myself to speak: you must know what is unspoken."

John Stuart Mill was also among the supposed aspirants for Eliza's hand. But she was the spouse of her art, consecrated to its ideal. Its steady realisation she saw in the sacred heart of the Society, whose every beat she set to music. Meanwhile Sarah was interpreting that heart in beautiful hymns. The two sisters, with voices mated like their souls, used to sing in the choir. Mr. Fox wrote some exquisite hymns, and selected others; Eliza, besides her own compositions, adopted themes from Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Hummell, and others. There is still seen in South Place a venerable gentleman, C. D. Collet, who was then choir-master. The choir attained an excellence previously unknown in England. The hymns were exquisite antiphones to the poet-preacher's harmonies of thought and feeling.

When the sisters died (Sarah Flower Adams, heart-broken by her sister's death in 1846, was borne to rest beside her at Harlow in 1848), South Place began to decline. Mr. Fox was now in Parliament battling for the rights of Jews and for national education. He was compelled to throw more and more of the chapel work on his assistants. In 1849 he gave his celebrated discourses on "Religious Ideas," which constitute his most important volume, one which anticipated half the Hibbert Lectures of our own time. He gave fewer discourses every year, and with six only in 1852, they ceased altogether. After that the Society had two ministers, one of whom, though a worthy man, was reactionary in the direction of Unitarianism; while the other wished to introduce the English Liturgy, only a little expurgated. The liberal traditions and elements of the Society were too strong for them. The Society got the best supplies it could, and had high hopes in 1859 when they heard that Theodore Parker was in London. The deputation sent to him received their sad answer in a hoarse and hollow voice which told that the end was near. Dr. Martineau entertained Parker at luncheon, and invited several ministers to meet him. And when Parker tried to go Martineau clung to him, even with emotion, feeling that their meeting was really a parting. It was all very pathetic. Old Dr. Brabant came from Bath, Miss Cobbe and Miss Winkworth, and Professor Newman, all the Theists gathered around the American; had he possessed the strength South Place would have had another great page in its history. But it could not be. The great man went South to die. With the ministry of Parker in America and of Fox in England the type of Theism they represented really terminated. The majority of Unitarians have arrived far enough now to pay to the dust of such men the homage denied

to their living presence; but find, increasingly, that the dynamic Theism left by those men, their inspiration having departed, is also turning to dust.

#### SHOULD REVIEWS BE SIGNED?

BY PROF. CALVIN THOMAS.

I SUSPECT that some who read the title of this article will at once guess that the writer of it is about to air a personal grievance. The ethics of book-reviewing is a subject not often discussed in an abstract and impersonal way. I hasten to say, therefore, that just such a discussion is what is here proposed. I am not biting my thumb at any one in particular and there is no fever in my veins.

That the subject *is* an ethical question, involving considerations of duty between man and man, is evident. It is of interest, too, not only to those who write and those who manage journals, but to those who read. The reviewer of a book occupies a responsible position. What he says may influence opinion, and it is important that this influence make for what is right. It may also affect the fortunes of the author and of those dependent upon him. We often hear, to be sure, that a good book cannot be written down by the critics, and this is probably true in the long run. If a book has vital qualities it will make its way in time, and the hostile criticism that is bestowed upon it may even turn out to have helped it. But this "long run" is always a good way off and before it is reached the author may die or may at least have time to suffer a great deal of pain. That a good man's reputation will in the long run be proof against calumny does not excuse the slanderers who make life miserable for him in the short run. So again we may say that a book which is over-praised or wrongly praised will in time find its level. But in the meanwhile certain persons will have been misled, the truth will have been betrayed, and every betrayal of the truth has a habit of propagating its species.

We shall all acquiesce, no doubt, in the doctrine that the reviewer's responsibility is primarily to the public. His task is not a private matter between himself and his author. He is not there to gratify a friend or to pay off grudges. It is not for him to sophisticate the truth in any way, or to vary by a hair's breadth from an honest report of his convictions, merely to please his author. And he is equally bound not to sacrifice justice on the altar of self. He is not there to show his wit, or exploit his literary cunning, in order that *he* may be seen of men. He has a duty to perform and that duty requires that he watch himself and be sure that his motives are right.

But he needs more than a determination to tell the truth, for his very austerity of purpose may lead him astray. He may tell the exact truth, and nothing but



the truth, and then sin gravely by not telling the whole truth. A common case is that of the critic who, reading a book on purpose to review it and hence being on the lookout for points to criticise, allows his attention to rest entirely upon the flaws he has discovered and forgets to mention the countervailing merits, or disposes of them in a few words of grudging recognition which may easily be lost sight of or be discounted by the reader. If, in such a case, the author happens to be unknown, so that the reader of the review gets his first impression of him from that source, the impression is apt to be very erroneous. It is not a sound defence of such a procedure to say that what the author needs for his own benefit is not praise for his good qualities, which he is not likely to lose in any event, but ruthless exposure of his faults and mistakes, to the end that he may correct them. The reviewer is not a schoolmaster and the schoolmasterish tone does not become him. He may properly expect that his author and other authors will profit by his work if it is well done, but this should be rather an incidental consideration. His first and greatest duty is to give his readers a just impression of the book he is discussing.

There are those who contend that he should refrain from praise or blame altogether and be simply a reporter. The grounds of this contention are easy to see and are such as to entitle it to respectful consideration. No small portion of what we read in the book reviews of the day consists of dogmatic expressions of opinion which, if one but knew the truth, would be seen to have no value. At best the critic's opinion will be the outgrowth of his prepossessions and associations; of his religion, philosophy, and politics. It will be affected by the character of his hobbies, by the state of his digestion, and by numberless other factors, more or less personal and fortuitous. He is likely to commend that which "strikes him just right," that which emanates from his own clique or school, and reflects his own idiosyncrasies, and to condemn that which does not. Perhaps he is, if the facts were known, incompetent to give an opinion: he is a novice who has read up a little for the occasion and owes the bulk of what he knows about the matter in hand to the very book he is criticising. Perhaps he is afflicted with an itch for showing his own smartness; he is fond of "cutting up" people and does not like to allow any considerations of justice to interfere with his pastime. Very likely he has not read the book at all, but has derived the impressions which he delivers with such delectable cocksureness from a desultory turning over of the leaves, or as often happens, from a perusal of the preface and table of contents.

Now it is hardly worth saying that a review which is open to any of these strictures can be of no real value to any one. On the other hand, if the reviewer

would simply describe his book as objectively as possible, and with due respect to the author's point of view, he would in most cases be performing a really valuable service. We can understand, therefore, the position of those who lay down the rule that the reviewer should simply report what he finds and let the facts speak for themselves. We readily grant, too, that in very many cases this is the very best thing that can be done. Such, for example, are cases in which the reviewer, after candid self-inspection, has himself some doubt of his own competency; cases in which, for lack of space or any other reason, he is not in a position to give fairly the *grounds* upon which his criticism is based; above all, cases in which he has not had the time, or has not taken the time, to read the book thoroughly from beginning to end. In all such cases a conscientious reviewer should certainly refrain from dogmatic and sweeping expressions of personal opinion.

On the other hand, to insist upon a universal application of such a rule is to throw out the child with the bath, as the German proverb has it. For criticism, when properly managed, is a fine art and deserving of all encouragement. The world's debt to it is prodigious. But criticism, both etymologically and historically, implies an act of judgment. This judgment, moreover, is a good thing for all interests concerned, provided only that the judge is competent and conscientious. Everything depends upon that. It matters not that another judge of equal competence may dissent, or that the opinions of both may presently turn out to be in need of radical revision. Standards change, the wisest are fallible, and progress is the result of the conflict of opinion. That multitudes of reviewers make criticism a farce or a nuisance is no reason why the one who is qualified to make it a pleasure and a benefit to his fellow-mortals should be called upon to abdicate his functions.

But now what is the best guaranty that the critic's work will be faithfully performed? Is it the signing or the omission of his name? It seems a little singular at first that the very best journals should be found resorting to exactly opposite methods of reaching the same result. The tendency seems to be setting more and more in favor of the signed review, but there are still many first-rate journals that publish only anonymous reviews and regard anonymity as the one essential condition of good work. It is argued that the critic whose name is not to appear in connection with what he writes will be the more likely to speak his mind fully and freely; that he will be less likely to be swayed by personal considerations, such as the reputation of his author, or his own private relations to the author; in short, that he will be less timid about expressing his



opinions, for knowing that these opinions are not to go out to the world as *his*.

That this argument rests upon an altogether faulty analysis of human nature, I do not pretend to say. The trait undoubtedly exists, but the question is, whether it is good or bad; whether it deserves to be given more play or less; whether the acts that spring from it are more likely, on the whole, to be courageous and necessary acts of which the doer should be proud, or spiteful and malicious acts of which he should be ashamed?

On this point I do not see how there can be two opinions. The trait in question is essentially puerile. It is manifested most strongly in children, savages, and adults upon whom civilisation has done an imperfect work. It is the characteristic weakness of those who wish to shirk responsibility for bad or dubious conduct. Who are those that are most prone to anonymous criticism of the speaker at a public meeting? Gamins (young or old), who wish to create annoyance and show their smartness without risk of getting into trouble. The civilised person of responsible character, who feels that he has a duty to perform, prefers, if he has anything to say, to stand up "like a man," (note the significance of the common phrase,) and say it in full view of the audience and of the speaker. All reputable newspapers recognise in part the validity of this principle by refusing to publish anonymous letters; they insist that the editor, at any rate, shall know who the correspondent is. This they do, they tell us, as a "guaranty of good faith." But where a man's character, conduct, or work is in question, he has a greater interest than the journal in the correspondent's good faith. Why has he not, then, a paramount right to the same guaranty which the editor claims for himself? Would it not be better, from the ethical point of view, if all sorts of articles in all sorts of papers were to be much more generally signed than is at present the case?

At any rate, so far as book-reviews are concerned, I am fully persuaded, after having written a large number of both kinds, and after having for some time studiously observed the workings of my own mind in connection with the business, that the argument is in favor of the signed review. When experience and reflection have shown the reviewer the importance of taking care, and have also taught him clearly where his own besetting perils lie, he can be conscientious under either system; but until then anonymity is more of a temptation than a help. For one reviewer, who, knowing that his name is to be signed to what he writes, will be led thereby to take from or add to what he feels ought to be said, there will always be five, who, knowing that their names are not to appear, will take advantage of their anonymity to say what ought

not to be said and what they would not say, if they stood personally responsible for it. The best guaranty for the faithful performance of duty in all relations of life is individual responsibility, and the most dangerous temptation to carelessness and all other sins is the chance of hiding one's identity. A critic who would be guilty of trimming his sails to the wind of favor, because his name was to be known, is the very one who would be especially prone to do injustice under the mask of anonymity. On the other hand, the critic who knows that his own reputation will be more or less at stake in what he says, has in fact the very strongest incentive to be careful. The golden rule about "doing unto others" is never so potent a regulator of conduct, as when the vague "others" are replaced in the imagination by some concrete John Doe who will know exactly where the blow comes from and be at perfect liberty to strike back.

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# SUPPLEMENT TO "THE OPEN COURT."

No. 315.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

VOL. VII—35

WEISMANN AND GALTON.\*

BY PROF. GEORGE J. ROMANES.

THE "stirp" of Mr. Galton resembles both the "germ-plasm" and "gemmules" of Professor Weismann. But it differs from gemmules and further resembles germ-plasm in all the following particulars. It is derived from the stirp of proceeding generations, and constitutes the sole basis of heredity. Only a part of it, however, is consumed in each ontogeny—the residue being handed over to "contribute to form the stirps of the offspring," where it undergoes self multiplication at the expense of the nutriment supplied to it from the somatic system of the offspring, and so on through successive generations. Again, stirp is concerned in all processes of regeneration and repair in the same centrifugal manner as germ-plasm is so concerned. Furthermore, the importance of sexual propagation in the blending of hereditary qualities of the stirp is recognisable, while the principle of panmixia, or the cessation of selection, is entertained, and shown to invalidate the evidence of pangenesis which Darwin derived from the apparently transmitted effects of use and disuse in our domesticated animals. Lastly, it is clearly stated that on the basis supplied by this "theory of heredity," it becomes logically possible to dispense with the Lamarckian principles *in toto*, leaving natural selection as the sole known cause of organic evolution through a perpetual continuity of stirp, together with individual variations of the same, whether by sexual admixture or otherwise.

So far, then, there is not merely resemblance, but virtual identity, between the theories of stirp and germ-plasm. Disregarding certain speculative details, the coincidence is as complete as that between a die and its impress. But although the two theories are thus similar in *logical construction*, they differ in their interpretations of *biological fact*. That is to say, although Galton anticipated by some ten years all the main features of Weismann's theory of heredity,† and showed that, as a matter of form, it was logically intact, he refrained from concluding on this account that it must be the true theory of heredity. He argued, indeed, that in the main it was probably the true theory; but he guarded his presentation of it by not undertaking to deny that there might still be some degree of intercommunication between the material basis of heredity in stirp, and the somatic tissues of successive organ-

isms. The construction of a theory, which, as a matter of theory, could dispense with the Lamarckian principles *in toto*, was seen to be a very different thing from proving, as a matter of fact, that these principles are non-existent—and this, even though it was seen that a recognition of the principle of panmixia must be taken to have considerably attenuated the *degree* of their operation as previously estimated by Darwin in the theory of pangenesis. In short, after pointing out that the doctrine of stirp might very well adopt the position which about a decade later was adopted by the doctrine of germ-plasm—namely, that of altogether *supplanting* the doctrine of gemmules—Galton allowed that this could be done only as a matter of formal speculation; and that, as a matter of real interpretation of the facts of nature, it seemed more judicious to stop at *modifying* the doctrine of gemmules, by provisionally retaining the hypothesis of gemmules, but assigning to their agency a greatly subordinate rôle. Or to quote his own words:—

"The conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing arguments is, that we might almost reserve our belief that the structural [i. e., 'somatic'] cells can react on the sexual elements at all, and we may be confident that at the most they do so in a very faint degree; in other words, that acquired modifications are barely, if at all, inherited, in the correct sense of that word. If they were not heritable, then the second group of cases [i. e., those of acquired as distinguished from congenital characters] would vanish, and we should be absolved from all further trouble; if they exist, in however faint a degree, a complete theory of heredity must account for them. I propose, as already stated, to accept the supposition of their being faintly heritable, and to account for them by a modification of Pangenesis." (*Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, p. 346.)

Seeing, then, that Galton did not undertake to deny a possibly slight influence of somatic tissues on the hereditary qualities of stirp, it follows that he did not have to proceed to those drastic modifications of the general theory of descent which Weismann has attempted. Stirp, like germ-plasm, is *continuous*; but, unlike germ-plasm, it is not *necessarily* or *absolutely* so. Again, stirp, like germ-plasm, is *stable*; yet, unlike germ-plasm, it is not *perpetually* or *unalterably* so. Hence we hear nothing from Galton about our having to explain the unlikeness of our children to ourselves by variations in our protozoan ancestors; nor do we meet with any of those other immense reaches of deductive speculation, which, in my opinion, merely disfigure the republication of stirp under the name of germ-plasm.

Now, I allude to these, the only important points of difference between stirp and germ-plasm, for the sake of drawing prominent attention to the fact that it makes a literally immeasurable difference whether we

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† Galton first published his theory in 1872 (*Proc. R. S.*, No. 136), but presented it in a more complete form three years later (*Contemporary Review*, Dec. 1875, and *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, 1875).



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suppose the material basis of heredity to be *perpetually* continuous and *unalterably* stable, or whether we suppose that it is but *largely* continuous and *highly* stable. In the former case, all the far-reaching deductions which Weismann draws with reference to the general theory of descent—or apart from the more special problem of heredity—follow by way of logical consequence. In the latter case, there is no justification for any such deductions. For, no matter how faintly or how fitfully the hereditary qualities of the material in question may be modified by the somatic tissues in which it resides, or by the external conditions of life to which it is exposed, these disturbances of its absolute stability, and these interruptions of its perpetual continuity, must cause more or less frequent changes on the part of its hereditary qualities—with the result that specific or other modifications of organic types need not have been solely due to the varying admixture of such material in sexual unions on the one hand, or to the unassisted power of natural selection on the other. Numberless additional causes of individual variation are admitted, while the Lamarckian principles are still allowed some degree of play. And although this is a lower degree than Darwin supposed, their influence in determining the course of organic evolution may still have been enormous: seeing that their action, in whatever measure it may be supposed to obtain, must always have been *cumulative* on the one hand, and *directive* of variations in adaptive lines on the other. Or, as Galton himself observes, in the passage already quoted, “if they exist, *in however faint a degree*, a complete theory of heredity must account for them.” He saw, indeed, that a most inviting *logical* system could be framed by denying that they can ever exist in any degree—or, in other words, by supposing that stirp was *exactly* the same as what was afterwards called germ-plasm, in that it always occupied a separate “sphere” of its own, where its continuity has been uninterrupted “since the first origin of life.” But Galton was not seduced by the temptation to construct an ideally logical system; and he had what I regard as the sound judgment to abstain from carrying his theory of stirp into any such transcendental “sphere” as that which is occupied by Weismann’s theory of germ-plasm, in relation to the general doctrine of descent.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.,

770 MONON BUILDING, 324 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.



# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 315. (Vol. VII.—36.)

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

BY THOS. C. LAWS.

THAT animals have rights as well as men is an opinion which is growing in strength as mankind grows in civilisation. We may distinguish for ethical purposes two distinct classes of animals—those which are wild and those which have become domesticated. Whether these latter were first kept as pets as we now keep most of the varieties of dogs, and were afterwards found to be useful, or *vice versa*, is a question difficult to answer. On the one side it may be urged that nearly all savages keep some animal or another as a pet, whereas there are very many who have none maintained on account of its utility. On the contrary we can urge the presence of milk-producing *aphides* even in the nests of ants; the uses to which the Esquimaux put their sole domestic animals, the dog and the reindeer; and the prevalence of slavery among lowly developed human tribes. It is possible that the domestication of animals for use as beasts of burden and of labor is an offshoot of that slavery. Slavery sprang out of war: may not domestication of animals have sprung out of that other form of war, the chase? But, however interesting such question might be it is not altogether necessary here, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves by adopting the broad division of animals into wild and domestic.

It may seem strange to some to hear the rights of wild animals spoken of. Yet have they no rights? Again and again we hear reprobated the inhumanity of him "who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." Oftentimes does some harsh cruelty, say some barbarism in the hunting-field, meet with universal condemnation. We have in most civilised countries laws regulating the slaughter of seals, of fish, of certain birds, and the taking of their eggs, the shooting of rabbits and other animals. Does not this imply a recognition of the rights of wild animals, crude, limited, and partial, it is true, but none the less existent?

Throughout the entire animal and vegetal kingdoms there goes on a continuous and relentless struggle for existence. It has been by the maintenance of its supremacy in this struggle that humanity has obtained its position as in some sense "lord of creation."

That position has only been gained by constant struggles and constant victories over climatic and physical obstacles and over various other species of animals. If it must maintain its position in the future—and self-conservation is the first law of all life—it can do so only by keeping in check the increase and spread of animals other than of its own kind. This law of life then gives to man a *prima facie* right to the destruction of the inferior animals. How far, however, can such destruction be justified, and by what means shall it be carried out? That first principle of all morality, the law of equal right, applies to animals as much as to mankind. In the one case, as in the other, the operation of the law is limited by certain obvious qualifications. A tiger in the neighborhood of an Indian village is a positive danger. If it have already done no damage, it is still a potential, though not as yet an actual, source of danger. It may kill somebody at any moment, and nobody is debarred by any ethical law from taking the animal's life. We do not need to wait until the rats have made off with the contents of our flour-bins before setting traps and laying poison. The object of their domiciliary visits is well-known, and must be immediately frustrated. Had we any means of training these beasts into getting a livelihood without murder and theft, the matter might be very different. But it is absurd to think of converting a jungle or a sewer into a training-school for carnivores or rodents. To spiders and flies, as well as many other insects, most people have an aversion. Yet there can be little doubt that flies and their allies help to keep healthy the *banlieux* of our cities, by destroying decaying animal life deposited in open places out of the jurisdiction of the governing authorities. And it is this very function which renders them unbearable in houses. Few animals could be more adapted than they for carrying the germs of contagious diseases, which rarely injure themselves, but may attack and perhaps kill, persons touched or bitten by them. In the future, perhaps not distant, spiders may become active rivals to silkworms, but the housewife is none the less justified in ridding her house of these pests. Even a spider's thread has been found to be contaminated with organic poison.



But even where animals are not directly hostile to human life, there are often strong reasons for destroying them. We may learn from the experience of Australia that the unchecked increase of rabbits may render fertile land almost as useless for agricultural purposes as though it were quite sterile. Animals which threaten the destruction of our crops are but a degree less inimical to mankind than the larger carnivora. These latter put an end at once to man's existence: the former threaten his life by cutting off his means of subsistence. The positive check of brute force is perhaps the only way of keeping down the numbers of these enemies to mankind.

Animals further are useful to mankind in ways which can only be served by their death. Their flesh provides him with food,—a question with which we shall deal presently,—their skin produces hides; various secretions are used in the arts. Spermaceti and whalebone can be obtained only by the death of the whale; beaver-fur and sealskin by the slaughter of the castor and seal. It is not improbable, of course, that efficient substitutes may hereafter be found for these articles, but until they are discovered, it is useless to decry the use of products which have become almost articles of necessity. But nothing can justify the wanton cruelty which is practised in the name of Dame Fashion. In some cases it is necessary to pluck the feathers which shall deck the bonnet of a lady of fashionable society direct from the breast of the living bird. The fur known as astrakhan is taken from the foetal animal, so that to procure it mother and child must be put to death. It is surely time that something be done to put a stop to this brutality and torture—this modern massacre of the innocents. What harm has the bird of paradise done that its life should be sacrificed for a handful of feathers? You are more considerate over your murderers to whom you do accord a trial, than over the small and defenseless birds whom you condemn to death untried because it is the fashion! To retell an old Norse parable, let us suppose that some grim giant towering aloft like Jötunheimer were to crush to death us pigmy human beings for mere amusement, or in order to wear our skins or limbs in his belt, what would be our opinion of him. We profess horror at "th' untutored savage" when we hear of some poor heathen Indian chief scalping his enemies, and are shocked when, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, a French soldier is sentenced to death by a court-martial for throwing a bundle of rags at its president, yet we listen without flinching to the death-cries of a million tiny harmless birds whose wings and feathers go to point a moral and adorn a tale to every humanitarian observer who walks down the streets of London, Paris, or Chicago.

Of the uses to which animals are put perhaps the most important is that of food. About animal food, as about many matters in relation to animal-kind, many racial prejudices exist. It not uncommonly happens that certain animals are treated with a superstitious reverence or disgust. The Dahomeyan is threatened with death if he kill a particular species of snake known locally as the *Danh-gbwe*. Among the Weeze of Africa the antelope is never eaten as it has a reputation for causing the fingers and toes to fall off. Only the chiefs may decorate their dwelling with the skins of the lion and lynx. The hare is treated with superstitious awe by fishermen in Shetland and some other parts of Scotland, by those of North Yorkshire, and by many tribes of Afghans. It is reckoned unclean in the Qûran, although by some of the Moslem tribes of Afghanistan its blood is drunk as a "strengtheners of wind." Among other such superstitions we must class the distinction made in the Qûran, the Bible, and the Talmud between animals clean and unclean, the disgust which a Jew bears to pork, a Hindu to animal fat, and an Englishman to frogs and *escargots*. The blood superstition still exists among the Jews, whose *chosha* cannot be eaten until blessed by the rabbi, nor blessed by the rabbi unless deprived of all blood. The love of animals is inculcated in the Buddhist canon, and carried out to such an extent—as is also the case with the older, orthodox Hindu laws of Manu—as to prohibit the killing of any living being or the use of its flesh for food. In our country and time we have a widespread movement in favor of vegetarianism.

But little doubt can exist that this vegetarianism proceeds upon a wrong hypothesis. Of the substances used in the human economy there is no disputing the fact that those which are most "organate"—most complex and of the highest chemical order—are best suited for food. One cannot eat phosphorus and calcium: one requires these elements in some form which being highly organate, shall be capable of giving up the right substances at the right place when acted on by the juices of the body. It is among animal products that these compounds are found in greatest abundance. Hematoglobulin, a proteid of the blood, is built up of some eighteen hundred molecules. To some extent, it is true, these complex substances are obtainable from vegetal sources, but they are of a somewhat lower character than those obtainable from animal matter. Further it is observable that these more complex substances contain a greater proportion of latent energy than those which are less complex, and it is worthy of note that the carnivora are all animals of greater vitality than those animals which live upon herbs. One need only compare a dog, a lion, or a tiger, with such animals as the sheep and cow. And in the same district the human tribes which live upon flesh are far



more active than the herb and fruit eaters. Compare, for example, the dull, dwarf Obongos of the equatorial forests of Africa with the cannibal Fans of the same region. It is for this reason, perhaps, that we meet with cannibalism only in oceanic islands and along equatorial sea and lake shores, swampy for the most part, where the larger land animals are wanting, and where food is hence restricted to vegetables and fish, a form of animal food most nearly resembling vegetal food in its nature. In the future it is quite possible that the slaughter-house may be superseded by the chemical laboratory, where organate compounds similar to those supplied by animal life may be produced synthetically.

But this justification of animal food does not justify that brutal form of "sport" known as the chase. Where, as in India, it is necessary to organise hunting parties to prevent mischief to the villagers, the chase cannot be condemned. But where, as in England, a half-tame deer is let loose, or a fox started up, and then followed by a group of horsemen with dogs, over a limited area of forest-land, and over arable ground, the "sport" loses all its rationality. The fate of the poor beast is practically decided before its torture begins. Escape it has none, in an open and thickly populated country. Our huntsmen claim that the chase produces a "healthy excitement." So do the *trente-et-quarante* tables at Monte Carlo. The excitement in the one case differs in no wise from that in the other. But the best criticism is that which our "sportsmen" themselves supply. Go to a foreigner, it is often said, and he will give you upon contemporary affairs the opinion of a future generation of your countrymen. The English huntsman describes a Spanish bull-fight as systematic brutality, and declares that it is a curse to any civilised nation. But in what way does the combat in the arena between toreador,\* dogs, and bull differ from an English hunt, except that the one is inhumanly fair (approximately), the other brutally unfair? The toreador of Seville shares the risks of death with the bull which he is baiting, and the combatants are somewhat equally matched; the English huntsman follows his inoffensive prey at a distance, leaving the actual conflict to his dogs.

One may say, generally, that so long as they do not endanger human life, nor imperil man's means of subsistence, wild animals have the same right to life and liberty which man himself enjoys. Nor should they be treated in any way which would be termed cruel if applied to mankind.

But to this general law of equal right there are certain exceptions, or, perhaps more strictly, special ap-

plications. One has to take account of the need for scientific observation and research, for which collections in zoological gardens and elsewhere are supposed to be adapted. But such collections should be intended for the benefit of humanity, not for the purpose of allowing visitors to poke umbrellas at the hapless captives. Perhaps less justifiable is the keeping of cage-birds for pleasure, although it is a lesser evil to maintain them by artificial food and heat, than to turn loose a number of sub-tropical and other exotic species to freeze and starve in northern climes. Many animals, again, could scarcely live without man. By domestication there have been artificially selected those traits which are most valuable to mankind at the expense of those characters which aid self-defense and self-sustentation. In the case of these animals there exists a mutual duty between them and mankind. Whilst on the one hand man has the right to profit by those traits for the possession of which they have been selected, whether fleetness of foot, or keenness of scent, milk, wool, flesh, or mere value as a pet, on the other, they have a claim to nourishment and kind treatment. One cannot repress a thought when one observes a horse or an ass, working from dawn perhaps to midnight, a stranger to the eight hours question, overburdened, overworked, bruised, ill-used, and underfed, of that old Norse parable, and one wonders what the owner or driver would think were some mightier than he to treat him as he treats his helpless four-footed slave. Doubtless so long as the old theological doctrine that animals differ from men *in toto* is accepted, either crudely or transfigured into that metaphysical theory which gives reason to mankind and provides animals with instinct alone, humanity to those mute "poor relations" of ours must remain almost non-existent. "Why do you not sacrifice your dogs," asked Fitzroy of a Fuegian, "instead of your women?" The answer was made with the utmost tranquillity: "The dog catches *yapbo*" (the native otter). Why does the civilised Christian of to-day ill-treat his domestic animals? Because, while like corporations they have no souls to save, unlike those institutions they have bodies to abuse. If this be true, we think that men have more need of the kicks than the beasts of the field. If the latter be but guided by blind instinct, why quarrel with them? Their mental constitution is not their fault. But if the "superior beast" acts from rational motives in abusing them, the fault is his alone, and he alone should suffer for it.

The sentiment which we call humanity did not grow up in a day. The teaching of the Mahabharata that "to injure none by thought, or word, or deed, to give to others and be kind to all: this is the constant duty of the good," is not shared by many primitive peoples. Among the Ashantis it is said that "another's distress

\* The word *toreador* (a bull-fighter on horseback) as a word already half naturalised is here used as including also the term *torero* (a bull-fighter on foot).



is no concern of yours, trouble not yourself about it." Even the Code Beaumanoir (1226-1296) declared as a right that "every man may beat his wife when she will not obey his commandments, or lies to him, providing he do it moderately and death do not ensue."\* At the same time young girls had to submit to the ignominious right of branding. Baron Garofalo traces out the evolution of sympathy. It was not, says the great Neapolitan advocate and jurist, until the nineteenth century "that Victor Hugo could raise that cry, triumphant, but exaggerated, of cosmopolitanism, 'The hero is but one variety of the assassin.' . . . There has been progress, we may say, in the extension of the sentiment, which, limited in prehistoric times to the members of a single family, has now none other bounds than humanity, and even tends to go beyond that, in the form of zoöphily, that is to say, sympathy for the animals."† That the lower animals are essentially one with ourselves, kindred in flesh and bone, moved by the impulses which move us, amenable to that kindness and consideration to which we are amenable, acting reasonably as we act reasonably, cannot now be doubted. The great advances made in biology and comparative psychology have dispelled all the old theories of the days of Cosmas Indicopleustes. With this wider experience we may say emphatically with a Chinese philosopher that "the feeling of communication is essential to man," and although his statement that "the superior man is so affected towards animals that, having seen them alive, he cannot bear to see them die," is much too sentimental, one cannot refrain from admiring its lesson of kindness and humanity. And with this saying of Mencius we may couple one of a Semitic poet that a merciful man is merciful also to his beast.

Before concluding this cursory survey of the rights of animals, there is one matter to which we must briefly refer. It is the important question of vivisection. If a knowledge of human anatomy be a necessity, we have at once a justification for the practice of vivisection. And there can be little doubt that anatomy *is* a necessity. Only once in a few centuries can we inspect the process of digestion through a window in the human body, as in the soldier whose wound may be said to have created modern medicine and experimental pathology. For the rest, we have to fall back upon experiments upon animals in a condition as nearly approaching life as possible. The ancient Greeks, notwithstanding their general culture, had no medical science, because anatomy was not permitted to them, it being regarded as a sacrilege to pry into the mysteries of the human frame. One almost revolts from a

description of the recent experiments of Professor Goltz. But how could we have arrived at a knowledge of the facts without them? And they will undoubtedly prove of considerable value in the near future, as throwing some light upon local paralyses and such extraordinary paralysoïd diseases as aphasia. Nor will they be without value to psychology—a science which we are but just commencing to put to practical purposes in alienological medicine, criminal jurisprudence, and, above all, in education. Dogs deprived of both cerebral hemispheres lived for eighteen months, strong and healthy, but perfect idiots. For some time it was necessary to feed them, but though they finally learned to eat food, they never attained to seeking it. Although intellectual powers were lost by removing the hemispheres of the cerebrum, removal of the cerebellum caused simply loss of control over the muscles, so that the act of walking had to be learned over again, without any visible loss of intellectuality.

But if we put an end to vivisection, where are we to stop? Is it allowable to cut a hydra in two? May we not experiment on the terrible cholera bacillus? If not, neither are we justified in cutting up cabbages or paring potatoes. If yes, what particular species of animal shall be our boundary line between permissible and prohibited vivisection? Where is the evidence that the hydra does not experience pain when cut in pieces, notwithstanding that each piece is capable of forming a new animal? And there are naturalists who decry vivisection, but who do not hesitate to transfix an insect by putting a pin through its head! It is possible that we may carry on our experiments with more humanity than at present. Is it necessary in the interests of science to keep brainless dogs for a year and a half, assuming that these dogs suffer an appreciable amount, or, indeed, any pain during the continuance of their life? But vivisection will only last so long as physiological and medical knowledge is in its present incomplete state. We shall undoubtedly find a substitute as mankind advances in knowledge, in ingenuity, and in sympathy. We must accept it to-day, not to laud it, not to exult over it, but as a necessary evil, to be tolerated rather than admired. The Tasmanian mother who killed her infants did a kindness, not only to the children, who would have died of starvation during their wanderings, but also to the tribe, which could ill support the added burden. A civilised mother who followed her example would be convicted of wilful murder, and either executed or sent to penal servitude. In this case, as in vivisection, the offense gains force as the society advances in civilisation. While it must be granted, that if the infliction of a few minutes' pain during an operation should obviate the relatively greater pain of several years or half a life-time of ill-health, the lesser evil is preferable to the greater, we

\* *Code Beaumanoir*, titre 57 (quoted by Letourneau, *Évolution de la Morale*, p. 353).

† Garofalo, "*La criminologie*" (Paris, 1892), p. 31.



must take into consideration that in matters of health above all things prevention is better than cure, and that healthy breeding, right-living, careful attention to sanitation and personal hygiene, will do more to make vivisection superfluous than all the declamation in the world.

There are two ways by which the rights of animals may be enforced. The first is legislation: the second, education. Of the two, the latter is by far to be preferred. Over-legislation is a crying evil of our days. We have got so accustomed to imagine that parliaments are omnipotent, that one day we shall be awakened from our dream with a rude shock. At best, the Legislature represents only the highest intellect of the land; as a rule, it comes woefully short of that ideal. An average legislative assembly, elected by popular suffrage, represents, we may say, the intellectual, scientific, and æsthetic mediocrity of its electors. Unless those electors, therefore, be themselves educated into right-doing and right-thinking, their representatives will not be able to do much in the direction of humanity. But popular opinion reacts in another way upon legislative enactment. If popular habit or thought be far below the new law, the law gradually becomes a dead letter and is either repealed, or allowed to lie forgotten upon the statute-book. Men will never be made sober or humane, wise or kindhearted, by the dragooning of an Act of Congress. Sooner or later the "old Adam" will reappear, and the latter end of that nation will be worse than the first. Finally, the attempt to inculcate right-living by law is demoralising. It tends to crush the sense of justice and liberty; to substitute for the one legality, and for the other a sense of reliance, not upon individual effort and voluntary mutual assistance, but upon a higher power to which we are to cringe. It is a new image of gold set up by a new Nebuchadnezzar, none the less despotic because the Nebuchadnezzar is Demos itself. Nature makes no leaps, as the old schoolmen were wont to say, and progress must be slow and gradual. It is an old proverb that if each householder would keep clean his own house-front, the whole street would be clean; and if each individual strive to add a little to the factors in favor of progress, legislation will be unnecessary. It is by such education, first of self, then of those around us, and, lastly, of those who are to succeed us, that the rights of animals as of ourselves shall be secured.

#### STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

VI.

THIRTY years ago, when I first came to London, Mr. Fox was among my first acquaintances. I came over as an antislavery Virginian, to try and influence

public opinion, which seemed to be going in favor of the Southern Confederacy. There was a sharp division of feeling; in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, I was mobbed while giving an address to a large audience, the Confederate sympathisers struggling for fifteen minutes to take possession of the platform. I lectured on the War throughout the country. In London the management of the American Union cause was largely in the hands of South Place members, among them Peter Taylor, M. P., by whom I was introduced to Mr. Fox and to the South Place Society. Mr. Fox was still a member of Parliament, but for some time had been unable to attend, and retired in that year, 1863. Though his strength was abated, the old fire sometimes kindled in his eye, and in his voice the music that had charmed so many. For though, as I once heard Froude say, the masses bent beneath Fox's eloquence as forests under a storm, it was an Æolian storm: it was not the demagogue's ram's horn overthrowing Jericho's, but an Orphic strain building the walls of civilisation. I heard him read in private very impressively the part of the king in 'Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part I; the other characters being taken by his friends. I used to visit him a good deal; he loved to talk of Emerson, Parker, Longfellow, and other Americans; also of South Place friends. (I had given discourses in the Chapel, but had no thought of remaining in England.) The beautiful and gracious old man, with his soft eye, his silvery hair parted in the middle, flowing around his serene face, remains a picture in my memory. He died June 3, 1864, and it was among my first offices as minister of the Society to attend his funeral in Brompton Cemetery, and to deliver in the Chapel the memorial discourse, afterwards printed.

I had come at a time when many English radicals of the Chartist times were sinking into their graves, and I officiated at the interment of several,—James Watson, William Lovett, Mrs. Hetherington, and others. And I may add here that it has fallen to me to deliver commemorative discourses in honor of W. J. Fox, President Lincoln, Cobden, Dickens, Maurice, Mazzini, Mill, Strauss, Livingstone, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Clifford, "George Eliot," Dean Stanley, President Garfield, Darwin, Longfellow, Carlyle, Emerson, Louis Blanc, Harriet Martineau, Mary Carpenter, James Waterlow, Bishop Colenso, Phillips Brooks, Renan, Tennyson. All of these I had personally known (except Miss Martineau and Garfield). The only personage whose career I believed it necessary to judge with severity was the late Napoleon III., my strictures on whom, reported in the press, brought me some angry and threatening letters. This by the way.

I was just thirty-one when I began here; but a long pilgrimage it had been from Methodist itinerancy



on the Potomac to the South Place pulpit. I came from sitting at the feet of Emerson. My early law studies survived in a keen interest in controversies. I lived several miles away from the Chapel, and used to start early enough on Sunday mornings to pass an hour on Smithfield Common. There, over the ashes of martyrs, orthodoxy and atheism used to struggle; and I, seeking to convert both to South Place salvation, played the part of Mr. Facing-both-ways, and was pleasantly pelted by both. Supernaturalism I had rejected long before.

The Society was burdened with debt, the congregation had dwindled under the liturgical preacher, Mr. Barnett, and there had even been a discussion as to whether the Chapel should not be closed. They could only pay me a hundred and fifty pounds salary for eight years, so hard was the struggle to rebuild the Society. During the first year it was thought a fine thing if one hundred attended. But the Society conceded me boundless freedom of utterance, even when I had to draw heavily on the same,—as when, early in 1869, I announced that I was unwilling to offer prayers to an all-wise Being. From that time to this there has been no prayer at South Place. The same revolution was made at the chapel in St. Paul's Road, in Camden Town, where I began evening discourses in June, 1868, which were discontinued after thirteen years, because I was unequal to the double work. I ceased with regret, for that Society was large and flourishing, having had the advantage of being vehemently attacked by the clergy. The Christian Evidence Society got up a visitation in the neighborhood to crush our heresies, and one of the clergymen made such misrepresentations of our teachings that he was rebuked by the late Archbishop of Canterbury,—after which I was never troubled by the London clergy, but treated by them with much respect.

It had been a feature of South Place in Fox's time that public teachers could be heard there who could be heard nowhere else. Once a woman had spoken there, the celebrated author Fanny Wright. That, however, had been forgotten, and it was thought an innovation, though welcomed by the Society, when, in 1869, I invited Mrs. Bruce (Universalist) to preach. A number of ladies afterwards occupied the pulpit,—Mrs. Ernestine Rose, who gave us an account of her friend Robert Owen; Elizabeth Cady Stanton; Mary Livermore; Miss Helen Taylor; Mrs. Besant; Mrs. Ormiston Chant; Mrs. Frederika Macdonald. I say "pulpit," for until 1872 there was a high pulpit, with communion table in front, and high-backed pews, ancient instruments of torture. The chapel was built in a puritanical age, and we have but gradually attained any decoration. We have always preserved the traditions of pulpit hospitality. Two of the ablest

pulpit orators of America, Frothingham and Higginson, would never have been heard in London at all but for this old Society; and at the same time Unitarians in regular standing—among them Rev. Charles T. Brooks, Robert Collyer, Graham Brooks—have been as cordially received. When Keshub Chunder Sen visited London he was first heard at South Place, as the founder of his Brahmo-Somaj, Rammohun Roy, was heard thirty-seven years before. In our Chapel Sir Cumara Swamy of Ceylon gave his course of lectures on the Schools of Hindu Philosophy. Courses of lectures have also been given by other eminent men; Max Müller, Huxley, Tyndall, and the younger Darwin have occupied the platform. Charles Darwin was a warm friend of the Society, and Sir Charles and Lady Lyell used often to attend. Mill, Clifford, Cairnes, Newman, and other leading thinkers, cheered me on in my Ministry, and the Chapel became the recognised organ of free religious thought in London. Beneath the building there is a stone inscribed: "Sacred to the one God, the Father." But that stone was not our rest: deeper than that was the aspiration which wrote the inscription and went on singing "Nearer, nearer, my God," until the divine drew near in the genius of humanity. So we have, really though not literally, added another foundation-stone—"Sacred to Reason and Love in their struggle with Unreason and Inhumanity."

At length, after twenty-one years, it appeared to me best to retire. It is better to retire when people say, "Why do you?" than wait till they say, "why don't you?" I was anxious to do some work in critical revision of American history; the "Life of Thomas Paine" remained to be written; and these were private reasons for returning to my native land, in which I had always retained citizenship. I was able to leave in London a large and flourishing Society which, I believed, could not fail to find some leader of the new generation to bear it on to larger life and fruitage. But events have brought me back to London, on the eve of the Society's centenary. The story of its hundred years has some points which, I have thought, might interest my countrymen. It was founded by an American, and by an American its history is now for the first time dug out of accumulated archives. Concerning my own connexion with the Society, to which the heart of my life has been given, I have of course been able to say but little.

I am still hoping for the true leader of this ancient Society, whose works of benevolence and reform fill the week, whose free classical concerts delight the Sabbath-oppressed city on Sunday evenings,—I am still hoping for the true leader to appear. But whether he be near or afar, I feel certain that this old institution will not fail. It has hidden foundations in human



needs, in its love of truth and freedom, in its unwearied courage, its helpfulness and humanity. Another hundred years will find on its platform one who shall tell our children's children a sequel yet braver than the story now inadequately told on its Centenary.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

EVEN the burglar interest is depressed and uncomfortable, owing to the low price of silver and the prevailing want of confidence in our monetary standard. It appears by the dispatches from Ohio that the professors of grand larceny in that State have thrown additional discredit upon the white metal by refusing to steal it until the free coinage of it shall be decreed by Congress at the value established by the fathers of the republic in the reign of Washington. A few nights ago, at Cincinnati, a burglar having entered the house of a citizen, appropriated some watches, bracelets, and other articles of gold, but scornfully rejected the silver spoons and forks that he found in large numbers on the premises. Before leaving, he sat down to partake of some refreshment in the shape of peaches and wine, but this ill-timed indulgence proved injurious to business, for the owner of the house, being awakened by the clink of the glasses, gave an alarm, and in a few moments the burglar, with his golden booty upon him, was in the hands of the police. In explanation of his apparent hostility to silver, he said that he was not a monometallist, nor was he in any way connected with the great conspiracy between Wall Street and Lombard Street; that he stood on the Republican platform which "demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals," and also on the Democratic platform, which "holds to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver, without discriminating against either metal or charge for mintage"; but being a Republican in Republican states and a Democrat in Democratic states, he must be consistent with the bimetallism of both parties. Therefore he could not afford to steal silver except at the old ratio of sixteen to one.

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It is evident from a glance at the silver debate in Congress that our tawdry habit of "distinguishing" one another on every possible occasion has become fixed and incorrigible in the code of mutual admiration. In the Senate every man refers with insipid courtesy to every other as "the distinguished Senator"; every member of the House is "the distinguished gentleman," and so through the state legislatures and all the grades of society down to the Limekiln Club, where Brudder Waydown Beebe and Brudder Givadam Jones compliment each other as "de distinguished kalsominer" and "de distinguished deputy conductor ob de Pullman car." Not long ago, in a Republican convention, I heard one colored member refer to another as "de distinguished criterion from de Fourth Ward," and although I have no better idea of what he meant than he had, I look upon the flattery as more dignified, in sound at least, than the weak and diluted sweetness administered by members of Congress to one another when the member from Indiana speaks of "the distinguished gentleman from Illinois," and the member from Illinois replies to "the distinguished gentleman from Indiana." The newspapers have caught the habit; and I read in one of them the other day that "our distinguished coroner held an inquest on the body." I can stand that, if anybody can, but when the President of my country is classified as "distinguished freight," I draw the line right there. Must I submit to this: "Buzzard's Bay, August 29.—The storm necessitated changes in the plans for the departure of President Cleveland for Washington to-day. The yacht 'Oneida' awaits

its distinguished freight to-night." There is a limit even to flattery.

\* \* \*

Yesterday was the eighty-fourth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the papers tell us that it was a festival day for him. In the very best of health, he sat among his books receiving callers and opening letters of congratulation that poured upon him from loving friends and admirers in different parts of the world. The buoyant spirit of his college days was upon him, and the ardor of youth was in his conversation. Clear and bright as ever, from its original fountain came the rippling poetry and humor that have refreshed and invigorated so many weary travellers in this world. It is reported that he spoke with touching pathos of the old Harvard days, and averred that the public spirit of the time was higher and stronger then than it is now. This may be true, but the decay is not for long. The old spirit is well preserved in the works of men like Holmes, and there is enough of it in their books to reanimate the people. In the serene happiness of his four-score years and four he may look forward or backward with equal joy. Whenever he may go, his genius will remain with us to encourage and to teach. He has lived long without growing old, and others may learn to do so if they will. While many men of sixty-four shiver in what they fancy is the winter of old age, it is only Indian summer with Oliver Wendell Holmes, although his years are eighty-four; and should he live to see his hundredth birthday, may it be Indian summer with him still.

\* \* \*

In the county of Wicklow in Ireland is a beautiful valley called Avoca where several streams flowing from different parts of the country meet and commune together on their journey to the sea. The scene inspired the poet Moore to write a song in which he says:

"Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,  
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

With that bright vision in the mind, I have contemplated the approaching Parliament of Religions where the hearts of all the long estranged theologies from all the corners of the earth were to come together in friendship, and like the waters in the valley of Avoca be "mingled in peace." An enthusiastic friend of the parliament, writing in the *Nation* says: "No such assembly has ever been seen on earth as will then be gathered in Chicago. Leading representatives of every existing faith will be present in person or contribute papers, animated by the wish to ascertain wherein they agree, rather than to magnify differences." Judging by the evidences at present visible, I fear that the search for the desired agreement will be made in the old sectarian spirit where each one says to the other, "How far do you agree with *me*?" and where never a man says to his neighbor, "Thus far do I agree with *you*." Old Deacon Streeter of Marbletown was a very orthodox member of the Presbyterian church, and speaking to me one day of Shadrach Bowles, who happened to be a Universalist, he said: "Shad is a broad-minded, liberal man; he often comes to our church on a Sunday." "And," I said, "I suppose you sometimes go to his church too." "Oh, no," replied the deacon, "I would not like to set such an example." I am afraid that every delegate will go home as rigidly orthodox as he came, convinced that all the others belong to a stiff-necked and rebellious generation.

\* \* \*

A comical bit of self-righteousness appears in a Chicago paper of August 31. It is wrapped up in a leading article patronising and praising five Buddhist priests "who will assist at the Christian service in the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago next Sunday morning." The delighted editor says: "This is one of the benign incidents growing out of the Parliament of Religions now pro-



gressing." It is indeed a most interesting eccentricity, but if it is meant as an example of a blending of religions it is only half an incident, and it will not be complete until five Presbyterian ministers assist at the Buddhist service on the Sunday following. This "benign incident" we shall never see, because like Deacon Stree-ter, the Presbyterian ministers will never "set such an example." After giving welcome to all the sects in a most hospitable way, the editor, glowing with religious fervor, says, "Worship begun with Buddhist priests participating in a Calvinistic service must be a phenomenon that inaugurates a new era." Then in the true spirit of sectarian conciliation he proceeds to show the Buddhist priests and all other heathen visitors how superior to their own benighted creeds is the religion of Chicago. With chivalrous politeness he tells them that "the countries in which their religion reposes are those in which human progress lies wrinkled like an ancient parchment," while the Christian religion "leads the way over the globe in philosophy, in science, in arts, and in commerce, the civiliser." That comparison is not intentionally offensive; it is really bestowed as kindly patronage, but it was inevitable by reason of the subject matter. When a man compares religions, the temptation to exalt his own above the others becomes irresistible, and it may safely be predicted that this will appear in the coming Parliament. The man who regards all creeds with equal charity has no creed of his own. M. M. TRUMBULL.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BIBLE, ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER. By *Jabez Thomas Sunderland*. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

These last years have witnessed the appearance of many books which treat of the Bible in a rational, critical manner. And not only have such works issued from the ranks of independent and non-sectarian scholars, but have also come from the hands of advanced orthodox teachers. All these books seek to incorporate, more or less faithfully, according to the leanings of their authors, the results of modern critical research in this field. And in all a tendency to mediation is noticeable. Radical thinkers are abandoning the hostile and militant positions they once held; and conservative orthodox scholars are leaving in a body the crumbling fortress of ancient literalism. So complete, in fact, has been this revolution, that the exponents of the old school can now be regarded as only fossil relics of a prehistoric age of human opinion. But these views have not yet reached the people, nor, for that matter, their exponents, the rank and file of the clergy. The highest theological scholars of both the Protestant and Catholic Churches hold views which, judged by the expositions of the popular clergy, are rank heresy. But this fact is only another instance of the truth that the world, even in matters of simple critical opinion, is always a full century behind its thinkers, to appreciate which we have only to recollect that the majority of people to-day are still struggling and are still satisfied with the eighteenth century rationalistic interpretations of the Bible and Bible miracles, and explain by long arrays of analogous facts and overwhelming scientific arguments the resurrection of Jesus as an awakening from a swoon! Such a state of things make popular books of this kind necessary.

Mr. Sunderland is a Unitarian. He is reverent. In fact he states his thoughts with *great* dispassionateness and reverence. In the light of his calmness it will shock no one to hear that the Bible is but one of the many sacred works of mankind; that it is not a single, complete, and unified work, but simply a library of the literature of a very religiously minded nation, having a history extending through many centuries; that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, but is of a composite character; that there is a legendary element in the Gospels; that, generally speaking, the Bible is not infallible, contains contradictions, absurd statements

and exaggerations, is full of historical and scientific mistakes, and even gives us morally degrading representations of God—the outcome of the imaginations of not fully civilised peoples. In proof of all these facts the author's simple argument is that Bible history must be subject to the same canons of criticism as other history. And the results of this criticism are facts like those stated above. There are not two kinds of truth, a religious and a scientific truth, but one truth. If the voice of truth is not heeded, not science but religion will be the chief sufferer. This is the immoral aspect of the question. The adherence of the Church to the doctrine of Bible infallibility is driving men into infidelity and hypocrisy. The human mind will not stand such patent stultification, as absolute belief in the letter of the Bible demands of it. There is in the Bible a truth which all should take account of. It is a storehouse of valuable religious material, a book of practical religion, spiritual consolation and quickening, as none other in the world. But by the method of the Church, men are repelled from it, and irretrievably lost to its beauties.

"No, the Bible is not all true; but neither is it all false. It cannot all be accepted, unless one is willing to shut his eyes, and not only trample upon his own reason and intelligence, but also upon the biblical scholarship of the world. But much of it can be accepted, and must be accepted, unless we are willing to violate every principle of correct literary and moral judgment, and deeply injure ourselves and mankind."

The book is, thus, a lesson both for the infatuated bibliolater and the irrational infidel. It is written for popular study and its contents are so arranged and presented as to be easily got at. Appended to it is "A list of books for biblical study and reading, with critical comments." This list is a good and useful one, but contains no foreign works except such as are translated. It is also not discriminative, authors of not very high rank being admitted with scholars of the very highest standing,—a circumstance which in view of the purpose for which the list is designed is perhaps pardonable. The critical comments show, as does in fact the whole book, that the author's position is one of a mediator between the two extremes of biblical scholarship. μκρκ.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 316. (VOL. VII.—37.) CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## DO NOT FORCE YOUR RELIGION ON OTHERS!

A LARGE part of our people ask for the free coinage of silver. Another large part object to this.

The gold men object to having a silver-standard currency forced upon them; and the silver men object to having a gold-standard currency further forced upon them.

Why not satisfy both? Coin the gold-standard currency as now for those who wish to use it, and a silver-standard currency for those who wish to use that. Each standard of currency to take care of itself. No redemption of silver-standard money in gold, nor of gold-standard money in silver.

All moneys coined up to the time of the adoption of this method, and all paper money issued, based upon that, to be redeemed in gold, and all obligations and contracts entered into, due of course in the gold standard in which they were contracted or which was in force at the time they originated.

Both standards of money to be treated alike by the government. Fractional currency to be coined for each standard independently.

Also, paper moneys to be issued upon each of the standards alike.

The revenue of the government to be raised, approximately, one-half in each of the two standards.

All future expenditures by the government not already contracted for and thereby understood to be in the gold standard, to be arranged for approximately one-half in each of the money-standards. Also, bonds in the silver standard to be issued—principal and interest to be payable in silver, if this can be done as profitably as the issue of bonds in the gold standard.

To facilitate the bringing of the silver-standard money into use, the new free-coinage silver dollar\* to be given fine silver of such weight that it shall have approximately the value of the gold dollar at the time of the adoption of the law.

The government ought not to meddle with things for which it was not created. As I understand the Constitution, it is the government's business to coin

for the people both gold and silver money, but not to fix and uphold a ratio between the two.

Furnish both kinds of money. Give both equal chances, and let the people take care of the rest. Save us from the present un-American paternalism!

Our silver men think that the debtor class is wronged, and money made scarce to the detriment of trade, by the change from the silver to the gold standard by several countries, and also by our own formal demonetization of silver in 1873.

Well, give all who desire it the chance to use silver-standard money entirely, and to try how much gold they can thereby set free, and make gold cheaper.

If, as I believe, the gold-standard money is better and will win in the long run, let the several parts of our people ascertain what is best for them, themselves—do not force a money upon them which they do not want. To do this would be as wrong as to try to force a particular religion upon any part of our people.

Should we gold men succeed in defeating the free silver coinage and continue to force the single standard upon the silver men, a partial disaffection of the latter towards our national government will be the result, and it will be of a sectional character, against which Washington in his farewell address particularly warns us.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

## THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE AS A BASIS FOR UNIVERSAL RELIGIOUS UNION.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

THE remark is often made that differences of opinion in religions as in other matters spring from differences in temperament, from variations in the constitutional make-up of the individual, and are therefore inseparably associated with intellectual activity. Oddly enough, this plea, which is used to estop religious inquiry, is wholly forgotten when the question at issue is a scientific instead of a religious one. Men feel that science is a unit; that a scientific idea cannot be true and false at the same time; that there is no purely scientific problem whose ultimate solution need be wholly despaired of.

The reason for this state of mind we need not go

\*It might be wise to give the new free coinage silver dollar a new name, for instance, a *crozon*, to avoid confusion.



far to seek. Men know that science deals with observable and verifiable facts, and they feel, even when they do not explicitly avow, at least in the depths of their own consciences, that the ground-work of religion is in a realm of phantasms and blind emotions which evade all legitimate scientific tests. Under such circumstances, those whose critical habit of mind or rigid intellectual integrity permit them not to seek in the fumes of fancy the gratification of their spiritual sense, come inevitably to surrender, perhaps with infinite regret, all the hopes and solaces of religion, preferring to be crucified upon the tree of barren reality rather than to enter ignobly into a kingdom of glory.

But this sublime sacrifice will no longer be necessary when men come to realise that there is possible a religion of science; a religion essentially continuous with the past experience of the race and yet dependent upon no presuppositions, or surmises, or speculations, or dogmas, or supramundane machinery; a religion in which every religious need is met and every religious emotion justified; and a religion, finally, whose catholicity is broad enough to bring together in fraternal union all the adherents of all the creeds.

The catholicity of the religion of science arises from the fact that its only necessary postulates are the common heritage of all mankind, or rather that it is practically conterminous with the religious heritage of mankind. It appears that religious controversies are not, as a rule, waged around truly religious questions, but rather around the supposititious metempiric entities by which it is attempted to explain and justify religious experience.

The elements that go to make up the organised religions of the world do not partake in an equal degree of a truly religious character. Every fact has, it is true, a religious aspect, as it has a scientific aspect; that is, it may be considered simply as a fact, or as a symbol or vehicle of cosmic unity. But some facts are far more religious than others; the crystalline structure of a mineral, for example, may have more religious significance than a fossil worm-track, and less than the wagging of the tail of a pleased dog.

Some facts, of the nature of abstractions, are always and essentially religious in a high degree; such are order, law, beauty, sublimity, in the cosmic group, prayer, virtue, love, and aspiration in the psychological group, and acts of worship and beneficence in the social group. Other supposed facts are currently looked upon as religious, because of their close connection with religious thought and experience, but really are not so.

In the latter class are of course to be included those entirely indifferent scientific, or historical data, real or suppositive, which have become fortuitously attached to a religious system, such as many to be found in the

Jewish scriptures and in that class of Oriental systems of which the cosmogony of the Blavatsky theosophists is a fair type.

It is also true, though far less apparent, that to this category must be assigned the ontological and cosmological conceptions of God, soul, heaven, hell, purgatory, angels, and demons, and, in short, the whole metaphysical or metempirical machinery of the prevailing creeds.

The notion of God as a distinct being is not strictly a religious but a philosophical notion.

If the soul is a distinct element in the human make-up, it cannot, *as such*, be considered as having any more religious significance than the oxygen that enters into the composition of water.

If heaven and hell and purgatory are places, they cannot escape being placed, as such, in the same category as Australia, and the moon, and the star Sirius.

If angels and demons really do have a personal existence, they are as truly scientific facts as are men and trees, and must take a place by their side in natural history.

Any or all of these names might represent distinct objective entities without giving any place for religion. The religious elements in the conceptions which they represent are not the ontological and cosmological ones, but those which belong to the psychological and the pragmatic order.

It is not upon the *being* of God, but upon his fatherhood, his universal providence, his unchangeable law, his supreme beauty and glory, that religion depends. It is possible to believe in a God-being without believing in religion; but it is not possible to recognise a Divine Fatherhood, whatever its seat, without admitting the human sonship, with all that it implies.

Thus it is not a spiritual entity in man that is of concern to religion, but a spiritual life, a spiritual thought, a spiritual endeavor.

Neither is it of localities of reward and purification and punishment that religion takes cognisance, but of the beautifying, purifying, and retributive sequences inseparably attached to human conduct.

And of what importance to any religion are its angels and demons except in so far as they are identified with those subtle influences for good and evil which no one can deny to emanate from every nook and cranny of the human environment.

To the gods and saints and supramundane and inframundane, premundane or postmundane worlds with which the polytheistic and atheistic religions deal, the same distinction will apply.

In all cases the strictly religious sphere is that which lies between and connects the ontological and the psychological, the universe at large and the human individuality.



Now, as a general rule, religious differences lie in the realm of objective being, and religious agreements in that of inner experience. In other words, the differences which purport to be religious and are maintained and fought over in the name of religion, are really not religious differences at all, but relate to alleged facts of a purely speculative interest.

The religion of science, by paring away all the special ontological bases of religious conceptions, leaving only the world of sensible phenomena and the intellectual, affective, and volitional life which is associated with it, has furnished for the first time in history what would appear to be a practical basis for a universal religious fellowship, in which the adherents of every religion can join with those of all others in a common recognition of all the religious truths dear to any, even without necessarily sacrificing such positive convictions as they may cherish regarding the existence and nature of any alleged invisible entities, supposed to lie behind or beyond the cosmic activities and human receptivities and reactions by which religious experience is constituted. For the religion of science does not mean a religion for scientific men exclusively; it means a religion which takes the facts of science as a basis, instead of hypothetical beings of a metempiric character.

Universal subjectivity may be equally the object of love and devotion and obedience, whether it be called Osiris-Ra-Tum, Assur-Il, Ahura-Mazda, Tien, Atma-Brahmâ, Karma, Mahâdevi, Adonai-Elohim, or the World-All; whether it be focussed into the irrefragable unity of an Allah, or dispersed into the hierarchies of Vedic, Græco-Roman, Christian, Norse, or Polynesian mythology, or diffused equally throughout all nature, as by the Mongols and other animistic people.

The religious instincts of man, his lofty aspirations, his undying ideals, his expansive sympathies, his virile self-direction, his discriminating intelligence, are equally real and equally efficient instruments of religious experience, whether they spring from the complex activities of organised matter, from the simple energy of an unextended spirit, or from the interaction of a triad or septenary of associated principles.

The blessedness by which virtue is rewarded, the painful experience by which imperfections are eliminated, the obscuration and anguish which is the penalty of evil-doing, are facts which persevere amid all contentions of creeds about heavens and hells.

Elysium, Valhalla, Devachan, Tushita-world, Spirit Land, Happy Hunting Ground—what do these signify but the joyous outcome of accomplished duty? What matters Kâma Loca, or Purgatory, or the struggle for existence, so only that the soul be purified? In remorse, in spiritual and moral atrophy, does there not lie as deep damnation as Tartarus or Avitchi or Nifle-

heim or all the paraphernalia of a whole series of hells can threaten?

\* \* \*

Thus might we go through the whole list of religious conceptions and find every one of them, in some disguise or other, in every religion, associated in various degrees with metaphysical backgrounds of every conceivable character, regarding which alone all the disruptive controversies are waged.

If this be so, the religion of science, a religion which needs no other foundation than the ascertained facts of science, may very well raise the banner of universal reconciliation, and call the ministers of the world's religions from their ontological speculations and historical controversies to the undeniable facts of universal experience, in which there is abundant room for every really religious element of every system that has ever existed.

#### "BOSTON MARRIAGES."

BY SUSAN CHANNING.

"Most poor matters  
Point to rich ends."—*The Tempest*.

EDNA D. CHENEY, in a very interesting letter in *The Open Court* some time ago, made a most pathetic plea for what is termed "Boston Marriages," which she defines to be sympathetic unions between two women, who select a common home and agree to live together and share each other's burdens, and further adds of them: "In our present state of civilisation they seem necessary and should not be interfered with."

We heartily agree with her, for sympathy and spiritual support are as imperative needs of our nature as food and shelter. And since, in our present state of civilisation, marriage, like wealth, is getting to be more and more the privilege of the few, the women unsought in wedlock or unable to obtain the man of their choice should have the right to form sympathetic unions with one another, unmolested by parents, relatives, or the public. Their separation from kith and kin and the "bed and board" of their own family is justifiable upon the theory of physiological selection of Romanes, or upon the hypothesis of pangenesis advanced by Darwin; the latter claiming that one may be born with the brutish instincts of some remote ancestor, and the former that the infant may differ greatly from every ancestral type, or as Carlyle admirably expresses the theory: "New Mirabeaus one hears not of; the wild kindred has gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do; producing after long ages of unnoted notability some quintessence of all the qualities they had; to flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest as if exhausted; the sceptre passing to others." When such instances occur among animals, they invariably



separate from the original group and form a group of their own. Women, then, are but obeying a law of nature when they separate from their uncongenial kindred and unite with those of similar tastes, habits, and pursuits to their own, without regard to sex. The cuckoo, although for many hundreds of generations born in a family whose language is that of a chirp and a twitter, will never adopt either the habits or language of its foster-parents, but quits its nest as soon as it is able to fly, to seek the companionship of its own kinsfolk. In the case of man, the bonds which bind him to his fellows are not those of mere flesh and blood, but ideas, principles, and spiritual thoughts; although we all know that, as a physiological fact, "blood is thicker than water." Yet, when we attempt to apply this truth to human relations, we find that the ties of kinship have never been as binding a force as those created by community of thought and feeling. The history of Christian and, indeed, of all persecutions, supplies ample evidence on this point. During the period of Rome's conversion to Christianity, husbands and wives abandoned one another, and parents deserted their children to enter the Church; and during the Spanish Inquisition parents stood by rejoicing, while their heretical children endured the tortures of the rack or were burnt at the stake. Lecky, in describing the effect of opposite religious belief and sympathies upon the domestic relations of Roman families during this period, says: "The husband, as he laid his head on the pillow by his wife, had the bitterness of thinking that all her sympathies were withdrawn from him; that her affections belonged to an alien priesthood and to a foreign creed. He was to her only an outcast, as a brand prepared for the burning."

The religion of science teaches more convincingly than the Christian Fathers or the Church of to-day that it is the duty of the individual to bear and forbear, not only with those of his own kindred, but with all mankind. For as the spectroscope has revealed to us that particles of matter on this earth pulsate in unison with particles of matter in the stars, so scientific religion, which bases its creed on the facts of biology, heredity, and anthropology, has shown us the solidarity of mankind, and that the material and spiritual nature of each individual pulsates in unison with the past and present of the human race, and will so pulsate through all time; and, also, that as geology teaches that even a single drop of water leaves its impress on the earth upon which it falls, and, as maintained by Forbes, the botanist, climatic variations of the past are reflected in the fauna and flora of the present, and that the Glacial Age has left its distinct mark on the flora of the present day, so heredity and psychology teach that every deed leaves its impress

and distinct mark on the human organism. From this truth has been evolved the economic law of "All for all," and also the modern doctrine that "Injury to one is injury to all," as against the former doctrine of "All against each, and each against all."

This modern law of conduct, in its practical recognition that we "are no longer twain, but of one flesh," is Monism. In the case, however, of the family one can often better serve humanity and develop individuality away from the home and where conditions are more in harmony with the character of the individual. Harriet Martineau said, she so feared her mother, who had kept her in subjection until her fortieth year, that she could never tell her the truth. Ruskin, in his "Preterita," says: "As a boy I regarded my parents as I did the terrible forces of nature and not with a loving spirit." J. S. Mill stood in such relations to his father during boyhood that in after life, although he differed with him greatly on many topics, he never dared to speak out, except when some great principle was involved.

We have endeavored, on general principles, to justify "Boston Marriages." But, is it not pitiable to see poor girls, although no longer handicapped by society, yet by their own physical nature, cast into the world to struggle alone for a livelihood and "bide the pelting of this pitiless storm," while their natural coadjutors are seeking luxurious Benedict apartments and club-house enjoyments, instead of these same girls as wives and homes where there is "plain living and high thinking." We do not claim that all the misery and sin caused by this state of things is due entirely to the men. The number of men who are "gluttonous, wine-bibbers, and friends of publicans and sinners," is not much in excess of the number of women, who, when in the wilderness, cry out for the succulent roots, fruits, and flesh-pots of Egypt. Like the children of Israel, onions and carrots are better in their eyes than love and children with privation. We agree with Goethe, that no man is properly dependent who is not wholly independent, and with Emerson, that no man is a whole man who cannot earn an honest livelihood. Neither, in our opinion, is any woman properly dependent who is not wholly independent, nor is she a whole woman unless she can earn an honest livelihood. Still, if the social and economic independence of woman is going to make her avoid marriage, except with men of assured wealth or position, then it is an evil instead of a good, for it is the sons of capable women that the world is more in need of than their personal efforts. Francis Galton has pointed out in all his works that gifted men have always had intelligent and well-endowed mothers. Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," says: "There is hardly a man of rank in Persia who is not born of a Georgian



or Circassian mother. These two nations surpass all the world in personal beauty. The Persian nobles get all their beauty from their mothers and not from their fathers, who are the descendants of the Tartars, who are an extremely ugly race." Still, variation in bodily structure and originality of mind is claimed by Darwin to occur more frequently in the male than in the female, and hence arises the need of women seeking a capable, rather than simply a rich man.

Two citizens courting the daughter of Themistocles, he preferred the worthy man to the rich one, and assigned this reason: He had rather she should have a man without money, than money without a man. Your Midas, that turns everything into gold that he touches, rarely begets "golden lads," as Shakespeare calls the children of genius. The father of the "immortal William," himself failed utterly in business, but he loved art and the drama, and he had hospitable instincts and begot a "golden lad." Love of money destroys the higher instincts in man or woman. "Possession," Renan has said, "is not an evil, yet the acquisition of riches implies some imperfection, because, if the wealthy man had been less eager for gain, less engrossed in business, more mindful of his spiritual life; if he had given more alms and shown more of the liberality which marks a lofty mind, he would not have been so rich. We make our fortunes by our faults, because, in order to become wealthy, we must insist upon our rights, be careful of our money, take advantage of others, go to law; things which, although not wrong, are not the best nor the fit work of a lofty mind." As the proverb says, "The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and the destruction of the poor is their poverty, but the labor of the righteous tendeth to life." Let us hope that all the labors of woman and her higher education tendeth to righteousness and to life.

And this seems to be the fact, according to Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, a former president of Wellesley College, who, at a recent meeting of the Quill Club of New York City, said: "Girls go to college for the very reason that sends their brothers to college. The question of health has been tested, and the results show that women's colleges has laid a strong and healing hand on the American home." She dwells also on the earnestness and consecration of the educated woman who leaves college asking, not, what can I get, but what can I do? That educated women are doing something is evident, since this year in Yale College, for the first time in its history, a woman in the post-graduate department joined in one of the famous debates in the Mathematical Club, by reading a paper on the "The History of the Infinite Series," and another young woman recently read an interesting paper before the Biological Seminary of Poughkeepsie upon "Driesch's Developmental Mechanics."

Man, the "independent variable," is beginning to see that the "dependent variable" is on his track, and he is saying to his intellect, as the whiting in "Alice in Wonderland" said to the snail: "Can't you walk a little faster. There's a porpoise close behind me treading on my tail." Although up to the present, woman has shown less originality or inventive ability than man, still she remembers more, and her superior intuitive judgment is doubtless due to this fact. It is now well recognised that intuitional thought is cerebration so rapid that the mind cannot note the intermediate steps. Von Folk, in his "Art in the House," says: "Everything really great and beautiful which we know about and everything which exists to charm our astonished gaze is the creation of man. The temples of Egypt and Greece, the gigantic domes of the Middle Ages, the sculpture of the Parthenon, the frescoes of the Vatican, and all the other objects of pilgrimages to men of culture, 'whose souls are ever reaching for the land of beauty,' sprung from the masculine brain and were executed by man's hard hand." Of course, there have been female sculptors and painters who have used artistic language with the hand of a *virtuoso*, and no one maintains that nature has forever shut out the intellect and hand of woman from the field of high art.

But cultured women must show men that their education and economic independence does not engender false pride, but rather those democratic sympathies which prompt them to marry men of merit without regard to their means, and to help them with head and hand to "get something to put in the pot," and also recognise, as Fourier said, that "nothing is so good for *cunni* as a little washing and scrubbing."

There are people who maintain that there are already too many mouths at Nature's table. But this is not correct when all the facts are taken into the calculation. The French nation is now bewailing the smallness of their birth-rate. The celibacy of the intellectual and literary *élite* of the proletariat class is always a public calamity, and yet it is this class of men and women rather than the masses who are debarred by poverty and conscience from marrying and leaving offspring. Letourneau and Westermarck, are the two latest and best writers on the sex problem. The first named thinks that the present form of marriage is not to be the marriage of the future unless the State undertakes the care of the children.

It is unnecessary to discuss this question now, but we may say that the monogamic instinct is so deeply rooted in man's nature that it seems impossible to uproot it. As we regard the Boston Marriage it is not a poor matter, for it points to rich ends, and yet when compared with true marriage, it is a poor matter. We



may say of it as Charles Lamb said of music without words, "It is a frame without a picture."

We know the Leanders are not all dead, and they are ready to-day and will be to-morrow to swim the Hellespont, but the modern Hero must see that her lamp does not go out. All women, however, gifted with mind or money, need the companionship of a husband, and no great woman has escaped this desire. Sappho, the most gifted female genius of any age or country, fell a victim to it. Her unhappy love for Phaon inspired her magnificent "Ode to Venus"—the closing verse of which must find an echo in every woman's heart:

"Come then, now! Come once again!  
Ease my bosom of its pain!  
Let me all my wish obtain!  
Fight my battles thou!"

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

##### 1. THE FANATICS.

"LILAVATI, GOPA, make haste! help me to bolt the door of the house, and fasten the windows of the ground floor; I hear the feast-day processions coming, and I fear they will meet near by." Thus shouted the merchant Krishnadas to his sister and daughter, and the two women ran quickly out of the "zenana" down the stairway, for they knew there was danger in delay. When they had closed the strong wooden door, and secured it by means of an iron cross-bar, they breathed more freely.

It was in Benares, in October of the year 1840, at the Mohammedan feast of Muharram. As it not unfrequently happens, one of the numerous feasts of the Hindus fell upon the same day, and both sects were about to carry out the requirements of their religion by a procession. The Mohammedans moved toward the mosque of Aurangzeb, whose slender minarets tower high above the holy city of the Hindus; the adherents of the native faith, toward the neighboring temple of Vishesharnath. The two processions had to pass from opposite directions through one of the narrow streets leading from the *Chandi Chauk*, the Moonlight market, to the mosque.

On this street stood the house of Krishnadas. From the window of the upper story the family of the merchant looked out with breathless interest; for on the left could be heard the mournful cries of the Mohammedans, "Alas, Hassan! alas, Hussain!" in remembrance of the murder of the two sons of the Caliph Ali, and his wife Fatima; while on the right the murmuring of the praying Hindus became more and more distinct. It was but a few moments and the two processions met before the very door of Krishnadas. Involuntarily the shouts and prayers ceased, and for a moment a deep expectant silence ensued.

Then, from the front rank of the Hindus, a tall young man with firm energetic features, of a strongly marked foreign type, stepped forward and spoke: "Make way, and let us pass!"

But scarcely had he spoken when a howl of anger arose in the ranks of the Mohammedans: "Will you fall back, you unbelieving dogs!" and the foremost of the Moslems leaped forward, swinging the clubs with which they had provided themselves in anticipation of a conflict.

The Hindus began to fall back muttering; but the youth who had appointed himself their spokesman turned upon them a glance of boundless astonishment, drew himself up haughtily, and cried to his yielding comrades: "How now? will we give up the field for the cowslayers, the unclean herd? Stand, and force them back!"

A howl of rage from the Mohammedans was the reply, and in a trice they had surrounded the bold youth and separated him from his companions. Then with a swift movement he seized the club from the nearest of his assailants, smote him to the ground, and before the Mohammedans could recover from their astonishment at the unprecedented occurrence, with lightning speed he struck down a second, third, and fourth. A cry of surprise escaped the lips of Gopa looking out of the window with breathless attention: "Look! look! it is Mahadeva who has come down to destroy all enemies of our faith!"

At this very moment she cried out anxiously, for the supposed god had received a fearful blow on the breast, and sank against the door of the house. A red-bearded Mollah with glittering eyes shouted above the tumult, "Let me through to kill the dog!"

Willingly they made room for the fanatic in whose uplifted fist a dagger gleamed, but before he reached his victim something unexpected happened; the house-door flew open, the unconscious Hindu disappeared, and in a few seconds the cross-bar grated behind the closed door. The Mohammedans were indignant and endeavored to break down the door, but the well-joined timbers withstood them. A few moments longer the uproar continued, until the guards of the public order appeared, led by the English officer under whose supervision the police were placed. The sight of the much feared magistrate, who was seen in the interior of the city only upon special occasions, had a quieting effect upon the excited throng. Several arrests were made, and the remainder dispersed, while the angry Englishman spoke thus to those departing: "One and all of you deserve that the graves of your fathers, your grandfathers, and your great grandfathers should be polluted with the blood of the Pariah dogs."

In the meantime the young Hindu had been lying without a sign of life upon the flag-stones of the en-



trance-hall. His turban had fallen off, and the heavy hair of deepest, glossiest black, hung tangled over his forehead and temples. The merchant who had rescued him gazed awhile upon the interesting face, and said to himself: "He is not a native of our place; I should like to know to what caste he belongs; he looks as if he were a descendant of our old warlike races." Then he called servants and ordered them to carry the wounded man into a sleeping-chamber.

Lilavati and Gopa hastened forward with fresh water, bathed him carefully, and soon they had the pleasure of seeing the stranger move uneasily and then open his eyes. The young man looked in astonishment about the room, drew a few deep breaths, then raised himself. "Whoever you are," said he, "you must have saved me. I thank you." There was something lofty and condescending in his manner of expression.

"Tell us first who you are, and of what caste," replied the merchant.

"I am called Ramchandra, and I am a Brahman from Jeypur in the Rajputana. I did not shun the long journey to the holy city, because I hoped to learn here from the most distinguished teachers of our land, what I could not learn at home."

Krishnadas bowed his head in assent and stood silent for a time. Evidently he had expected different information, for the young man did not look like a student. "Have you been long in our city?"

"Only eight days. I am not yet accustomed to your ways, and I fear I never shall be. The people stare at me as they would at a wild animal."

"Well, you certainly are a hot-headed man," replied Krishnadas, smiling; "of that we have just had evidence. Thank the gods that they have saved you to-day from greater harm. But, before you depart—and being a Brahman, you will not willingly remain longer than necessary under my roof—hear our name. I am the merchant Krishnadas, this is my widowed sister, Lilavati, and this my daughter Gopa, whose husband lives at present in Kashmir."

Lilavati had in the meantime veiled her face, not only to conceal from the stranger her pale, sorrowful features and her smooth shaven head, but also because the law of widowhood expressly commanded her to do so. Gopa, however, looked at the young Brahman steadily and without embarrassment. Since she had grown up her father had not confined her to the "zenana," but permitted her to share in his affairs, and enjoy more social intercourse than is customary in a Hindu household. In this manner she had gradually lost the proverbial shyness of young Indian maids and wives. Gopa was surpassingly beautiful, of stately size and voluptuous form; her features were nobly chiselled, and out of the large almond-shaped eyes shone

cleverness and goodness. At her father's wish she had accustomed herself to veil her head only when she left the house, but within doors to present herself unveiled to the friends and guests of her father. Nor was she, according to the usual custom of the land, overladen with jewels; only a tasteful golden ornament set with pearls hung upon her forehead, fastened in her waving hair, and upon her wrists she wore heavy silver bracelets whose fastenings were in the form of serpent heads.

Ramchandra gazed a long time as if blinded. Then he said: "By all the gods, no Brahman wife in Hindustan need be ashamed to be like you!"

Gopa would have been no true Hindu, had not her feminine vanity been gratified at this ingenuous expression of admiration. A scarcely perceptible smile of pleasure overspread her features, but she wished to deprive the young man of the idea that she regarded herself as inferior to him, so she replied: "I have never had a desire to belong to a higher caste, nor to be any other than a merchant's daughter, or a merchant's wife."

Ramchandra was astounded. Evidently the thought had never occurred to him that a woman lived upon earth who did not wish to have been born a Brahmani. With a bow to the women he turned to go, but he parted from Krishnadas with the words: "May the gods reward you for what you have done for me to-day! Salaam!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PROTECTION IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

It may interest you to know that protection, so far as concerns New South Wales, is practically doomed. The only tangible results of the tariff introduced by Sir George Dibbs, about two years ago, are a restriction of our imports, a loss of an appreciable amount of our re-export trade, a general impoverishment of the people, an element of great uncertainty in business, a serious inconvenience to small importers, and a wide-spread, growing dissatisfaction with a policy, which, instead of causing new industries to spring up, wages to rise, and universal prosperity, has created a huge deficit in the revenue, disorganised trade, and swelled the ranks of the unemployed. This, I assure you, is no fancy picture; and in Victoria, where the tariff borders on prohibition, things are even worse. In both colonies and in Queensland the farmers seem to be alive now to the fallacies of protection, and there appears to be a strong movement in this colony and south of the Murray to abolish, or at least modify, the tariff. There is some talk about a Customs' Union between the colonies, but how this is to be brought about is not very clear, unless each state is prepared to have its tariff amended and fixed by the majority. I question whether New South Wales will accept federation, or even a Customs' Union, if the price be a larger measure of protection. The fact is undeniable, that under free trade we have advanced; it is equally true that under protection we have lost ground.

J. STANLEY ADAM.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, June, 1893.



## SELFHOOD.

BY CHARLES A. LANE.

What am I that sayeth I,  
Here in mid-infinity,  
Where no echo can reply?

I that pierced the ancient Night,  
Till the fitful phosphor-light  
Of a Consciousness gives sight!

I that stay, though ceaselessly  
Crumbling futures, drifting by,  
Fill the Past's inanity!

I that am, and evermore,  
Out of nascent Being's store,  
Am becoming newer lore!

I that like to harp-strings am,  
When the midnight thro' their calm  
Pulses with Æolian psalm!

I on which the Forces press,  
Here in brain's obscure recess,  
Making worlds in emptiness—

Making from the eternal Now  
Mystic symbols ever grow  
In kaleidoscopic show;

Whilst I doubt if real or dreaming  
Be the multitudinous seeming  
That athwart the Life is gleaming;

As I, like a Janus, sit,  
With a vision that doth flit  
Out and inward blending it—

I that know not whence nor whither,  
Neither why the Life made hither,  
If it bide or if it wither.

What am I that sayeth I,  
Here in mid-infinity,  
Where no echo doth reply?

## NOTES.

We begin with the present number the publication of a short novel by Richard Garbe, entitled "The Redemption of the Brahman." The author is Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Königsberg in Prussia. His works are very scholarly and most of them treat of the recondite subjects of ancient Indian rituals and Brahman philosophy. He has contributed an article on Hindu Monism to *The Monist*, which appeared in Volume 3, No. 1. His "Indische Reiseskizzen" (Berlin: Paetel, 1889) is a popular work which made him known in Germany as a brilliant literary writer outside the pale of his science. Professor Garbe travelled through India during 1885 to 1887 as a commissioner of the Prussian Government, and he used this opportunity to make a special study of the Indian philosophical systems in Benares, the metropolis of Brahman wisdom. His relations to the native savants became more intimate than is usually the case between Europeans and Brahmans. Many observations of his are embodied in this little tale "The Redemption of the Brahman," which is not only a fascinating sketch of the religious life of the native Indians but also a picture of the aspirations which in exceptional cases prompt faithful believers among the Brahmans like so many Christians of Europe and America to outgrow the old rituals and ceremonies of a dogmatic and narrowly sectarian worship, and to widen into a cosmic religion of humanitarianism.

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"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

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# SUPPLEMENT TO "THE OPEN COURT."

No. 316.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893.

VOL. VII.—37

## WEISMANN'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION (1893)\*

BY PROF. GEORGE J. ROMANES.

OF FAR more importance than any of the alterations which Professor Weismann has recently made in his theory of heredity, are those whereby he has modified his sequent theory of evolution. For while, as one easily sees, his work on "The Germ-plasm" leaves the former theory substantially unaltered,—although largely added to in matters of detail,—it so profoundly modifies the latter that careful readers will find no small difficulty in ascertaining how much of it has been allowed to remain. I will consider only the main modifications, and these I will take separately.

It will be remembered that one distinctive feature in Weismann's theory of evolution has hitherto been that the unicellular organisms differ from the multicellular in the following important particulars.

1. There being no division in unicellular organisms between germ-cells and somatic-cells, there is no possibility in them of the occurrence of amphimixis.

2. Consequently, there is no possibility in them of congenital variations, in the sense that these occur in multicellular organisms.

3. Hence, the only causes of individual variation and of the origin of species in the unicellular organisms are the Lamarckian factors, just as in the multicellular the only cause of these things is natural selection.

4. Hence, also, the unicellular organisms are potentially immortal, while the multicellular have acquired mortality for certain adaptive reasons.

But now, in his latest book of 1893, with the exception of No. 4, all these positions have been abandoned. For, chiefly on account of the beautiful researches of Maupas, Weismann has come to perceive that no real distinction can be drawn between an act of sexual union in the multicellular organisms, and an act of conjugation in the unicellular. Amphimixis, therefore, is now held by him to occur equally in both these divisions of organic nature, with the consequence that the Protozoa and Protophyta owe their individual variations, and therefore the origin of their innumerable species, as exclusively to the action of natural selection, as is the case with the Metazoa and Metaphyta. In fact, the term "amphimixis" has been coined in express relation to these very points.

It will be seen, however, that this important change of view merely postpones the question as to the origin of amphimixis, if the object of this process be that which Weismann supposes—viz., the providing of

material in the way of congenital variations on which natural selection can act. Therefore he is obliged to assume that there now are, or once have been, organisms of a less organised character than even the lowest of the unicellular forms—organisms, that is to say, which possess no nucleus, but are wholly composed of undifferentiated bioplasm. These most primitive organisms it must have been that were not subject to any process of natural selection, but, in virtue of an exclusive action of the Lamarckian factors upon their protoplasmic substance, gave rise to individual variations, which subsequently gave rise to a unicellular progeny—when the process of natural selection was immediately inaugurated, and thereafter entirely superseded the Lamarckian factors. Or, to state the matter in Weismann's own words:—

"My earlier views on unicellular organisms as the source of individual differences, in the sense that each change called forth in them by external influences, or by use and disuse, was supposed to be hereditary, must therefore be dismissed to some stage less distant from the origin of life. I now believe that such reactions under external influences can only obtain in the lowest organisms which are without any distinction between nucleus and cell-body. All variations which have arisen in them, by the operation of any causes whatever, must be inherited, and their hereditary individual variability is due to the direct influence of the external world. . . . If I am correct in my view of the meaning of conjugation as a method of amphimixis, we must believe that all unicellular organisms possess it, and that it will be found in numerous low organisms, in which it has not yet been observed." ("Essays on Heredity," vol. ii, pp. 193-194)

It is not very clear, at first sight, how Professor Weismann, after having thus abandoned the propositions 1, 2, and 3, as above stated, manages to retain his former view as given in No. 4. Nevertheless, he does so, by representing that a unicellular organism, even though it present such a considerable degree of organisation as we meet with in the higher Protozoa, still resembles a germ-cell of a multicellular organism, in that it consists of all the essential constituents of a germ-cell, including germ-plasm in its nucleus. And inasmuch as a germ-cell is potentially immortal, so it must be with a unicellular organism; in the one case, as in the other, the design of the structure is that its contained germ-plasm shall fuse with the germ-plasm contained in the nucleus of another individual cell, when the life of both will be preserved. For my own part, however, I cannot see that in either case the *cell*, as distinguished from its contained *germ-plasm*, is thus shown to be potentially immortal. On the contrary, it appears to me a mere accident of the case that in a unicellular organism the immortal substance (germ-plasm) is contained in a single cell, which is at the

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same time a *free* cell, and, as such, is denominated an "organism." We might just as well call a germ-cell an "organism," whether as an ovum it happens to be imbedded in a mass of somatic-cells, or as a locomotive spermatozoön it happens to be free. In fact, Weismann himself appears to recognise this. But, if so, it is surely a distinction without a difference to say that unicellular organisms are immortal, while multicellular are mortal. For in neither case is the organism immortal, while in both cases it is the germ-plasm (i. e., the substance of heredity) that is so. Where the cell containing the germ-plasm happens to be a free cell, it is called an "organism"; but whether it be a germ-cell or a protozoan, it alike ceases to be a cell when it has given origin to a multitude of other cells, whether these happen to be other germ-cells (*plus* somatic-cells) or other protozoan cells. In short, *quod* cell, all cells are mortal: it is only the substance of heredity which some cells contain that can be said, in any sense of the term, to be immortal. For the immortality in question does not belong to unicellular organisms as such, but to the germ-plasm which they contain. And from this it follows that, as the immortality of germ-plasm is one and the same thing as the continuity of germ-plasm, by alleging an immortality as belonging to the unicellular organisms, Weismann is merely restating his fundamental postulate. Hence, also, he is but denying, in a somewhat round about way, the occurrence of spontaneous generation.

I conclude, therefore, that his sole remaining distinction between the unicellular and the multicellular organisms is but illusory, or unreal. And, with regard to the great change which he has thus effected in his system by expressly abolishing all the other distinctions, I have only to say that in my opinion he has thereby greatly improved his system. For he has thus relieved it of all the formidable difficulties which he had needlessly created for himself, and which I have already enumerated in another place. (See my new work.) In his ever-shifting drama of evolution the unicellular organisms have left the stage *en masse*, and, so far as they are concerned, we are all as we were before the curtain rose.

But of even more importance than this fundamental change of view with regard to the unicellular organism, is a further and no less fundamental change with regard to the multicellular. That such is the case will immediately become apparent by a simple statement of the fact, that Weismann has now expressly surrendered his postulate of the absolute stability of germ-plasm!

Even in the first volume of his *Essays*, there are some passages which give an uncertain sound with regard to this matter. But as they seemed attributable to mere carelessness on the part of their author,

after quoting a sample of them, I showed it was necessary to ignore such inconsistent utterances—necessary, that is, for the purpose of examining the theory of germ-plasm as even so much as a logically coherent system of ideas. For we have seen that if any doubt were to be entertained touching the *absolute* stability of germ-plasm "since the first origin of sexual propagation," a corresponding measure of doubt would be cast on Weismann's theory of congenital variation as *solely* due to amphimixis, with the result that his whole theory of evolution would be similarly rendered dubious. Since then, however, he has gone very much further in this direction. First, in reply to Professor Vines he says (1890):—

"I am at present inclined to believe that Professor Vines is correct in questioning whether sexual reproduction is the only factor which maintains Metazoa and Metaphyta in a state of variability. I could have pointed out in the English edition of my "Essays" that my views on this point had altered since their publication; my friend Professor de Bary, too early lost to science, had already called my attention to those parthenogenetic Fungi which Professor Vines justly cites against my views; but I desired, on grounds already mentioned, to undertake no alteration in the essays." ("Nature," vol. xli. p. 322)

Next, in his essay on *Amphimixis* (1892), there are several passages to somewhat the same effect; while, lastly, in his *Germ-plasm* (1893), the fundamental postulate in question is, as I have said, expressly surrendered. For example, we have in the following words the final conclusions of his recent arguments. Speaking of amphimixis, he says:—

"It is not the primary cause of hereditary variation. By its means those specific variations which already exist in a species may continually be blended in a fresh manner, but it is incapable of giving rise to new variations, even though it often appears to do so. . . . The cause of hereditary variation must lie deeper than this. It must be due to the direct effects of external influences on the biophores and determinants." ("The Germ-plasm," pp. 414-415. Italics Weismann's.)

These quotations are enough to show that Weismann has now abandoned his original theory of congenital variations being exclusively due to amphimixis, and adopts in its stead the precisely opposite view—viz., that the origin of all such variations must be ascribed to the direct influence of causes acting on germ-plasm from without. Up to the present year the very essence of the whole Weismannian theory of evolution has been that, owing to the stability of germ-plasm since the first origin of sexual propagation, "the origin of hereditary individual variations cannot indeed be found in the higher organisms, the Metazoa and Metaphyta; but is to be sought for in the lowest—the unicellular organisms," because "the formation of new species, which among the lower Protozoa could be achieved without amphigony, could only be attained by means of this process in the Metazoa and Metaphyta. It was only in this way that



hereditary individual differences could arise and persist." ("Essays," vol. i. p. 284.)

But about the beginning of the present year we have this fundamental doctrine directly contradicted in such words as:—

"The origin of a variation is equally independent of selection and amphimixis, and is due to the constant occurrence of slight inequalities of nutrition in the germ-plasm." ("The Germ-plasm," p. 431.)

This complete reversal of his previous doctrine brings Weismann into line with Darwin, who long ago gave very good reasons for the following conclusion:—

"Those authors who, like Pallas, attribute all variability to the crossing either of distinct races, or to distinct individuals belonging to the same race but somewhat different from each other, are in error; as are those authors who attribute all variability to the mere act of sexual union (*amphimixis*).'" ("Variation" etc., vol. i. p. 398.)

And again:—

"These several considerations alone render it probable that variability of every kind is directly or indirectly caused by changed conditions of life. Or, to put it under another point of view, if it were possible to expose all the individuals of a species during many generations to absolutely uniform conditions of life, there would be no variability." ("Ibid," vol. ii p. 242.)

Hence, Darwin was disposed to find the main, if not the only, causes of congenital variations in circumstances depending for their efficacy on the *instability* of what Weismann calls germ-plasm. And the noteworthy fact is, that Weismann has now adopted this view, to the destruction of his originally fundamental postulate touching the *stability* of germ plasm since the first origin of sexual propagation.

By such a right-about-face manœuvre, Weismann has placed his critics in a somewhat difficult position. For, in the first place, it is only towards the close of *The Germ-plasm* that the manœuvre is executed, and then only in a few sentences such as I have just quoted—italicised, it is true, but otherwise so slightly emphasised that, as Professor Hartog has observed, no one of his reviewers has noticed it.\* In the second place, he nowhere expressly recognises the effects upon his theory of evolution, which necessarily follow from the change. And, lastly, the manner in which he endeavours to underpin that theory after having thus removed its logical foundation in his former pos-

\**Nature*, May 11, pp. 28-29.—In 1891-2 Professor Hartog furnished a criticism of Weismann's theory of Heredity (*Nature*, vol. 41, p. 613, and *Contemporary Review*, July, 1892). Although disputed at the time by some of Weismann's followers in England, this criticism was one of unquestionable cogency, and has now been recognized as such by Weismann himself (*The Germ-plasm*, pp. 434-5). The main point of the criticism had been missed by previous critics of Weismann, and consisted in revealing an important "difficulty" inherent in the structure of the theory itself. How far this criticism had the effect of causing Professor Weismann to abandon his theory of variation being exclusively due to amphimixis, as Professor Hartog appears to think (*Nature*, May, 11, 1893, p. 28), is immaterial. But it must be observed that as far back as February, 1893, Professor Weismann in his answer to Professor Vines's criticism wrote the passage already quoted above.

tulate of the absolute stability of germ-plasm, is so peculiar that it is hard to epitomise his reasoning with due regard to brevity.

Speaking for myself, I can only say that my first impulse, after reading the sentences above quoted, was to cancel all the criticisms which I had written of the Weismannian theory of evolution; and then to start anew with a bare statement that this theory had now been wholly discarded by its author. But after due consideration it seemed desirable to leave the criticism as it was originally written, because I found it would be impracticable to start a new criticism of the greatly modified theory of evolution without introducing many and lengthy parts of the old one, for the purpose of showing how the most recent theory had been arrived at.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 317. (VOL. VII.—38.) CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1893.

{ Two Dollars per Year  
{ Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## HAPPINESS AND THE GOSPEL OF WORK.

BY VICTOR YARROS.

EMILE ZOLA's address to the "youth of France" on the subject of the "new spirit" has received more attention and critical consideration than either its substance or form would seem to warrant. But the reception of Zola's confessions and exhortations by the press of Europe and America is significant, and confirms the belief that the success of a movement or utterance depends more on the mental and moral state of those to whom the appeal is directed than on the intrinsic merit of the new message. Zola's message was not new, and there was nothing irresistible in the manner of its expression; yet it seems to have produced a deep impression.

That Zola's reference to his own literary career should have provoked animated and eager discussion is not to be wondered at. Everybody realised that there was a reaction in France against the realism of which Zola has so long been the chief exponent and exemplar, and his opinion on the new departure all were curious to know. It should be borne in mind that Zola never regarded himself as a realistic novelist merely, as one of those artists who produce what Mr. Marion Crawford has called "intellectual artistic luxuries." Such a definition of *his* novels Zola doubtless repudiates with considerable heat. Zola regarded himself as a man of science who carried the methods of science into the sphere of the novel. His stories were "human documents," intended not merely (if at all) for amusement, but for use in sociological inquiries. Zola, in short, claimed to be the scientific historian of modern French life. And what did he say with reference to these pretensions of his while characterising the new spirit? This: "What I will concede is that in literature we brought the horizon too near, and personally I regret having endeavored to limit art to proved verities. . . . I confess that, by trying to bring into the domain of letters the scientist's rigidity of methods, I proved myself a narrow sectary, but who does not, while the battle is on, go further than is wise, and who, when victorious, does not compromise his victory by undue insistence?" Zola is eminently right in intimating that in the heat and stress of struggle

and controversy we are all apt to be carried into extremes and wild exaggeration; but this common failing is utterly inadequate as an explanation of his own theory and practice.

However, Zola is to be congratulated upon the fact that his bias is not strong enough to prevent him from recognising and justifying the revolt and reaction against naturalism or realism. But surely he makes a vicious and groundless assumption when he identifies the dissatisfaction with so-called "scientific art" with the alleged dissatisfaction with science at large. "Scientific art" is repudiated because it is a detestable mongrel, not because of any prejudice against science. On the contrary, it is love of science which prompts a final condemnation of the absurd "scientific novel." Doubtless the dissatisfaction with science is a real phenomenon, but Zola signally fails to comprehend its nature and true causes. We shall presently see that Zola confounds the *individual* with the *social* point of view, and that this fundamental confusion renders his conclusions, with regard to both origin and remedies, lame, impotent, and worthless.

It is said, begins Zola, that the new generation has ceased to believe in science. It has been resolved to revert to the past and from the debris of dead beliefs fashion a living one. Science is to be a thing quite apart from faith, and is to be relegated to its old position,—that of a simple exercise for the intelligence, an inquiry permissible only so long as it refrains from touching the supernatural. And Zola declares that he is not at all surprised at this reaction. It is born of a misconception and delusion, but it is not unnatural. It was expected, he says, that science, after ruining the old world, would make a new one modeled upon our ideals of justice and happiness. Since it has done nothing of the kind, people are questioning the power of science, knowledge, to yield happiness. Nature is unjust and cruel; and science ends in the monstrous law of the survival of the strongest. A despairing appeal for happiness rises on every side, and the helplessness of science leads people to seek a dream and to turn to faith. According to Zola, however, science never really promised happiness. It promised the truth, "and it is questionable if happiness can be



made out of facts." As for the tendency to resuscitate old faiths, Zola, while recognising that it is certainly a great joy to repose upon the assurance afforded by any faith, points out that one cannot believe by willing to do so. "Faith is a wind that blows where it listeth, and there only."

Even in these few comments Zola's philosophical incapacity and lack of information are painfully manifest. Instead of attacking the ignorant proposition that science ends in the "monstrous law of the survival of the strongest," he makes the doubtful statement that science never promised happiness and adds the meaningless remark that happiness can hardly be made out of truth or facts. Truly, if people are really disappointed with such science and philosophy as Zola represents, the fact is the reverse of depressing! In spite of the disappointment of some philosophers (Renan, for example, whose views on science as a social motor were ably set forth in *The Open Court* some time ago), it remains true that science can and will yield happiness. It has already accomplished something, and only the narrowest view of the subject can dispute the fact. Zola at bottom shares the vulgar misconceptions of science and religion, and the attempt on his part to defend science is necessarily ludicrous. Take his averment that "faith is a wind that blows where it listeth." He evidently fancies this to be a corollary of the truth that we cannot believe by willing to do so, but his error scarcely needs pointing out. Faith is determined by facts, by knowledge; and the progress of science, the increase of knowledge, involves the progress of faith. The present state of science makes it impossible for us to revert to dead faiths, since it is this very knowledge which deprived them of their vitality.

It is true that there is a despairing appeal for happiness rising from every side, but the science of society must teach us *how* to respond to that appeal, while the social instincts and sentiments will impel us to answer the call and undertake the work of social improvement. Science does not immediately and directly create the desire to labor for the welfare of humanity, but *given* the altruistic feelings,—and they are as naturally developed in associative life as the egoistic feelings,—science shows us what to do and *how* to do it.

In his attempt to afford the new generation something that might take the place of a living faith and inspiring ideal, Zola is more unfortunate than ever. Seeing that he cannot hope to unravel the knot, he boldly tries to cut it. "Let me," he says, "offer you a creed: the creed of work. Young men, work! . . . Work is the law of the world, the guide that leads organised matter to its unknown goal. Life has no other reason for being, and each of us is here only to

perform his task and disappear. Calm comes to the most tortured, if they will accept and complete the task they find under their hands. This, to be sure, is only an empirical way of living an honest and almost tranquil life, but is it nothing to acquire moral health and solve through work the question of how to secure on earth the greatest happiness? I have always distrusted chimeras. Illusion is bad for a man or a people. . . . The only strong men are the men who work. Work alone gives courage and faith; it alone is the pacificator and the liberator."

Now, this advice is excellent as far as it goes, and a great deal of healthy and sound meaning may be read into it. But the question is here, what Zola's own meaning is. Had one of his hearers ventured to ask him to explain more clearly and intelligibly the object and purpose of the "work" recommended, he would have been nonplussed and silenced. In the light of all his antecedent remarks, the concluding exhortation is susceptible of but two interpretations. Either work is recommended as a sort of anæsthetic, as a means of driving away unpleasant reflections and insoluble problems, or it is regarded as a *mission*, duty, and *way out*. The vital and radical difference between these two interpretations is manifest. It is one thing to tell us, after sadly admitting that science has failed as a happiness-generator and that faith is impossible for us, that the only way to find peace is to work incessantly without thinking of ultimate questions; and it is quite a different thing to tell us that work is a solution of the ultimate questions. Which of these two interpretations shall we impute to Zola? Most of his critics proceed on the supposition that Zola recommends work as an anæsthetic; and this supposition completely accords with the purport of the entire address. But these critics overlook certain strange expressions in the final verses of the gospel of work. "Work is the law of the world."—"Life has no other reason for being, and each of us is here only to perform his task and disappear."—"Work gives courage and *faith*."—Through work we acquire "*moral health*." These pregnant affirmations are utterly inconsistent with the supposition that work is regarded as an anæsthetic. A whole system of philosophy and metaphysics underlies them. To speak of a "task," of a "law of the world," of "faith," is not to silence questioning, but to stimulate and encourage it. What do you mean by "our task"? What "faith" is it work is said to yield?

The probability is that Zola used these significant expressions as glittering generalities, attaching no definite ideas to them and expecting no persistent searching for any such ideas from his auditors. But how unsatisfactory such an irrational gospel of work must be to the students Zola addressed! These future physi-



cians, lawyers, engineers, writers, artists, and teachers, anxious to learn whether there is anything higher, nobler, finer in life than the narrower cares and interest of physical existence, are told to "work"! Why, even the bourgeois French morality will teach that work is better than idleness and dissipation; but what has this first-reader wisdom to do with the question of the "new spirit"?

Here we approach the secret of Zola's failure. He seems to have wholly forgotten the *social* sphere, the great and wide questions of *social* life. When he told the students that work is good for them, he meant simply that each should devote himself to his particular field and work faithfully and steadily. Let the teacher teach, the writer write stories or newspaper articles, the lawyer argue or settle disputes, etc. This is the individual point of view exclusively. But suppose the "worker" desires to know something about the educational, legal, or literary ideals? Suppose he aspires to serve society, humanity? How is he to distinguish between truth and falsehood in education, politics, economics, ethics, art? To pass a protection measure, is work; to repeal it is also work. To oppress the people by unjust legislation and excessive taxation is work; to ameliorate their condition is also work. Writers of reactionary and filthy "literature" work as hard as writers of progressive and inspiring literature. *How* shall the young worker work, and what shall he labor to promote and strengthen? Zola is dumb. Having started out with a false view of science, he discovers himself in a vicious circle.

Preach the gospel of work, by all means, but always insist on following the light of science. Without such light, the result of your work is pure accident, and is more likely to be evil than good. It is this light of science and philosophy that the "new spirit" craves, for it realises that faithful work (for which it is ready) directed by science is certain to lead to social happiness and the triumph of justice.

#### SCIENCE A RELIGIOUS REVELATION.\*

A FRENCH author of great repute has written a book entitled *L'irreligion de l'avenir*, "The Irreligion of the Future," in which he declares that religion will eventually disappear; and he whose opinion is swayed by the diligent researches of such historians as Buckle and Lecky will very likely endorse this prediction. Theological questions which formerly occupied the very centre of interest now lie entirely neglected, and have ceased to be living problems. Who cares to-day whether God the Son should be called ὁμοιός or ὁμοιωσάμενος, alike or similar to God the Father? What government would now wage a war for the interpretation of a Bible passage?

No schism will ever again arise over the question whether τοῦτ' ἐστίν means "this is my body," or "this represents my body!"

It is quite true, as Buckle and Lecky assert, that theological questions, or rather the theological questions of past ages, have disappeared, but it is not true that religion has ceased to be a factor in the evolution of mankind. On the contrary, religion has so penetrated our life that we have ceased to notice it as an independent power. It surrounds us like the air we breathe and we are no longer aware of it.

It was quite possible for our forefathers to preach the religion of love and at the same time to massacre in ruthless cruelty enemies who in righteous struggle defended their own homes and tried to preserve their separate nationality. Our moral fibre has become more sensitive: we now resent the injustice of our own people, although we no longer call love of justice religious, but humane or ethical.

The famous blue laws that imposed penalties on those who did not attend church have become obsolete. We no longer burn infidels and dissenters, for we have become extremely heretical ourselves; that is to say, our most orthodox clergymen would in the days of our forefathers have appeared as infidels, and every one of us, if he had spoken his mind freely, might have been condemned to the stake, for all of us have adopted, more or less, the results of scientific inquiry. Truly religious men now believe in such things as the Copernican system and evolution, which when first proposed were deemed heretical, and dangerous. These theories have not, however, destroyed religion, as the clergy predicted, but only certain theological interpretations erroneously identified with religion. Our religious views have not lost, but gained in depth and importance. Those scientific innovations, which were regarded as irreligious, have become truly religious facts; they have broadened our minds and deepened our religious sympathies. Our religious horizon, which in the time of Samuel was limited to Palestine, and in the Middle Ages mainly to Europe, has been extended over the whole cosmos. Judaism, the national religion of the Israelites, became human, and the humanitarianism of Christianity became cosmical. Sacrifices of goats and lambs have been abolished, and by and by we shall have to give up all the other paganism that attaches to some of our religious views and institutions. But religion itself will remain forever. That which appears to men like Buckle, Lecky, and Guyau as a progress to an irreligious age is an advance to a purer conception of religion; it is a gradual deliverance from error and a nearer approach to truth.

Religion is indestructible, because it is that innermost conviction of man which regulates his conduct.

\* Address delivered at the World's Congress of Religions, Sept. 19.



Religion gives us the bread of life. As long as men cannot live without morality, so long religion will be needful to mankind.

Some people regard this view of religion as too broad; they say religion is the belief in God; and I have no objection to their definition provided we agree concerning the words *belief* and *God*. God is to me not what he is according to the old dogmatic view, a supernatural person. God is to me, as he always has been to the mass of mankind, an idea of moral import. God is the authority of the moral ought. Science may come and prove that God can be no person, but it cannot deny that there is a power in this world which under penalty of perdition enforces a certain conduct. To conceive God as a person is a simile, and to think of him as a father is an allegory. The simile is appropriate, and the allegory is beautiful; but we must not forget that parables, although they embody the truth, are not the truth. The fact is, God is not a person like ourselves; he is not a father nor a mother like our progenitors; he is only comparable to a father; but in truth he is much more than that; he is not personal, but superpersonal. He is not a great man, he is God. He is the life of our life, he is the power that sustains the universe, he is the law that permeates all; he is the curse of sin and the blessing of righteousness; he is the unity of being: he is love; he is the possibility of science, and the truth of knowledge: he is light; he is the reality of existence in which we live and move and have our being; he is life and the condition of life, morality. To comprehend all in a word, he is the authority of conduct.

Such is the God of science, and belief in God must not mean that we regard as true whatever the Scriptures or later traditions tell us concerning him. Belief must mean the same as its original Greek *πίστις* which would be better translated by trust or faithfulness. It must mean the same as its corresponding Hebrew word *ammunah*, which is derived from the verb *aman* to be steady. *Ammunah*, generally translated "belief" means firmness of character. Belief in God must be an unswerving obedience to the moral law.

Science, i. e., genuine science, is not an undertaking of human frailty. Science is divine; science is a revelation of God. Through science God communicates with us. In science he speaks to us. Science gives us information concerning the truth; and the truth reveals his will.

It is true that the hieroglyphics of science are not easy to decipher and they sometimes seem to overthrow the very foundations of morality, as it appeared, for instance, to Professor Huxley. But such mistakes must be expected; they are natural and should not agitate us nor shake our confidence in the reliability of science. Reason is the divine spark in man's nature, and science, which is a methodical application

of man's reason, affords us the ultimate criterion of truth. Surrender science and you rob man of his divinity, his self-reliance, his child-relation to God; you make of him the son of the bondwoman and the slave of tradition, to inquire into the truth of which he who allows his judgment to be taken captive has forfeited the right. By surrendering science you degrade man; you cut him off from the only reliable communication with God, and thus change religion into superstition.

There are devotees of religion who despise science and object to its influence in the sphere of religion. They not only deny that science is a revelation, but they also claim that religion has a peculiar revelation of her own. Religion, they say, has been revealed once; this special revelation must be blindly accepted; and no criticism of it should be tolerated.

Men of this type are as a rule very pious, faithful, and well-meaning, but they are narrow-minded and without judgment. While all life on earth is growth, their religious ideal is a fossil. To be and remain stationary is with them a matter of principle. They are blind to the facts that religion, too, has to develop; that intellectual and moral growth is an indispensable condition of its life and health; and that science, far from being its enemy, is its sister and co-worker. Science will help religion to find the true path of progress.

Some of the schoolmen who were, or tried to be, orthodox theologians and philosophers at the same time, carried the consequences of this dualism to the extreme, and made a distinction between religious truth and scientific truth, declaring that a proposition might be true in religion which is utterly false in philosophy, and *vice versa*. This view is not only logically untenable, but it is also morally frivolous; it is irreligious.

What is truth?

Truth is the congruence of an idea and the fact expressed in it. It is a correct statement of that which the statement represents. Thomas Aquinas defines it as *adaquatio intellectus et rei*.

What is scientific truth?

A statement may be true, yet may be vaguely or awkwardly expressed; it may have an admixture of error, it may be misleading; one man might understand it right, while another might not. Again, a statement may be true and well formulated, yet he who makes it cannot prove it. It may rest upon hypothesis and be a mere assumption arrived at by a happy guess. All such truths are imperfect. They are not scientific. Scientific truths are such statements as are proved by undeniable evidence or by experiments and formulated in exact and unequivocal terms.

What is religious truth?

By religious truth we understand all such reliable statements of fact or doctrines, be they perfect or im-



perfect, as have a direct bearing upon our moral conduct. Statements of fact, the application of which can be formulated in such rules as, "Thou shalt not lie," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not envy nor hate," are religious.

Scientific truths and moral truths, accordingly, are not separate and distinct spheres. A truth becomes scientific by its form and method of statement, but it is religious by its substance or contents. There may be truths which are religious yet lack the characteristics that would render them scientific, and others that are religious and scientific at the same time. But certainly, there is no discrepancy between religious and scientific truth. There are not two kinds of truth, one religious and the other scientific. There is no conflict possible between them. The scholastic maxim, that a statement may be perfectly true in religion and false in philosophy, and *vice versa*, is wrong.

The nature of religious truth is the same as that of scientific truth. There is but one truth. There cannot be two truths in conflict with one another. Contradiction is always, in religion not less than in science, a sign that there is somewhere an error. There cannot be in religion any other method of ascertaining the truth than the method found in science. And if we renounce reason and science, we can have no ultimate criterion of truth.

The dignity of man, his sonship, consists in his ability to ascertain, and know, the truth. Reason is that which makes man the image of God, and science is the exercise of the noblest human faculty.

\* \* \*

Religion has often, in former ages, by instinct, as it were, found truths, and boldly stated their practical applications, while the science of the time was not sufficiently advanced to prove them. The religious instinct anticipated the most important moral truths, before a rational argumentation could lead to their recognition. This instinctive or intuitive apprehension of truth has always distinguished our great religious prophets. Their statements were, with rare exceptions, neither founded upon scientific investigations nor formulated with any attempt at precision. Their exhortations were more oratorical than logical, adapted to popular comprehension, and abounding in figures of speech.

Almost all religions have drawn upon that wondrous resource of human insight, inspiration, which reveals a truth not in a systematic and scientific way but at a glance, as it were, and by divination. The religious instinct of man taught our forefathers some of the most important moral truths, which, with the limited wisdom of their age, they never could have known by other means.

Science has done much of late, especially since

Darwin, to explain instinct in the animal world. Instinct is an amazing faculty, prodigious and life-preserving, and it plays an important part also in the evolution of mankind.

In almost all practical fields men made through a fortunate combination of circumstances, aided by imagination, important inventions which they were unable to understand. Their achievements were frequently in advance of their knowledge.

Prof. Ernst Mach says in his excellent book, "The Science of Mechanics":

"An *instinctive*, irreflective knowledge of the processes of nature will doubtless always precede the scientific, conscious apprehension, or *investigation*, of phenomena. The former is the outcome of the relation in which the processes of nature stand to the satisfaction of our wants. The acquisition of the most elementary truth does not devolve upon the individual alone: it is pre-effected in the development of the race.

"In point of fact, it is necessary to make a distinction between mechanical experience and mechanical science, in the sense in which the latter term is at present employed. Mechanical experiences are, unquestionably, very old. If we carefully examine the ancient Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, we shall find there pictorial representations of many kinds of implements and mechanical contrivances; but accounts of the scientific knowledge of these peoples are either totally lacking, or point conclusively to a very inferior grade of attainment. By the side of highly ingenious appliances, we behold the crudest and roughest expedients employed—as the use of sleds, for instance, for the transportation of enormous blocks of stone. All bears an instinctive, unperfected, accidental character.

"So, too, prehistoric graves contain implements, whose construction and employment imply no little skill and much mechanical experience. Thus, long before theory was dreamed of, implements, machines, mechanical experiences, and mechanical knowledge were abundant."

The instinctive wisdom of man is remarkable. This is true not only in its relation to liberal arts and manufactures, but also in the regulation of the moral life of man. Centuries before Christ, when ethics as a science was as yet unknown, the sages of Asia taught men to love their enemies.\* The preachings of Christ appeared to his contemporaries as impractical and visionary, while only recently we have learned to understand that the fundamental commands of religious morality are the only correct applications to be derived from the psychical and social laws of human life. Spinoza was the first among European philosophers to prove by logical arguments that hatred can be conquered by love only.

As the instinctive inventions of prehistoric ages show "by the side of highly ingenious appliances the crudest and roughest expedients," so our religions, too, often exhibit by the side of the loftiest morality a most lamentable lack of insight into the nature of ethical

\* We quote one instance only selected from the Dhammapada, one of the most ancient books of the Buddhist canon: "Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love, this is an old rule."—Sac. Bks. of the East, vol. x. p. 5.



truth. Take, for instance, Jehovah's direct and undisguised command, given by Moses to the children of Israel, to steal gold and silver vessels from the Egyptians. Or take Jael's treacherous murder of Sisera, an infamous deed, excusable only as being in consonance with the general barbarity of the age, yet it is highly praised in song by Deborah and declared worthy of imitation.\*

To mention one more instance only, take St. Paul's view of marriage. Advising the unmarried and widows not to marry, he states one exception only to those who cannot contain, saying, "it is better to marry than to burn." Is this a truly religious view of marriage? The holiest instincts that would induce men and women to join their fates in a sacred alliance are utterly ignored. Nothing is said of the mutual sympathy and friendship that bind soul to soul much more closely than sexual appetites. No consideration is taken of the children to be born, and the very lowest desires alone are given as an *excuse* for entering into the state of matrimony, the holiness of which he does not understand. St. Paul's view of marriage proves that he had no right conception of the ethics of human sex-relations. Speaking of man as of the lower animals he was not able to fathom the importance of the subject.

We admire St. Paul in many respects, but we must say that his view of marriage is un-Christian; it is unworthy of his sacred office as an apostle; it is a blemish in our Bible; it is irreligious and should have no place in religion.

Who is orthodox enough still to defend such imperfections and shortcomings in our otherwise sacred traditions? Who would shut out from them the light of a rational and scientific inquiry, so as to preserve the blemishes of religion together with its noble sentiments?

A scientist, like Ernst Mach from whom we have quoted above the passage on the evolution of mechanics, knows that the science of mechanics does not come to destroy the mechanical inventions of the past, but that on the contrary, it will make them more available. In the same way a scientific insight into religious truth does not come to destroy religion; it will purify and broaden it.

The dislike of religious men to accept lessons from science is natural and excusable. Whenever a great religious teacher has risen, leaving a deep impression upon the minds of his surroundings, we find his disciples anxious to preserve inviolate not only his spirit, but even the very words of his doctrines. Such reverence is good, but it must not be carried to the extreme of placing tradition above the authority

of truth. Religious zeal must never become sectarian, so as to see no other salvation than in one particular form of religion. The great prophets of mankind, such men as Zarathustra, Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Moses, and, foremost among them, He who wore the thorny crown and died on the cross, are distinguished by breadth and catholicity.

We read in the eleventh chapter of Numbers, 27-29:

"And there ran a young man, and told Moses, and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp.

"And Joshua, the son of Nun, the servant of Moses, one of his young men, answered and said, My lord Moses, forbid them.

"And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them!"

Our great religious leaders are decidedly broader than their disciples. The apostle St. John showed a love for his great master, Jesus of Nazareth, like that shown by Joshua for Moses, and also the same lack of discretion when he reprimanded the man who cast out devils in the name of Christ. John forbade him, but Christ did not approve of the well-intentioned zeal of his most beloved disciple and said:

"Forbid him not! . . .

"For he that is not against us is on our part."—Mark ix, 39-40.

The spirit of Joshua and John, prompting them to forbid others to teach or prophesy except by the special permission of their masters, has produced that sectarian attitude of our religions, which detracts so much from their catholicity, establishing the authority of tradition as the highest court of appeal in questions of religious faith and truth.

Reverence for our master makes us easily forgetful of our highest duty, reverence for an impartial recognition of the truth. The antipathy of a certain class of religious men toward science, although natural and excusable, should nevertheless be recognised as a grievous fault; it is a moral error and an irreligious attitude.

\* \* \*

I have myself suffered from the misapplication of religious conservatism, and I know whereof I speak. I have experienced in my heart, as a faithful believer, all the curses of infidelity and felt the burning flames of damnation.

Our religious mythology is so thoroughly identified with religion itself, that when the former is recognised as erroneous, the latter also will unavoidably collapse. A man is commanded to accept and believe the very letter of our codified dogmas or be lost forever.

Ye, who preach such a religion, can you fathom the tortures of a faithful and God-loving soul, when confronted with ample scientific evidence of the untruth of his religious convictions? A man who could

\* Judges iv., 18-21.



imagine no higher bliss than to die for his religion and in the performance of his duties, who loves his God and is anxious to believe in him, to rely on him, to trust in him, feels himself dragged down into the pit of unbelief. Do you think the voice of science can be hushed? Science may be regarded for a long time as a temptation; but it is too powerful, too convincing, and too divine to be conquered. Wherever there is a soul distorted by a conflict between religious faith and scientific insight, the latter will, in the long run, always be victorious. And what a downfall of our noblest hopes must ensue! The highest ideals have become illusions; the purpose of life is gone, and desolation rules supreme.

When a faithful Christian turns infidel, it is an act, the boldness and significance of which cannot be overrated. The man himself is too much occupied with the anxieties of his own troubled mind to judge himself whether it will lead him to hell or by the road of evolution heavenward, to higher goals. He is in the predicament of Faust when he dared to make the pact with the Devil. Titan-like, he decides to brave the storm and to challenge the powers that shape his fate. Faust, when cursing Hope, Faith, and Patience, is conscious of the situation which is characterised in these lines:

"Woe, woe!  
Thou hast it destroyed,  
The beautiful world,  
With powerful fist:  
In ruin 'tis hurled,  
By the blow of a demigod shattered!  
The scattered  
Fragments into the Void we carry,  
Deploring  
The Beauty perished beyond restoring.  
Mightier  
For the children of men,  
Brightlier  
Build it again,  
In thine own bosom build it anew!  
Bid the new career  
Commence,  
With clearer sense,  
And the new songs of cheer  
Be sung thereto!"

When a faithful Christian turns infidel, the world in which he lived breaks down. He sees the errors which form its foundation-stones, and he hastens to destroy the whole structure. Depict in your mind the earnestness, the severity, and the terror of the situation, and you will no longer think that the bitterness of infidels is an evidence of their irreligious spirit; irreligious acrimony is the expression of disappointment and indicates very frequently a deep religious sentiment, which unfortunate circumstances have curdled and turned sour. Therefore, do not look upon the rabid Freethinkers as enemies of religion. Learn to regard them as your brethren who have passed into a phase of the religious development which may be necessary to their higher evolution. They have recognised, in their

search for truth, that the old dogmatism of religion is found wanting, but they are as yet unable to build up again another and a better world in place of the one they have destroyed.

The destruction of dogmatism appears as a wreck of religion itself, but, in fact, it is a religious advance. Says Tobit in his prayer:

"God leadeth down to hell and bringeth up again"—Tobit, xiii, 2.

We must pass through all the despair of infidelity and of a religious emptiness before we can learn to appreciate the glory and grandeur of a higher stage of religious evolution.

When infidelity is the result of a sincere love of truth, do not look upon it as irreligious. Any one who dares to have views of his own and is honest in his convictions is a religious man. And the Proverbs say: "God layeth up sound wisdom for the upright." He who is sincere, will, even when erring, find in the end the right way.

Bear in mind that all truth is sacred and you have the clue to a reconciliation of the conflict between science and religion. There is a holiness and a truly religious import about science which has not yet been sufficiently recognised, either by the clergy or by scientists.

Science, it is true, comes to destroy the old dogmatism, it discredits blind faith, and rejects the trust in the letter. But he who sees deeper will soon perceive that no harm is done, for science preserves the spirit of religion; it enhances truth.

We all know that religious truths are expressed in allegories; Christ spoke in parables and St. Paul says in his first epistle to the Corinthians (iii, 2):

"I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able."

If Paul were among us to-day, would he still say, "Neither yet now are you able?"

And to the Hebrews he writes (v, 12):

"For every one that uses milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe."

Is there any doubt that all our dogmas are truths figuratively expressed? Why should we not take the consequences of this truth? Very few, indeed, do take them; for we have become so accustomed to parables that our so-called orthodox believers denounce as heretics those who do not believe them *verbatim*.

A religious truth, symbolically expressed is called mythology, and he who accepts the mythology of his religion not as a parable filled with meaning but as the truth itself, is a pagan. Now we make bold to say, that no conflict is possible between genuine science and true religion. What appears as such is a conflict between science and paganism.

Religious parables, if taken in their literal mean-



ing, will somehow always be found irrational. Says an old Roman proverb, *Omne simile claudicat*, every comparison limps; it is somewhere faulty. Why should religious similes be exceptions?

Let us not forget that our religious preachings and teachings are a mere stammering of the truth. They show us the truth as through a glass, darkly. The traditional expressions of religious aspirations are based more upon the intuitional instinct of the prophets of former ages than upon a rational and scientific insight. The former is good, but it should not exclude the latter. The assuredness of our religious sentiments must not tyrannise over or suppress our scientific abilities.

\* \* \*

Man's reason and scientific acumen are comparable to the eyes of his body, while his religious sentiments are like the sense of touch. The simplicity and immediateness of our feelings of touch does not make it advisable to dispense with sight.

There are religious teachers who advise us to rely entirely upon our religious feelings and distrust the eyesight of science. Ye blind leaders of the blind, do you not know that if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness? The snail that creeps on the ground may from necessity be obliged to rely alone on its sense of touch in its feelers, but man with his higher possibilities and in his more complicated existence needs his eyes and cannot make firm steps without them. Ye adversaries of free inquiry are like the blind man who groping about finds an even and smooth path which, he feels assured, is the highroad that leads him home. Having no eyes to see he is not aware that he is walking on a railway embankment and that the train is already approaching that will complete the tragedy of his fate.

That conception of religion which rejects science is inevitably doomed. It cannot survive and is destined to disappear with the progress of civilisation. Nevertheless, religion will not go. Religion will abide. Humanity will never be without religion; for religion is the basis of morals, and man could not exist without morals. Man has become man only through his obedience to the moral law. Every neglect of the moral law lowers him; every moral progress raises him. And who in the face of facts will say, that the authority of moral conduct is not a reality in the world, that God in the sense that science understands his nature and being does not exist, and that religion, the religion of scientific truth, is error?

Religion will undergo changes, but it can not disappear; while it will free itself of its paganism, it will evolve and grow. Religion may even lose its name, for the old reactionary dogmatists may continue to identify religion with their erroneous conceptions of

religion; and they may succeed in impressing this view upon mankind. Yet the substance of religion will, nevertheless, remain for it is the soul of all the aspirations of mankind; it is our holiest convictions applied to practical life.

Religion is as indestructible as science; for science is the method of searching for the truth, and religion is the enthusiasm and goodwill to live a life of truth.

#### SCHOPENHAUER.

BY CHARLES A. LANE.

Peace, stormy soul, Nirvana's peace to thee!  
With thunderbolts of thought, ill poised but keen,  
Thy might assailed the mystery between  
The life that is and That which bade it be.

A sense that recked but Maya's cruelty,  
And vision wide to ken her utmost spleen;  
Black, bitter blood and lust of carking teen  
Were thine of Karma's stern delivery.

But peace! such peace as waits for Being's heart  
When mutability exhausted sleeps  
Enfold thee now, unknowing toil or calm.

For Doom (Nay, not that maniac will, whose art  
Nor memory thou taught'st nor vision keeps!)  
Is loving kindness, surely, and a balm.

#### NOTES.

L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have just published a fac-simile color-print of a painting of J. G. Tylers's in their possession, entitled "Columbus's Caravels in Sight of Land." The print is a beautiful one: it preserves the fine effect and suggestion of relief of the original, and is worthy of the high artistic reputation of the publishers.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# SUPPLEMENT TO "THE OPEN COURT."

No. 317.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1893.

VOL. VII.—3

## WEISMANN'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION (1893)\*

BY PROF. GEORGE J. ROMANES.

[CONCLUDED.]

I think it is needless to occupy space by giving the reasons which have caused Weismann thus to abandon his doctrine of the universal stability of germ-plasm since the first origin of sexual propagation, and to substitute the precisely opposite doctrine of its universal instability. It is enough to say that these reasons all arise by way of logical necessity from the further working out in *The Germ-plasm* of his theory of heredity—or, more correctly, from the additions which he has there made to his previous views on the mechanism of heredity. Thus he has reversed his former doctrine touching the absolute stability of germ-plasm, because it would not tally with the recent additions which he has made to other parts of his system. Any one who cares to follow this matter will find the reasons in question fully and lucidly stated in Chapter XIV of *The Germ-plasm*.

It is almost needless to say that no fault is to be found with Weismann for having thus reversed his opinion touching one of his fundamental postulates. Consistency is no merit in a man of science; and least of all where matters of such high speculation are concerned. I think, however, that it is open to question whether an author of any kind should suffer an elaborate system of theories to be published and translated, at the very time when he is himself engaged in producing another work showing the untenable character of their basal premises. At any rate, it would have saved his English readers no small trouble and confusion, if Weismann had added notes to the translations of his essays on *Polar bodies*, on *The Significance of Sexual Reproduction*, and on *Amphimixis*, to the effect that he had abandoned some of their most distinctive features before the translations had gone to press.

It is of importance to consider the means whereby Weismann seeks to save his theory of evolution after he has thus removed its foundation in his former postulate of the absolute stability of germ-plasm. As far as I can understand, he seeks to do so as follows.

In the first place, it must be noted that after his changes of view with regard to polar bodies, unicellular organisms, and the significance of sexual reproduction, nothing remains of his original theory of evolution save what he can manage to retain of his original theory of variation as due to amphimixis. But,

as we have just seen, he has surrendered this latter theory also. Therefore, at first sight it appears that no part of the former can possibly remain. Beginning at the apex, he has removed, stone by stone, his doctrine of descent, and, on arriving at its fundamental postulate—the absolute stability of germ-plasm—simply turns it upside down. Surely, therefore, it may be thought, there is here as complete a destruction as well could be of all this side of Weismann's system. Such, however, he endeavours to show is not the case. He regards it as still possible to retain so much of his theory of descent as is presented by what he can save of his theory of variation, thus:—

Although he now represents that the *instability* of germ-plasm is such that in *no* case can amphimixis have had anything to do with the *origin* of congenital variations, he continues to regard the *stability* of germ-plasm sufficiently great to necessitate, in *all* cases, the occurrence of amphimixis in order to promote the *development* of congenital variations. In other words, notwithstanding that he now thinks all congenital variations must be begun by external conditions acting directly on an unstable germ-plasm, he also thinks that the *amount* of variation thus produced is likely to be exceedingly minute, and must therefore be increased by subsequent amphimixis in order to fall within the range of natural selection. So that, although powerless to initiate congenital variation, amphimixis must still play an indispensable part in the process of evolution, as in all cases a necessary condition to the occurrence of natural selection. External conditions first cause slight changes in the determinants of a species; but these are so slight that they have to be augmented by amphimixis before they constitute material on which natural selection can act, and hence before they can become of any significance either in ontogeny or phylogeny.

Such, I take it, is what Professor Weismann would now have us to understand; for otherwise I should have expected from him as frank a surrender of his theory of evolution (or the remnant thereof in his theory of variation) as he has made of its fundamental postulate. But, if such is his meaning, I may mention the reasons which appear to me to render it nugatory.

In the first place, it is evident that in thus minimising the possible range of congenital variation due to the action of external conditions on a non-absolutely stable substance of heredity, Weismann is making a wholly gratuitous assumption, for the sole purpose of saving what remains of his theory of evolution—i. e., the doctrine of the immense importance of amphimixis.

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Weismann's original assumption of the *absolute* stability of germ-plasm was a gratuitous one, made for the purpose of supplying a foundation for constructing his theory of evolution. But still more gratuitous is the assumption which he has now substituted, for the purpose of saving as much of this theory as is left—the assumption, namely, that germ-plasm, although universally unstable, nevertheless everywhere presents only a certain low degree of instability, which serves to accommodate his modified theory of heredity on the one hand, and all that is possible of his previous theory of evolution on the other. His original assumption, untenable though it was, furnished at least a logical basis for the necessary conclusion that amphimixis was the only possible cause of congenital variations. But there is not so much as any logical sequence in the now substituted assumption, that (A) all congenital variations are ultimately due to the *universal instability* of germ-plasm, and (B) that nevertheless they are all more proximately due to such a *high degree of stability* of germ-plasm as necessitates amphimixis as the only means whereby variations can be made “perceptible.” These statements are as independent of one another as any two statements can well be; and, therefore, if the second of them is to be substantiated, it can only be so by some totally distinct line of reasoning. The first statement does not even tend to suggest the second; in fact it tends to suggest the precise contrary. For, obviously, there is nothing in the logic of the matter to show why, if all congenital variations depend for their origin on the instability of germ-plasm, such instability must nevertheless be always so slight that the variations due to it must afterwards depend on amphimixis for their development to the point where they become “perceptible.” As above indicated, it is surely little short of absurd thus to assume that a universally unstable germ-plasm universally presents only that particular degree of instability which will serve to accommodate Professor Weismann's newer theory of heredity, and at the same time to save thus much of his previous theory of evolution.

But now, in the second place, not only is this assumption wholly gratuitous, but there are many considerations which render it in the highest degree improbable, while there are not wanting facts which appear to demonstrate that it is false. For, unquestionably, most of the considerations which have already been advanced in the preceding chapter\* against the assumption of an absolute stability of germ-plasm, are here equally available against the assumption of an imperceptibly small amount of instability. Simi-

larly, all the facts there given with regard to the asexual origin of species—and even genera—of parthenogenetic organisms, bud-variation\*, &c., amply demonstrate that congenital variations due to the instability of germ-plasm alone, or apart from amphimixis, are sometimes enormous. Hence, we cannot accept the gratuitous suggestion that in all other cases they are too insignificant to count for anything till they have been augmented by amphimixis, even although we may be prepared to agree that amphimixis is probably one important factor in the production of congenital variations. What degree of importance it presents in this connexion, however, we have not at present any means of determining; all we can conclude with certainty is, that in some cases it is demonstrably very much less than Weismann supposes, while it is extremely improbable that it is ever in any case the sole and necessary antecedent to the operation of natural selection.

This extreme improbability is shown by the “several considerations” which Darwin has adduced with regard to this very point, and which, as he says, “alone render it probable that variability of every kind is directly or indirectly caused by changed conditions of life,” with the consequence that “those authors who attribute all variability to the mere act of sexual union are in error.” By now attributing the *origin* of all congenital variations to the direct action of external conditions, Weismann has brought himself into line with Darwin so far as this fundamental point of doctrine is concerned. But I here re-quote the words in order to show that by further attributing the *development* of congenital variations “to the mere act of sexual union,” Weismann is again falling out of line with Darwin. So to speak, he first performs a right-about-face movement as regards his original position towards the “stability of germ-plasm,” and immediately afterwards makes a half-turn back again. Now, it is this half-turn to which I object as unwarranted in logic and opposed to fact.

I present to him the dilemma, that germ-plasm must be either absolutely stable or else but highly stable, and that in the former case his theory of amphimixis as the sole cause of congenital variations would be valid, while in the latter case the theory would collapse. But it did not then occur to me that Weismann might seek a narrow seat between the horns of this dilemma, by representing that germ-plasm is universally unstable up to a certain very low “protoplasmic” for “unicellular,” and nearly all the points of the criticism remain.

\*Professor Weismann has now considered more fully than heretofore the phenomena of bud-variation (*The Germ-plasm*, pp. 439-442); but as he continues (though with diffidence) to take substantially the same view of them as that which I have already quoted it is needless for me to re-discuss the matter here.

\*[Of my new work]. All that is there said about the unicellular organisms is not, in the present connexion, affected by Weismann's change of view with regard to them. We have only to substitute “primordial” or



degree of instability—viz., exactly that degree which is required for starting a congenital variation by means of external causes, without its being possible for the variation to become perceptible unless afterwards increased by means of amphimixis. And now that this extremely sophisticated position has been adopted, I cannot see any imaginable reason for adopting it other than a last endeavour to save as much as possible of his former theory of evolution. There can be nothing in the nature of things thus to limit, within the narrowest possible range, the instability of a universally unstable germ-plasm—distributed, as this most complex of known substances is, throughout all species of plants and animals, and exposed to inconceivably varied conditions of life in all quarters of the globe. And these considerations are surely of themselves enough to dispose of the assumption as absurd, without again rehearsing the facts of congenital variation which definitely prove it to be false.

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, RELIGION, AND SOCIOLOGY.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 318. (VOL. VII.—39) CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## AN EARLY SOCIETY FOR POLITICAL INQUIRIES.

### AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

CONTRIBUTED BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

On the ninth day of February, 1787, there was formed in Philadelphia, in the house of Dr. Franklin, "The Society for Political Inquiries." It was the first Society of that kind formed in America, and I believe, has had no successor, unless an exception be found in an association of ladies in New York who for some years have been meeting for the study of political history, and the discussion of political principles. Within eight months after the formation of the Society in Philadelphia the Constitution of the United States was framed, and as it was just that these inquirers desired to influence there seemed to be no further aim for the Society, and it was discontinued.

From that time Americans have assumed that their political system is complete, their Constitution an inspired instrument. Nevertheless, it contains articles fundamentally opposed to the principles of Franklin, Paine, and other eminent statesmen who formed this early association. They were, for instance, opposed to Presidency, as an unrepresentative office, and in favor of only one legislative chamber. I have discovered the "Rules and Regulations" of the Society, which, though printed by "Robert Aitken, at Pope's Head, in Market street," have never to my knowledge been published. These Rules have, indeed, nothing peculiar about them (it is arranged to have papers read and discussed) but the Preamble — no doubt written by Thomas Paine — is of much interest. I send it to you with the hope that it may prove not merely interesting, but suggestive.

John Stuart Mill once remarked in my hearing that nothing in America surprised him more than that, among a people so progressive, no school of constitutional criticism had been developed, and that the most eminent thinkers had apparently proceeded on the principle that no improvement in the science of government has been discovered since the last century. We have, perhaps naturally, devoted our first century

as a nation to self laudation; is it not time for the duty of self-criticism to begin?

The Preamble in which the old spelling is retained, is as follows:

"The moral character and happiness of mankind are so interwoven with the operations of government, and the progress of the arts and sciences is so dependent on the nature of our political institutions, that it is essential to the advancement of civilized society to give ample discussion to these topics.

"But important as these inquiries are to all, to the inhabitants of these republics they are objects of peculiar magnitude, and necessity. Accustomed to look up to those nations from whom we have derived our origin, for our laws, our opinions, and our manners, we have retained with undistinguishing reverence their errors with their improvements; have blended with our public institutions the policy of dissimilar countries; and have grafted on an infant commonwealth the manners of ancient and corrupted monarchies.

"In having effected a separate government, we have as yet effected but a partial independence. The revolution can only be said to be complete when we shall have freed ourselves, no less from the influence of foreign prejudices than from the fetters of foreign power. When breaking through the bounds in which a dependent people have been accustomed to think, and act, we shall probably comprehend the character we have assumed, and adopt those maxims of policy which are suited to our new situation.

"While objects of subordinate importance have employed the associated labours of learned and ingenious men, the arduous and complicated science of government has been generally left to the care of practical politicians, or the speculations of individual theorists.

"From a desire of supplying this deficiency, and of promoting the welfare of our country, it is now proposed to establish a society for mutual improvement in the knowledge of government, and for the advancement of political science.

"With these views, the subscribers associate



themselves under the title of *The Society for Political Inquiries*, and under the following laws and regulations."

#### LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

I. This Society shall consist of fifty residing members, and shall meet every Friday fortnight, at half past six o'clock in the evening (the chair to be taken precisely at seven) except during the months of June, July, August and September, when their meetings shall be discontinued.

II. There shall be a president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, and two secretaries, who shall be elected annually by ballot on the second Friday in February.

III. Persons residing at a distance shall be eligible into the Society as honorary members, but shall not be entitled to the privilege of electing.

IV. Every candidate for admission shall be proposed by at least two residing members, who shall give in his name in writing with their own subscribed to it. After which one of the acting secretaries shall read aloud the name of the candidate as well as of the nominating members, at two successive meetings previous to the election.

V. Every election shall be conducted by ballot, twelve members at least being present; and the votes of three-fourths of the number present, shall be necessary to the admission of the candidate.

VI. Each residing member shall pay twenty shillings on his admission, as well as fifteen shillings annually, towards the expenses of the Society.

VII. A committee of papers shall be appointed annually by ballot, on the same evening that the officers of the Society are elected. This committee shall consist of the president, vice-presidents, and six other members of the Society, and shall decide on the propriety of reading or publishing any paper which shall be presented to the Society. But they shall not proceed to any decision unless five of their number are present. Nor shall any essay, or the name of its author be published, without previously obtaining his consent.

VIII. The attention of the Society shall be confined to subjects of *government and political economy*. And members having any essays, facts, or observations on these subjects, that they wish to have read in the Society, or any political queries that they may be desirous of having discussed in conversation, shall give the same into the hands of the president or vice-president who shall communicate the same to the Committee of papers and take order thereon.

IX. The president or vice-president shall announce to the Society, what papers are to be read, and what subjects to be discussed at their next meeting.

X. A fair record shall be kept of the proceedings of the Society, which shall be open to the inspection of the members.

XI. Medals shall be adjudged at the discretion of the Society to the authors (whether members or not) of the best essays upon such subjects as the Society may propose for that purpose. The votes in these cases shall be taken by ballot.

XII. If any person to whom a medal shall be adjudged, should not be a member of the Society, he shall be included in the list of honorary members.

XIII. The president or vice-president shall have power to call at any time a special meeting of the Society.

XIV. The Society shall be subject to such laws and regulations as shall be made from time to time. But no laws shall be enacted, rescinded or altered without the presence of twelve members, and without the consent of three-fourths of the number present: Nor shall any such measures be proposed, without notice

has been previously given at two successive meetings of the alterations or additions intended to be made.

XV. There shall be a penalty of one shilling paid by every member not attending at any meeting, either stated or special, provided he be not out of town or confined by sickness.

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[Thomas Paine's name is not included because he resided at Bordentown, and also was just making his preparations to leave for Europe, which he did about three months after the formation of the Society. There is, however, evidence of his connexion with the Society, before which he read a paper on the Incorporation of Towns. He was probably an honorary member.]

#### MOTHERS, NOT POLITICIANS, WANTED.

BY HERMANN LIEB.

A NUMBER of American women, afflicted with the idea that womanhood is not correlative but identical with manhood, have met in congress in Chicago, said many sensible and many not so sensible things, and have returned home, no doubt, with the assurance of conquerors. They adjourned, apparently, with the conviction that, society, having heard their plea for "Justice," would recognise this identity in politics as well as in law at the first favorable opportunity.

Susan B. Anthony, the venerated leader of the "woman suffrage" movement, the all-pervading and all-inspiring genius of its Congresses, together with many other bright and earnest advocates are, undoubtedly, sincere, conscientious women; but they are all unbalanced, the effect of mental indigestion, more or less. When descanting upon Thomas Jefferson's inalienable rights declaration they do not perceive that suffrage is not one of these rights, and, if it is a right



at all, it is "alienable," because the natural law of self-preservation, which is paramount to all others, imposes upon the state the duty to so restrict, circumscribe and regulate this right as will best subserve the welfare of the people, and best secure the perpetuity of its political institutions. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are the inalienable rights of the human family, "irrespective of race, sex, color or previous condition of servitude"; but, no sensible man or woman will maintain that these natural rights are violated because the state deems it advisable to exclude the savage Indian or the civilised Chinese from the voting privilege. It would be absurd, however, to deny that, under certain conditions and in exceptional cases, it might be a wise and equitable measure for the state to extend suffrage to women; but owing to natural disabilities, and the important and absorbing duties imposed upon her, sound statesmanship would seem to demand the restriction of this right to men as a rule.

Suppose the state were to concede this privilege to American mothers, and the minds of these women were periodically rent by political passions, and, their natural nervousness, unduly increased, were to assume an acute form, what would be the effect upon the offspring of such unnaturally exalted mothers? And what would be the consequence to the state of thus "robbing the nursery" to supply "hustlers" for political caucuses, and stump-speakers for congressional districts?

Again, it is supposed the vote given to individuals for the management of public affairs, is given to rational and sufficiently well-informed beings to be used conscientiously and intelligently. If the majority of men who do the voting to-day fall behind the standard desired, not only would it be unwise but criminal for the state to increase the evil by increasing the number of indifferent voters.

The speakers at the suffrage congress, while uniformly deprecating the fact that women as a class were uninformed in almost every branch of human knowledge, demanded as a right, that this far reaching voting-power, which in the hands of ignorant males works infinite mischief in all of our large cities, and has been degraded to mere mockery in the South, be duplicated by intrusting it to an almost equal number of ignorant, easily influenced females. The duplication of depreciated bank stock by doubling its shares would be quite as rational.

The greatest drawback to the success of the movement, however, is the women themselves. The great mass of females, both married and single, instinctively shrink from the very thought of actively engaging in the bitter turmoils of a political campaign; the finer sensibilities of her nature revolt at such promiscuous

associates. It would be cruel to tear womanhood from her æsthetic pedestal and transform her into caricature to be jostled about at polling places, her voice mingling in angry debate at political meetings or in legislative halls. If not so serious, it would be amusing to see the many absurdities and note the incongruities that must necessarily result from the introduction of this new idea, the mixing up of the sexes, miscalled the "Emancipation of Woman." And yet, the complete exclusion of women from all participation in political affairs would be just as unwise and mischievous. Women of leisure, intelligent and inclined to study the science of politics, or, to aid in the promulgation of sound social, and economic doctrines, in a womanly and not masculine way, are needed to bring politics back to its former æsthetic state. An intelligent woman readily perceives that, while nature and her necessities may debar her from active public life, in a thousand ways she may take part in the solution of public questions. This differentiation in political activities does not imply superiority or inferiority, nor inequality of rights. It is merely a matter of policy and propriety. "Men are better adapted to do one thing and woman to do some other thing; there is no work men can do alone and do it well, and there is no work women can do alone and do well; he excels in some qualities and she in others: by united action,

*"Wird das Werk den Meister loben."*

This reciprocal relation of the sexes our women suffragists seem to be unable to perceive, and until they do they will not cease this unnatural struggle. In the meantime, however, I believe the human species will move on irresistibly toward its destiny.

Statistically the sexes are born about equal in number: physiologically they are meant to marry, and most of them do marry; whenever a girl or a man remains single it is rarely from choice, and our "Bachelor girl suffragist" will never, or hardly ever, confess that disappointment in love caused her to remain in single blessedness. Hence, family life being the rule, while singleness is the exception, the proposition to remodel society agreeably to the views of the exception is unreasonable.

It is in the holy circle of the American family where the solution of our great social problems must be worked out. There the father is considered the breadwinner; the mother the superintendent of the household. It is in the family that woman is at her best; it is not the father nor so much the school but the mother that forms the character of the future citizen of the republic. She is the natural economist and moralist of the family. The line of demarcation between the sphere occupied by the manager of an extensive family household and that of the manager of a state household is one of magnitude merely. The



one is more complicated than the other, but the governing principle is exactly the same in both. Both are charged with the useful application of their respective resources. The average housewife intuitively understands the duties the members of the family owe to each other, and to themselves. She, also, knows that good morals command moderation in their wants; industry and conscience in their labor; economy in the use of their means, and a careful regard for justice and the amenities of life in their relations with each other and with their neighbors. Adam Smith wisely says:

"What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom."

Thus, the national edifice is but the superstructure of the family units, and unless its administration is regulated in harmony with the management of all its parts it cannot permanently remain a homogeneous unity. If the mind of the future citizen is inculcated with the equitable principles prevailing in most households, if he is impressed with the truth that the business affairs of the Republic must be managed by the same common-sense methods practised in the household of his mother, the future American statesman will be able to solve the economic and social problems without the aid of women in practical politics.

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

##### II. THE YOUNG BRAHMAN.

Ramchandra had begun his studies in Benares with several of the most distinguished teachers. Although he pursued the usual routine of education, and did not neglect the courses in higher grammar, rhetoric, and the like, yet from the beginning philosophy had most captivated his mind,—not the subtle teachings of logic, which the acuteness of the Hindus is wont most to enjoy, but the deeper wisdom of the great Indian Pantheism. He was not loved by his fellow students, so he did not attempt to become intimate with them; he lived to himself, and applied himself to his tasks with a genuine zeal. However, in spite of the pleasure which his literary activity gave him, after a few weeks a gloomy expression was noticeable upon his face.

Ramchandra had come to Benares with limited means and false expectations. He had not doubted that by earnest efforts he would soon succeed in finding an employment sufficiently lucrative to supply his small necessities during the years of study, but in this expectation he now saw that he had been deceived. Between five and six thousand youths, with the same aim in life, lived in the holy city, almost all in the most moderate circumstances, hundreds of them quite without means, and compelled to acquire the barest necessities of life. Ramchandra had no connexions, and as a be-

ginner attracted no special attention with his teachers. O, if he had only worked among them a couple of years, and had an opportunity to distinguish himself! Then his chance would have been much better. His anxiety from month to month became more intense, until one day he counted his money and found that it was now barely sufficient for a return to his distant home. With a deep sigh he formed his unavoidable decision; to give up his life ideal and return to his father's house. On the day following a caravan was to start for the principal city of Rajputana, and he determined to join it.

On the next morning after the prescribed bath in the holy stream, Ramchandra wandered with bowed head through the narrow streets. The noise of traffic did not disturb him in his sorrowful thoughts. Suddenly he stopped and looked up. Here was the very place where the conflict with the Mohammedans had occurred, and where he had learned with shame how cowardly the Hindu was. And there too stood the house of Krishnadas. Acting upon the impulse of the moment he knocked at the door. He would say farewell to the only man in Benares who had done him a favor.

Krishnadas received him joyfully, but at the same time expressed surprise to see him so melancholy. "What!" said he, "you are about to leave Benares after a sojourn of scarcely six months? What is your reason?"

"The basest of all cares drives me away from my newly begun studies," replied Ramchandra, "the need of daily bread."

Krishnadas seemed to reflect a moment, then he arose, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said with heart-winning kindness: "Ramchandra, till now the gods have blessed my business; I have more wealth than I need."

Ramchandra attempted to rise, a deep blush overspread his countenance; but Krishnadas pressed him back upon the seat, and continued: "Mark you, I have never found time to devote myself to study, though if I could I should gladly have done so. If you would not refuse to enter the house of a merchant now and then of an evening, and relate to him the ancient history of our land, the great battles of our famous families, and other things worth knowing, the old merchant would be in your debt, not you in his. I beg of you, say nothing, but accept what I give."

Krishnadas opened an ironbound chest, and took from it a heavy leathern purse. For a moment the Brahman hesitated, then he stepped nearer Krishnadas and said "I thank you"; and the tone of his voice was gentler and warmer than before.

As Ramchandra left the house with glistening eyes and swinging steps, he vowed henceforward to strive



with all his strength for an independent livelihood, and to give back as soon as possible to his noble-hearted helper the gift which he held concealed in his garment. Had he turned his head he would have seen that Gopa stood at the window looking after him.

From that time the young Brahman came often to the house of the merchant, but he did not partake of his meals, for in so doing he would have committed an inexpressible wrong, and would have forfeited for all time the privileges of his caste.

### III. GOPA'S HUSBAND.

Almost four years have passed since the day on which our story opened. One who had not seen Krishnadas during that time could tell by a glance at his careworn countenance, that things must have greatly changed in his household. In the large front room of the first story, his bookkeeper, a bronze colored Bengali with large prominent lips, was making a business report.

After listening a long time in silence Krishnadas interrupted him with a gesture of impatience. "Enough! your words inform me that my affairs are constantly growing worse. Now, in Benares, only those are prosperous, who make respectable trade a side issue and lend all their available money to poor people at usurious rates. Matters have indeed reached a sad state."

"Keep up your courage, Master," said the bookkeeper cheerfully, "the prospect for the next month is favorable; the harvest will be better than for many years. And one who, like you, is diligent in establishing new relations, may expect rich returns this autumn."

While the last words were spoken a servant appeared at the door and announced a visitor: "Sir, a man is at the gate who wishes to speak with you,—Lakshman of Cashmere."

Krishnadas sprang up joyfully and cried: "Ah, the friend of my youth! most heartily welcome!" On the way to the door, however, he turned around once more and spoke to the bookkeeper, who, gathering up a quantity of papers was about to leave: "Do your utmost that the grain delivery to Nepal does not fail us."

The next moment the two friends met.

"Krishnadas!"

"Lakshman, is it really you? Fully twenty years have passed since we saw each other, and yet how little you have changed in that long time!"

"And I," replied the stranger, "would have known you among a thousand. And yet I think that the 'gay Krishnadas'—you know we always called you that when a boy—is not so cheerful as of old. On the contrary,—the deep furrows on your forehead,—have

things taken a bad turn with you? Does your business trouble you?"

"Yes, it does. But how is it with you?"

"Very well, the gods be praised. I have never regretted that when a young man I took my little inheritance and went to Cashmere. The fine weavings of my new home always find a market. I am here now with goods worth more than a hundred thousand rupees. I have pitched my tents close to the city. You must come to-day to examine our fine stuff; you will take pleasure in it." Here Lakshman paused, looked inquiringly at his friend for a time, then asked in a lower tone: "Krishnadas, was it really business alone that drew these wrinkles on your forehead? And this sorrowful expression on your face,—speak, what troubles you?"

"Come, sit down," said Krishnadas, "it is not to be told in a few words."

When the two men had seated themselves opposite each other upon two cushions, Lakshman remarked: "Eighteen years ago your wife died; you wrote me of it; she had just given life to a daughter."

Krishnadas's eyes lighted up. "Yes, to Gopa, to my only child. She is my sole delight. She is not only good-hearted, she has also grown beautiful, very beautiful, and clever." But with a sigh he gently added, "May she only grow happy!"

A few moments he was silent, looking thoughtfully on the ground. Then he bestirred himself, as if he would throw off a disagreeable thought, and began to talk. "You will scarcely remember, Lakshman, that I have a younger sister, Lilavati. When scarcely out of her cradle, she was wedded to a boy of our caste, a child just learning to talk, who knew not what a boy and maid are, much less what a husband and wife are. Two years after the marriage that boy died of small-pox."

Lakshman shook his head sadly. "A hard fate; very hard for the widow who has before her a long life of denial and sacrifice,—for the law forbids her to enter upon a new marriage. A wretched, sad existence, indeed! The Sahibs who now rule our land have not done well to forbid the ancient holy custom, in accordance with which the widow accompanied the dead husband upon the funeral pile. A quick death in the flames, with the assurance that she was cleansing herself and her husband from all sin, and that she would lead a happy life with him in Vishnu's heaven, is a far happier fate than the life of a widow upon earth."

Krishnadas nodded assent several times and continued: "I can scarcely bear to recall what my sister has endured since that time; how the poor little creature, without understanding what widowhood meant, was clad in a dark robe,—how she stood there, a pitiful sight, shorn of her beautiful hair. She herself knew not how



she looked; she ran upon the streets to her playmates, and they,—how it rent my heart!—ran shrieking and horrified from her to avoid the sight of that evil omen, a widowed child. Strange people drove her back into the house with blows. This was repeated a few times; then poor Lilavati, conquered by fear, ever after remained at home, scarcely daring to look out of the window. So year after year passed. And then the poor, unsavory food, which is ordered for her as a widow, and the regular fast-days, upon which not a bit of food, not a drop of water, must pass her lips! And why all this?"

"It is not well," interrupted Lakshman, "to torment your brains for this. The gods will it, and what the gods decree always serves a good end, even if we cannot understand it." Lakshman was from head to foot a Hindu, quite after the liking of the Brahmans.

Krishnadas, however, appeared to disregard the remark of his fatalistic friend and went on with his story. "Since Lilavati has grown up and come to understanding, she has endured all with touching patience, done all that the Purohit, the household priest, has commanded; has fasted more than was necessary; often we have seen her sink down in utter exhaustion. Oh, how the sight of her silent misery cut me to the heart! And many times when I was unnoticed, did I observe her as she stole to the window when a joyous wedding procession was passing by our house, when a youth beaming with happiness was taking his blooming bride to his home. Then I saw how my unhappy sister's bosom heaved, and how her fingers convulsively clutched her gown. She knew that all the happiness of life in this existence was forever denied her, but never a word of complaint escaped her lips. My parents died, and Lilavati came to my house to become a second mother to my child. I cannot tell how much I thank her, yet I could not brighten her existence. Truly, the Brahman law is hard, and still harder than the law is the Purohit, a rough man, who by the strength of his will has obtained such an influence in our community that no one dares to speak against him. The past month our trouble has increased: a cruel fever has seized my poor sister; for weeks she has lain in pain, and is so exhausted that we know not how long she will be with us. And that is not all; another heavy burden lies upon my heart."

"Still more, my poor friend?"

"Yes," said Krishnadas, "I wished at first to conceal it from you, but perhaps I may now learn from you, who have come from Cashmere, something about Champak."

Lakshman looked up in surprise. "About Champak, the manager of the vineyards of our Maharaja? I know him well; but what is he to you?"

"He is my son-in-law, Gopa's husband."

With an expression of the greatest astonishment, Lakshman arose. "Champak your son-in-law!" But he quickly checked himself and continued in a careful manner. "Champak is a very important man and stands high in the favor of the young prince."

"And, it is said, that it is very gay at your court—"

"Oh, yes, people know how to live in Cashmere."

"And to associate with complaisant women? Do not dissemble, friend; tell me what I have long foreboded; what is Champak doing?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

### THE LITTLE BOX.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

PAUL, being at Athens, when he had come down from Mars' Hill, certain of the philosophers who had heard him came unto him, saying, Show us a miracle!

Then Paul, minded to show forth the power committed unto him answered and said, What sign will ye that I show?

They say unto him, Make the dumb to speak.

And Paul answered them straightway, saying, Go to now, fetch hither a man born dumb.

And while they yet sought among the throng gathered about him if peradventure any such might be found, Paul lifted up his voice, saying:

Which of the twain is the greater miracle, to make a dumb man speak, or this little box?

With one accord they answered him: The little box.

Then Paul, having taken from beneath his cloak the little box, set it on the ground in the midst of the multitude. And again he lifted up his voice, saying, What will ye that the little box shall speak unto you?

They answer him, Let it testify of those things whereof thou hast spoken even this day upon yonder hill.

And Paul (having laid in previously with the little box) touched it gently in the right place, and the box spake, saying, Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you.

Then were the multitudes amazed and confounded. Some said, This indeed testifieth of the truth; but others said that the Devil was in the little box. And one of the philosophers questioned Paul concerning what had happened, demanding of him whence came the voice and whose was the voice thereof.

And Paul answered and said, Truly, the voice is the voice of God: and hath to-day spoken unto you by the mouth of his holy prophet which hath been since the world began.

And when he was questioned further concerning the name of this prophet, he answered them, saying,



There is but one name given unto men worthy of the kingdom of heaven, and that name is Truth. But the name of the little box is Archetype of the phonograph.

Then were the multitude still more amazed. And they said one to another. This is a big name, sure enough. Verily, verily, the name is bigger than the box.

But they wist not,—neither they nor the philosophers,—how much bigger was the idea than the name. And as it was with the little box so with little facts, it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

WHILE the Parliament of All Religions at Chicago is mixing the antagonistic theologies together, and hoping by some sort of spiritual alchemy to fuse them into a sympathetic religious unity, we behold on the other side of the Atlantic the blending of two rival creeds in the same person, and the highest ideals of both welded together in the same soul. Queen Victoria has lately declared herself to be a true Episcopalian and a faithful Presbyterian, free to worship in the temples of either denomination. This is the first actual reality born of the hope that convened the Parliament of All Religions; for, if I may commune in two contradictory churches, why may I not worship in twenty, or fifty, or a hundred? That novel and very startling confession was made by the Queen when she laid the foundation-stone of a Presbyterian church at Balmoral in Scotland; and, curiously enough, on the very day that the Parliament of All Religions began its deliberations. The Queen had no apologies to offer, but seemed rather proud indeed that she was intellectually and spiritually strong enough to believe in more than one religion. With fire and sword, goaded by ecclesiastic piety, the English tried for many years to force the Episcopalian form and faith upon Scotland; with fire and sword the Scotch resisted and courageously maintained their own Presbyterian independence. It begins to look as if the fire and sword were wasted, for now they have a Queen who is the head of both churches and a believer in the religions of both nations.

In the old sectarian days, when men fought over ecclesiastical husks and threw the nutritious kernels of truth upon the ground, it seemed like a theological discord that the sovereign of Great Britain should be at the same time the civil and ecclesiastical head of two churches hostile to each other; and even at this day the zealots on either side wrangle and pray over the strange anomaly. It was left for Queen Victoria to bring the pipes and the psalters and the harps of both churches into harmonious tune by adopting both religions; and this reminds me of an incident that illustrates the subject and at the same time shows the stubborn and unconquerable spirit of the Scottish people. One day I was meandering aimlessly along the High Street in Edinburgh when suddenly I saw a gorgeous procession of gold and silver and brass dignitaries in royal carriages advancing from the direction of Holyrood Palace, escorted by a regiment of dragoons. As they passed me I inquired of a Scotchman, who stood near, if the circus was in town. "No," he said, "it's no circus. Do you see that church over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland begins its annual session there to-day, and this is the state procession of the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord High Commissioner, who will represent the Queen in the General Assembly."

"What! Is the Queen of England the head of the Church of Scotland?"

"No! But the Queen of Scotland is."

I followed the crowd, as my custom is, and got a distant glimpse of the ceremonies. As the Lord High Commissioner entered the church, the whole assembly rose. He then advanced in state, and, bowing low to the moderator, presented his commission from the Queen. The moderator read it aloud, and then put the question, whether or not the Lord High Commissioner should be received. It was very significant that not until the assembly voted "aye" did the Earl of Rosslyn presume to take his seat upon the throne. In this way the children of the old Covenanters clung to the traditions of their fathers; and I have no doubt that every man in the General Assembly would have died rather than surrender to England, or to any other power, the smallest atom of Scotland's ecclesiastical independence.

\* \* \*

After hearing and reading many of the learned and very able addresses made in the Parliament of All Religions, I have been profoundly impressed by their eloquence and their evident sincerity. Inspired by the genius of religious freedom, their tendency is to make men "dwell together in unity." I confess that I have undervalued the scope and policy and the spiritual strength of this comprehensive parliament; but I now believe that in moral splendor it equals the material magnificence of the World's Fair, and its exhibits will not wear out until greater truths prevail. We have had Pan-Anglican councils, and Pan-American councils, and Ecumenical councils, but these were all sectarian, while in this assembly we have a Pan-Anglican, a Pan-American, a Pan-Asiatic, a Pan-African, and a Pan-Australian council combined in one great parliament, where all the faiths have had free speech, and all their advocates fair play. Some timid Christian ministers outside the parliament, and one or two inside of it, religiously condemn it, because, they say, it was not wise to invite the heathens and the pagans to proclaim their doctrines, lest our own might suffer by comparison. They think that Christian temples are of glass and built upon the sand. As physicians of a certain school decline to counsel with practitioners of another school, some Doctors of Divinity refuse to consult with Doctors of Humanity, no matter how critical the case may be. The spirit of the parliament, however, was all the other way; it was tolerant, considerate, and kind. Conspicuously, this appeared in the chairman, a Presbyterian clergyman, dignified in manner, eloquent in speech, of rare tact and executive ability, and courteous to all. He was a fortunate selection, and to him is largely due the success of this novel experiment, the Parliament of All Religions.

\* \* \*

One evening the Caliph of Bagdad, in the garb of a common person, took a walk through the city, so that he might see for himself in what manner the watchmen of the night performed their duties. Becoming weary, he hired a donkey to carry him from one part of the town to the other, and when about half the journey was done, the donkey-driver demanded another fare, saying that he had a right to impose a double tariff after half-past eleven at night. The Caliph refused payment, and was about to show from the Koran that the extortion was illegal, when the donkey-driver called upon two janissaries who were standing by, and they immediately seized the Caliph by the collar and pulled him to the ground; but before they had time to beat him, the prisoner said, "Permit me to introduce myself as the Caliph of Bagdad"; whereupon they fell upon their knees and implored pardon, saying, "Allah! Bismillah! We knew thee not, O Caliph; we thought thee nothing but a common citizen." To this the Caliph answered, that it was as criminal to oppress an ordinary citizen as it was to assault the Caliph of Bagdad, and he ordered the janissaries to be led away to instant execution. This fable teaches that all men are equal before the law.



Something similar to the adventure described in the foregoing paragraph occurred a few nights ago in the city of Chicago. One of the Caliphs of the city, Abou Ben Brentano, Judge of the Superior Court, was riding home on a Cottage Grove Avenue car, and when he reached Thirty-ninth Street the conductor demanded another nickel, which the Judge refused to pay, whereupon two janissaries with blue coats, ornamented with tin stars, took him by the collar and jolted him off the car. Thus the story goes; but before they could use their clubs upon him, he had presence of mind enough to say, "Permit me to introduce myself as Judge Brentano." Then the janissaries begged for mercy, saying, "Arrah! Begorrah! We knew thee not; we thought thee only a common citizen"; but the Judge reported the case to the Chief Janissary, Ibrahim Pasha El Brennan, and he has promised to have the men beheaded. Which reminds me of an incident that occurred at Marbletown. Two lawyers were trying a case before old Squire Margretz, Justice of the Peace, when one of them, becoming angry, threw the Code of Iowa at the other and got the inkstand in return. They exchanged a few blows across the table, when the Squire, interfering, received a tap intended for the opposing counsel. This made him angry, and turning upon his assailant he exclaimed with judicial dignity, "Oh! Oh! You will hit the Court, will you? Then I fine you five dollars." The offender begged for mercy, protesting that he did not intend to hit the Court, but his plea availed nothing. The lesson of that fine was worth more than fifty dollars, and I commend it to the policemen of Chicago, with a bit of legal advice free. Use the club liberally on the humbler citizens, but be careful that you do not "hit the Court."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## INTIMATIONS.

BY CHARLES A. LANE.

What hunger hath thy mouth to feed,  
That added food but whetteth greed,  
O! Knowledge, eager-eyed?  
What will had fate to serve in thee,  
Thou proper through eternity,  
If aye thy yearnings cried  
Unsatisfied?

What aileth thee to ache with hope  
If what hath wrought desire, doth ope  
No passage to the goal?  
But, lo! from out th' eternities,  
Faith catches echoing promises  
That crown thy doom, O, Soul,  
With Aureole.

## NOTES.

Some time ago, shortly after the holding of the Women's Congress at Chicago, I had the pleasure of discussing the "Woman Problem" with General Lieb, and I was heartily in accord with him when he maintained that salvation from the evils of our social and political corruption could be attained only through the assistance of the American women. "We want," so General Lieb expressed himself, "good mothers in our households, for it is the influence of the mother that impresses itself most powerfully upon the minds of our children." And this is very true. When Napoleon the First observed the symptoms of degeneration in France he employed the remarkable words, "*donnez moi des mères*" (let us have mothers), viz., ideal mothers that will fulfil all the duties of motherhood. When we have such mothers, the most important evils will disappear as a matter of course. While I repeat that I heartily agree with General Lieb, I do not see why the ballot should be any drawback to the development of mothers. I do not believe that woman suffrage will prove a panacea to cure all the

evils of society, but I believe that it will have some good results, and I do not doubt that if our women demand the ballot they will eventually get it. If we restrict suffrage to those who are sufficiently educated to use it wisely, we shall never attain political maturity. We can reach a higher stage of existence only by living up to our ideal, without minding mistakes and the evil consequences of mistakes. When we commit mistakes, we have to suffer from their evil consequences and must try to avoid them in the future. Woman suffrage will at least bring about this one wholesome result, that our ballot-boxes will no longer be placed in saloons or in dingy localities. As matters now are, it is disagreeable to attend to the most important duty of a citizen. As a rule, the voting-place is such that to a self-respecting man it is unpleasant to cast his ballot, and if an improvement in this direction were the sole benefit of woman suffrage, it would be, in my opinion, a sufficient reason to introduce it.

P. C.

The Sanmarga Samaj of Bellary, India, now publishes, besides a native journal, a weekly theosophical journal in English, called the *Theosophic Thinker*. This is the only English journal of its kind in India. At the Sanmarga Samaj, established in 1887, there is a free Sanskrit school, moral classes, and lectures. The price of the *Theosophic Thinker* is 2 Rs. per annum. Persons interested may apply to Alexander Fullerton, Esq., 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

We have just learned with deep regret of the death of the Rev. H. H. Higgins, the venerable ex-president of the Philosophical Society of Liverpool. Mr. Higgins took great interest in the work of *The Open Court*, and occasionally contributed to its columns.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 319. (VOL. VII.—40.)

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 5, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS AT ITS LAST SESSION.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

HAS religion a future? This is the form which the problem would take to many in whose thought still lives the destructive spirit of eighteenth century materialism. But I am convinced that every one who has beheld this magnificent concourse of the world's religions has become profoundly conscious of the universality of divine inspiration and the immortal strength of religious conviction. There are some who think that the perpetuity of religion depends upon the demonstration or the final disproof of the inspiration and authority of the Jewish and Christian scriptures. Far be it from me to concede to-day that these divine oracles can ever lose the unique esteem which they now enjoy;—and yet, let the enemies of religion learn, that the complete annihilation of the Bible would not so much as tend to discredit a single doctrine of the Christian faith.

Not a jot or a tittle of the ancient dogma would pass away though the very memory of the sacred texts were obliterated from the human mind.

Nay, more. If it were possible for the old dogmas to disappear; if Christianity itself, in all its forms, and all the subtle uplifting influences which have emanated from it, were to be forever blotted out; this would not so much as tend to discredit or destroy religion. The beliefs in God, in immortality, in the rewards and punishments of a future life; in the mediation of angels and saints, in divine incarnation, in truth, in hope, in love, in justice, in purity, in communion with God, in union with the universe of life and love, would not disappear with Christianity since they were not introduced by it, nor have they ever been its exclusive possession.

In fact, not one essential doctrine of the Christian religion, nor one form of the beneficent activity which has borne the Christian name, would be wholly lost to humanity, if Christianity itself should be wiped out from history. But this is not all. If theism could go; if the belief in immortality could go; if all accepted

norms of ethics could go; if the supernatural and the metaphysical in all their phases could go; religion would even yet remain as the supreme solace of humanity, its most potent inspiration, the mainspring of its evolution, the guiding star of cosmic destiny.

Religion is as indestructible as force; it is, in fact, the manifestation of the mightiest as well as the most exalted of all forces, the aspiration of man. In the very structure of the human organism, in the pulsations of every cell, in the interlacings of every fibre, are writ the great truths of the solidarity of life, the coördination of beings, the coöperation of wills. Every human breath is a sigh for the unattained, every human thought is a dream of cosmic brotherhood, every human volition is a grasping of the garment of a Saviour God. Is there a human being who does not aspire? Well, be it so; but where is he who does not love! You say that such a one is wholly indifferent? I will tell you that he is reposing upon the bosom of a beloved Nature. You say that such a one knows no sentiment but hatred? I will show you that that hatred is the shadow of a great love.

He who loves has thrown himself into the river of life which flows out from the throne of Deity; and that sacred stream, after moistening all the roots of created being, is gathered up every drop by the fires of the Uncreated Sun into a heaven azure with eternal hope.

Not one emotion of love in the human breast can fail to reach its everlasting home, for love is of God, love is from God, and love is God.

He who would write the theogony of love would show that it generates in the human breast the trinity of truth, of beauty, and of goodness. As the instrument of truth it is called the illative sense or intuition; as the instrument of beauty, the æsthetic sense; as the instrument of goodness, the moral sense. But beyond the truth lies the true; within beauty lives the beautiful; behind goodness stands the good. So the love which adorns the soul with truth and beauty and goodness becomes in it God, who is, at once and supremely, the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. In this capacity it is called the spiritual sense. This is the Deipara, the Virgin within, of whom, through the power of the Holy Spirit, the Christ-child is forever



born. The spiritual sense is common to all men and is the genetrix of all religious faith throughout the world, whatever be its name or whatever its apparent object. Most of us believe that a fructification from on high has been necessary to give rise to this glorious progeny; but if any hold to a sublime parthenogenesis of the soul, I am not here to contradict him. In any case it cannot be gainsaid that religion, in its five-fold aspect of doctrine, spiritual life, ethics, ceremonial and organisation, is to be found in every nation and tribe that bears the name of man. It is true that the forms of its manifestation, intellectual, spiritual, moral, æsthetic and practical, are almost countless in their variety, but at bottom of them all are the same principles, the same instincts, the same aspirations.

We know that religion is true, and therefore immortal, because it is universal. Whatever is an essential element of human nature must be true, for if we could doubt the veracity of our own natures all reasoning, all thought, all action, would become an absurdity and we would be engulfed in a scepticism so complete as to constitute an immediate and literal suicide. But because of the veracity of nature all its various manifestations must be looked upon as so many pearls of thought and feeling hung upon the same golden thread of truth.

If this be so, truth is universal, and not the monopoly of a single priesthood. Every religion must be at bottom a religion of truth, every cultus must be at heart a revelation of beauty, every moral code must be in effect a school of goodness.

We live in a wondrous age: and the superscription of its wonders is this one word: *universality*. All the varied commodities of mind and matter—men and books, ideas and things—are passing from one land to another with astonishing rapidity. Now it is possible, as never before, to know our fellowmen in the remotest ends of the earth, and be known by them. If then every doctrine is true, every worship beautiful, and every norm of duty good, it appears that there lie before us spiritual treasures far more lavish than any material goods which nation can acquire from nation or man from man. Is any one so dull of perception as to believe that while silks and porcelains and delicacies and machinery are becoming the common possessions of mankind, the intellectual and spiritual commodities will alone remain inert? Not so; religion is of all things least local and provincial in its character. It constitutes in every bosom a dynasphere whose circumference is conterminous, not with the universe simply, not with existence simply, finite and infinite, but with the utmost possibility of being.

It appears then that the religion of the future will have no fences; perhaps I had better say, it will have no blinds. It will be open on every side towards every

vehicle of truth, every embodiment of beauty, every instrument of goodness, that is to say, towards all expressions of thought, all manifestations of feeling, all standards of conduct.

Since Love is the father of all the gods, the root and essence of the spiritual sense, it is especially by love and in love that this breaking down of the old barriers will be realised. The fundamental characteristic of the religious future will be a universal union in love.

If to this accord of spirit there is to be added an accord of thought and worship and conduct, it must be based, not upon a minimising of religious differences, not upon a rejection of all but a few supposed fundamentals, but upon a full and unreserved acceptance of all the elements of all religions. Vain is his task who would lastingly suppress any manifestations of the spiritual sense which any time and any age has witnessed. Religion is eternal, not only in its essence, but in its infinitude of forms. Truth is one, but the aspects of truth are infinite; beauty is one, but the manifestations of beauty are endless; goodness is one, but the applications of goodness are innumerable. The human mind is broad enough to contain and reconcile all doctrines; the human heart is large enough to embrace and harmonise all sympathies and adorations; the human will is strong enough to execute all duty, while facing all alternatives of possible duty.

May we go still farther, and hope for a union, not only in love, and doctrine, and worship and duty, but in organic association? Is it conceivable that all diversities of race and talent and thought and tendency and environment may ultimately be coördinated into a world-wide organisation? Can the religious federation of humanity be regarded as within the limits of a rational and legitimate hope? This question has already been answered before all the world. The ideal of universality has been in the world, however well or illy we may think it to have been carried out. The standard of organic union has long been unfurled, whatever we may think of the beauty of its blazoning. To that ideal let us pay every homage; before that standard let us stand with uncovered head.

O white-robed Pontiff of eternal Rome! thee do we hail as the living embodiment of our enrapturing dream. Thou hast handed on from generation to generation the sacred torch of cosmic thought; thou hast kept alive the flame of cosmic love. Thy name is inherited from prehistoric mysteries; thy mission is the preservation of the heritage of doctrine which unites the best thought of the flower of the Aryan and Semitic nations; thy home is amid the traditions of universal empire; we dare to see in thy triple crown the symbol of a unity in which Jew and Christian and pagan can alike participate; and we hail thee once more



as the apostle of cosmic unity, the king of the first great brotherhood of the world. Hail to thee! and hail still more to the divine Master who taught and crowned thee!

The most diverse of men, the most conflicting opinions, the most varied talents and tendencies, can be united in one compact, economic organisation; for this by the Roman Church has already been done.

If religion has a future, surely each of its elements will share in that future. Doctrine has a future, discipline has a future, morality has a future, ritual has a future, organisation has a future; and by the law of evolution the future can be expected to be an advance upon the present. Religion in the future will not only become broad enough to take in every form of doctrine, of spirituality, of morality, of ritual, of organisation, but will progress until each of these elements shall have reached its highest degree of development. We may legitimately expect that this development will follow the same laws which govern the general evolution of the planet. In this case the goal in every field will be the highest degree of heterogeneity coupled with the highest degree of coherence, and the means of its attainment will be a progressive specialisation of function, accompanied by an organic integration.

We must look forward, then, not to a hazy mist of general religious notions, but to a definite and compact doctrinal system, far-reaching, yet elastic, in which all the religious ideas of the whole world shall have been taken into consideration; a discipline for the spiritual life consisting of exact scientific laws based upon the broadest possible inductions; a moral code summing up all the ethical lights of the race in a strong clear norm of duty, not crudely rigid, but so constituted as to be adaptable to all the varying circumstances of life and environment; a ceremonial system in which there shall be room for every beauty and dignity of ritual, every simplicity and spontaneity of informal fraternisation, which has ever been enjoyed on earth; a cosmopolitan organisation, which shall leave the fullest play for individual method and initiative, and shall unite in itself all the different forms of religious organisation that men and women have ever adhered to or contended over, and which shall yet have unity enough to insure the highest economy of effort, and to constitute a true coöperative brotherhood of universal humanity. This must be the outcome, if we only premise the perpetuity of the spiritual sense in its fivefold manifestation, and the sovereignty of the law of evolution in the realm of mind as well as in that of matter.

To sum up, the religion of the future will be universal in every sense. It will embody all the thought and aspiration and virtue and emotion of all humanity; it will draw together all lands and peoples, all kin-

dreds and tongues, into a universal brotherhood of love and service; it will establish upon earth a heavenly order, and make all incarnate spirits vibrate with the harmony of the celestial spheres.

And now draws near the hour of parting. From all quarters of the earth have we come, that we might stand together here in a momentary fruition of the dream of cosmic brotherhood: from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, from Australasia; the followers of the Rishis, of Kong-fu-tse, of Krishna, of Sâkyâ Muni, of Mohammed, of Moses, and of Christ; the pupils of Sankarachârya, of Luther, of Calvin, of Wesley, of Fox, of Blavatsky, of Eddy, of Swedenborg, of Aquinas; we have gazed into each other's eyes and read there nothing but mutual respect and sympathy and love; we have poured out our hearts one to another and found that we shared the same love, the same hopes, the same ideals; we respect each other now, as we have never respected before; we appreciate each other now, as we have never appreciated before; we love each other now, as we have never loved before.

As hand meets hand in the farewell of parting kinsmen, we cannot press back from our eyes the moistening tear; but through the tear gleams the sunlight of a new joy.

Blessed be the hour, which, for the first time in the history of the world, has brought us together in fraternal union! We may not agree as to the future of religion, any more than we do as to its past or its present; but we can and do agree in this, that we see in each other brothers and sisters who are striving for the advancement of the highest truth, and whose rivalry is the sweet emulation of imparting the best which one knows to as many as are ready to receive it.

Hail, my brothers! hail, my sisters! Hail to you who are the emissaries of the Past, to greet the Messianic Future! Hail to you who are the heralds of the dawning day! Call it the day of Amitâbha, or the day of the Saoshyant, or the day of Kalki, or the day of Meschiach ben David, or the day of Christ; no matter; let it in! Open wide all the doors, and hail to the enlightening truth!

Hail to the Truth! Hail to Love, the King and God of gods! Hail again to you, my brothers, my sisters, His messengers and prophets! Some of us will meet again; some of us will never look again into each other's eyes, or hear each other's words. *Vale atque salve*, brothers, sisters, fathers, friends; hail and farewell!

#### PROGRAMME OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S CONGRESS AT CHICAGO.

BY G. KOERNER.

THE resolutions adopted by the Catholic Congress at Chicago on the 9th of September are, as was to be expected, very skilfully drawn and contain many strik-



ing and captivating passages. They are written in a conciliatory tone, and very apt to impress favorably people of different religious creeds. They may serve as a model for our future national party platforms.

One cannot but be gratified at the sentiment expressed in the very last resolution, which reads as follows :

"Finally, as true and loyal citizens, we declare our love and veneration for our glorious Republic, and we emphatically deny that any antagonism can exist between our duty to our church and our duty to the State. In the language of the Apostolic Delegate, let our watchword be 'Forward. In one hand the Gospel of Christ, and in the other the Constitution of the United States.' Let us keep in the path of religion and virtue, that the blessings of our national liberties, born of the stern energy and sturdy morals of our forefathers, may be preserved for all time as a sacred heritage."

It embodies a clear and distinct repudiation of the Bull *Quanta Cura* with the annexed "Syllabus" issued on the 8th of December, 1864, by the Pope Pío Nono. That Syllabus denounces in the strongest terms the main principles enunciated in our Declaration of Independence and in the Bills of Rights in the federal and in our state constitutions, as execrable heresies, as, for instance: the right of private judgment in all religious matters, the freedom of the press, the unconfessional schools, the independence of the state from clerical authority, the right of the people to govern themselves, in fact all modern ideas of government which are now pervading the institutions of all civilised countries. These liberal principles are enumerated in eighty-four paragraphs of the Syllabus, and to each paragraph there is added the word "Anathema." Be it cursed.

The Bull *Quanta Cura* and the Syllabus explanatory of the Bull, have never been repealed and could not be, since the Ecumenical Council held at Rome in 1870, has elevated the infallibility of the Pope to a dogma of the Catholic Church.

The words in that last resolution, "Let our watchword be 'Forward. In one hand the Gospel of Christ and in the other the Constitution of the United States'" indicates, if they are not *vox præterea nihil*, a great departure not only from the doctrines of the Syllabus, but also from the former mandates of the Roman Church which discountenanced the reading of the Bible by the Catholic laity.

A resolution to the effect that the congress extend to Catholic Ireland its profound sympathy and express the hope that the defeat of the "Grand Old Man was only temporary" was not adopted, (though it is stated in some of the newspaper reports that there was an overwhelming majority in its favor,) in consequence of a suggestion of the chairman, that home rule was a political question and not a Catholic one. After the official resolutions had been adopted, the members of the congress held a sort of a mass meeting and passed

a compound resolve in favor of home rule, personal and civil liberty for all races and colors, and calling particular attention to the struggles against tyranny by Ireland, Catholic Poland, and the Jews of Russia. This last resolution of course will not go on the record of the proceedings. But taken in connexion with the speeches of some of the most prominent clergymen, in which the Grand Old Man was highly eulogised by name, it cannot be doubted that it was the intention to comfort and gratify the Irish-American home rulers.

Whether this ovation will be of service to Mr. Gladstone in England, Scotland, and Wales in the coming elections may be doubted. It may turn out a two-edged sword.

The social questions are very conservatively treated. The resolutions in that regard in the customary way express sympathy with the "Disinherited," recommend reconciliation between capital and labor, and more particularly the exercise of private charity by the well-to-do classes, as leading to the contentment of the poor. Some practical advice is also given to the laboring men and women for improving their condition. All this is very well meant and elegantly expressed, and will meet with general approbation.

Those persons, and there were many, who expected a clear and unmistakable expression of opinion on the free-school question, which has created so great an "unpleasantness" in the Catholic circles, both lay and clerical, were not aware of the almost sublime wisdom of the higher clergy to obviate difficulties and to smooth the surging waves of discontent. Of course, there was much disappointment.

The issue on the school question is a very plain one. Archbishop Ireland some time ago proposed a plan, principally intended to relieve Catholics from double taxation, by which through an arrangement with the state common-school authorities, parents might send their children to the free schools, in places where the Catholic communities were small and hardly able to build schoolhouses and pay teachers, provided, however, that branches which might be considered offensive to Catholic religious convictions be excluded. Religious instruction was to be imparted to Catholic scholars by priests at off hours or days, when the schoolhouse was not used by the full school and also in Sunday schools.

The Archbishop had actually put his plan in operation in his diocese in the town of Fairbault, Minnesota.

Archbishop Corrigan for one, and many other prominent churchmen, very sharply opposed this idea as being a clear violation of the firmly established canons of the church. A most bitter warfare was carried on by pamphlets, the Catholic religious press, and sermons in the pulpit. Both parties appealed to Rome.



The Pope had sent Bishop Satolli to the United States as Vice-Vicar of Christ, specially instructing him to settle this unseemly dispute. The Bishop called a meeting of all the Archbishops and addressed them on the subject. In a former number of *The Open Court* this address was published in full. It did in a great measure sanction the visionary ideas of Archbishop Ireland. At any rate, it was claimed by the latter and his followers that it did. But it did not by any means meet the approval of his opponents, so that the Pope himself interceded by an encyclical letter which is by no means very clear, but upon the whole sustained the views of Satolli, though both parties claimed it as a victory.

Now, what was the action of the Congress in regard to this very important point? Satolli had been received at the Congress most enthusiastically. He was highly complimented by several of the eminent speakers. In one of the resolutions the Congress thanks the Pope for having sent to the United States a special representative of the Vicar of Christ, and "hails him enthusiastically as the hostage of the Pope's paternal solicitude for our country and its institutions." Now, all this must have been very gratifying to the friends of Archbishop Ireland. And yet the very first resolution reads as follows:

"We affirm the resolutions of the Catholic Congress held at Baltimore, November 11 and 12, A. D., 1889."

That Congress had resolved that it was the imperative duty of all Catholic parents to send their children to none but Catholic schools, so that their souls should not be contaminated by irreligious influences. That disobedient parents or guardians should be visited with clerical punishment. Another resolution passed by the Chicago Congress is still more explicit:

"Resolved, As the preservation of our national existence, the Constitution under which we live, and all our rights and liberties as citizens, depend upon the intelligence, virtue, and morality of our people, we must continue to use our best efforts to increase and strengthen our Catholic parochial schools and Catholic colleges, and to bring all our educational institutions to the highest standard of excellence. It is the sense of this Congress, therefore, that Catholic education should be steadfastly upheld according to the decrees of the Council of Baltimore and the decisions of the Holy See thereon."

Evidently the Congress disapproved the Ireland scheme, though indorsed by Satolli and in a measure by the infallible Pope himself. One of the speakers denounced the Ireland plan as a snare and a delusion.

Another subject which has of late years been very much agitated, not only in this, but in all Catholic countries, the temporal power of the Pope, could not be quite ignored. In Belgium, France, Germany, large meetings have been held repeatedly by Catholics clamorously demanding that the Popes should be reinstated into their former territorial possessions, under

the plea that they could not exercise their spiritual functions without being temporal sovereigns. At a very late grand rally of lay Catholics in this country, under the guidance of the clergy, very strong resolutions to that effect were passed, receiving the blessing of Pope Leo. The Catholic press incessantly brings forward this claim, considering it a vital question.

But at this present time and this occasion the Congress did not think it altogether prudent to press the subject much, but treated it rather homœopathically. It did resolve as follows:

"It is the sense of this Congress that the Vicar of Christ must enjoy absolute independence and autonomy in the exercise of that sublime mission to which in the providence of God he had been called at the head of the church for the welfare of religious humanity."

Of this skilfully constructed declaration it might be said, "*Latet anguis in herba.*"

Considering the arrangement, the ability, parliamentary tact, and eloquence displayed, the large number in attendance, the high rank of many of the delegates in the hierarchy of the best-organised religious society the world ever beheld, the locality which just now is visited daily by hundreds of thousands, and to which at the present time the eyes of the whole world are attracted, this convention must be regarded, not as an affair of a day, to be forgotten the next by some other big spectacular demonstration, but as an event thus far unparalleled in the religious history of our country. It ought to arrest the attention of all reflecting minds.

No doubt the greater part of the resolves of this Congress breathe a liberal and reformatory spirit. Should it be followed by corresponding action, no fear might be felt for the safety of our free republican institutions. But programmes and platforms have so often disappointed just expectations, that we must not cease to be on our guard and to remember that "*Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.*"

#### CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

##### GOD'S PRESENCE WITH HIS PEOPLE.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

WHILE they tarried by the seaside a certain Pharisee saith unto him, Master, we know that God is gracious and doeth all things well.

Because we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told unto us His loving kindness of old;

How He led His people out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage;

How He fed them with manna in the wilderness, and gave them water to drink out of the rock.

How He sent His ravens with food unto Elijah, the Tishbite.

And commanded in the house of the widow of



Zarephath that the barrel of meal should not waste nor the cruse of oil fail.

But as it was in the days of old it is not now;

For the flood cometh alike upon the evil and the good;

And the pestilence walketh in darkness, upon the righteous man and the sinner;

And the lightning smiteth, and the hail stones, and the stormy wind, both him that doeth good and him that doeth evil.

Where now is the Lord our God that He hath not caused His face to shine upon us?

Hath He forgotten His people? Hath He remembered them no more in mercy?

Jesus, answering, saith unto the Pharisee, There was a man espoused a wife, and she conceived, and bare children;

And while they were yet little children both the man and his wife served them and ministered unto them;

But when they came to man's estate they went into the fields and fed their flocks;

And some went into far countries.

Tell me, I pray thee, do the shepherds who feed their flocks see the face of their father at noonday?

Nay, but rather they wait until the even.

And do they who have journeyed behold their mother while they are yet journeying?

Nay, rather they wait until the end of the journey.

And then shall they behold the face of both father and mother.

Verily I say unto you, even as a father sendeth his children who are no longer of tender years into his fields and upon long journeys,

So doth now the Lord thy God deal with His people Israel.

Who now shall say unto the shepherd, Thy father hath forgotten thee?

Or who shall say unto him that journeyeth, Thy mother hath forsaken thee?

Behold I say unto thee: Feed thy flocks, and go thy way on thy journey; for there is a time for all things, but love endureth forever.

#### THE LIGHT.

Now it was nightfall as Jesus drew near unto a strange city;

And there were with him Peter, and James, and John, and certain others of the disciples.

And they were overtaken by darkness at the gate of the city, and there was none to guide them unto the house of that disciple with whom they purposed to abide.

Then Peter saith unto Jesus, Master, show us the way.

But Jesus, answering, saith unto him, Tarry here a while till we find some man to guide us.

Then murmured the disciples among themselves, and Peter saith unto him, Master, thou art the way; canst thou not show us the way?

Jesus, answering, saith again unto Peter, Tarry here a while.

Now while they tarried by the gate of the city, there drew nigh unto them a man bearing a torch.

And Jesus saith unto the disciples, Behold, this man shall guide us.

But when he was come unto them the disciples perceived that he was a publican.

And when Jesus saith unto them, Follow on, they murmured yet again among themselves;

And Peter saith unto Jesus, Master, seest thou what manner of man this is to guide thee?

Jesus saith unto him, I see.

Peter saith again, Master, is it meet that this man should guide us who is a publican and a sinner?

Jesus saith unto Peter, Follow on; for it is not the man we follow, but the light.

And while they sat at meat in the house of this disciple, Jesus saith unto them:

Not every one that beareth the light is of the light; but he that followeth the light, he it is who is of the light.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE House of Lords having rejected the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone scolds their lordships very much as a schoolmaster talks to a lot of unruly boys. In the speech he made at Edinburgh last Wednesday evening he tells the "Peers of England, pillars of the State," that their character is none too good, at best, and he reminds them in true schoolmaster style that they have committed many misdemeanors during the sixty-two years in which he has had the honor of their parliamentary acquaintance. He warns them that in rejecting the Home Rule Bill they have disobeyed the House of Commons, and he ominously hints to the noble peers that if they do so again he will dismiss them altogether, as Oliver Cromwell dissolved the long parliament more than two hundred years ago. In drawing his indictment against the Lords, Mr. Gladstone showed amazing nerve, for he was himself an accomplice in some of their mischief and a participant in their misdemeanors. For instance, in one count of the indictment he charges that the Lords opposed the Free Trade reformation. This they did; and so did Mr. Gladstone, until 1846, when the Free Trade agitation had become irresistible. It may console Mr. Gladstone to know that he is not alone in his misfortunes, for by a queer political coincidence, the reigning monarch in the United States is at this very moment having some trouble with the American House of Lords.

\* \* \*

The friends and admirers of Mr. Gladstone deplore the "ingratitude" of the peers. They say that sixty-two of them were created peers by Mr. Gladstone himself, and that of the sixty-two only twenty-four voted for the Home Rule Bill. This complaint appears to me to be childish and irrational, because Mr. Gladstone ought to expect that a lord will act, and look, and speak, and vote like a lord. When Mr. Gladstone, with his axe in his hand approaches a tree, he is not at all surprised that the tree acts like a



tree; and when he has cut it down, he is not in the least astonished that it acts like a log; but when he cuts down a commoner and makes a lord of him he pretends to be astonished that his lordship acts like a lord. A lord is one of the most absurd anachronisms of the nineteenth century, as Mr. Gladstone very well knows; and yet, never a boy with a new knife had such a propensity for making wooden ships as Mr. Gladstone has for making lords. He has already sixty-two of them to his credit, and it is reasonably certain that he has a new batch in his mind for the Christmas holidays. He must not be surprised if they turn upon him and rend him; he must be ready to meet the fate of that mythological huntsman who was devoured by his own hounds, or he must get rid of the dogs.

\* \* \*

A citizen of Interioropolis who had become very rich in the soap and candle business, bought in Paris a picture by the great Rubens, and hung it in the drawing-room at home. When visitors came the lady of the house would apologise for its antiquity, and say, "Yes, it is two hundred and fifty years old, but we intend to have a new one painted exactly like it, and then we can roll up this old one and put it away." Imitating the good lady of Interioropolis, the World's Fair people at Chicago have apologised for the age and infirmities of the historic Liberty bell, saying, "This bell is old and rusty, and out of tune; there is a crack in the metal, and we must have another Liberty bell. Their first intention was to make a Liberty bell older and more heroic than the Philadelphia bell, and with a larger crack in it, but although by chemical magic of their own they are able to make four year old whisky in one day, they found that they could not make a one hundred and fifty year old Liberty bell in less than three months; therefore they said, "What Chicago needs is a new Liberty bell about an octave higher than the other, and with all the modern improvements, corresponding to the modern improvements we have made on liberty." So they made a new Liberty bell and having canonised it by mysterious rites and incantations they put it among the other idols at the Fair. There they bow down to it and worship it, while the bell ringers exorcise with it, and sanctify days with it, and conjure half dollars out of people's pockets with it, and turn sensible occasions into solemn nonsense with it, and like the men who patriotically advertise "Beer," "Free Lunch," and "Oysters" on the American flag, combine business with loyalty and advertise their show and sentiment at the same time by striking thirteen cabalistic blows at noon on what they magniloquently call "the new Columbian Liberty bell."

\* \* \*

Very often in my lonely hours at night I read my little book and listen to the "Brigs of Ayr" disputing, as described by Robert Burns. Through the spiritual telephone I can hear that spiteful quarrel between the old bridge and the new bridge, which the poet in his fine imagination heard one evening as he wandered by the river. While I admit that the new bridge was wider, more stately, and more commodious than the old one; and while I grant that the new bridge had the best of the argument, I give my sympathies irresistibly to the old bridge, and I admire its high spirited rebuke to the self-importance and pomposity of its rival:

" Conceited gowk! puffed up wi' windy pride!  
This many a year I've stood the flood and tide;  
And though wi' crazy age I'm sair forfain,  
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

And so, in the modern dispute between the old bell and the new bell, which in fancy I can hear as plainly as Burns heard the quarrel between the brigs of Ayr, I give my sympathies altogether to the old bell. I admit that the new bell is a better, brighter, and a louder bell than the old one, but I cannot help thinking that like the new bridge of Ayr, it is a "conceited gowk, puffed up wi' windy pride" when without ever having done anything to deserve

the name it presumes to call itself a "Liberty bell." The old bell had the first Fourth of July celebration all to itself when it gave Hail and Welcome to the new-born Declaration of Independence; and all the joyful Fourth of July peals of bells and cannon that have been heard since then are but echoes of its tune. Every Liberty bell except the old one must be regarded as a pretender and a counterfeit. Of course we can make anything in Chicago, from a new liberty bell to a new Bunker Hill, and will warrant them bigger and better than the old ones; but after all, there will never be but one orthodox Bunker Hill, and one genuine Liberty bell.

\* \* \*

A valued friend honors me with an invitation to discuss the "Money Question" with him in the columns of *The Open Court*, and I cheerfully accept the challenge, provided we can find a common basis of disagreement whereon to build an argument. I make this condition because I do not wish to get into a controversy over definitions like "Single and Double Standards," "Mediums of Exchange," "Silver and Gold Ratios," "Legal Tender," and all the other mystic jargon that obscures the question. For instance, what is the use of disputing about the policy of making gold *or* silver, or gold *and* silver, legal tender, if we both agree that legal tender itself is an attribute given to money by Governments without any moral authority to do so? The prerogative of making whatever they pleased a legal tender was usurped by Governments when they gave to themselves a monopoly of the "money power." There may be subordinate "money powers" more or less qualified for evil, such as banks, corporate monopolies, and trusts, but these, at least, are controlled by the laws and obligations of business, while the "money power" known as "Government" is unlimited in authority and wholly irresponsible. Stronger than the sword is the "money power" in the hands of "Government," as the English kings discovered hundreds of years ago, when they used it for the spoliation and oppression of the people. They encroached upon the coining privilege and assumed the regulation of all money. They debased the currency at will and then made it "legal tender" by punishing those who had the presumption to discredit the "King's coin." And to this day the "King's coin" and the "Coin of the Realm" are legal phrases which assume the political character of money, and place its quantity and quality under the regulation and control of the "Crown," as they call the Government in England. My friend, I think, is what they call a "free-coinage" man, and he complains that by reason of the "gold standard" rich Jews control the national monetary policies of all Europe, and incidentally the monetary policy of the United States. To this I answer, that if "legal tender" be abolished there will not be so many national monetary policies for either Jews or Gentiles to control.

\* \* \*

"It looks ugly in the East," says the sailor, as he sees the storm-clouds rise; and the expression fits the Van Alen case now that both sides have had their say. Mr. Van Alen has recently been appointed Minister to Italy, and as nobody ever accused him of diplomatic or any other sort of statesmanship, it was apologetically said that he was appointed because he was a man "made of money." It was also said that any poor man holding the position would have to endure the derision and contempt of "society" in Rome, because Mr. Astor had "set the pace" for all future Ministers by lavish entertainments when he was Minister. It is now charged that Mr. Van Alen contributed fifty thousand dollars to the presidential campaign fund, for which he was to be appointed Minister to Italy, according to the terms of a bargain made between himself on the one part and Mr. W. C. Whitney on the other. The revelation falls like a bombshell on the Capitol, while potent, grave, and reverend statesmen radiant with "deportment," like old Mr. Turveydrop, are virtuously shocked at the "scandal."



although some of them have sought, fought, and bought their own way into the Senate. The "bargain" part of the story has been effectually disposed of by the emphatic denial of Mr. Whitney; and even without any denial, the charge is incredible. Men do not make such bargains, although they may have a psychological understanding with each other, of which, however, there is no evidence in this case. It looks ugly in the East, not because of any "bargain," but because Mr. Whitney in his denial says nothing about the fifty thousand dollars, and leaves us wondering whether that money was paid or not.

Of course, the Van Alen "scandal" is party capital for the Republicans, as a like scandal was party capital for the Democrats in the reign of Harrison the Second, and another one in the reign of General Garfield; but closely as party lines are drawn in this country, and sectarian as party spirit is, political corruption at least is non-partisan. Whatever form of it is practised by one party is adopted by the other; and this it is that has produced "the era of good feeling." The Van Alen affair is national; and every American who has any civic pride ought to desire the vindication of all the men connected with it; but Mr. Whitney and Mr. Van Alen must help us to pronounce that vindication. This, they have only partly done, for Mr. Whitney, in his letter to the President on the subject, while relieving the President from any obligation to appoint Mr. Van Alen, gives as a reason why he ought to be appointed, his "patriotic, generous, and cordial support of the party in the last campaign, when friends were few and calls were great." Judging by the election returns, "friends were few" for General Harrison, but not for Mr. Cleveland; and it ought to be settled whether or not those "calls" mentioned by Mr. Whitney were calls for money. If so, to what extent expressed in dollars did Mr. Van Alen answer them? Did he contribute fifty thousand dollars, and if he did, was that the "additional reason" why he should be appointed Minister to Italy? Mr. Van Alen also, in his letter, while denying, no doubt with literal truth, that any promise or bargain was made, fails to say anything about the fifty thousand dollars. Other Presidents than Mr. Cleveland have given great offices as rewards for large contributions to the "campaign fund," but the practice ought to cease.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### HEREDITY.

WRITTEN IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN.

Dear mother! who at times doth gently chide  
Your boy for wanderings over land and sea,  
For which his sole excuse is wish to be  
Communicant with nature, you were guide,  
And in his feats pedestrian showed your pride.  
When first he toddled o'er the flowery lea,  
He whispered woodland faucies at your knee,  
He first felt joy in nature at your side;  
Remember, too, your girlhood, how 't was spent  
Away from towns; a country girl you learned  
To love the country. Often have you yearned,  
These latter days, to feel its sweet content.  
And knowest thou then how far to thee I owe,  
This appetite—my rapture and my woe?

#### NOTES.

Mr. Snell in his Farewell Address assumes a conciliatory position between Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and Gentile; but for all that, we can observe that he still remains a Roman Catholic in his heart.

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"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 3-O. (VOL. VII.—41.)

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 12, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE SALVATION OF FAUST.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

GOETHE seems to have been for more than thirty years in a perplexity like that of a clergyman who wishes to convince the mourners that their friend has gone straight to heaven, but who does not know how to get round some awkward facts. The happy ending, promised in 1798 by the Prologue, was not reached until 1831; and what was written in the interval increased a difficulty which justifies the question, if Faust was saved, who then can be lost?

He commits a deadly sin, according to ecclesiastical ideas, in selling his soul to the Devil. He promises not to break the contract and keeps his word; but he is nowhere said to be released. He makes this bargain in desire for sensual pleasure, and deliberately seduces Margaret with the expectation that both will be lost eternally. She is left after her fall, still working at the wash-tub and in the kitchen, but suffering under the stings of conscience and the insults of mocking neighbors. There was nothing but Faust's selfishness to prevent his taking her to a luxurious home after her mother's death: he leaves her alone in drudgery, shame, and sorrow, month after month, satisfying himself with occasional visits. Even these cease when he slays her brother under her window; and she is left when she needs help most sorely, to wander long in shame and misery, begging her bread among strangers, to murder her child, and to be sentenced to death for a crime as much his as hers. He was more to blame than she for her mother's death by poison; and his perjury in order to gain an interview should not be overlooked.

Faust has not developed much fitness for heaven, up to the early morning when he leaves Margaret in the dungeon just before her execution. Thus ends that part of the drama which is most often read, acted, set to music, and illustrated in paintings, engravings, and statues. These are scenes of matchless intellectual brilliancy, and great dramatic power; but all that goes on thus far between Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret, is in perfect harmony with the supposition, that this part of the great poem was substantially finished, before Goethe went beyond the view of Mar-

lowe, and still earlier playwrights, that Faust was irrevocably lost. His salvation seems to have been an after-thought, which was never thoroughly adapted to what had been written previously. A German dramatist, named Grabbe, brought Don Juan and Faust together on the stage, as rivals in guilty love; and his play closed with the damnation of both. They are not, of course, equally wicked; but they are altogether too much alike. Don Juan would probably not have tried to rescue any of his numerous victims; but if he had tried, he would not have failed.

Goethe seems, in the gay fantastic scenes at the beginning of the second part, almost as forgetful of his promise to save Faust, as the latter is of poor Margaret's fate. The first and second acts are extremely rich in songs, incident, and satire; the caricature of transcendentalism, for instance, is masterly; but Faust does nothing important, except fall desperately in love with the bewitching phantasm, who is here called "Helena," and who had already appeared as "Helen of Greece" to make Marlowe's Doctor Faustus "immortal with a kiss."

His passion rises to heroic grandeur in the third act; but his relations with the wife of Menelaus would deserve severe censure, if he were not wandering through a land of shadows. No ethical aim is manifest in these three acts, except perhaps that of showing the ennobling influence of secular culture personified in Helena. She leaves Faust inspired with a philanthropic ambition, to promote which he helps the emperor of Germany win a decisive battle against rebels by no means unworthy of success. Faust is rewarded by permission to rescue a great tract of shallows from the ocean, by means of dykes, drains, and pumps. Here he means to enable millions of industrious people to dwell in liberty and prosperity, as the Dutch do. He still takes help and advice from Mephistopheles, who tempts him to use force in removing neighbors who refuse to sell their home; and there are three more murders.

Mephistopheles is bound by the contract to be a faithful servant, until Faust should find life so satisfactory as to wish that the present moment might tarry for his delight. Then he must leave this world



for the next, where he would have to serve Mephistopheles. Faust has reached old age without having a single moment of perfect happiness, even with Margaret or Helena. At last the anticipation of what he hopes to do for others gives him such delight that he utters the fatal wish. These words are his last. He dies in the arms of Mephistopheles, who calls up a host of devils to enforce the contract. Angels, too, appear; and the imperilled soul is rescued on account of the generous purpose. Faust is carried up to heaven as a little child, but grows rapidly, and soon becomes re-united to Margaret, through whose intercession, and that of other penitent women, he is finally pardoned by the all-pitying Mother in Heaven. His salvation is accomplished partly by female mediation, partly by a victory of angels over devils, and partly by a philanthropic purpose, stained at the outset with innocent blood, involving much profit and honor for himself, but requiring no self-sacrifice. Mephistopheles complains that he is cheated; and the right seems to be on his side, rather than on that of the angels whose roses drive away the devils. It is a pity not to have the hero of a grand poem saved less ignominiously.

The problem, how to save Faust, has also been attempted by Mr. W. S. Gilbert in the play called "Gretchen." Here the difficulty is much reduced by leaving out the contract, the murders, the desertion of Margaret, and the affair with Helena. Gretchen dies of a broken heart; and Faust promises to live virtuously. This conclusion is perfectly moral, but not highly dramatic.

Goethe comes into full harmony with both artistic and ethical laws, as he closes the first part with the salvation of Margaret. This he accomplished on the plan which had been already presented by Schiller in the "Robbers," where the guilty hero makes the only possible atonement for his crimes, by surrendering himself to justice. Plato says in the "Gorgias," that the sinner who escapes is less fortunate than he who suffers, the penalty, for "Punishment delivers the soul." It is not until criminals are willing to be punished that they realize their guilt. Even the delirium, in which Margaret is found by Faust in the dungeon, does not destroy her consciousness that escape with him can lead only to new sin, shame, and misery. She fancies that the hand which would rescue her is still wet with her brother's blood, and that the ghost of her murdered mother sits waiting for her without. She prefers to mount the scaffold; and the dislike of Mephistopheles, which she has always felt instinctively, grows to horror as he offers his protection. She submits herself to the divine judgment, and prays for help from heaven. Then Mephistopheles drags Faust away with the sneer, "She

is doomed"; but a voice from above says, "She is saved."

Faust's salvation in the same way might properly have accompanied hers; though it would have been a great pity to lose the second part. If Goethe had left several renderings of the first part, as well as of "Götz von Berlichingen," one might perhaps have very properly taken a course indicated in what is here offered as an imaginary translation of an unwritten original, which latter might have been magnificent beyond all conception. It would follow the great drama as far as where the tempter threatens to abandon Faust in the dungeon with Margaret. Starting with a literal version of that speech, I would proceed as follows:

*Mephistopheles.*

'Come! come! or I'll leave thee with her in the scrape!'

*Faust.*

'As thou wilt. Here I remain. I want thy company no longer.'

*Mephistopheles. (Aside.)*

'I shall want thine, by and by.'

*Faust.*

'Forgive me, Margaret, and let me die with thee.'

*Margaret.*

'I love thee, Henry. We shall never part again.'

*Mephistopheles. (Aside.)*

'We shall see.'

*Faust.*

'O that this moment might abide for ever! I am happy at last!'

*Mephistopheles.*

'And I rejoice at release from service. Beware, Faust, the scaffold is ready for thee.'

*Faust.*

'Better death with her, than life with thee.'

*Mephistopheles.*

'That, too, awaits thee. Remember our contract.'

*Faust.*

'Thou hast broken it thyself. It was not faithful service to threaten to desert me here.'

*Mephistopheles.*

'No matter then about contracts. Thou hast done quite enough besides to make thee mine forever.'

*Faust.*

'I renounce thee, and appeal to a higher Judge. I am willing to suffer all just punishment, both here and hereafter, for my sins. O that I might also take upon me the penalty of her transgressions. It is only for her that I ask mercy. Margaret, there is hope for thee.'

*Margaret.*

'Mine he is, Father, save us! Angels and heavenly hosts, encamp around us and guard us! Henry, kneel with me!'

*Mephistopheles.*

'Both lost.'

*Voices from above.*

'Saved! saved! saved!'

(Exit.)

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

"Well then," replied Lakshman, "since Champak is the trusted friend of the young prince, and lives near him night and day, we in Cashmere can no longer speak of him with respect. I am sorry for you and your daughter."

Krishnadas groaned aloud: "Ye great gods! and that is Gopa's husband!"



Lakshman paced up and down the room a few times in excitement; then he stepped close to Krishnadas who had covered his eyes with his right hand, and asked: "But of all men in the world how came you to have Champak?"

Slowly Krishnadas raised himself and said: "How do we in this land come by our sons-in-law? Gopa was known in our caste as a pretty, bright child, and I was considered wealthier than I was. So I had constant trouble to escape the attentions of the professional match-makers who overwhelmed me with proposals. The dreadful fate of my poor sister was a warning to me to defer the marriage of my daughter as long as possible. In spite of the fact that some in our caste were beginning to grumble, I yet indulged the hope that Gopa might become fully grown before I sought for her a suitable and worthy husband. Thus she came to be nine years old. Then there came to me one day messengers from our caste who explained to me that, since I had for years rejected all offers, they considered it their duty to inform me that according to the law of the caste, the extreme limit of time for Gopa's marriage had come. If she were not wedded to a husband within a month, I should no longer be one of them. I need not tell you what the loss of caste signifies to us. By it we are lost as merchants and as men. A crisis was now imminent; in all haste I looked about, and at that time Champak presented himself, whom until that time I had scarcely known, a merchant's son of suitable age who was just entering, with fair prospects, in the service of the Maharaja of Cashmere. Nine years ago they were married in this house. It was agreed that in four years Champak should take his wife home, as is the custom. During the first years he came several times to visit us at Benares, and made a good impression. But now for five whole years I have waited in vain, and am tormented by the captious and half-insolent questions of my acquaintances: 'When is Champak coming?' 'Is your son-in-law never coming to take his wife away!' And the letters which he writes to me occasionally, full of excuses and subterfuges which any child would recognise! Now I know the whole sad truth. But hark—here comes my daughter."

During the last words Gopa hastily entered the room with the sorrowful cry "O Father, Father!" Suddenly she noticed the stranger and stopped.

"Lakshman of Cashmere, the friend of my youth," said Krishnadas. But Gopa, tossing her head, added bitterly: "Who supposedly has come to tell us how deeply Champak is longing for his bride."

Lakshman bowed with courtesy and replied: "I have not spoken with your husband, but I know him, and I doubt not that as soon as the burden of his business permits . . ."

But here Gopa interrupted him, looked steadily in his face, and stepped a pace nearer. "You do not doubt? Lakshman, in this house truth is spoken." Then turning to her father she informed him with a troubled face that the condition of the sick Lilavati had become much worse during the last few hours. She paid no further attention to the stranger who followed her with a look of astonishment and said to himself: "By all the gods, a wonderfully independent girl! If Champak only knew what a wife he possessed in Benares!"

#### IV. THE WIDOW'S DEATH.

Lakshman tarried with Krishnadas; while Gopa alternately passed in and out. At last, approaching her father with a dejected countenance she said: "Father, your sister grows constantly worse; she cries, she talks irrationally, and begs for water in her burning fever heat. She surely does not know that this is her fast day. Just now, exhausted, she sank into a sleep. I pray the gods will grant her a long and refreshing slumber."

With tearful eyes Krishnadas turned to his friend. "You now see, Lakshman, the utter misery of my house."

Lakshman thought it fit to depart when a servant entered and announced a new visitor: "Ramchandra, the Brahman."

"He is welcome, as ever," said Krishnadas; but at the same time he urged his friend to remain. "You must meet Ramchandra; he is a remarkable man and one of high character. Notwithstanding his youth the fame of his learning fills the whole town, and in many branches of knowledge he surpasses his teachers."

All eyes were turned towards the visitor, who now greeted Krishnadas and Gopa, and inquired sympathetically after the welfare of the sick widow.

"I fear, Ramchandra," replied Krishnadas sadly, "that it is ill with Lilavati, very ill."

"Ah, I regret it deeply," said the Brahman. "But I see that you have a guest; I am interrupting you."

"No, Ramchandra, stay. It is an old friend from the distant Northwest."

Lakshman bowed profoundly, and said: "A high honor for this house, that a Brahman youth visits it as a friend."

But Ramchandra objected with a modest gesture.

"Oh no! I am bound to this house by all the bonds of gratitude;" and checking the reply which Krishnadas attempted to make, he went on: "Let me speak! he who says that I confer an honor upon this house shall learn what you have done for me. Not only do I owe my life to Krishnadas, but I also should not have had means to complete my studies if he had not . . ."



Here, however, Krishnadas quickly interrupted him: "Enough, enough, Ramchandra!"

"No, Krishnadas," he continued steadily, "you shall and must learn why I speak to you of these things to day. You know that for a few weeks past I have been instructing the new magistrate of our city, White Sahib."

"Yes, I had heard of it," said Krishnadas, "how do you get along with each other?"

"I confess that I was distrustful when I was first invited to impart instruction to this man concerning our ancient traditions. The government officials use every means to inform themselves as to the disposition of the people. So at first I thought that my Sahib was studying our ancient holy books as a mere pretext to make cunning inquiries of me as to what the Brahmans think and say of the government."

"And is it not so?" asked Gopa, who had been listening with rapt attention.

"No, decidedly not," answered Ramchandra, "his motive is a sincere desire for knowledge, just as it was mine when I first came from Jeypore. And besides, notwithstanding his high position, he is a friendly man, of frank manners, quite different from the usual cold and condescending ways of the Sahibs."

"We all know them," put in Krishnadas indignantly, "by every word and look we are made to feel how these high and mighty rulers despise us."

"My Sahib is the opposite of this; he conducts himself just as if I were his equal, and calls me friend. And daily I feel myself more touched by his manner, and I frequently upbraid myself that I have so much affection for one who is unclean. But when he tries with such true zeal to understand the deepest lore of our people . . ."

"And you reveal it all to this barbarian!" said Lakshman, whose astonishment increased each moment. "Is this right?"

"I do not think it is wrong," replied the Brahman; "times have changed. The wisdom which was once the sole possession of my caste, has now become a common property. They are beginning to print our ancient sacred books in our own land; every one can buy them, and whoever knows our language can read them. Tell me, if the Sahib of whom we speak *will* study our wisdom, is it not better that he should understand than misunderstand it? I help him to understand it. If the wisdom of the Brahmans is promulgated in the West, is it better that it should be a cloudy mass of indistinct ideas, at which all wonder and shake their heads, or that it should shine as the brightness of the sun, so that the thinkers of the sunset lands shall point to India and say: 'Thence comes our light'?"

Gopa looked with beaming eyes at Ramchandra, whose voice had an irresistible ring when he spoke

with enthusiasm; one could see clearly that she agreed with him. But Lakshman spoke angrily: "What interest can the Brahman wisdom have for the Sahibs? What do they care for India?"

"The Sahibs are different from us," replied Ramchandra; "we have lived from the earliest times as if no other land or people existed. And truly there is, upon the whole wide earth, no other such people as we, the chosen of Brahma, since the first creation. But in the Sahibs a consuming fire burns which drives them to seek out the most hidden corners of the earth, and subject them to their sway. I believe they now rule over almost all the world, and they are seeking ways of reaching the stars, to conquer them. But not only do they wish to *possess* all; the best among them wish to *know* all—all that was and is."

"Yes, it is true," affirmed Krishnadas, they are a wonderful people, and they have given our land many good things."

Lakshman frowned; he saw in the home of his old friend the spirit of a new time rising, to which he was deeply opposed.

But Ramchandra persisted in returning to the starting-point of the conversation on the English magistrate, and said: "At first I would not consent to be paid for my service to this stranger, who, from a true, noble thirst for knowledge, devoted himself to our philosophy. But I then thought I ought not to lose this opportunity of giving back to you, Krishnadas, what you had so generously lent me; and so I took his money. Here is the first; it is not much."

With these words he handed Krishnadas a purse. But Krishnadas looked at him in astonishment. "You offend me, Ramchandra; you must know that I do not lend money, and least of all to you. Put back your money in your pocket, and never speak of it to me again."

Ramchandra colored. "Krishnadas, do not shame me. What shall I do with money? I have already enough for my needs. And shall I, the unmarried, accumulate property?"

"Then I can advise you," interrupted Gopa smiling. "Go, Ramchandra, carry your earnings to the bazaar where the books are sold, so large and thick that the poor worldling is frightened at their sight."

Ramchandra looked with a glance of gratitude at Gopa, who had guessed his dearest wish. "O you good, noble people, how I thank you! Ah, how often has it pained me that the chains of caste prevent me from coming as near to you as my heart desires."

Krishnadas nodded approvingly, and said: "Yes, it would indeed be delightful, Ramchandra, if you belonged to our caste, and were not compelled to avoid the meals of our house. Then you could be a regular guest at my table, and I should have given you Gopa



in marriage. I could then be more secure about the future than I am now."

A flaming red colored Gopa's cheeks at these words. But the confusion which overcame her was soon displaced by a feeling of terror, for from the next room was heard a wailing voice which came nearer and nearer. A moment later the sick Lilavati came in, tottering and clinging to the pillars. Her cheeks were sunken and she stared hollow-eyed into the distance. As Krishnadas and Gopa, who hastened to her, assisted her with slow steps to a resting place, she spoke wearily and brokenly, uttering after every few words a pitiful wail.

"I could not stay any longer in my chamber. . . . When I awoke, I was so frightened, so fearfully frightened. . . . I saw infernal demons with horrible claws coming toward me . . . they laughed grimly and said . . . that to-day was my wedding-day. . . . that Mrityu, the god of death, would come and marry me. . . . O Krishnadas!" . . . With a shriek the fever-sufferer sprang to her brother's arms, who sought to quiet her, while Gopa wrung her hands in despair. "Oh, how it burns! O Krishnadas, Gopa, give me to drink!"

Krishnadas spoke with hesitation. "Poor Lilavati! Dear sister, this is your fast day."

"What do you say?" groaned the sick one, "my fast day? Yes, it is true. Tell me, Krishnadas, how much longer will this day last?"

"Eight hours yet, Lilavati."

"Eight hours yet!" she repeated with a shrill cry. "No, I cannot stand it. . . . But one drop, brother. . . . I beg of you just one drop."

With great self-command Krishnadas bade her to suppress her desire. "Lilavati, dear sister, think. Your whole life long you have obeyed the laws of widowhood as no other widow has. All these long years you have done as the Purohit directed. It was a consolation to us that by your dutiful conduct you should share the highest happiness in the next existence. Think, dear Lilavati; as soon as you get well you would reproach yourself and us most bitterly if we should to-day fulfil your request."

"In the next existence," said Lilavati after a pause, "in the future life, you say, Krishnadas. What if there is no future life!"

A shudder passed through those present. But Ramchandra whispered, "O, if it were true, what the sick one says! What a boon it would be for all creatures not to be hunted through thousands and thousands of painful lives!"

Lilavati tried to raise herself, groped about with uncertain touch and wept. "Gopa, Krishnadas, . . . so you will let me die . . . you . . . you . . . that is your thanks . . . for all that I have done for you year after year . . . your thanks, Krishnadas, that I

have raised Gopa to be a noble, good woman . . . ' Her voice sank, her breath came in gasps, and she convulsively pressed her finger to her burning lips. At the same time she cried out faintly, "Water . . . water!"

"I can stand it no longer, Father," said Gopa, "no, I will bring her water." And Krishnadas answered, "Gopa, I will not hinder you."

The young Brahman scarcely believed his ears; Gopa was hastening past him when he turned with a quick movement, stepped in her way, and cried: "Gopa, unhappy one, what do you do? Is the wish of a sick woman more to you than the decrees of the gods?"

But with scornful eyes Gopa answered: "Do *you* speak thus, Ramchandra, you, whom I had thought good,—nay better than other men! Have you a heart of stone? Does not her misery appeal to you? A greater misery earth has not seen. My inmost soul is pierced as with a thousand swords, and you preach to me about the will of the gods!"

Ramchandra was beside himself; he seized her arm and said in a suppressed tone: "You know not what you say."

But she broke away and in a moment was coming back with a water-jug from the adjoining room. Suddenly she stood as if petrified; her arms sank heavily; in the door stood the Purohit.

"My blessings on you!" sounded his deep voice. "I have just performed the divine service in your temple-room." He stopped and looked about in astonishment. "What is this?"

Faintly gasping sounded Lilavati's prayer from the couch, "Water, . . . only a drop of water." And Krishnadas pointed to the sufferer with the words: "Look, worthy priest, on the wretchedness of my poor sister, my only sister."

"Sad, indeed," replied the Purohit; "still it is her fast day. Ha! now I understand the horror on these faces before me. I see you, Gopa, with the jug in your hand. Blind woman, would you burden yourself and Lilavati with such a terrible crime?"

Ever weaker became the cry of the dying widow, "Water, water!"

Then Gopa recovered herself, and starting past the Purohit, cried, "Yes, with any crime in the world, if only I can alleviate this anguish!"

But when she reached Lilavati, a higher power had ended the indescribable suffering of the widow for all time. Gopa sank prostrate on the couch, and the men were deeply agitated. Only the Purohit spoke in solemn calmness: "Well for her that she died without breaking the divine law; but upon you, Gopa, I must impose a penance." With that he walked out of the door.



But Krishnadas, imploringly, stretched his hands to heaven and cried: "Oh ye great gods above us, take from me, if you will, all I have,—but spare me one thing—the life of *Gopa's husband!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

##### THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

NOW AS Jesus tarried by the wayside with his disciples, there came unto him certain of the Pharisees, tempting him and asking him questions.

And Peter rebuked the Pharisees because of their importunity.

But Jesus saith unto Peter: Suffer them to ask of me what they will.

For verily I say unto thee, I am the Truth. And the Truth feareth not, but answereth every man according as He will.

Verily it profiteth a man to seek wisdom. And if he come to me the wisdom that I shall give him shall never fail.

Then murmured the Pharisees among themselves, saying, How can this be? Is not this man Jesus, the carpenter's son?

And yet he saith, I will give ye wisdom.

Is not wisdom of the Greeks?

Then said they unto Jesus, Master, it is written in the Scriptures by our father Moses that the Lord God made man of the dust of the ground:

And again, God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.

And God called the firmament Heaven;

And His throne is established in Heaven of old, even from everlasting.

How sayest thou then, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us?

Because of their unbelief Jesus looked upon them sorrowing.

Now there was a spring of water by the wayside.

And Jesus saith unto the Pharisees: Behold the water! Tell me, cometh the water from the earth or from the heavens?

Some answering said, From the earth;

But others said, From the Heavens;

And they disputed among themselves.

Then saith Jesus unto them, What did David say unto you?

Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from Heaven.

And as the waters are, even so is the Kingdom of Heaven.

For it cometh down from the mountains, and it riseth up out of the valleys.

And even as the waters rain down from the Heavens, and a pool forms in the hollow of a rock;

In the morning it is there; and behold the sun cometh, and at eventide the pool is no more.

And thou can'st not tell whither it goeth.

Yet in His own way God hideth the waters. As they were in the pool in the morning so shall they be in the clouds of night.

And they shall come again upon the mountain tops and upon the sea;

And the waters shall be good to drink, or they shall be brine, as God hath ordained.

But whether here or there, or above in the Heavens, or in the deep places of the earth, the waters cannot be lost.

Even so shall the Kingdom of Heaven be.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

AN address with impressive pathos in it was delivered by Rabbi Joseph Silverman at the Parliament of All Religions. In that address he complained of those errors which had wrought so much injustice and suffering upon the Jews, and he denied that the Jews formed a distinct and separate race to-day. He said: "We form merely an independent religious community, and feel keenly the injustice that is done us when the religion of the Jew is singled out for aspersion, whenever such a citizen is guilty of a misdemeanor." Whether the Christian prejudice against the Jew be founded on religion or on race is of little moment; it is enough that the prejudice exists; and whatever the reason of the hatred, it is ignorant and cruel, and so is the prejudice of the Jew against the Christian. Unfortunately for the Jew, he is in a weak minority, and his faults are charged against him as a Jew, while his virtues are credited to him as a man only. Sometimes, indeed, they are credited in a patronising way, to "the truly Christian spirit," which animates him, although by race and religion he is nominally a Jew. If the Jew has ceased to regard himself as of a distinct race in Christendom; if he no longer thinks that he belongs to a "chosen people"; if he has joined the "brotherhood of man," and differs from the rest of us merely in matters of religious opinion, his conversion is but recent, and it only proves that he, in company with his Christian fellow-citizen, has been carried onward and upward by the irresistible intelligence of the time.

\* \* \*

In momentary anger, which is pardonable, Dr. Silverman denied that Shylock was in any sense a typical Jew, and he said: "Shylock can be nothing more than a caricature of the Jew, and yet the world has applauded this abortion of literature, this contortion of the truth." Here, I think, Dr. Silverman does injustice to Shakespeare, and proves again that Jews and Christians both refuse to understand the moral of the play. They do not see the provocation given to the Jew by Christian insult, cruelty, and wrong. All through the play, the irony of the dramatist cuts the Christian more deeply than the Jew; and as for "applauding this abortion," although, no doubt, a Christian audience does feel a little triumph in the discomfiture of the Jew, the applause is for the actors and the show. This morning I took breakfast with a Jew, and he told me that last night he saw Henry Irving play "Shylock." When I asked him his opinion of the performance he answered, "Powerful! Powerful!" and otherwise expressed his admiration. He "applauded" the actor, not the sentiment. Take the climax of the play, where Shylock is cheated, not only out of his money, but also out of his revenge, and the ridiculous



Christian law expounded by Portia is more ferociously unmerciful than the sanguinary vengeance of the Jew. And, after all, the Jew demanded nothing but the forfeit stipulated in the bond, and he was cheated out of that. Shylock ought to have taken a change of venue from Portia, who was violently partial to the defendant, but had the Jew made the motion, it would not have been allowed. Shakespeare justified the vengeance of Shylock, and while I would not allow him a pound of Antonio's flesh, I think a couple of ounces would have been about right.

\* \* \*

It seems to be undisputed now that Mr. Van Alen *did* contribute fifty thousand dollars to the presidential campaign fund, and that he has been appointed Ambassador to Italy; but that there was any "bargain" connecting those phenomena is triumphantly denied. The unfortunate affair has a strong moral resemblance to the accident that once befell Mr. Tony Weller, who had been engaged by the committee of one party to bring some voters from London to take part in the election of a member of Parliament for the free and independent borough of Eatanswill. The committee of the other party, having heard of the arrangement, sent for Mr. Weller, and, after complimenting him on his genius as a coachman, one of the gentlemen put a twenty-pound note into his hand, whereupon the following dialogue occurred, as the story was told by Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick: "'It's a werry bad road between this and London,' says the gen'l'man.—'Here and there it *is* a werry heavy road,' says my father.—'Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'man.—'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father.—'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'man, 'in case you *should* have an accident when you're a bringing these here woters down, and *should* tip 'em over into the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself,' says he." Sam further informs Mr. Pickwick, "that on the werry day as he came down with them woters, his coach *was* upset on that 'ere werry spot, and every one on 'em was turned into the canal." And then moralising in his deep and thoughtful way, Sam said that it was "a hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence." I suppose that when the affair was investigated, it was easily shown that there was no "bargain" made between the committee and Mr. Weller, by the terms of which, in consideration of a twenty-pound note, he was to tip those voters into the canal, but there was a suspicious correlation between the catastrophe and the payment of the money. There was no "bargain" between Mr. Van Alen and that other "gen'l'man," but that Mr. Van Alen *should* have paid the fifty thousand dollars, and that he *should* have been appointed Ambassador to Italy, is a "hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence."

\* \* \*

Some despondent persons think that the barter and sale of offices is a sign of political dry rot, a revelation to us that the Republic is in a condition of moral decay; and with gloomy auguries they predict its early doom. These fears are not well founded, because the moral decay of a nation may result from its material growth, for in the midst of splendid opportunities for actual and speculative industry, public spirit will give way to private interest. The people of the United States do not approve political corruption, but they are so busy working up into their own private fortunes the crude riches of this magnificent land that they have no time to think about the methods by which political power is won. What is the use of telling the eager adventurers in the Cherokee strip that some crooked things were done in politics last fall? They do not care to listen, for they must conquer a bit of land. And every other domain of enterprise is a sort of Cherokee strip where every man is fiercely struggling to obtain an owner's right. The buying and selling of offices is no new thing under the American sun. It has been done often, and not without the silent consent of the American people. In the year 1880 a very rich man who lived in the State of New York, being ambitious of social and po-

litical distinction, promised to give a hundred thousand dollars to the presidential campaign fund, and there is no doubt that he kept his word, for as early as the 7th of September he wrote a letter to the "gen'l'man" at the head of the committee, and said, "I wrote you on the first inclosing my check for the amount you asked (\$5000), and now inclose my cteck for \$5000 additional. This makes my personal advances \$30,000 without having collected a dollar from any one." By "a hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence," this gentleman was appointed Minister to France, and although all the circumstances of the transaction were as well known as the Bunker Hill monument, they did not lower him in the estimation of his countrymen. On the contrary, they were greatly to his advantage, for he was afterward nominated by his party, and elected Vice President of the United States. And the newspapers of that party are at this moment righteously shocked by the contribution of Mr. Van Alen, probably because he gave his money to the rival campaign fund.

\* \* \*

The opinion is growing like a weed that the great offices of the republic ought to be given to rich men, because wealth is a bond for honesty, and for the reason that rich men are not so liable as poor men to the temptation of a bribe. The argument is plausible, although the sentiment cannot be approved. Some persons cherish the opposite opinion and believe that offices ought to be given exclusively to poor men, because they need the salary. These moralists wonder how it happens that rich men, though far above the need of money, struggle eagerly for office, but there is nothing wonderful about it. Rich men aspire to office for the honor of it, and for the social distinction it confers. In this country we have no titled aristocracy and no hereditary "dignities." An American cannot hope to be a duke, an earl, a baron or even a baronet, but he may be a cabinet minister, senator, ambassador, governor, or judge; and these are democratic dignities coveted by the richest men. Those dignities confer no personal titles, but they give social rank. They make the aristocracy of a republic, and set the plutocracy on the plebeian side of the line. An American citizen worth ten million dollars, belongs merely to the plutocracy, but if you make him ambassador to a foreign country, he passes at once into the ranks of the aristocracy, with his wife and his daughters too. Call you that nothing, my masters? To a man of millions, what is fifty thousand dollars for an office that carries with it social rank and family distinction? To be sure, the buying of offices is reprehensible, and so is the selling of them; although the duties of an office, bought at auction may be faithfully done. To some persons it seems a bewildering paradox that men seek an office for the honor of it, by dishonorable means, and then perform the duties of the office well. This eccentricity I must refer to occult metaphysics where the explanation of it is.

\* \* \*

There is a genial side, even to the buying of offices, when men buy them for the sake of their wives and daughters, as many of them do. As women have no political dignities except what they get by reflection from their husbands, it is no wonder that aspiring women stimulate their husbands to political ambition. I know a rich man, a very rich man, of domestic habits and retiring disposition, who suddenly shone upon the political horizon as a candidate for congress. As soon as he was discovered, the vote mongers, the ward managers, and the nomination makers waited upon him with offers of loyal service, and an estimate of what a nomination would probably cost; but like an estimate for the building of a house, it was much below the sum eventually required. Some changes had to be made in the plans; and some ingredients of a nomination had been carelessly left out. It was necessary to "fix" this element, and "unfix" that one; to "set 'em up" in the ninth ward, and "knock 'em down" in the tenth. More brass bands for music and more brass men for oratory were called for



than appeared in the original estimate, but the candidate honored every demand that was made upon him by the "boys"; for had he not said to the ward managers, "Get me the nomination, regardless of expense." One day a friend remonstrated with him for wasting so much money to obtain a paltry seat in congress, but he answered, "It is my wife that wants to go to congress; not I. And I intend that she shall go." She did go, and at Washington she found herself in the enjoyment of social rank equal to the official position of her husband. She dined with the President and the Vice President and the Senators and the Judges, and what was more gratifying still, the texture, color, and quality of her gown became of national importance. Nor was her pride all vanity, but a desire for larger dignity and a wider sphere of action. I know another very rich man, who was "mentioned" for Governor of the State of Cornucopia, but he said, "I do not want to be Governor," whereupon his wife spoke up and said, "Well, if you don't, I do." The husband was elected, but the wife took the office, and really made an excellent governor for four years. Those domestic features do not by any means justify the buying and selling, and bribing for office, but they explain some of those phenomena, and make them less repulsive than they might otherwise be.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### AUNT HANNAH ON THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY MINNIE ANDREWS SNELL.

Wall—I'm glad enough I'm humagin—kin rest my weary brain,  
For I've seen an' heered so much too much, I guess I've heered in vain.

I thought th' Fair was mixin' an' th' Midway made me crawl,  
But th' Parl'ment of Religions was th' mixin'est of all!

I seen th' Turks agoing round th' Midway in th' Fair,  
But our minister reproved me when he seen me peep in thair.  
"Defilin' place" he called it, an' th' Turk "a child of sin";  
But th' Parl'ment of Religions took all them heathen in.

It made me squirm a little, to see some heathen's air,  
As he told us Christians 'bout our faults an' laid 'em out so bare,  
But thair flowin' robes was tellin' an' th' air mighty takin' folk,  
So th' Parl'ment of Religions clapped to every word they spoke.

I listened to th' Buddhist, in his robes of shinin' white,  
As he told bow like to Christ's thair lives, while ours was not—a mite.

'Tel I felt, to lead a Christian life, a Buddhist I must be,  
An' th' Parl'ment of Religions brought religious doubt to me.

Then I heered th' han'some Hindu monk, drest up in orange dress,  
Who sed that all humanity was part of God—no less,  
An' he sed we was *not* sinners, so I comfort took, once more,  
While th' Parl'ment of Religions roared with approving roar.

Then a Cath'lic man got up an' spoke, about Christ an' th' cross;  
But th' Christians of th' other creeds, they giv' thair heds a toss.  
When th' Babbist spoke, th' Presbyterians seemed to be fightin' mad,

'Tel th' Parl'ment of Religions made my pore old soul feel sad.

I've harkened to th' Buddhist, to th' Hindu an' th' Turk;  
I've tried to find th' truth that in our different sects may lurk,  
'Tel my pore old brain it buzzes, like its goin' religions mad—  
For th' Parl'ment of Religions nigh put out th' light I had.

Must I leave all this sarchin' 'tel I reach th' other side?  
I'll treat all men as brothers while on this airth I bide,  
An' let "Love" be my motto, 'tel I enter in th' door.  
Of that great Religious Parl'ment, where creeds don't count no more.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

*Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian?* By John E. Remsburg, is the title of a book just published by The Truth Seeker Company of 28 Lafayette Place, New York. "I have prosecuted these investigations," says the author, "not in the interest of any belief or creed but in the interest of truth. . . . In proving Lincoln a disbeliever I do not presume to prove Christianity false or free-thought true, but have shown that some Christians are not honest and that an honest man may be a free-thinker." Those who are anxious for a decision of this question will here find much testimony for the negative side.

In *L'origine des mondes et les impossibilités physiques de l'hypothèse de Laplace*, Madame Clémence Royer again controverts the tenability of the Kantian-Laplace hypothesis of the origin of the universe. The pamphlet (33 pages) is a collection and explication, with mathematical developments, of astronomical facts which the hypothesis of Laplace fails to explain. This hypothesis, which Kant evolved on *a priori* grounds, and which Laplace is supposed to have independently verified by mathematical and physical considerations, is one of the greatest interest to philosophical students, and contributions to its elucidation, like this of Madame Royer, are always welcome.

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## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 321. (VOL. VII.—42.)

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 19, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## FRENCH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago there occurred in Paris some very serious riots, which occasioned at the time much anxiety among the friends of the Republic, which necessitated the calling out of the military, and which cost the national exchequer some quarter of a million francs. It may also be recalled that these unfortunate disturbances were begun by the students of Paris, who, however, promptly withdrew from the *mêlée* which they had provoked and earnestly protested against its continuance and their being connected with it. This participation of university students in a bloody street-fight caused considerable surprise in this country and has excited, perhaps, some curiosity to know more about a body of youths who, it was thought for a moment by pessimists, had come near precipitating another revolution in France.

Hence the preparation of this little sketch by one who has himself been a student in Paris and who has some acquaintance with the student body of several of the other universities of France. In the first place, let me explain some of the radical differences between the French and American systems of higher education. When these are understood, the relations and character of the French university student will be more easily grasped.

In the United States "a college boy" is an undergraduate of one of our colleges or universities. But in France a *collégien* is a pupil at a *lycée*, or state high school. It is the lyceum which prepares him for the examinations, conducted by the university professors, which lead to the bachelor's degree. In France, therefore, a young man is a bachelor *before* he enters the university. It should be added that the French bachelor's degree is not so high as the same degree in this country. It does not represent so much nor such advanced study and can be easily won by boys under twenty, many of the successful candidates being eighteen, seventeen, or even younger.

There are dormitories in the lyceums but none in the universities. In a university town the students live where they please and are under no surveillance on the part of the faculty. But in the lyceums the

boys are carefully watched and when they go out, in a body, to take their Thursday afternoon walk, they are always accompanied by a *pion*, or tutor. In the lyceums, too, are a marking system, roll call, prize giving, and frequent examinations, while religious services are provided though not compulsory. All these things are unknown in the universities. The boarding scholars of the lyceums are required to wear a uniform, a custom which has come down from the military Napoleonic days, when the lyceum system was created. Among the students of the universities, however, the only sign of uniformity in attire is the *béret*, a picturesque sort of cap which originated among the Basque peasantry; and even this is seldom worn in Paris, except on ceremonious occasions. It is more common in the provinces, however. Robes are sometimes donned by the students but only while undergoing certain examinations. In ordinary every-day life, therefore, the French student, and especially the Paris contingent, does not materially differ, at least as regards apparel, from the generality of French citizens. But he may be recognised, especially in the Latin quarter—the part of Paris where the great schools are situated—by a certain *sans gêne* and *abandon*, which give to this class a peculiar distinctiveness.

It will thus be seen that it is in the lyceums rather than in the universities that are to be found most of those peculiarities of student life as developed on this side of the Atlantic, though certain features of the American college-boy type are recognised in both of these grades of the French educational system. With this preliminary word of explanation I will now take up the real French students—*les étudiants*—those of the universities.

Let us, in the first place, consider what the French students lack that our own have. This negative list is longer than the positive one. For instance, the Greek Letter Fraternities, which have become such an important social factor in our universities, are quite unknown in France. There are no "classes,"—French students remaining in the university till they wish to retire with or without a second degree. So "class politics," "class day," "rushes," "the Junior ball," and the like, find no counterparts over there. It can-



not be said that there is any Commencement Day, the most memorable event of the college year for American students and professors alike. Athletics are not even dreamed of by the French student, much less made a part of the curriculum as is done to-day in our leading institutions. So foot-ball, base-ball, lawn tennis, and rowing do not enter into the existence of the French student, though among the pupils of the lyceums an interest in these healthful exercises is growing, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Even "college journalism" does not flourish in a land where the newspaper is in several respects superior to our own and where journalists take such an active part in politics. The great French seats of learning produce no students' annuals, monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, though an abortive attempt in this direction is made from time to time in Paris. Nor is there any music. No glee clubs make the tour of France during vacation, and "college songs" are yet to be written. But the climax of this state of poverty is reached when it is known that there is no "college yell."

The disadvantages of the completely unorganised condition of the student body finally dawned upon the young men of Paris, and a few years ago they formed, with the warm approbation of their professors and the university authorities, a General Association, which has its officers, assembly rooms, library, etc., and which has proved to be a useful institution. The example of Paris has been followed in the provinces, and now similar organisations exist, I believe, in all the French universities.

But if French students appear to us to miss much, we may almost say all, that renders college days charming in our country, still at least one sentiment is more highly developed with them than with us. I refer to that admirable spirit of solidarity which actuates the young men of all the universities and seems to make the whole student body one, and which is continually finding expression in the interchange of warm-hearted telegrams and letters, in the despatching of delegations of fellow-students primed with enthusiastic speeches, and the like, on the occasion of celebrations or gatherings in the university centres.

With us, on the contrary, there can scarcely be said to be any friendly intercourse between the students of separate universities. In fact, it is not going too far to declare that there exists a feeling of rivalry, of jealousy, and sometimes even of antipathy. There are several causes for this unfortunate state of affairs. One of them is unquestionably the intercollegiate athletic contests of various kinds—the hotly contested aquatic races, the rough foot-ball struggles, and the base-ball matches—with their wrangles before, during, and after the meetings. These games would in them-

selves suffice to destroy mutual amity, even if religious prejudices, sectional enmities, and traditional rivalries, often shared with the students by professors, trustees, and friends of the colleges, did not tend to produce the same distressing results.

Scarcely any, in fact, I may safely say not one, of these sources of asperity exist in the French university. We have already seen that athletics are quite unknown there. Then again, as all the universities are under state control and enjoy but very little independence, the differences engendered in the United States by sectarianism, by the rivalry of competing institutions, by the development of individuality,—all these are escaped in France, so that there is next to nothing that can set this university against that one, nothing, for instance, to ruffle the relations of, say, the Toulouse students with those of Bordeaux and Montpellier to the west and east. There has, consequently, spread all over France a delightful sentiment of *camaraderie* among students. Let me give a fine example of this solidarity and companionship.

In May, 1890, the University of Montpellier celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of its foundation; and, on this occasion, the different universities of France were represented at the brilliant festivities not only by delegations from their faculties, but by a goodly number of students, who were warmly received by their brothers of Montpellier. Arm in arm they marched the street. At the restaurants they drank to the health of their respective institutions, and at banquets they responded in turn to numerous toasts which were cheered repeatedly to the echo. In a word, it was a grand fraternisation of the students of France; it was even more, for the universities of England, Scotland, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Greece, and Roumania had also sent student delegates who were fêted on every hand. Most of the foreign students wore picturesque uniforms; some were attired in gowns of varied hues, while the headgear of all was curious and different. Here again is a feature of European student life that does not find its like on our side of the ocean.

America was well to the fore on *the* day of the fêtes, when President Carnot came down from Paris to receive the foreign delegates. The cortege of delegates, professors, and students formed in the large quadrangle of one of the principal university buildings. It was a pretty sight; the flags of the different universities borne by the students and the variegated cloaks and gowns and caps of the professors and students made it an exceptional scene.

At a distance, in one corner, I suddenly noticed the American flag floating above the heads of a little group. Approaching, I saw that the staff was held by a rather portly man in full evening dress, supported



on either side by two younger men in gowns and "mortar boards." The latter were graduates of American universities and were pursuing special studies in the Montpellier School of Viticulture, while the color-bearer was an alumnus of the Dental School of Ann Arbor and was practising his profession at Montpellier.

As the foreign students were placed at the head of the column and arranged alphabetically according to countries, our little band of Americans came first, so that the professors of France and of most of the other nations of Europe, the delegates from several famous learned bodies, and the students of a score or more continental universities, marched that day under the lead of the stars and stripes, held aloft by a dental graduate, supported on the right by a descendant of the Huguenots and on the left by a grandson of Hayne of South Carolina. It was one of the grandest triumphs of the American dentist on record!

#### FINE ART AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

THE Department of Fine Arts at the World's Fair is remarkable for two things,—for what it is and what it is not. The official catalogue, giving names of artists and their works, contains one hundred and ninety-six pages. Besides the exhibits of the United States, no less than seventeen countries are represented—Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Mexico, New South Wales, Norway, Russia, Spain, and Sweden. In addition to these, the Society of Polish Artists sent one hundred and twenty-five paintings. Never before on this continent were gathered such immense collections of pictures and statues of a high order of merit. At the Paris Exposition of 1889, less than six thousand works of art were exhibited. At Chicago the number exceeds eight thousand, (with engravings and architectural designs,) and most of the exhibits from foreign nations are larger and better than at Paris. What one misses here is the incomparable "Retrospective Exhibition" at Paris, including many of the greatest paintings produced in France during the last hundred years.

The "Retrospective Exhibit of American Painting" (in Gallery 4) is interesting from a historical, rather than an artistic, standpoint. About seventy painters are represented by one hundred and ten works, kindly loaned by private owners and by various art galleries in the East and West. Valuable as this collection is, as showing the progress of art in the New World, one cannot but feel regret that it is not larger and that more painters are not represented. The student of art looks in vain for some well-known names in the annals of American painting, such as

David Neal (whose "Interior of St. Mark's" hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago); Emanuel Léutze, a historical painter of unquestionable genius; Frederick E. Church, George L. Brown, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Hill, and others, whose pictorial achievements have won praise and honor. An adequate showing of our art should include some of the best works of Hubbard, Huntington, Meeker, Cropsey, Cranch, and Antrabus. Fortunately, West, Copley, Trumbull, Allston, Peale, and Vanderlyn are represented, though not generally by the compositions which made them celebrated. Gilbert Stuart is regarded as our most eminent portrait-painter, and we can judge of his skill and power shown in seven striking portraits of notables belonging to the last century. They are perfectly natural in expression, and the colors on some of them are almost as bright as though laid on yesterday. There is only one of Thomas Sully's excellent portraits, but one by the once popular Jarvis, and a single example of Charles Elliott's wonderfully faithful portraits (another being at the Art Institute). There are two of William Page's successful portraits, and one by Chester Harding (a capital likeness of himself). W. S. Mount, justly renowned for his *genre* work, is seen at his best in "The Long Story" and "The Power of Music." Weir appears to good advantage in the showy picture, "Taking the Veil." The three pioneers of American landscape-painting—Doughty, Durand, and Cole—are well represented; so is Kensett, by a solitary lovely landscape. There are pleasing canvases by Gray, Hamilton, Fuller, S. R. Gifford, and W. M. Hunt; three of McEntee's exquisite landscapes, and one by that superb colorist, Louis R. Mignot. This "Retrospective Exhibit" proves that America has brought forth artists of exceptional ability, who did masterly and original work, notwithstanding the lack of training and encouragement.

In striking contrast with this exhibit of American art (in Gallery 4) is the Loan Collection of Foreign Masterpieces owned in the United States (in Galleries 40, 41, 42), consisting of about one hundred and twenty paintings, three-fourths of them being by distinguished French painters. It is a matter of congratulation that twelve of Corot's finest paintings are here, and eight of Millet's (including "The Gleaners"). One wishes that Corot's matchless "Biblis" (owned by Mr. J. J. Hill, of St. Paul) were here; also Millet's "Sower" (owned by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston), and some of the pictures in the excellent collection of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore. It is gratifying that there are so many people of wealth and taste in this country who are willing to allow the public to look at their art treasures. Mention should be made here of the splendid collection (nearly two hundred) of old masters and modern paintings at the Art Institute of Chicago.



Of the remaining exhibits in the United States section there are more than one thousand oil paintings and several hundred water colors and etchings. Here are poetic and admirable things side by side with the unworthy and amateurish. The impressionist craze has wrought its worst among the third-class painters of our land. One may feel proud, however, of such landscapists as Inness and Wyant, some of whose best paintings are here. And the noble conceptions of Elihu Vedder stand comparison with those of Europe's most gifted artists of to-day. There are half a dozen charming and eccentric things of Whistler's, besides sixty-five really beautiful etchings. An ambitious effort, somewhat ornate in style, is Abbey's "Galahad Brought to Arthur's Court," from the frieze for the delivery-room of the Boston Public Library. Space does not permit of comment on the numerous examples of fine work here by Chase, La Farge, Homer, Martin, Sargent, Tryon, Harrison, Bridgman, Minor, De Haas, and other promising painters.

The French, German, Austrian, and British sections are at once satisfying and disappointing. They contain good pictures in abundance, among them some by Deffregger, Kaulbach, Choulant, Skarbina, A. Werner, etc., and some pictures which fall short of a high artistic standard. A number of the leading artists of Germany—Leibl, Böcklin, Feuerbach, Richter, Bodenmüller—are not represented. The works of illustrious painters here, in many instances, are not their best. It often happens that the subjects chosen are commonplace, and the treatment is not such as to appeal to the imagination. Even beauty is degraded. Makart maintains his reputation for luscious coloring in the series, "The Five Senses," but they are not great paintings—they are rather magnificent specimens of decorative art.

Contemporary art in France, Central Europe, and England seems to be at a standstill, if not on the decline. It is tending toward the conventional and merely ornamental. The masters are dead. Their successors reach a certain level of proficiency—technically they are well equipped, but not intellectually. They are doing very little of grand creative work.

In walking through the galleries of Dutch, Russian, Swedish, Mexican, and Japanese paintings, one is struck by their distinctive national characteristics. The manners and tendencies of a people and an age are as truly mirrored by art as by literature. At present, the current of art-life is setting strongly in the direction of realism. Too close fidelity to nature is attended by undesirable results. The spiritual is too seldom sought or attained. The local and transitory—*genre* and portraiture—seem to be gaining the ascendancy over ideal and historical themes. One longs

for a return of the days of Turner, Delacroix, and Kaulbach.

The displays in the Art Palace of the Columbian Exposition will serve a twofold purpose: in giving an impetus to the study of art, and in emphasising its importance as an essential element of a liberal education. Priceless benefits must follow in the wake of the Fair. It is to be hoped that its influence may lead in time to an artistic, as well as a literary, renaissance.

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

#### V. THE DURGA FESTIVAL.

It was the day of the great Durga festival, which was usually celebrated in a renowned temple in the southern part of Benares, founded in the preceding century by a pious queen, and down to the present day called the Monkey Temple. Not only the building itself, but also the banks of the square walled tank which lay near it, and the giant trees hard by, were filled with thousands and thousands of shrieking, chattering monkeys, who tumbled about joyously, conscious of their sacredness, and revelling in the food received from the faithful Hindus. Should a person have dared to kill one of these monkeys, he would have been guilty of a crime against the dread goddess, and must have expected speedy revenge from an excited people. Only recently has the English government felt strong enough to remove the great mass of the monkeys and to confine the remainder to the interior of the temple. High, smooth walls, forming a square, surround the holy place; the side of the chief entrance is marked in the centre by a half sphere with a dome at each corner. Through the small portal one passes into a porch or vestibule, which is supported by twelve carved pillars, and from this a few steps lead down to the open temple court, where the sacrifices take place. In the centre of this court stands the temple proper, an oddly intricate piece of architecture, which contains the dreadful image of the bloodthirsty Durga. In perfect harmony with the character of the goddess the whole temple is colored red.

During the festival the heavy beating of drums in the porch near the entrance was to be heard, while in the presence of the divine image two great bells of shrill sound were rung by the priests. The ground reeked with blood. Hourly after sunrise great herds of oxen, goats, and sheep were driven into the temple by the pious Hindus, till the arms of the priests who had to strike with long swords the necks of the victims fastened in strong wooden forks, were worn out. Without, at a little distance from the temple, stood the venders of the favorite grain of the monkeys, which



they offered for sale in large baskets. The pilgrims here dutifully purchased food for the sacred animals of the goddess, and if they themselves possessed no vessel, used smooth brazen platters which they borrowed of the venders. The monkeys that were not already overfed crowded in herds to meet the new-comers, and grasped greedily the food in the vessels presented to them. Often it happened that a long-tailed reveller would snatch the platter from the hands of a worshipper, and with a joyful shriek, spilling half its contents, swing himself upon a tree, and from there to the top of the temple. And the other monkeys, not allowing him to enjoy alone his plunder, would run shrieking after him, and begin a fierce battle for its possession. Then, not unfrequently, the metal plate would fall clattering down from the roof of the temple upon the heads of the Hindus crowding at the entrance below, and thus increase the general tumult and confusion. Those who were fortunate enough to get within the temple, made their way, pushing, reviling, and shrieking, to the space before the image of the goddess, stretching out her tongue and staring at her worshippers with gloating eyes. With prostrations and shouts of "Hail, Durga, great mother!" they placed before her wreaths of flowers, or poured milk, rice, and grain on the floor without discrimination.

The glowing sun shone down upon the heap of offerings, decomposed the stuff, and created a fearful stench, of which the thronging masses did not seem to take notice. Before they passed out they threw silver and copper coins upon a great pewter plate which stood under the special care of a greedily watching priest. With eagerness he looked at it and cried at intervals with a loud voice sounding above the shrill clang of the bell and the shouts of the throng: "Durga, the mother of us all is not pleased with you. You have given her to eat and drink, but you give not money enough, and for this the goddess will let you perish, you and your children. If she is to conquer in the conflict with the demons we must support her with our offerings, and so we need money, much money."

Then the departing ones would put their hands into their garments and the coins would clatter upon the plate, which, as soon as it was nearly filled, was emptied by the priest with a sly, unnoticed movement.

Among those present were also two Europeans, who, standing aside, looked with unconcealed disgust at the confusion before the temple. They were the collector of Benares, and the officer who commanded the English battalion quartered outside the city. "Let us not go in," said the former, "I cannot endure the ear-splitting noise and the vile odor; having seen it once is quite enough."

The officer assented, and remarked scornfully: "Now this is the people whose 'wisdom' our good

White takes the trouble to study. Day by day he sits at home and gives up to a nigger all the leisure hours which he denies to our company. If he would only come occasionally and play billiards with us! I cannot understand such a man."

"I knew White at Oxford where we studied together," said the collector. "He is a clever man, and was by far the best in his year. But he was always somewhat eccentric, and even at that time shunned the companionship of his comrades. About twelve years ago he told me that he intended to enter the civil service in India solely to have an opportunity of investigating Hindu philosophy. To that end he diligently studied Sanskrit. He has his own peculiar ways, but he is consistent and does not stray from them. Our chief officers esteem him highly on account of his brilliant examinations, otherwise he would not, being so young, hold so lucrative a position."

This, however, did not seem to impress the officer, who only repeated with a haughty sneer: "Hindu philosophy!" and added, pointing to several Hindus near by who reverently bowing were feeding the monkeys, "a beautiful philosophy which teaches people to worship brutes!"

"Yes," replied the collector, laughing, "But I suppose the standpoint of the Brahman with whom White is heart and soul is somewhat higher."

"I don't believe it," said the officer with the air of a man who thinks his own judgment is final upon matters unknown to him, "nigger is nigger."

The two gentlemen did not know how near was the Brahman of whom they spoke; for just then Ramchandra was passing along with the Purohit with whom we became acquainted at the house of Krishnadas. The latter cast a glance at the temple and remarked: "Here the rabble of our city and their priests abide. It is good that in our country we can serve the gods in different manners, the lower classes in this and the higher classes in another. But what a contrast! How otherwise appears the character of divinity to us, the learned Brahmans, than to these uneducated priests of the public temples. True, we must recognise them also as Brahmans, Brahmans they are without doubt,—but they stand further from Brahma than we. They know nothing of our sacred books, and their modes of divine worship are foolish. But one thing I must praise; they understand how to rule the minds of the masses. In this respect we might learn from them. Oh Ramchandra, we must not weary in our work of holding the better classes under control, least of all now while oppressed by the Sahibs. But, Ramchandra, what ails you? You do not seem to hear me!"

Ramchandra started from his reverie, and excused himself. "I was absent-minded while you were speaking. Alas! never has anything so moved me as that



which I saw yesterday at the house of Krishnadas. I did not sleep a moment during the whole night, and when I arose and took a book to quiet myself, my head swam; I heard the despairing cry of Lilavati,—I hear it yet,—oh, it is fearful!”

“Ramchandra,” said the Purohit, “you are young and impressionable. When you are as old as I, you will have learned that worse things can happen to men than what you saw yesterday. Pray to Brahma to give to your mind that calmness which is becoming to one belonging to his chosen caste,—the calmness with which the sacred Ganga has flowed past our city for thousands and thousands of years.”

“I tried to pray,” answered Ramchandra gloomily, “but I could not. There rang constantly in my ears, ‘Water, water, only one drop of water!’ Why must yesterday, just yesterday, have been the widow’s fast-day?”

“Why? Do you ask, Ramchandra? Do you think that the regular course of day and night could be changed for a fever-stricken widow? Because a man is dying, shall the order of the universe be changed?” Thus spoke the Purohit impressively. Then he paused, and asked in a sterner tone: “Tell me, Ramchandra, when Gopa in her blindness yesterday was about to fetch water to the patient, did you do your duty and endeavor to restrain her?”

“Yes, I did; but I doubt whether it was right.”

“You doubt whether it was right!” continued the Purohit. “You yourself are fever-stricken, if you say that, Ramchandra, you, by whom formerly our holy laws were regarded as the highest. I advise you to go home and to sleep.”

“But tell me,” said Ramchandra, slowly, who had scarcely noticed the indignation of the Purohit, “if, as our faith teaches, man, in all things which he experiences or suffers, is but earning the fruit of his own deeds, if he receives only the reward of the works he has done in this and earlier existences, of what consequence then are the gods to us?”

The Purohit replied: “They assign the rewards for the works and lead the pious to good deeds. They look into the heart of man, for they are all-knowing and almighty.”

Ramchandra interrupted the Purohit: “All-knowing,—then they must have known that Lilavati, the widow, would die on the fast-day. Almighty,—then they could have prevented it. I thought the highest attribute of the gods was mercy, but it was a mistake, else they would not have permitted Lilavati to perish.”

“Hold, Ramchandra, blasphemer!” cried the Purohit, now full of agitation. “The gods are merciful. Can you, with your dull eyes, understand their ways? You look over this one short life and think not of the cycle of unnumbered births in which creatures

are tried and educated by the gods, until, purified from the dust of earthly things, they approach them, and at the end of their career, enter into the great rest of Brahma. However, do not talk of the kindness and mercy of the gods; think rather of their ordinances and laws. Upon them rests the world! The Sahibs always speak of their kind and merciful God. That’s it, indeed! Now it is all clear to me! The constant intercourse with the Sahib has spoiled you. I wish this accursed barbarian—”

Ramchandra at once interrupted the angry man with the words: “Stop. You do not know him. The Sahib is good; as good as you.”

“You are irreverent, Ramchandra,” said the Purohit, immediately; “the rapid success of your studies has blinded you. You no longer respect age and experience; I have long noticed it with regret.”

Ramchandra felt himself abashed. He knew that he had gone too far, and answered: “Pardon me, worthy sir, but I fear I shall not be able to change. When any one does an injustice to me or another, wrath overcomes me as a typhoon which throws the billows of the ocean to the sky. I cannot restrain it.”

The Purohit was silent for a time, then he said in a milder tone: “Ramchandra, why do you not follow my advice? You should take a wife; believe me, an unwedded life is not good for a fiery soul, like you.”

Ramchandra made an impatient gesture with his hand, but the Purohit continued: “I am sorry that your parents did not marry you when a child; but still nothing is lost. The most distinguished families of our caste would gladly give you one of their daughters.”

“Why do you press *me*?” returned Ramchandra. “Do not many Brahmans remain unmarried during their whole life? I will do the same.”

“Very few choose the state of celibacy,” said the Purohit, significantly, “and they are of a different nature from yours,—quiet, gentle men, who find the highest happiness of life in the renunciation of the world, in god-given contemplation.”

“You know,” said the young man, I have an ardent love of knowledge; I am also ambitious; I hate bonds. No, married life is not for me.”

“Is that the only reason, Ramchandra?” asked the Purohit, searchingly; and when the young man, looking up with surprise, frankly replied: “Yes; certainly!” he was evidently relieved. “I believe you, Ramchandra. For my own part, I do not think that wife and children would hinder you from study and investigation;—but perhaps they might cure you of the habit of brooding. You think too much. Our ways separate here. Farewell!”

The Purohit left his young companion in the vicinity of the Ghats—those quay-like structures along the



Ganges. Ramchandra still continued his way, for he desired to attend the cremation of the body of Lilavati, which should take place a few hours before sunset.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### CURRENT TOPICS.

SUPPOSE that you should go some evening to see Henry Irving in the character of "Hamlet," would you not feel disappointed if at the beginning of the play the stage manager should step forward and say, "Ladies and Gentlemen! Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Irving, his part will be read by one of the supernumeraries?" Well, I feel a like disappointment when I hear the Chairman of a Parliament of all Religions, or something of that sort, say, "Ladies and Gentlemen! Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was advertised by the programme for an address this afternoon, his paper will be read by Mr. Ebenezer Brown." It increases my annoyance if I find out afterwards that the committee, when they advertised Mr. Spencer, knew that he would not come. I use the name of Mr. Spencer for example merely, but it will do for other men. The practice of having somebody's "paper" read by a supernumerary instead of by the writer of it has come to be tiresome and a grievance. No substitute reader can put into any "paper" the magnetic presence of the man who wrote it, his meaning, his feeling, and that personality which gives to an essay a special interest of its own. No grace of elocution can give living warmth to a speech delivered in a public meeting if the soul of the author is absent from it. When it had been advertised that Marcus Tullius Cicero would speak in the forum on the issues of the day, and the chairman of the meeting told the assembled citizens that owing to a railroad accident which had prevented the attendance of Senator Cicero, his "paper" would be read by M. Suetonius Vesuvius, the Romans rose with dignity, and wrapping their togas round them, left the meeting. Yet we, a greater people, submit to a like imposture every day.

\* \* \*

I never knew but one instance where a substitute orator did as well as the original, and that was the case of old Nick Warren who used to keep the livery stable at Marbletown. It was thirty-nine years ago this fall that James W. Grimes was "running" as a candidate for Governor of Iowa, and as there were no railroads west of the Mississippi in those days, he hired a span of horses and a buggy from Nick Warren to take him through the counties on a stump-speaking pilgrimage, with Warren himself as driver. After many days of this they reached the village of Sioux City, then a little hamlet in the north-western part of the State. Just before they entered the town, Grimes complained of illness, and said that the meeting must therefore be given up. Warren declared that such a subterfuge would lose votes, and that as nobody at Sioux City knew either of them, he could pretend to be the candidate, and Grimes could act as coachman. "I have heard that musty old speech of yours," he said, "every night since we started, and I can deliver it as well as you can." Not without some reluctance on the part of Grimes, the plan was adopted and Warren made the speech amid "enthusiastic applause." His grammar was not so good as the Governor's but the speech was all the better for that. Even this bit of success is by no means a conclusive answer to what I have said above, because although the speech was the Governor's, Warren delivered it as his own, and threw into it his own feeling, individuality, and force. Had he said, "Fellow citizens! Mr. Grimes is not able to attend, and therefore I will read a 'paper' prepared by him"; or if he had said, "I will give the speech that I have heard him deliver fifty times," the crowd would have contemptuously dispersed; and, what would have been a worse disaster, they would have voted against Grimes.

I know that my story is true, for I got it right from the lips of old Nick Warren himself.

\* \* \*

The Chicago papers in describing Monday's attendance at the World's Fair have used up all the superlatives in the language; and when I try to describe the miracle with profuse rhetoric, I find that they have left me but a beggarly wardrobe of words. They boastfully say that no city in the world but Chicago could attract seven hundred thousand people to a celebration on a bit of land no larger than Jackson Park and seven miles from the centre of the town, but that is a mistake. London could attract as large a crowd, and so could Paris, to a free festival, but neither Paris nor London could attract such a multitude of people to any entertainment if the price of admission was fixed at fifty cents a head. That seven hundred and fifty thousand people were able to pay fifty cents each for a ticket, and railroad fare besides, is the most wonderful part of the phenomenon, and it shows how superabundant are the resources of the West. The exuberance of nature acts upon human character, and makes men careless about money. Where the land is prodigal of its riches men will not be stingy; and this is the reason why the multitudinous legions which a "contemporary" compares to the army of Xerxes, paid their money for a ticket of admission to the great Columbian Exposition upon Chicago Day.

\* \* \*

Although some part of the great attendance at the World's Fair on Chicago Day may be called spontaneous, much of it was due to artful advertising, and for this the managers ought to have due credit. They made a programme of impossible splendor, they rehearsed a triple bob major every morning upon that impudent pretender that goes by the name of the new Liberty Bell, and out of rather flimsy materials they created a sentiment that exalted into an act of loyalty an attendance at the Fair upon Chicago Day. In the language of Saint Paul they "caught them with guile," and their admirable strategy was worthy of the late Mr. Barnum when at his best. Although, perhaps, not visible in his old familiar form, the reincarnation of Mr. Barnum must have been somewhere in the management; but that is no reproach, for if we charge that the directors adopted Mr. Barnum's tactics, we must admit that they are entitled to the use of his apology. "I gave the people bumbng," he said, "but also, I gave them the worth of their money." That excuse will avail here, for I do not think that any man who visited the Fair can truthfully say that he did not get the worth of his money and more too, except of course at the eating houses, and at some of the side shows in the Midway Plaisance. That Midway Plaisance was a sort of exaggerated "Bartlemy Fair," as it was conducted in London before it was "put down"; and, after all, a man who enjoys that sort of entertainment, got his money's worth even there. Considering that fifty millions of people in the United States have not yet seen this greatest of all International Expositions, it ought to be kept open at least for another year.

\* \* \*

At last the Senate finds that although it is easy to vote public money into private pockets, it is not so easy to stop the benevolence or to take the money back. Before the presidential election, the bountiful Senators, competing for the vote of the "silver States," passed a law binding the Government to purchase a hundred tons of silver every month; and when the election was over, they became virtuous and said: "That law has worked mischief, as we knew it would, and therefore we will repeal it now." To that the silver States replied: "It has not worked any mischief upon us, and therefore you shall not repeal it now." The result of that contradiction is a patrician tournament more comical than a circus, where every performer is a clown. As there was no charge for admission, the galleries of the Senate were crowded



with spectators eager to see sixty drowsy old gentlemen testing statesmanship by physical endurance and trying to wear one another out. Unfortunately they have not given themselves any preliminary training for such a contest, as the professional prize-fighters wisely do. They have not even taken a ten-mile spin and a rub-down before breakfast, and I fear they will soon become exhausted. Much good living tries the stamina of a man, and inclines him to a compromise. Senator Stockbridge may be a robust and brave exception, for he appeared last night in the Senate, "although," say the dispatches, "he has not yet recovered from his encounter with a Chicago cable-car." The only man in the Senate that I would bet on to stand his ground in this battle between Silver and Gold, is the man who could hold his own and get not much the worst of it in an "encounter" with a Chicago cable-car.

We all know that it is not becoming in any person to laugh at a tragedy, and yet I confess with due remorse that I have sometimes laughed at Othello more heartily than at the Mikado; not at the tragedy, of course, but at the way they played it. I know that it is wrong to laugh at the Senate, but the mock heroics of that assembly are too theatrically solemn for anything but laughter. The by-play and the pantomime, the mounting guard on the picket line, the long roll that summons a quorum, the sleeping on lounges, the bivouacking in the committee-rooms, and the "die at my post" business are all melodramatically overdone. According to the dispatches telegraphed all over the land and published this morning in a thousand papers, one Senator slipped away to a beef-steak, but before he had eaten a mouthful of it, the long roll sounded, and he was compelled to hurry to his place in line of battle. Another, like a tired warrior, wraps his blanket round him and lies down to fitful dreams; another is "equipped with a comb, and brush, and other toilet requisites"; but the most exciting bit of information, dated at half-past three o'clock this morning, says: "Senator Voorhees has fallen into a deep sleep in his chair. His head hangs forward on his chest, and his arms hang limp at his side." The next item is more suggestive of hanging than the other. "Senator Palmer has just bid good night to his wife and daughter, who remained in his committee-room up to 12:45 o'clock." This gave me an electric shock that will make me dream to-night; for if the reporter, instead of "committee-room" had substituted "cell," I should have thought that my old comrade was to be led forth to execution at nine o'clock this morning, and that he had been allowed a final parting with his family at 12:45 last night. Because the House of Lords has no rules to prevent obstruction, our Senate thinks it ought not to have any either, for it must be at least as "conservative" as the House of Lords.

This is Friday morning, and my fears of yesterday, that the Senators would soon become exhausted, are justified. They had the spirit of gladiators, but the muscle was not there. The majority surrendered, and now like a hungry jury they are ready to compromise on a verdict. The contest was curious and instructive in many ways, especially, perhaps, in bringing into bold relief the genius of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who, according to the dispatches of yesterday, "has compiled a mass of interesting information as to the usual haunts of Senators, in order that those who drift away may be tracked to their lairs." That is a yellow-covered story, and very likely false, for it is hardly possible that the Sergeant-at-Arms employs a corps of detectives to "follow the trail" of Senators, and track them to their "lair" at night. Whether true or false, it helps to solve a puzzle in ancient history. I have often wondered how it happened that Cicero knew so much about Catiline, so that he could tell him to his face in the Senate where he was last night, and the night before, and the night be-

fore that; who his companions were, and what they said and did. The explanation is easy enough now. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Roman Senate knew the "haunts" and "lair" of the Senators; he had the "interesting information" recorded in a book, and he showed that book to Cicero. M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### NOTES.

Edward H. Hall concludes a forcibly written article on "The New Unitarianism" as follows: "In the presence of this old-time dualism, constantly masquerading under fresh forms, the New Unitarianism cannot hesitate where to take its stand. It knows in these conflicts no higher name and no higher thing than nature. It knows no sublimer or diviner thought than the unity of nature, and no sublimer fact. It seeks only to make real all that this term, 'the unity of nature,' implies. By the accident of its name, Unitarianism is pledged to faith in the divine unity; the New Unitarianism simply emphasises this thought, clears it of all confusion, and carries it to its legitimate conclusion. For the first time in its history, if this view of the situation is correct, Unitarianism represents all that its name implies, the absolute unity of the universe. It represents a unity in which no form of dualism, be it miracle and law, mind and matter, or divinity and humanity, can exist. It represents a unity in which God ceases to be at odds with his universe, and but one supreme power appears, all the universe over, and all the centuries through; a unity in which man's religious aspirations and intellectual needs alike are gratified; and in which at last the faith of the spirit and the faith of science find themselves at one."—*The New World*, September, 1893, p. 551.

INSTRUCTION given by correspondence to students of Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers. Write for Circular. Editor *Bibliotheca Platonica*, Osceola, Mo.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 322. (VOL. VII.—43.)

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
{ Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE EFFEMINISATION OF MAN.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

SOME of our state legislation is calculated to promote effeminacy. I refer especially to the laws which forbid public boxing-matches. It is the associations now attending these events that render them obnoxious to the orderly members of society, and not the boxing. The mental and physical training which this art requires are of the greatest possible value to a man and should be encouraged, instead of condemned, as is now the fashion. The prevailing expression at least, on this subject, shows how widely the effeminisation of man has extended in this country. The supposition that physical courage should not be developed and exercised is preposterous. The sentimentality that grieves over the wounds of the contestants, while the latter are willing or anxious to receive them, is greatly misplaced. The men who stand before each other in the arena are there voluntarily to give and to take; and they do so without malice as a general rule. Of course, it is impossible for an effeminate man, as it is for a woman, to understand how a man can receive blows without becoming angry. But a cool head is essential to success in all conflicts, and the training which develops this trait, which is nascent, if not well developed in most men, is of great value to them.

It is true that the most conspicuous prize-fighters are not members of the educated classes, and are frequently men of inferior type. Are we to infer from this that physical and mental courage are lost to man as he advances in culture? If so, we have a sad prospect before us as a race. But such a result is not necessary. The best type of man will not appear in the prize-ring as it is at present conducted, nor does he wish to become a law-breaker. As it is, the reform of the prize-ring is an urgent necessity, but not its abolition. The first step in this direction is the suppression of betting on the result. This would deprive the sport of most of the charm which it possesses for the vicious classes. In order to prevent this practice, special police or deputies might be employed, or a commission to superintend sports of all descriptions, including horse-racing, might be appointed by a court. The importance of athletic training of both men and

horses is sufficient to render it a proper subject of rational, and not irrational, legislation. Such a commission or commissioner might also act as dramatic critic, so that useful, and not injurious plays, might be presented on the boards of our theatres. In other words, we would suggest that each State have in its employ a man whose office should be that of censor of public amusements. Such an office and its functions will sound rather paternal to some ears; but we are finding out in this country that mob-rule is more tyrannical than paternalism; as witness the absurd laws that now stand in the way of the popular sport of boxing, on the one hand, and the perfect freedom to produce any kind of corrupting play in the theatre, on the other. Witness also the freedom to become intoxicated, on the one hand, and the refusal to allow cheap musical concerts, which prevent drinking, in saloons, on the other.

The popularity of athletic sports at the present time will prove most useful to us as a race. The time has, however, not yet arrived when self-defence can be entirely dispensed with. If we must have self-defence, that kind which avoids the use of mortal weapons is to be preferred. How much more manly is the British defence with the fist, than the knife of the Latin, or the pistol of the American. Defence is accomplished, and, perhaps, punishment inflicted, but life is not lost. Training in boxing is in the interest of humanity, and those who wish to see the pistol abolished in this country should encourage it. The increase in crimes against the person, of late years, probably due to the immigration of the worst classes of Europe, shows that we cannot yet do without self-defence.

These remarks are apropos of the recent arrest under the laws of Indiana of certain well-known pugilistic athletes, and the obstructions to exhibitions of boxing raised in California and elsewhere. In Philadelphia a recent exhibition of sparring by Mitchell attracted a respectable audience, which crowded the large Academy of Music. The authorities made some feeble efforts to prevent the exhibition, in conformity with the law, but wisely refrained from extreme measures. I leave to the imagination of my readers what would be the effect of woman suffrage on the situation.



## THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

## VI. THE SAHIB AND THE AGHORI.

The sun was already sinking in the west when Ramchandra approached the well-known burning Ghat on the bank. He was musing at the last words of the Purohit and spoke half aloud :

"I think too much ! Should I not be allowed to do that ? Does not the whole world and all that is in it challenge thinking ? Wherever I turn there is a chain of unsolved riddles. The course of nature, is it not a mystery, and shall it not concern me ? Even our sacred books, are they not full of problems, and, as it seems to me, of contradictions ? The teachers indeed explain all contradictions as only apparent, or as intentionally thrown in, so that the inquiring student shall exert himself to find the truth. And yet, it often seems to me that the context does not admit of the teacher's explanation. Alas ! I am yet far, far from the other shore of our wisdom, where peace dwells. I struggle with the flood, and I *will* pass over, but many times the current seizes me, as if it would force me down into the fearful deep. Peace, Ramchandra ! You will not sink, if you cling to the one thing which is firmly grounded, which has defied and will defy all storms,—the laws of Brahmanism."

Suddenly his thoughts took another turn. "But what did the Purohit mean when he looked so searchingly at me, and asked whether my ambitious thirst for knowledge was the only reason for my unwedded life ? What could he mean ? Nonsense !"

He slackened his pace, for he had now almost reached the burning Ghat. "To-day shall the body of Lilavati be consigned to the flames," he mused. "She herself tarries elsewhere and enjoys the purest happiness which is her portion as a reward for her dutiful life. But what a life it was ! More miserable than that of a jackal or a pariah dog, who gnaws bones and moistens its thirsty tongue with water as often as he pleases. And how many thousands, millions, of poor widows have thus endured and suffered ! Even Gopa might—unendurable thought !"

His lips quivered, and he looked up. There he saw Mr. White, the Judge, his pupil, sitting upon a block of stone, and holding a tablet in his hand, on which he sketched the dilapidated structures which fringed the banks of the river.

Ramchandra approached and addressed him : "Salaam, Sahib !"

Mr. White raised his head and said : "Well met, Ramchandra, salaam ! Sit down with me a while. I like this place and have been here this morning to look at the bathing Hindus. As often as I come down early to the Ghats, I see with new delight this throng

in gay costumes. A truly wonderful picture ! I wish I were an artist and could paint it."

"See, Sahib," answered the Brahman, "when I look upon the morning-bath of the Hindus, what a different feeling stirs me. To me the devotion of the masses is elevating ; a hymn springs to my lips when I see how thousands are impelled by holy inspiration—"

Mr. White smiled : "Or by the power of habit."

Ramchandra frowned, but, without heeding the interruption, continued : "To wash away the sins of the preceding day by a bath in the Ganges. And you, you say 'a wonderful picture,' and wish to paint it. I shall never understand you."

"The better I understand you."

"Well," said Ramchandra, "you have the advantage of knowing more of our, than I of your, people. Tell me, Sahib," he continued, after a few moments of reflexion, "how it is that you, who place so much value on purity ; you, who go always in painfully neat clothing, can eat and drink in the presence of people who are not of your class ? Do you not feel the pollution ?"

"No, Ramchandra," replied the European, laughing, "why should we. With you the idea is inculcated, perhaps inborn ; inherited from generation to generation during centuries, since the custom was introduced."

"The custom !" exclaimed Ramchandra, "since the custom was introduced ! You do not believe, then, that the law is as old as the world, that it was the will of the Creator from the beginning, upon this holy ground of India, to separate the castes in all the necessities of life ? But no, you cannot understand it, so let us not discuss the subject. Tell me something else. You Sahibs, who are so political and world-wise, who have subdued the earth, who understand how to bring the mysterious forces of nature under your control, how is it that you are so blinded as to watch so little the virtue of your wives, man's most sacred possession. Your women live as you do, do what seems good to them, go where they please ; they jest with other men as with their own husbands—"

"And, nevertheless, are as virtuous as your Indian women," interrupted Mr. White. "True virtue needs no guardian, it protects itself. Learn to know our women, Ramchandra, and their nature will be a revelation to you."

"I believe you, Sahib, for I know that you do not deceive me," said Ramchandra. Shaking his head he continued : "But it is strange, most wonderful. Think you that the Indian women could bear unlimited freedom ?"

"Certainly, if they were educated as ours are."

"That is impossible, of course. Your customs are



odd, incomprehensible. As you all eat and drink together, so you marry promiscuously, so that one cannot say of your children, of what class, or what nature they are !”

“Yes, Ramchandra,” answered the Englishman, “we marry, as you say, promiscuously, just as education, circumstances, and above all, affection draw us together.”

“And you approve of that ? I will not refer to our law books, for they are nothing to you. But look about you in nature. Does it not teach the divine law ? Do you not see that in the world of animals each species lives by itself ? Do they not shun the companionship of each other ? Does the tiger mate with the panther, or the eagle with the vulture ? And in the world of men shall the Brahman wed the merchant’s daughter, the merchant wed the soldier’s daughter, or the soldier be married to a coolie maiden ?”

“Incomprehensible blindness !”

“No, Sahib, *you* are blind, that you do not see the bounds which have been established by the celestial gods. You, in your foolishness, have destroyed them, and therefore redemption is beyond your reach for all time.”

“There again, Ramchandra,” said Mr. White calmly, “you touch upon something about which I hold a different opinion from you. The redemption, that is, the emancipation of the individual soul from the pains of mundane existence, all your systems which I have studied with you, propose to attain through the medium of the intellect, through this or that knowledge. I seek redemption by morality, and I believe that every one may attain to it in this life. The disciples of Buddha, the enlightened one, whom you Brahmins have driven out of your land, have approached nearer to the true understanding of redemption than you. Do not be angered again, Ramchandra, but answer me one more question. Do not all those whom you have mentioned, the Brahman, the merchant, the soldier, the coolie, and all your other numerous castes, belong to the one race of man ?”

“No,” replied Ramchandra, with decision, “the word *man* only designates similarity of structure, it means a being which has head, trunk, arms, and legs, but it does not mean race.”

“I ought to have been prepared for that answer from you,” said the judge. He was thoughtfully silent for a time and then questioned : “Of course you do not doubt, Ramchandra, that you have perfectly pure and unmixed Brahman blood in your veins ?”

“I do not !” answered Ramchandra earnestly, “and I request you not to doubt it. It touches my most sacred, my only possession.”

But Mr. White was not accustomed, when he had something on his mind, to give up the pursuit. “Have

you ever,” he queried, “seen your countenance in a mirror ?”

“Certainly,” replied the Brahman, angrily, “but what has that to do with it ?”

“Then you must have seen that your features are very different from those of the Brahmins in this land.”

“No wonder ; I am a native of Rajputana.”

“Yet there is a peculiarity in your face which I have not found in any other Brahman countenance in other parts of India. Just listen quietly to what I have to say to you, Ramchandra. Do you not know that in olden times, before your present law books came into authority, there were not such strict laws in your land concerning marriage as at present ? If a man married as his first wife a maiden of his own caste, he was allowed to take other wives out of the lower castes, and all the children, from which ever mother they were descended, followed the caste of the father. So a woman of the soldier or peasant caste could have a Brahman son. Now, remember, Ramchandra, how few Brahmins there are in Rajputana, and think of the noble, distinguished soldier-families of your fatherland. Do you not believe that your ancestors might have been attracted by the proud daughters of that caste, at a time when this was allowable ? Believe me, there flows more soldier blood than Brahman blood in your veins, and your whole character shows it. Were I in your place I should be proud of such an admixture of strength.”

Ramchandra’s brow was contracted, and his face bore a gloomy expression. He had never thought of these things, which had now been so clearly set before him. Why should he indeed ? Even in our day the Brahmins are so sensitive upon this point, that they are angry if one applies these simple facts to their ancestry. But how should he refute the Sahib ? At last Ramchandra replied : “To know descent and blood one must belong to our people. A strong voice within me tells me that you are wrong.”

The two men, absorbed in conversation, did not notice that during the latter part of their talk they had been observed. Five or six Brahmins who passed that way stood at a little distance, looking at them with no kindly glances.

“There is Ramchandra again with the Sahib ; the two seem to be quite inseparable,” remarked one of them.

“I do not trust Ramchandra,” said a second one ; and after a pause he added : “I hate Ramchandra.”

The first suggested ironically : “Of course, since the Sahib, after a few days of your instruction, dismissed you and chose Ramchandra. He seems to understand his part better.”

The insulted man cast at the speaker a venomous glance, which clearly showed how deeply the thrust had



wounded him, and replied: "The Sahib's conduct displeased me, and on that account I left him. But I should think that you above all had little cause for such scorn. Perhaps you think we do not know that a few weeks ago you were unsuccessful in the competition with Ramchandra for the prize offered by the Raja of Darbhanga."

A third Brahman stepped between them to settle the quarrel: "Do not be angry; we all have cause enough to dislike the haughty Ramchandra. He always speaks to us as if he were better than we."

"And the torrent of his speech," put in another, "cuts short every discussion. It is annoying to be silenced by him, who is so young a man. Look at him! he speaks now just as haughtily to the Sahib."

The one who was first ridiculed here saw his chance of taunting all who had before mocked him, and said: "Only that the Sahib laughs and is not silenced."

The speaker did not notice the remark, but only expressed his surprise at White's behavior. "I cannot understand the Sahib; his countrymen usually do not tolerate such conduct on the part of our people."

Suddenly there was a movement, and the Brahmans dispersed, for from one of the streets which lead into that vicinity sounded the warning cry: "An Aghori! The blind Aghori! take care of yourselves!"

At the place where the Brahmans had just expressed their grudge against Ramchandra's importance and superiority, a blind old man, clad in rags, came groping along with a cane. He was known in that region as a member of a class of men whom the Brahmanic Hindu hears mentioned only with a shudder. Of all the Pariahs, the Aghori stands lowest in Northern India. His daily food is the abhorrence of all men who are not branded with the same descent; even the other Pariahs turn away from him with contempt.

The unfortunate old man remained standing, wailing loudly. "Woe is me! where am I? In the throng of the bazaar, into which I was unwillingly led, my boy was torn from my hands. How shall I find my way? On every hand I hear men running with cries of horror from me. Oh, why was I born, a curse to all creation?"

Mr. White noticed the cry of distress and saw the blind man. "Look at that poor blind man, who has evidently lost his guide. How every one shuns him! What does it mean?"

Ramchandra turned his face away to the river and answered: "It is an Aghori, Sahib; I know him well. He ought to avoid coming into the presence of men and polluting others by his sight. The Brahman law prescribes that the outcast shall dwell in barren and desolate places. In former times he would not have dared to tread the ground of our holy city; men would have stoned him. But since you foreigners rule our

land, much is allowed which is bad, and much is forbidden that is good."

"According to your way of thinking," said the Englishman, indignantly. "Have you any other accusation against this man than that he was born an Aghori?"

"I should think that is quite enough."

Mr. White grew impatient. "The old man is groping his way toward the river; if he continues, he must drown."

"It would not matter much for the scum," said Ramchandra, in a surly, spiteful tone, "but I should be sorry for the sake of the holy water."

The Judge was full of indignation. With flashing eyes and a voice full of threatening severity he exclaimed: "He is a man, Ramchandra; a man like you! and a man who needs the assistance of another." Saying this, he stepped forward, while the Brahman stared at him, and seized the arm of the blind Aghori, who in the meantime had come nearer.

"I thank you," said the old man, "you are an Aghori, also?"

"No, friend. Come, let us go home. Where do you live?"

The blind man stood still in boundless astonishment, as if he could not comprehend what had happened to him; then, overcome with emotion, he poured forth these words: "You are not an Aghori, and you touch me! Ye Gods, ye almighty Gods be thanked. At the end of my days this unspeakable happiness! A man, a man who is not an Aghori, touches me and calls me friend. Yes, it is true, ye celestial ones are merciful; after all, ye are merciful." And tears of joy started from his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WORSHIP OF GOD IN MAN.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

AS WE have not yet reached the ultimatum of religious faith, it may be legitimate to ask: What will the next step be? As we are all alike interested in the trend of religious thought, no one should feel aggrieved in hearing his creed fairly analysed or in listening to speculations as to something better in the near future.

As I read the signs of the times, I think the next form of religion will be the "Religion of Humanity," in which men and women will worship what they see of the divine in each other; the virtues, the beatitudes, the possibilities ascribed to Deity reflected in mortal beings.

To stimulate our reverence for the great Spirit of Life that sets all things in motion and holds them forever in their places, our religious teachers point us to the grandeur of Nature in all her works. We tremble at the earthquake, the hurricane, the rolling thunder



and vivid lightning, the raging tempests by sea and land; we are filled with awe and admiration by the splendor of the starry heavens, the boundless oceans and vast continents, the majestic forests, lakes and rivers and snow-capped mountains, that in their yearnings seem to touch the heavens. From all these grand and impressive forces in Nature we turn with relief to the gentle rain and dew, the genial sunshine, the singing birds and fragrant flowers, to the love and tenderness we find in every form of life; we see order and beauty, too, in the changing seasons, the planetary world, in the rising sun, moon and stars, in day with its glorious dawn and night with its holy mysteries, which altogether thrill with emotion every chord of the human soul.

By all the wonders and mysteries that surround us, we are led to question the source of what we see, and to judge the powers and possibilities of the Creator by the grandeur and beauty of his works.

Measuring man by the same standard, we find that all the forces and qualities the most exalted mind ascribes to his ideal God, are reproduced, in a less degree, in the noble men and women who have glorified the race.

Judging man by his works, what shall we say to the seven wonders of the world? of the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos at Alexandria, the hanging Gardens at Babylon and the Olympian Zeus. Yet, these are all crumbling to dust; but change is the law, too, in all Nature's works.

The manifestation of man's power is more varied and wonderful as the ages roll on. Who can stand in St. Peter's at Rome and listen to the deep-toned organ reverberating from arch to arch, with a chorus of human voices alike pathetic and triumphant in their hymns of praise, without feeling the divine harmony in architecture, poetry, and song? And yet man, so small in stature, conceived and perfected that vast Cathedral, with its magnificent dome, strung every key in that grand organ to answer to a master's touch, and trained every voice in that great choir to melody, to perfect time and tune,—a combination in grandeur surpassing far the seven wonders of the world.

And what shall we say of the discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years, by which the labors of the world have been lifted from the shoulders of men, to be done henceforth by tireless machines? Behold the magnitude of the works accomplished by man in our own day and generation. He has levelled mountains and bridged chasms; with his railroads he has linked the Atlantic and Pacific, the Rocky and Allegheny Mountains together; with steam and the ocean

cable he has anchored continents side by side, and melted the nations of the earth in one. With electricity man has opened such vistas of wonder and mystery that scientists and philosophers stand amazed at their own possibilities; and in the wake of all these physical triumphs, we are startled with new mysteries revealed by psychical researches into what has hitherto been to us the unseen universe.

Man has manifested wisdom, too, as well as power. In fact, what cardinal virtue has he not shown, through all the shifting scenes of the passing centuries? The page of history glows with the great deeds of noble men and women. What courage and heroism, what self-sacrifice and sublime faith in-principle have they not shown in persecution and death, 'mid the horrors of war, the sorrows of exile, and the weary years in prison-life? What could sustain mortal men in this awful "solitude of self," but the fact, that the great moral forces of the universe are bound up in his organisation? What are danger, death, exile and dungeon walls to the great spirit of life incarnate in him? Our ideas of mankind, as "totally depraved," his morality "but filthy rags," his heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," his aspirations "but idle dreams of luxury and selfishness" are so many reflexions on the Creator, who is said to be perfect, and to have made man in his own image.

The new religion will teach the dignity of human nature, and its infinite possibilities for development. Its believers will not remain forever in the valley of humiliation, confessing themselves in the Church service, on each returning Sabbath day, to be "miserable sinners" imploring the "good Lord to deliver them" from the consequences of violated law; but the new religion will inspire its worshippers with self-respect, with noble aspirations to attain diviner heights from day to day than they yet have reached. It will teach individual honesty and honor in word and deed, in all the relations of life. It will teach the solidarity of the race, that all must rise or fall as one. Its creed will be Justice, Liberty, Equality for all the children of earth. It will teach our practical duties to man in this life, rather than our sentimental duties to God in fitting ourselves for the next life.

A loving human fellowship is the real divine communion. The spiritual life is not a mystical contemplation of divine attributes, but the associative development of all that is good in human character. The Old and New Testaments, which Christians accept as their rule of life, are full of these lessons of universal benevolence. "If you love not man whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen"? Jesus said to his disciples: "Whatsoever you have done unto these my brethren, you have done unto me." "When I was hungry you gave me meat; when naked



you clothed me; when in prison, you ministered unto me".... When the young man asked what he should do to be saved, Jesus did not tell him he must believe certain dogmas and creeds, but to "go and sell all that he had and give to the poor."

The prophets and apostles alike taught a religion of deeds rather than forms and ceremonies—"Away with your new moons, your sabbaths, and your appointed feasts; the worship God asks is that you do justice and love mercy." "God is no respecter of persons." "He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

When the pulpits in our land preach from these texts and enforce these lessons, the religious conscience of the people will take new forms of expression and those who in very truth accept the teachings of Jesus will make it their first duty to look after the lowest stratum of humanity.

To build a substantial house, we begin with the cellar, and lay the foundations strong and deep; for on it depends the safety of the whole superstructure." So in race building; for noble specimens of humanity, for peace and prosperity in their conditions, we must begin with the lowest stratum of society and see that the masses are well fed, clothed, sheltered, educated, elevated, and enfranchised. Social morality, clean, pleasant environments, must precede a spiritual religion that enables man to understand the mysteries binding him to the seen and unseen Universe.

This radical work cannot be done by what is called charity, but by teaching sound principles of political and domestic economy to our educated classes, showing them that by law, custom, and false theories of natural rights they are responsible for the poverty, ignorance, and vice of the masses. Those who train the religious conscience of the people must teach the lesson that all these artificial distinctions in society, must be gradually obliterated, by securing equal conditions and opportunities for all. This cannot be done in a day; but this is the goal for which we must strive.

The first step to this end, is to educate people into the idea, that such a moral revolution is possible.

It is folly to talk of a just government and a pure religion, in a nation where the State and the Church alike sustain an aristocracy of wealth and ease, while those who do the hard work of the world have no share in the blessings and riches, that their continued labors have made possible for others to enjoy. Is it just that the many should ever suffer, that the few may shine? To reconcile men to things as they are, we have sermons from the texts, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven," "The poor ye have always with you," "Servants obey your

masters," "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." As if poverty, servility, and authority were decrees of Heaven!

Such decrees will not do for our day and generation; the school-master is abroad, Webster's spelling-book is a classic. The laboring classes have tasted the tree of knowledge and like the gods they begin to know good and evil. With new liberties and education they demand corresponding improvements in their environments; as they reach new vantage-ground from time to time and survey broader fields of usefulness, they learn their rights and duties, their relations to one another, and their true place in the march of civilisation. "Equal rights to all" is the lesson for this hour.

"That cannot be," says some faithless conservative; "if you should distribute all things equally to-day, they would be in the hands of the few to-morrow." Not if the religious conscience of the people was educated to believe that the way to salvation was not in creed and greed but in doing justice to their fellow-men. Not if altruism instead of egoism was the law of social morals. Not if coöperation instead of competition was the rule in the world of work. Not if legislation was ever in the interests of the many rather than the few. Educate the rising generation into these broader principles of government, religion, and social life, and then ignorance, poverty, and vice will gradually disappear. The reconciliation of man to his brother is a more practical religion than that of man to his God; and the process is more easily understood. The word religion means to bind again, to unite those who have been separated, to harmonise those who have been in antagonism. Thus far the attitude of man to man has been hostile, ever in competition, trying to overreach and enslave each other.

With hope we behold the dawn of the new day in the general awaking to the needs of the laboring masses. We hail the work of the Salvation Army, the King's Daughters, the Kindergarten and industrial schools for the children of the poor, the University Settlement, etc. All these, added to our innumerable charities, show that the trend of thought is setting in the right direction for the health, happiness, and education of the lowest classes of humanity.

The interests of the race are so essentially one that all must rise or fall together. Our luscious fruits and fragrant flowers on tree and shrub must have rich soil and room for their roots to spread and find abundant nourishment; so the highest development of the best types of humanity must find their enduring soil in the cardinal virtues of the masses. "Blessed is the people which generation after generation has a school of prophets to call men back, with Isaiah-like yearning, to the love of the living God incarnate in man."



## CURRENT TOPICS.

TUESDAY'S proceedings in the Senate reminded me of the early days in Marbletown when the villagers encircled the red hot stove in Abner Henderson's store, and lazily "smoked and jawed." They sat on boxes, barrels, crates, or anything else convenient, and sometimes careless rustics would roll up kegs of gunpowder, and sit on them. This was not especially dangerous if the stoppers were well screwed in, as they usually were, but when those Western men, with "rude, misgoverned hands" lighted their pipes by scratching matches on the kegs, I always thought they went a little beyond the boundary line of prudence. The senators all seem to be sitting on kegs of gunpowder, for whenever one of them refers to the dark record of another, he is told that in matters of that kind he himself is no better than he ought to be. In Tuesday's debate, Mr. Morgan, the Senator from Alabama, forgetting the keg of gunpowder that served him as a senatorial seat, rashly scratched a match upon it by censuring Mr. Hill, the Senator from New York, for the subtle and crooked politics of that imperial province. In the explosion that resulted from his imprudence Mr. Morgan was very much disfigured, for the New York Senator thus replied: "I do not know to what the Senator from Alabama refers by the 'corrupt politics and the corrupt elections of New York,' but let me tell him that from all I have heard of the election methods of Alabama, I think those of New York will stand easy comparison. And let me say also to my Alabama critic that if we may judge from the report in the contested election-case of Cobb vs. Wilson, the political methods of the Senator himself are not above suspicion." The retort of the Senator from New York left the Senator from Alabama very much in the condition of Mark Twain's boy, who was so badly scattered by dynamite that a separate inquest on his remains was held in four different counties.

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Last week, referring to the filibustering in the Senate, I said that the Senate has no rules to prevent obstruction because the House of Lords has none. This was not a sneer, but the statement of a political fact. Excepting that the senators have no hereditary senatorial birthright, the Senate is, and it was intended to be, as nearly as possible, a House of Lords. Because of this close imitation, and the lordly absence of rules, the American Senate has for many days been paralysed by a minority of its members. Impatient of this, many newspapers call upon the president of the Senate to exert the power inherent in all presiding officers to preserve order and bring the assembly to a vote. The *Chicago Herald* urging that course of action, has had some instructive articles on this question, and in one of them it says: "The power to preserve decorum is inherent in all presiding officers." This, while generally accepted, is not strictly true, for the presiding officer of the House of Lords has no such power, and it seems that the president of the American Senate is equally without authority. The Lord Chancellor presides in the House of Lords, and when he is himself a peer he may take part in the debates like any other member, but he cannot exercise the powers given to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He cannot "give the floor" to any member, nor call a member to order, nor appoint the standing committees; and he is never addressed as the speaker of the Commons is, by the members in debate. The Senate, like the House of Lords, does not allow the presiding officer to appoint the standing committees, and there are many other points of resemblance between those two kindred political institutions. The tactics of the minority are now vehemently denounced as "revolutionary," and it is demanded that the President of the Senate curtail debate, limit the right of senatorial speech, and put the question. The proposed remedy is revolutionary, although it may be necessary to adopt something like it at last.

Referring again to the *Chicago Herald* on the Senate question, that journal seems to think that the prerogatives asserted and maintained by individual senators against the Senate itself are encroachments upon the earlier practice of the Senate, and that they are due to a reaction begun by Mr. Calhoun, when he was president of the Senate fifty-seven years ago. "It was in 1836," says the *Herald*, "that Calhoun abdicated his power as president of the Senate in refusing to call John Randolph to order for violating the propriety of debate." Mr. Calhoun, however, maintained that the president of the Senate never had any such power, and therefore could not abdicate it. To exercise it, he said, would be a usurpation. I quote again from the *Herald*, "Mr. Calhoun and his friends honestly contended that the Vice-President as presiding officer had no power over the freedom of debate unless the Senate delegated the power to him. The ruling was in consonance with his high states-rights doctrine placing the senators as representatives of the states above the Vice-President." This may have been one of his reasons, but his ruling is entirely consistent with the aristocratic theory that the American Senate is a House of Lords where all the states are peers. Mr. Calhoun merely defended in the chair the rights which before and after he was Vice-President he asserted as a senator on the floor. As a peer of England, when speaking to a question, says "My Lords," ignoring the presiding officer altogether, so Mr. Calhoun had a habit of saying "Senators!" instead of "Mr. President!" when addressing the Senate. It is hardly fair to ask Mr. Stevenson to exercise arbitrary power and suppress the ancient right of senators to be as foolish as they please. Let the Senate assume that responsibility by giving him the power to do what is necessary to be done. Even the "Czar" in the House of Representatives has no power over the members except what they give him in the rules; neither has the president of the Senate.

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A few days ago, in the Senate, Mr. Voorhees of Indiana made a theatrical and very nearly a tragical appeal for the right of the majority to rule. "I would rather," said Mr. Voorhees, "be carried from this desk feet foremost and put to sleep at my home in Terre Haute forever, than to yield the principle that the majority has a right to govern." He also adopted the style so popular in the nautical drama, and exclaimed with Ben Tarpaulin in the play, "If I go down, I will go down with my flag nailed to the masthead." Shiver my timbers, messmate, that was bravely said; and the defiance gave emphasis to the triumphant question, "Shall the minority govern? Answer me, shall the minority govern? Somebody has to rule; somebody has to control this Government. Shall it be the minority or the majority?" Now, the answer to that question depends altogether upon where you are. If you are in the House of Representatives, the majority rules; if you are in the Senate, the minority is the ruling power. Mr. Voorhees appealed, rather hysterically, to the Constitution, saying, "We have reached the question of constitutional government"; and right there, in the Constitution, he may find the law that allows a minority to control the Senate. If he had thought historically for a moment, he would have remembered that unless the right of the minority to rule in the Senate had been conceded in 1787, the Constitution could not have been adopted at all. At this moment, twenty-three States, containing but fourteen millions of people, have forty-six votes in the Senate, while twenty-one States, with fifty million people, have only forty-two votes, and thus the minority rules. This may not be a very good plan of government, but Mr. Voorhees must admit that it is "constitutional." He probably means that a majority of the Senate should rule in the Senate, and in that he is undoubtedly right; but that majority may represent a very weak minority of the American people; and thus it is by force of the Constitution itself that the majority does not rule. It is not by accident that the minority controls the



Senate; such was the design, intent, and purpose of the Constitution.

\* \* \*

Lucy Stone Blackwell is dead! There is no more of her in this world but an inspiration, and that will never die. A soul heroic, scarred all over with wounds, passes to the Valhalla where the martyr-spirits dwell. If there is a battle-flag of God, it is the banner of equal rights; and under that banner women fight better than men. Supported by inborn, spiritual strength, Lucy Stone fought her painful way for fifty years against the combatants that women fear so greatly in our present social state,—the jeers, mockery, scorn, and ridicule of men. Perhaps all these were easier to conquer than the opposition and indifference of women. Brazen images of great soldiers are worshipped in this land; and shall there be no statue to this woman, who led the forlorn hope against the ramparts of prejudice and wrong? She died with her armor on, as the glorified warriors die; for only a month or two ago, she stood in the Art Palace in Chicago and spoke bravely as ever for the rights of women and—men. Crowned with a diadem of seventy-six useful years, she delivered her message like a queen upon the throne. She did not lift up women to the full height of her hope; her life was too short for that; but she added something to the social stature of them all. She overthrew the barriers that shut women out of the colleges, the professions, and the light mechanical trades. By breaking down the fences that limited the field of woman's energy and action, she increased the capacity of women; and she gave them the blessing of larger independence. To others is left her uncompleted work, but it will not be so hard for them as it was for her. There is a new gospel spreading among men; something of an improvement upon the teachings of Saint Paul, and it says, "Let women *not* keep silence in the churches, nor in any other places that need reformation." It further says, "And if they will learn anything, let them *not* ask their husbands at home, for they will not find out much if they do; but let them learn wherever they will, and let them do whatever they can."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DO THE FRENCH DEGENERATE?

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Permit me for once to take exception to one of your utterances. In No. 318 of *The Open Court* you say: "When Napoleon the First observed the symptoms of degeneration in France he employed the remarkable words: '*Donnez moi des mères*' (let us have mothers)."

In pronouncing those words, Napoleon had not in view any "symptoms of degeneracy," as you believe, among that nation which, before him as well as under him, had been able to victoriously wrestle with a European coalition. It was not a better *quality*, but a larger *quantity*, of men he wanted then, or when he said those other well-known words, "*La victoire finit toujours par se ranger du côté des gros bataillons*" (Victory in the end always belongs to the bigger battalions). It was, again, under the prompting of this same idea that he so ungallantly answered Madame De Staël, who, "fishing for a compliment," had asked him: "*Quelle est la femme que vous admirez le plus?*" Napoleon curtly retorted, "*Celle qui fait le plus d'enfants.*" Madame De Staël had no children, and she never forgave Napoleon and since that time was his bitterest enemy.

Lately an English writer, who by no means can be accused of partiality to France, Mr. Stuart Henry, wrote in the *London Contemporary Review* (last August's number): "Even the French ballet music, which one would expect to find reaching that astonishing licentiousness which Teutonic races always impute to the

French, is almost purely mental in its charm, and is signally free of sensual taint."

If the deficiency of France does not lie in any inferiority of her people as "quality," it really resides in the want of "quantity," the ratio of births in France being greatly less to what it is in other countries, particularly in Germany. That deficiency, if not promptly corrected, will necessarily weaken France, and, may cause her ruin in a more or less distant future.

If the Chinese people were moving as an avalanche over Europe, neither the superiority of European civilisation, nor of European tactics, would preclude them from overrunning everything, by the mere impetus of their great numbers. No lion or elephant, nor anything else, can resist an army of African ants.

Unfortunately, a kind of Malthusianism prevails in France, as well as in the United States, which precludes a high ratio of births. I hope, however, that soon the various obstacles French law and French customs have raised against early and prolific marriages will be set aside, and then the wish of Napoleon, "let us have mothers," will be realised, and France will have the "quantity" as well as the "quality" to enable her to stand for centuries again in the front rank of human civilisation and influence.

F. DE GISSAC.

[The statement quoted by M. De Gissac was made as the anecdote is generally told and without entering into the question whether or not Napoleon's view is correct. It did not occur to the writer that it could be construed so as to convey the idea that the French actually were in a state of degeneration. P. C.]

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## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of *THE OPEN COURT* will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 323. (VOL. VII.—44.)

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 2, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE GREAT PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY ALLEN PRINGLE.

### I.

ALL the great (and some not so great) religions on the earth have met in the Art Palace in Chicago, day after day for many days, comparing notes and rubbing off the acute angles with which some of them have been so profusely, though unfortunately, ornamented. The writer attended the Parliament, and though he has been six months in Chicago he has seen but little at the great Columbian Exposition which has impressed him more, or inspired a deeper interest, than the meetings of the religions.

When the moral and social effects on the future of humanity of the World's Fair of 1893 are summed up in the future, those flowing from the unique gathering of the world's religions must stand out prominent and preëminent. At any rate this is the impression made upon the thousands of thoughtful and intelligent people who either attended the Parliament or carefully read its proceedings from day to day. That it will mark an epoch in the world's religious history no observant witness can doubt. The representatives of some one great religion may in the past have met in conference, with objects more or less worthy, yet narrow; but never before, the representatives of all great religions, with objects cosmopolitan and effects so far-reaching. The Christian, the Jew, the Mahomedan, the Brahman, the Buddhist, the Parsee, the Theosophist, the Rationalist, the Evolutionist, all sat together on the same platform without one of them feeling any danger of personal harm from the others, with the possible exception of some of the gentle Orientals who might well have quaked and quailed under the ponderous Joseph Cook, who, in the language of the *Chicago Tribune*, made the "platform tremble with the weight of three hundred pounds of orthodoxy," and the speaker's desk to "totter as the sturdy New England fist smote it," and as he "thundered and tramped to and fro upon the stage pouring out a torrent of denunciations with face red with the vehemence of his utterances,"—with this solitary exception all sat together in apparent peace and good-will, while each expounded his faith to all the others, and to the thou-

sands that filled the great Hall of Columbus at every session.

But has the Evolutionist or the Rationalist a "faith?" the reader may ask. Undoubtedly, he has—faith in human nature, in human progress, and in the future of humanity. Has the Agnostic a religion? Yes, he too claims to have a religion—even the Religion of Humanity, which, after all, was found by the sense of that great Congress to be the best religion for man on this earth, and the only one of which he knows anything certain.

From the beginning to the end of the Congress it was more than evident that the hard, dogmatic, and aggressive religion of the Occident was placed on the defensive by the liberal, gentle, and charitable religion of the Orient. The Christian was forced into his very best behavior by the mild-mannered and amiable Pagan, who came earnestly breathing the brotherhood of man as well as the fatherhood of God.

This Congress has opened the eyes of many people to the fact that there are great religions in the world besides their own—some of them much older and with more followers than Christianity, and underlying them ethical principles the highest and noblest. They have learned that all, like themselves, may be searching after truth, though in different ways, and, peradventure, finding it with equal success; that these religions are charitable in spirit, strongly inculcating the brotherhood of man, and the solidarity of the race; that they preach peace, not war; good-will, not strife among men; toleration, not persecution; in a word, *the brotherhood of man*, which was the euphonious phrase most used by the speakers, embodying the sentiment most acceptable to the audiences, and was in fact the key-note of the convention.

The very few whose cruel creeds excluded the fraternal feeling from their breasts were soon forced into line, with, perhaps, the one exception of Joseph Cook. Goodness seemed to be catching. The best part of human nature seemed, for the time, to be in the ascendant, and to have received a most wholesome stimulus. Whenever the Religion of Humanity—the brotherhood of man—the sentiment of good-will to all—was sounded from the platform, the invariable chorus of applause from the thousands present showed unmistakably that



the time has come for a religion of peace, charity, and fraternity—that the people of the latter part of the nineteenth century are sick of strife, and of writing the history of the world any longer in blood. They are tired of persecution, and intolerance, and uncharitableness, and dogma, and damnation! When the distinguished Church of England clergyman, Dr. Momerie, uttered the following sentiments to the Parliament he was loudly applauded:

"The essence of religion is not the recognition of God. If a man love not his fellow-men he cannot love his God. Right conduct is all that God can ask of us, it is all that we can do for Him. In the great hereafter we shall find many a strange surprise. We shall find that many a so called Atheist has been more truly religious than we who are professing members of Christian churches."

And when the Oriental priest uttered the following, it, too, found a hearty response:

"All the words spoken at this Parliament come to the common conclusion that the brotherhood of man is the much-to-be-desired end. Much has been said of this brotherhood as being a natural condition, since we are all children of one God. Now, there are sects that do not admit the existence of a God—that is, a personal God. Unless we wish to leave these sects out in the cold—and in that case our brotherhood will not be universal—we must have our platform broad enough to embrace all mankind."

It was a humiliating fact to the liberal and tolerant Christian to find that the first discordant note sounded at the Parliament of Religions—the first manifestation of bigotry and ill-will—was made, not by a Pagan, Mahomedan, or Jew, but by a Christian. All were courteous, tolerant, and charitable in utterance and demeanor till the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, took the platform. He was narrow, dogmatic, uncharitable, and discourteous. The *Chicago Tribune*, in one of its reports says:

"Almost every one of the recognised religions of the world has had its claims presented by an able champion. Almost every speaker has treated his subject in a broad and liberal spirit, and avoided carefully any infringement on the feelings of others who hold different faiths. If there be an exception to this rule it must be set down to the discredit of Christendom. The Eastern scholars who have spoken for the great creeds of the Orient have at all times shown a scrupulous desire to avoid everything which might touch in any way upon the prejudices or the beliefs of their fellow-members."

As one immediate result of the Parliament:

"The four thousand people who have religiously attended at least two sessions daily have, most of them for the first time in their lives, been able to get a clear idea of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, and the other great religions of the East, whose followers vastly outnumber those of Christianity. . . . The greatest enthusiasm perhaps of the week was awakened by a Japanese orator who, after explaining the gentle precepts of Buddha, went on to tell how Christian missionaries had brought blood and riot into his land. It was a broad and liberal spirit which led four thousand people, most of them professing Christians, to rise and cheer Kinza Ringe Hirai when he declared he was the first man in Japan to urge that Christian missionaries be banished from the land, and

the first to organise a society to accomplish it. In a like spirit he explained that it was not against the truth of Christianity that he preached, but against the persecutions to which his people had been subjected by the emissaries of Christendom."

That the Congress of Religions made a disclosure regarding the folly and inefficiency of much of the work of Christian foreign missions, which opened the eyes of many and fairly startled others, was plainly apparent. This was brought about, not altogether by the Orientals, but to a considerable extent by Christians themselves. It was maintained that Christianity could never hope, as hitherto presented, to convert the Oriental world to its tenets. It was shown that it was in reality making very little headway in proportion to the advantages it possessed and the efforts it put forth; and that the general result of the introduction of Christianity and Christian civilisation among the Eastern nations was the demoralisation of the latter.

H. Dharmapala, the learned Buddhist priest, said:

"I came to this great country, bringing with me the good wishes and peace of four hundred and seventy-five millions of Buddhists. My mission is to explain what Buddhism is, and to explain away the errors of opinion regarding Buddhism. The religion of the Buddhist takes within its fold of universal sympathy not only all mankind but all animal-kind. Your great slaughter-house here is a shame and a curse to civilisation, and we do not want any such Christianity in Ceylon, in Burmah, in Japan, or in China. We want the lowly and meek and gentle teachings of Christ, not because we do not have them now, but we want more of them. I tell you if you want to make Christianity an influence in the East you must send there men of gentleness, lowliness, meekness, and tolerance. The missionaries sent to Ceylon, China, or Burmah, as a rule, have not the toleration that we need. The missionary is intolerant, he is selfish. Why do not the natives take to him? Because he has not the toleration and unselfishness he should have. Who are his converts? They are all men of low type. Seeing the selfishness and intolerance of the missionary not an intelligent man will accept Christianity. Buddhism had its missionaries before Christianity was preached. It conquered all Asia, and made the Mongolians mild. Its preachers do not go in this grand, fashionable costume of yours, but in the simple garb you see upon this platform. They did not go with a Bible in one hand and a rum bottle in the other; but they went full of love and compassion and sympathy. With these attributes they conquered; and they made Asia mild. Slaughter-houses were abolished; public-houses were abolished, but they are now on the increase because of the influence of Western civilisation. . . . Let the missionaries study all the religions; let them be a type of meekness and lowliness and they will find a welcome in all lands."

The Rev. F. M. Bristol of Chicago, in his address, said:

"Right here in Chicago we are paying thousands upon thousands of dollars to evangelise the brownstone fronts on Michigan Avenue, while almost nothing is being done to evangelise Plymouth Place and South Clark Street. I could lead you in four minutes, from where we stand to as dark a spot as ever defiled the face of the earth. It is useless for us to talk about saving the heathen abroad unless we can save the heathen at home. If you cannot save Chicago you cannot save Calcutta. Unless you can save San Francisco you cannot save Shanghai. Unless you can save Boston you cannot save Bombay."



The Chicago press, in commenting on the reverend gentleman's address, says :

"He will astonish several of the churches, not only of his own, but of other denominations, by acknowledging his inability to understand why millions of money should be spent every year to convert foreign heathen, when within a few minutes' walk of every church in the city, and in every other city in this country, there are as dark spots as exist anywhere on the earth. True is his remark, that we plant our altars 'amongst the silks and satins, and not amongst the rags of Chicago; among homes whose tables groan with every luxury, and not among homes that are empty, where little children are pinched with want and hunger,' and that if Christ were here to day, he would send his disciples to preach the Gospel, not to the Buddhists, or to the Confucionists, or Mohammedans, but to the 'heathen' of Halsted Street, 'Little Hell,' and the 'Levee,' and perhaps on some of the avenues, also. Millions of dollars are squandered on the alleged conversion of some Oriental pagans. Tens of thousands of dollars before this have been wasted in reclaiming some Jews to Christianity, while in all this waste of time and money thousands upon thousands of worse and more dangerous pagans are right here in our midst, with little or no effort made to save them.

"The great Religions Parliament is past. Upon its platform were representations from all the sects we have been accustomed to denominate as heathen, and for whose conversion these millions have been spent. They have risen and told the story of their religion, the dogmas they believe, the rites they practice, the hopes they have for the future. Their morality is of as high a type as ours; in some cases higher. They have as firm a belief in the brotherhood of man. And underlying all these religions is the fundamental idea of the fatherhood of God. Are these men pagans and heathen? As compared with their religion, how stands the religion of Halsted Street and the Levee? What sort of a story would the representatives of the paganism of these sections have told, had they been called to the platform of the Religions Parliament? The truths which Brother Bristol uttered may not have been palatable, but they were none the less truths. It is useless to talk about converting heathen abroad, until the Church has converted heathen at home. It is useless to try to convert China, while Chicago remains unconverted. It is useless to send missionaries to Siam and India, when darker haunts of vice than Siam and India ever saw, flourish in the very shadow of the churches which send them."

Prof. G. N. Chakravarti, M. A., LL. B., of Allahabad College, India, said :

"I think the Parliament has achieved already a result of great moment. It has opened the eyes of the Christian world to a fact of which it was ignorant; that there is a deep fountain of truth to be found outside the Christian world, in the religions which were heretofore regarded as heathen. I have heard some of the most representative men here declare that it is useless to spend money sending Christian missionaries to convert people whose ideas of God and future life are such as may profit even those who are now members of Christian churches.

"The attempt to convert the heathen, as this missionary work has been called, is beginning to appear to the American public as an illusion; and it is much better to teach lessons of spiritual life to the people of this land, who need it as much, or more than the heathen."

The Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, in a recent sermon on "The Parliament of Religions," says :

"These representatives of the Orient triumphed over that audience by telling them unexpected truths. . . . Christianity, as

one of the various religions forces in the world, combating error, struggling with crime, quickening hearts with love, and nerving souls to do the right, had nothing to fear, but much, very much, to gain from this Parliament. It will grow strong by increasing its stock of modesty. . . . Jesus, the simple priest of character, Jesus, the man, illuminated and illuminating in the sermon on the mount, the golden rule, and the matchless parables of the good Samaritan and the prodigal son, was magnificently honored at the Parliament. . . . But the Christ of dogma, the Christ of the orthodox scheme of salvation, was threatened. There was no place on that platform for any atoning scheme that will snatch a murderous and thieving Christian into heaven, and plunge an honest, life-venerating, and love-guided pagan into hell. Jesus, as one of the Saviours of the world—as, I think, the noblest of that noble brotherhood that have been the spiritual leaders of the race—remains, made more dear and more near by this fraternity of religion. But Jesus, as the Saviour of the world, who, by miraculous endowment or supernatural appointment, is to supplant all the other teachers and to overthrow their work, finds but little indorsement in the thought or the feeling that will grow out of that Parliament of Religions."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

##### VII. THE FUNERAL.

While the Englishman slowly accompanied the blind Pariah, Ramchandra stood as if paralysed, a mighty conflict agitating his soul. His eyes stared at the departing men, but he did not see them; a veil was spread before him. At last his confused ideas began to arrange themselves. "What was that? What is going on here? Am I dreaming, or awake? But no, it is the truth. The Sahib is gone. What were those words he spoke to me, with a look and tone that pierced my very soul like a flame of fire? 'It is a man, Ramchandra, a man like you?' And how the Aghori thanked the gods with such fervor, that a man not of his class had touched him and called him friend. That such feelings should dwell in the Pariah, whom we are wont to regard as lower than the crawling worm,—feelings of which no Brahman need be ashamed. Oh, ye gods, give me understanding! But no; however often I cry to you, you remain silent and answer my prayers by no sign. You are hard; as hard as your laws. Your laws? Your commandments? And what if it be true, as the Sahib says, that the sacred laws are not given by the gods, but are the work of men? No, no, it is not possible that by human laws millions of creatures are condemned to filthy misery, despair, and starvation! I shall go mad if I think of it!"

"*Râm, râm, sat hai*,—God, God alone, is truth," sounded from a distance in monotonous repetition, then nearer and nearer. Six bearers, ever speaking these words in unison, carried upon a woven mat a body covered with a gray cloth. They brought it to the burning Ghat, and laid it upon the funeral pile already prepared. A man belonging to a lower order



of the church, whose inherited and commissioned business it was to kindle the funeral piles of Benares, stood with a torch, awaiting the signal to perform his office. Ramchandra arose and betook himself to the place. He knew that it was Liliwati's body because in the circle of friends he saw Krishnadas standing with bowed head. As he approached, he heard the merchant saying, "Only a short time now, and the ashes of my poor sister will mingle with the waters of the holy Ganga."

"You should consider her happy, Krishnadas," spoke Ramchandra; "one who has passed from such a life now leads a more delightful existence than any of us."

"I thank you," answered Krishnadas, "but for a brother who saw her years of suffering, and nothing but suffering, it is hard to forget the past."

Behind him stood Lakshman, looking on, in a seeming state of indecision. "The poor man! But I must not be silent; he must know it," he murmured, and stepped a pace forward, "Krishnadas," he said, half aloud.

The man addressed turned round and said: "You, too, Lakshman! I thank you. I knew you would not fail me to-day. But you have something different on your mind, it seems!"

"I am sorry to say I have. I received a letter to-day from Cashmere, with much important news. There was also something in it about—Champak, your son-in-law."

"Nothing good, I suppose," said Krishnadas with a gloomy countenance. "I can imagine that—"

"No, nothing good." Lakshman paused. It was harder for him to deliver the message than he supposed. "But you will want to know it,—you *must* know it."

Krishnadas was greatly terrified. "Is he ill, is he very ill?" questioned he with breathless interest, and as Lakshman bowed his head affirmatively, he cried out: "No, no, Lakshman, do not say that! Anything but that! Tell me that Champak has stolen,—that he sits behind lock and bolt as a robber, even for life,—only do not say that he is ill."

He stretched his hands imploringly toward his friend, as the latter spoke again in a low voice: "As was his custom, Champak accompanied the Maharaja on a recent hunt. The young prince is hasty, impetuous, and heedless. . . His shot, aimed at a stag, pierced Champak's breast, and he died immediately."

Krishnadas sank down unconscious, and those standing near caught him up. The reflexion from the funeral pile which was now ablaze, lighted his pain-stricken features. But Ramchandra hastened to him with the cry: "Almighty gods, what do I hear? Champak is dead, and Gopa a widow!"

#### VIII. THE JUDGE AT HOME.

At the time of our story the English officials in India were not so overburdened with duties as are those of to-day, to whom leisure has become almost unknown. At that time even the highest officials found time to attend to their favorite studies with success. At about noon Mr. White had usually completed his official work, and could pursue his studies leisurely during the remainder of the day.

A few days after the conversation he had with Ramchandra at the ghats, we find him in his comfortable study in his bungalow, which, like most of the European homes in that region, was not elegant, but provided with all the conveniences requisite in a tropical climate. The opposite window and doors were opened to afford as free an entrance as possible to the air, shaded only with mats of fine straw weaving. Over the head of the Englishman rustled in regular vibrations the punkah, the great native fanning-machine, which, by means of a rope passing to the veranda, was kept in motion by the coolies squatting there. Upon the floor of the room several tiger-skins were spread, and on the walls were hung antelope-horns and a few other trophies of the chase.

Mr. White sat reading at his table; presently he looked at his watch. "Ramchandra keeps me waiting to-day. A wonderful change has taken place in him, since I first knew him. At first he always looked at me askance, as if he were afraid of I know not what. And whenever I asked a question which did not relate directly to our studies, he would scarcely answer a word. But now . . . the matters on which he has asked my opinion during the last few days indicate that his mind is in a peculiar state of agitation; I hope I shall be pleased with Ramchandra. . . . But I shall employ the time to call my servants to account."

He called loudly from his seat to the man who acted as his housekeeper, addressing him, as is usual in India, by the name of his position: "Khansamah!"

The man who was called, appeared, bowing profoundly, while he touched his forehead with both hands. "Salaam, Sahib, what is your desire?"

"Who broke that glass upon the table?"

"Sahib, it fell of itself," answered the servant.

"Of itself,—as usual," repeated the Judge with a sneer. "Did the lamp also break of itself?"

"No, Sahib, a muskrat ran against it and broke it."

Mr. White had long ago learned to accept such explanations from his servants with the coolness which all Europeans must acquire in India, if they wish to avoid constant vexation.

"Well, then," said he, "go to the bazaar and buy a new lamp; but I tell you if ever again things break of themselves in my house, or a rat runs against anything,—"



"Sahib, it shall never occur again."

"Now, render your account. What did you pay out to-day?" continued Mr. White.

"Seven rupees to the tailor, and six besides, namely, four for meat, vegetables, bread, and milk, and two for shoeing your riding-horse. Altogether, fifteen rupees."

"How many are seven and six?"

This query of his master, put in a stern tone, made the servant quake, and he humbly said: "Oh, thirteen, Sahib! Pardon me, we poor people count badly."

"Silence!" shouted Mr. White. "I know you can count better than I." The Judge looked significantly at his whip.

The culprit stretched out his hands anxiously, in an attitude of petition. "Ah, Sahib, do not be angry with me. You are my father and mother. May the gods make you the Maharaja of Europe!"

"Very probable!" mocked the Judge, and turning to another servant, who appeared at the door, he said: "Well, what do you bring, Sudin?"

"Salaam Sahib,!" answered the latter. "A boy stands without who does not dare to come in. He has brought you a basket of fruit as a gift, and says that you led his blind father home out of the throng of the streets."

The Englishman looked up in surprise and said: "At last I find gratitude, so long sought for in vain in India, among the lowest classes of this people. Bring the fruit in."

The man addressed did not stir, and the Judge asked: "Will you do it at once?"

"It is an Aghori boy, Sahib," the servant apologised, and the other servant heard the announcement with evident horror.

"Just so," said Mr. White, "and his touch would defile you. You, too, Khansamah?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Now see! You lie to me and deceive me; that does not defile you! But to take a basket of fruit from an innocent child, that defiles you!"

"Yes, Sahib," one of them said with assurance, "if it is an Aghori."

Mr. White arose. "Then I will go myself. Oh, the dark power of superstition which rules in Benares!"

When he had left the room, the two servants passed out through another door with restrained laughter. "There is something wrong with all Sahibs," said one of them. "They think that cheating defiles!"

"And," argued the other, "if we do not cheat them, whom shall we cheat?"

Just then Mr. White returned with the fruit in his hand, followed by Ramchandra, who had just come up and had met him upon the veranda. The young

Brahman looked very miserable. "Be seated, Ramchandra. How are you?"

"I believe not as well as usual," he replied, in a strangely weak voice. "Let us begin." He opened the book he had brought with him, and looked at it with an unsteady gaze, while the Judge, holding a pen in his hand, looked searchingly at him. After a time Ramchandra declared that he did not understand the passage.

"That is the first time I ever heard you say that," answered Mr. White, and continued sympathetically, "we will not work to-day; you are sick, Ramchandra."

"No, I am not sick; but I have had sad experiences."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. White, "you told me of the sorrow in the home of our friend Krishnadas. Your grief honors you, Ramchandra."

"Ah, you do not yet know all," explained the other, "Gopa's husband is dead; Gopa is a widow. Krishnadas is in despair. I believe I cannot endure it either."

Both were silent for a time; then the Englishman asked: "Have you seen Gopa often?"

"Oh, yes, very often. Her father has not confined her to the women's room as much as most of the women of our people are. Gopa is very sensible. Krishnadas is wont to converse with her upon all subjects and desires her presence when he has a visit from a friend."

"Is Gopa very beautiful?" inquired Mr. White further, in a subdued tone; and Ramchandra exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Beautiful as the goddess Lakshmi, when she rose from the foam of the ocean!"

"Shall I tell you, Ramchandra, the cause of your trouble? . . . You love Gopa."

The words were spoken gently and in a manner indicative of hearty sympathy. But the Brahman arose with a wild start, as if wounded to death.

"What do you say, Sahib? Do you not know that I am a Brahman; that Gopa is a merchant's daughter and a widow besides?"

"But first of all I know this," answered the Judge, with quiet earnestness, "that you are a man, and a young man with a warm heart in your breast. When such a young man, wherever it may be, meets socially with a lovable young woman, he is irresistibly drawn to her. It is the will of the Creator."

"You call that the will of the Creator?" queried Ramchandra, with a vacant look, as if he had not heard aright.

"Yes! And what does Gopa's widowhood signify? Tell me, Ramchandra, did she live with her husband?"

"No, never. She was a child when she was married and when Champak left her."



"But tell me, what makes the maid a wife? Do you not know? Is it the priestly ceremonies?"

The Brahman, who gave the last answer with bowed head, was almost ready to fly into a passion, and cried: "Do not ridicule my religion, Sahib."

"I do not," replied the latter, "for religious customs are not religion. Believe me, Ramchandra, you are in the true path to enlightenment. It will not be long before you, too, can distinguish between the will of God and the laws of Brahmanism. Friend, do not look so distressed; what you feel is no disgrace to you; but doubt no longer, you love Gopa."

Ramchandra sprang up in fearful excitement. "If what you say is true, then I am a lost man." And with that he staggered out of the door. On the following day Mr. White waited in vain for the Brahman at the appointed hour.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### PROFESSOR VON JHERING'S VIEW OF SHYLOCK'S CASE.

GENERAL TRUMBULL'S recent remarks on Shylock (*The Open Court*, No. 320) recall to our mind Prof. Rudolf Von Jhering's criticism of the case. The opinion of this prominent German jurist is sufficiently instructive and interesting to justify its quotation. Professor Jhering, in his book "*Der Kampf um's Recht*," upholds the idea that it is the duty of every man to insist upon his rights and manfully to resent the wrongs which he suffers. He must perform this duty in the interest of the law and of his consciousness of right. He takes his stand on the universal sense of justice of the people. Professor Jhering says with reference to the case of Shylock:

"Hatred and vengeance brings Shylock to the halls of justice to cut his pound of flesh from Antonio's body. But the words the poet makes him say, are as true in his mouth as in that of any other. It is the language which injured sense of justice will ever speak, in all places and at all times; the power, the firmness of conviction, that right must be forever right; the might and pathos of a man profoundly conscious that the cause he represents is a cause, not only of his own, but of the law. 'The pound of flesh,' as Shakespeare makes him say,

" 'The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.  
If you deny me, lie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
... I crave the law.  
... I stay here on my bond.'"

" 'I crave the law.' With these four words the poet characterised the true relation of law in its subjective sense to law in its objective sense, and displayed the significance of the struggle for right in a manner that no juristic philosopher could have ex-

celled. With these words the question was transformed from a legal claim of Shylock's to a question of the law of Venice. How tremendous, how colossal, the form of the man appears, as he speaks these words! It is no longer the Jew that demands the pound of flesh, but the law of Venice itself that knocks at the gates of justice—for his law and the law of Venice are one; with his rights, the latter also falls. And when afterwards he himself breaks down beneath the weight of the judicial sentence, which by a poor, mean quibble defeats his rights,\* when he, followed by bitter jeers, bent and broken, with quaking knees, totters from the hall of justice, who can help but feel that with him the law of Venice also has been humbled; it is not the Jew Shylock who staggers thence, but the typical figure of the Jew of the Middle Ages, that pariah of society, who cries in vain for justice. The colossal tragedy of his fate is not that justice has been denied him, but that he, a Jew of the Middle Ages, has faith in the law,—one is tempted to say, exactly as if he were a Christian,—a firmly founded faith, which nothing can shatter, and which the judge himself nurtures, till, like a clap of thunder, the catastrophe breaks above him that reveals his error and shows him that he is nothing but the outcast mediæval Jew, to whom the people give his rights by cheating him out of them."

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

It is not easy to tell what the state of affairs may be next week, or the week after, but on this 25th day of October the prospect is that the "silver purchase" clause of the Sherman Law is to be unconditionally repealed. We know not what promises have been made by the victorious party to the silver interest as the price of a surrender at this time; nor need we speculate on that, for at present it is enough that the law is to be repealed. For my own part I rejoice, because the repeal of laws is generally of public value; and because the repeal of this particular law will remove an excuse for many political and social evils that are due to other and different causes altogether. The Sherman Law has done good service as a scapegoat, and when the scapegoat is dead his work

\* Here precisely is the point, in my opinion, that rouses in us so high a tragical interest for Shylock. Shylock is, in fact, cheated of his rights. At least, this is the view the jurist must take of the matter. Of course, the poet is free to make his own jurisprudence, and there is no need for us to regret that Shakespeare has done this in the present play, or, more correctly, has preserved unaltered the old story. But when the jurist is asked to give his opinion of the matter, he can say nothing else than that the bond in itself was void, because contrary to all moral principles; the judge, accordingly, was in duty bound to throw out the bond, from the very start, as illegal. But not having done this, and after "the wise young Daniel" had, despite these reasons, admitted the validity of the bond, it was a sheer piece of sophistry, a miserable pettifogger's trick, to deny the man to whom he had already granted the right of cutting a pound of flesh from a living body, the spilling of blood, which was necessarily connected with such an operation. With exactly the same justice might a judge acknowledge the rights of ingress and egress of a lessee, yet sustain the lessor's demand that the lessee should leave behind him no foot-prints on the land leading to his property, because in the lease this was not especially stipulated. One is almost induced to believe the history of Shylock was enacted in the very earliest days of Rome; for the authors of the Twelve Tables regarded it as necessary, *a propos* of a creditor's privilege of dissecting a debtor (*in partes secare*), expressly to remark that in the matter of the size of the pieces the creditor should be allowed his discretion. (*Si plus minusve secuerint, sine fraude esto!*)



will be at an end. We may welcome the repeal of the Sherman Law as the beginning of a return to the true ethics of government which is, to govern as little as possible. Government usurps illegal power when it makes itself a preferred customer for the merchandise of any class whatever, especially for merchandise that it cannot and will not use. It is wasteful to pay men for digging silver out of the ground in Colorado that it may be buried in the ground at Washington, or wherever the graveyard of silver is. How interesting it is to see a civilised nation paying big wages to statesmen for contriving and adopting such measures as the Sherman Law.

\* \* \*

While gratified by the prospective repeal of the Sherman Law, I am not quite so enthusiastic about it as my "unconditional" morning paper which gushes forth rhapsodies like this: "If the good news shall turn out to be true, we shall have thanks to give for bank vaults unlocked, for the wheels of machinery let loose, for a new impetus in merchandising, for a rise in prices to the normal point, for public confidence restored—for good times come again once more." Several other miracles for which we may give thanks are mentioned in the catalogue, but the impossible few above quoted will tide us over the winter; that is, of course, if our collaterals are good. I am not so grateful for a "rise in prices" as for some of the other blessings; and I believe that any legislation which makes a "rise in prices," is mischievous, except when it makes a rise in the prices of merchandise of which I have a stock on hand, and which I wish to sell. Some economists believe that all the people are engaged in selling, and that none of them ever buy, but whenever I see a seller laughing at a "rise in prices," I also behold on the other side of the counter a buyer who is proportionately sad. The study of political economy should be avoided, because it has a tendency to tangle up the convolutions of the brain. Here, for instance, is my "unconditional" paper praising the Repeal Bill for making a "rise in prices," and condemning the McKinley Bill for doing that very thing. If a "rise in prices" is beneficial, why denounce the McKinley Bill?

\* \* \*

As to the effect of the Repeal Bill on prices, another authority, Mr. Allen, the senator from Nebraska, mentally tangled by the dismal science, comes to a conclusion the very opposite of that reached by my morning paper. Mr. Allen is a statesman and a political economist, or he would not be in the United States Senate, and he declares that *lower* prices will result from the repeal of the Sherman Law. In the gloom of defeat, he said: "We are now entering upon an era of forty-cent wheat, ten cent corn, and ten dollar cows. Unconditional repeal will inflate the prices of stocks and bonds, but it will surely depress the price of agricultural products and add to the distress of the farmer and the workingman." This curious medley of contradictions proves that political economy and statesmanship may seriously affect a senatorial mind. Here is a statesman telling the workmen that they are to be injured by a rise in the prices of stocks and bonds which they never buy, and by a fall in the prices of bread and meat which they must either buy or starve. The artificial market for silver created by the government does not increase the price of agricultural products, and the closing of that market will not lower it. In another form, it is the old sum in the rule of three that puzzled us at school. If cheese is ten cents a pound, and butter twenty cents a pound, what will a pair of boots cost? Mr. Allen puts the problem thus: If the government buys four million and five hundred thousand ounces of silver per month in 1893, and buys none in 1894, what will a cow cost? And he answers, "ten dollars."

\* \* \*

Often, when starting on a trip to the Houses of Parliament, or the Halls of Congress, or to some great political meeting, and sometimes when attending divine service in some church, pan-

theon, mosque, or synagogue, I have wished that I could borrow, as easily as I could borrow an umbrella, the magic spear that Gabriel the archangel gave to Ithuriel when he sent him in search of Satan; that spear of celestial temper, the touch of which no falsehood can endure, but "returns of force, to its own likeness." I have longed for the spear that I might touch lightly the preacher, the senator, or the candidate, make him return to his own likeness, and reveal himself in the true color of his opinions as they lay concealed behind his brow. Many a time in the Parliament of All Religions, when I heard some Reverend, or some Right Reverend orator, out of harmony with his creed, pleading for spiritual and mental freedom, for fewer sects, and a larger brotherhood, for more love and less hate, for more peace and less war, for justice, liberty, and toleration, I have thought that if I could only touch him with Ithuriel's spear, his clerical regalia would vanish, and the man would stand revealed before the congregation in his true mentality an unbeliever and an infidel. We may dissemble here, and hide our consciences away from the gaze of men, but in the course of eternal being there is not one soul of us all that shall escape the touch of Ithuriel's spear.

\* \* \*

The President having informed the office-seekers months ago that nothing would be done for them until after the silver settlement, the approaching end of the Silver Question gives a new impetus to patriotism and starts a revival of that important industry. My Washington correspondent, under date of yesterday, informs me by special telegraph that "the patronage question is again a burning one"; and that the office-hunting patriots "are beginning to crowd the hotel corridors." I am further informed that "a train-load of Indianians came to-day," and reinforcements were expected on another section of the train, which was only a few miles behind. "The Ohioans," remarks my correspondent, "are also here in force." It surprises the crowd that the President is not waiting for them at the station and offering to carry their grip-sacks up to the hotel. On the contrary, instead of affectionately falling upon their necks, he rather avoids them; and, in fact, says my correspondent, "frequently remains at his suburban home all day and disappoints the long line of visitors who besiege the White House." The President keeps in stock a variety of smiles for a variety of occasions, and being informed that a few offices judiciously distributed would have a "stimulating effect" on the November elections, he "smiled one of his broad, expansive smiles," expressive of ironical pity for the politicians who did not know that while the gift of an office has a stimulating effect upon the one man who gets it, it has a contrary effect upon his ninety-nine disappointed competitors. The "suburban home" device will not protect Mr. Cleveland from the patriots who desire to sacrifice themselves in "the public service." Nothing but a contagious disease can save him, and it must be a virulent case, even then. I remember when old Martin Van Buren Doty was an applicant for the postoffice at Marbletown, and went all the way to Washington in order to present his "claims" in person to Mr. Lincoln. As he was marching from the hotel to the White House, he met the Congressman from his district and invited him to go along, but the honorable member said, "Don't you know that the President has the smallpox?" "Well," replied Martin Van Buren, "I have heern about that; but I'm goin' to resk it anyhow; it's only varioloid."

\* \* \*

At a Missionary Convention recently held in Chicago, the President of Robert's College, Constantinople, spoke on "The Aims of Missionary Work," and in the course of his remarks he said: "It is often better missionary work to import a plough, than tracts; to help a fisherman mend his nets, than to read a chapter on the sin of worshipping idols; better to help a heathen dig a well, than to sit idly by and read the ten commandments; far



better to read and study the Koran, than to always read the Bible, if the missionary is in the land of Mohammed." Judged by the canons of all the Christian sects, those opinions are heresy, and they are a satire on the methods of Evangelical missions. The benevolence recommended is purely secular. Missionaries never have been sent across the sea to carry ploughs, instead of tracts, to dig wells, to mend fishermen's nets, or to study the Koran. The sentiments above quoted are evidence that the missionary has grown wiser and more tolerant by exchanging doctrines and opinions with sectarians of another faith. They testify to the futility of ministering to spiritual wants alone; and they prove that missionaries ought to know something of the religions they desire to overturn. If the spear of Ithuriel should happen to touch the President of Roberts College, Constantinople, it would very likely reveal a Freethinker or a Mohammedan.

\* \* \*

Speaking about missionaries brings to mind the aggravating and perplexing Noyes case, with which the American Board of Home and Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church is wrestling again. The Rev. Mr. Noyes, desiring to go as a missionary to Japan, applied for that office, and was at last appointed, after having been several times rejected, because his views concerning heathen salvation were not orthodox and sound. This action has made a schism in the Board, the secretary and several of the directors having resigned, because the appointment of Mr. Noyes "opens a way for disastrous heresies into the Church." It seems that Mr. Noyes entertains a "reasonable hope" that God has made some provision by which the heathen who die without any knowledge of Christ may yet be saved. This is the objection to Mr. Noyes, and I think it is well taken, for it is clearly the duty of a missionary to tell the heathens that there is no "reasonable hope" for them at all, unless they become Christians. The Creator will no doubt appreciate the good opinion of Mr. Noyes, who entertains a "reasonable hope" that God has made some provision for doing that which mercifully ought to be done. As for me, I would rather take the chances of Mr. Noyes at the "great day," than the chances of those members of the Board who entertain the "unreasonable hope" that no such provision has been made. When Mr. Noyes reaches Japan, he will find that he is "carrying coals to Newcastle," for his enlightened theology already prevails in Japan. During the late Parliament of Religions I had the pleasure of meeting, at the house of a friend, some Buddhist bishops from Japan, and I spent some hours in conversation with them on matters of theology. To my delight I found that all of them entertained a "reasonable hope" that God has made some provision by which the Christians who die without any knowledge of Buddha may nevertheless be saved. And I met a Mohammedan who hoped in the same way. M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, A BOOK OF STUDIES AND STROWINGS.  
By *Daniel Brinton*, A M., M.D., LL.D. Philadelphia:  
David McKay. 1893.

Dr. Brinton is well known to the readers of *The Open Court* as the author of popular ethnological works and treatises. The present book seems to be the outcome of his leisure hours and thoughts—his contribution to the world's opinion about the purpose and methods of life. In spirit, if not in form, the work strongly reminds us of Sir John Lubbock's "The Pleasures of Life." The fundamental thesis of Dr. Brinton's book is, that happiness is the aim of life. But with him happiness is the increasing consciousness of self. And though built upon pleasure it is not absolutely pleasure, and can be derived from other than pleasurable feelings. It is evident, thus, that Dr. Brinton cannot be stamped as a hedonist, although there is much in his book which points to such a conclusion. The work shows wide reading and discusses almost

every interesting phase of life; it is pleasantly written, and replete with pithy, epigrammatical utterances. Every reader will enjoy its perusal. μκρκ.

#### NOTES.

The ruthless assassination of Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, is a striking proof of the faultiness of our partisan system of administration. The experiences of centuries have taught all European nations to select their government employees from candidates who have specially prepared themselves for the service, and to appoint them, with the exception of governors and the chiefs of the various departments, for life; while we, in a ridiculous fear of bureaucracy, cling with tenacity to the principle that offices are the spoils of the victors. This method of ousting the officers of the beaten party not only renders government positions uncertain but throws, after every change in politics, a number of men out of employment. It is true that this class of people are much wanted in politics, for they make the most active stump-speakers, who will, without qualification, support the political machine. But it would be sad if the interest in public affairs could be kept aglow by such means and men of that stamp only! It is natural that there will always be a great number of disappointed office-seekers. They are the most miserable creatures, for hunger makes them desperate and unscrupulous. If we do not reform our civil service because the present system is wrong, unjust, and unwise, we shall have to do it because of the dangers which it involves. The World's Fair concluded without the planned festivities and with flags at half-mast. The Mayor of Chicago, who should have played the most conspicuous part in the closing ceremonies, a public-spirited man of undoubted abilities, of enterprise, and keen judgment, had become the victim of an almost imbecile office-hunter.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 324. (VOL. VII.—45.)

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE GREAT PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY ALLEN PRINGLE.

II.

How has the chronic conflict between religion and science come out of this Congress? That it has passed another—though perhaps not the final—stage, and that both religion and science have gained by the friendly encounter, is certain—that is to say, the highest religion, as tacitly accepted and reflected by the Parliament, and the established science and philosophy of the present time, have been drawn towards each other, and, if not blended practically, at least harmonised theoretically in many minds.

The unity of all nature—of the vast universe—and the solidarity of man, are established and admitted on both sides. While dogmatic religion and “iron-bound creeds” are further off than ever from any hope of reconciliation with science, or philosophy, or the common-sense of man, the religion of *works*, and kindness, and fraternity among men, as set forth by the Rev. Dr. Momerie, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, and other Christians at the Congress, and by every representative of the great religions of the East, has been immeasurably strengthened; and as that is the Religion of Science and Philosophy—the common and universal religion of man—there can be no real conflict between the two. The narrow and cruel creeds—the so-called religions, which make of God a tyrant worse than any human tyrant—are doomed, for how can we reasonably expect man to be better than the God he believes in? How can we expect him to be merciful to his kind, if the God he worships is without justice or mercy to the creatures he is said to have made, many of them (according to these creeds) only to be damned everlastingly? This is too much to expect of human nature—especially since we have found out that human nature is not “utterly depraved,” and that the man of to-day is in fact a good deal better (aye, and more intelligent) than the gods his ancestors have so numerous created.

The gods of the past are not as high—none of them—as the man of the present; and it would seem to be common sense as well as the “consensus of the competent” to say that the gods must be better than man, or their worship by man will be of no benefit to

him. Hence Calvinism, and every other “ism,” which “drags the Creator of the Universe lower than any human malefactor,” are doomed! Not a few of the ablest and best men in the Christian churches are seeing this and wisely governing themselves accordingly.

Dr. Adolf Brodbeck of Hanover, Germany, created consternation among a few of the dogmatic Puritans on the platform, as well as in the audience, when, in his address before the Parliament, in proposing a new religion, he declared:

“It is an open secret that millions of people in our civilised countries have practically given up Christianity, and with it religion. Millions of others cling to the old belief only because there is nothing better there. Again, millions are believers in Christianity or other religions, because they have been educated in those lines and do not know better. The time has come for a new form of religion, in which the painful discord between modern civilisation and old beliefs disappears, and bright harmony is placed instead.”

The evidence of the coming great change was amply manifest throughout the Religious Parliament. The conclusion reached—subjective, if not formal—was that the best religion *consists in doing right*, instead of practising rites and subscribing to creeds. All religions contain more or less truth, and all Bibles and sacred books more or less error. What we want is the best of them—the truth without the error, the good without the evil.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs (the distinguished heretical professor), in his address to the Parliament, said: “All the great historic religions have sacred books, which are regarded as inspired. . . . Study them, compare them, recognise what is true in each.” In speaking of the Bible, which Dr. Briggs placed at the head of all sacred books, he said:

“It is now being subjected to the searching criticism of science, and it will not do to oppose criticism with faith. . . . We admit that it contains errors in astronomy, geology, and anthropology. . . . Different texts show great discrepancies. All scientific criticism finds errors in the Bible. But the truthfulness of the Bible can be maintained by those who recognise these errors.”

Dr. Briggs also admits the immorality of the Old Testament, as follows:

“We cannot defend the morals of the Old Testament. Polygamy and slavery are not anywhere condemned. The Patriarchs were not truthful. David was a wicked sinner. The Israelites were told to destroy their enemies, etc.”



The representative of the Church of England from London said in his opening address :

"It cannot be that the new commandment was inspired when uttered by Christ, and not inspired when uttered, as it was uttered, by Hiliial. The fact is, all religions are fundamentally more or less true, and all religions are superficially more or less false."

The Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, made substantially the same admission.

With these frank concessions before us, together with the Rev. Dr. Momerie's declaration, that "the essence of religion is not the recognition of God," but that religion is conduct, and morality its essence; and when we reflect that almost every delegate to the Parliament, Christian and Pagan, uttered like sentiments, we may safely conclude that the religion of dogma and authority has had its best day. The intelligent observer at the Parliament of Religions has no doubt of that. The creeds and confessions were relegated to a back seat, and a low seat, in the Art Palace, so that their ugly heads could hardly be seen; while the universal religion—the human and humane religion—the spirit of love to man and aspiration towards a worthy God—which is to be found in some form in all religions—was exalted to the highest place in the Parliament. Who, then, can undertake to measure the salutary effects of that Congress on the moral future of mankind? But what a pity that the spirit manifested by the Parliament collectively, could not have been carried away and permanently nurtured by its individual members. Unfortunately, a few were no sooner outside the wholesome moral atmosphere of the Art Palace and in their pulpits, than the "old Adam" regained the ascendancy, and the natural results of a narrow creed made themselves manifest. A religion that will make a man worse than he is by nature is not a good one. That is what Calvin's religion did for him else he never would have burned Servetus; and what Torquemada's religion did for him or he never would have invented the bloody Inquisition; and that is what the religion of thousands and tens of thousands of persecutors in all ages has done for them else they would not have tortured and put to death hundreds of thousands of their fellow-beings for heresy, witchcraft, and other imaginary offences.

The respective attitudes of the two great religious bodies of Christendom (the Protestant and Roman Catholic) towards the Parliament of Religions, and the respective parts played by each, was an interesting and significant study to the outsider. Roman Catholicism—always on the alert for vantage-ground and advantages—managed to get precedence at the opening of the Parliament, to the great scandal and mortification of some very zealous and excellent Protestants. Cardinal Gibbons, in his scarlet cap and cloak,

after crossing himself, offered the opening prayer. It would appear that there was a pretty general concurrence of approval of the holding of the Parliament of Religions by the Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant churches.

While the Archbishop of Canterbury declined the invitation to attend, or to endorse the Congress, Dr. Momerie, the Church of England representative from London, in referring to the matter in his opening address, regretted the Archbishop's decision, and assured the Parliament of the general sympathy of the Church in England, adding, as his belief, that had the late and lamented Dean Stanley been alive he would have been present, and, moreover, that he would have been able also to bring with him the Archbishop. The Episcopal Church in the United States approved the Parliament and was ably represented there. Of the dissenting sects the Baptists were, it would seem, strongly opposed to the project. On the Roman Catholic side the Jesuits frowned on the Parliament, a circumstance which ought to surprise nobody, for what would a Jesuit, who changes not and never forgets, hope to gain by an upward and onward movement just near the close of the nineteenth century? With these exceptions the inauguration of a great Congress of Religions had the countenance and support of the Christian religions as well as the so-called Pagan and Heathen.

A noticeable fact was that the Protestant representatives along with the Oriental scholars appeared to freely accept the great doctrine of evolution and the monistic conception of the universe as being so well established that it were useless to deny or attack them. A Roman Catholic theologian did, however, attack Darwinism and, by implication, evolution, but with evident misgiving as to the result, for he proceeded to make himself "solid" by declaring that even though Darwinism and evolution were both true, the truth of his religion would not be affected in the least. In interpreting the first chapters of Genesis, he has probably adopted that marvellously elastic system of exegesis which Professor Huxley ascribes to some clever theologians.

So far as science and evolution *versus* creeds is concerned, the Protestants seemed to let their side go by default—practically at any rate. Not so, however, with the Roman Catholics. They developed their usual policy and tact. Before the Parliament was half over, when its trend was properly cognised, there appeared placards in conspicuous places in the Art Palace stating that "questions regarding Catholic" (instead of Roman Catholic) "faith would be answered in room six," or words to that effect. If any intelligent Roman Catholic with an inquiring turn of mind happened to have his faith disturbed by any of the wonderful things



in science, philosophy, history, or religion (Pagan or Protestant) which he would inevitably hear from the learned Pagans or Protestant heretics of the Parliament, shelter was provided for him before he left the building—a retreat where he could have his doubts removed, and his mind set at rest again—where everything would be explained properly and authoritatively! What a grand opportunity the heretics lost in this line in the matter of holding their disciples in the fold!

Being something of a Catholic myself in religion—though not a Roman Catholic—I ventured to drop into “Room 6” one day to try and have some things explained to me which have bothered me a good deal before ever I went near the Parliament of Religions. I found a lot of people there, seeking light, no doubt, like myself. They were gathered into knots here and there thorough the hall, a priest in the centre of each “explaining.” I soon joined one of the companies, and listened attentively for about an hour to the discussion which was going on between the priest and two opposing Christians, whom I took to be Salvation Army captains, or “class leaders,” or such, from their style of argument and their certainty that they had been “converted” and saved, and had a “corner on heaven” as the sarcastic priest put it. They were sure of their eternal salvation. However that may be, they were no match at all for the clever priest, who was continually turning the laugh on them by his keen ridicule with which he liberally sprinkled his plausible arguments. His supporters, surrounding him, would fairly shake the place with laughter whenever the priest would make a fine hit at his victims.

At last the writer got sorry for the two poor martyrs (for the time being) to their religion, and made up his mind, as soon as he could see a proper opening, to put a stop to the fun and get the two polemics (?) out of the pillory, in which they were held physically as well as mentally, for they could not budge from the centre of that closely-packed crowd surrounding them. They were as nearly “between the Devil and the deep sea” as might be. The priest had been showing most conclusively, so far as the opposition was concerned, that his church was the true church on this planet; that it was older than Protestant churches; that all the Protestants had they had got from his church; that they had got their Bible from the Catholics, and had to accept their authority as to its authenticity, as the bishops of his church had compiled it, rejecting much that was called Scripture and accepting the genuine; that the credentials of his church, and his alone, were genuine; that any outsider, not biassed or prejudiced by education or training, would, *prima facie*, accept his religion in preference to any Protestant religion, because his church alone had the proofs and

verifications—had the title-deeds, as it were, of Christianity, etc., etc.

The replies to all this and much more (part of which was, of course, perfectly true and not to be gainsaid) were weak and often absurd, and only exposed the unfortunates (whose zeal was far away in excess of their knowledge) to the ridicule of the priest and the laughter of his admirers.

The writer at last got a favorable chance to interpose a question to his reverence, when he at once discovered that it “would be useless” to continue the discussion any longer there, and shifted his position to another part of the hall, the crowd of listeners following. The writer also followed, and, finally, got the question squarely in, followed by a few others, which had the effect of taking all the hilarity out of them. Every query appeared to be a wet blanket on their spirits, with the exception of a few knowing ones around, whose countenances began to light up perceptibly; and, although no attempt was made to turn the laugh on the priest (as we were soon in deep water), dismay was turned on to his followers, who soon began to protest and complain that his reverence was not getting a fair show, when in fact he was occupying most of the time in “explaining,” and the questioner but little. In the first place, he was requested to explain how his church, any more than any Protestant church, was going to verify her “title-deeds” to Christianity, when none of them—his no more than the rest—could furnish the New Testament test of a Christian by giving the “signs,” which it is there declared in plain language should “follow them that believe”; could he himself handle serpents without danger; could he swallow poison without dying; could he cast out devils, or even the “old Adam” (what Josh Billings called “pure cussedness”) out of some of his people? Furthermore, should the questioner there and then smite him on one cheek, would he meekly turn the other for more; if a thief stole his coat out of the ante-room, would he send away his cloak also to the scamp; and if he got sick, very ill with, say, cholera, would he depend on prayer and oil, instead of a physician?

In response to this the priest merely claimed that his church could and did perform miracles to day, but never hinted that he could show his own title clear by handling a rattler, or doing something else to prove his case according to the Scriptures. He was then reminded that even the Church would have some difficulty in producing these alleged miracles in the light of day; that the evidence in support of them appeared to be very defective, and would not be accepted in any court of justice, while modern science just scouted such proofs, along with all miracles, past and present. The priest’s attempts to get over other difficulties, presented by evolutionary science, were equally futile,



though very plausible, and no doubt quite satisfactory to most of his people.

From this Parliament of Religions, as well as from other signs of the times, there is, to my mind, a practical lesson or two for the Christian world. The first is the wisdom and necessity of moving faster in broadening out her creeds; and instead of showing the door to her ablest and best exponents, or harassing them with heresy-trials when they happen to outgrow their narrow creeds, if she is wise, she will keep these within the fold, but not within the creed. Let the creed expand to include them, or burst if needs be. These men are coming to the surface every day in all the churches, even the Roman Catholic with all her boasted unity and authority (instance Mivart), and are as sure to keep coming faster and faster, as it is certain that science and enlightenment are increasing at a rapid rate. Can Christianity afford to thus lose her best blood? That is the present question most vital to her existence. If the churches are determined to preserve and maintain their musty creeds intact, and continue to eject those who can no longer subscribe to them or believe them, their downfall comes all the sooner, and Christianity with them; and nobody, whether scientist, philosopher, secularist, atheist, or even pagan, wishes to see what is good and true in Christianity go down.

Let the churches make their platforms broad enough to include every moral, right-living man, no matter what his opinions or beliefs may be on abstract speculative questions, upon which men must continue to honestly differ as long as they are different in make-up. Nothing else will save Christianity as a doctrinal religion for any great length of time.

The next lesson for Christendom is to divert her missionary efforts from so-called pagans or heathens abroad, who evidently do not want our religion, to the heathen at home, where there is an ample field for her best efforts wherever Christianity exists.

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

#### IX. CAST OUT.

Ten or twelve distinguished merchants of Benares, whom Lakshman had joined, surrounded the sorely tried Krishnadas in his dwelling. The unfortunate man with bowed head leaned upon a table, and replied to the condolences of his professional comrades. "Accept my thanks, dear friends, but now, I pray you, leave me alone.—But it seems you wish something more; speak out!"

Hesitatingly began the oldest of the visitors who had been appointed by his caste as spokesman. "Eight

days have passed since the sad message reached us of the death of your son-in-law."

"Eight days?" repeated Krishnadas, "it may be; I have not counted how often the sun has risen, and the night drawn on . . . the night, which to me is no consoler, as it is called."

A pause followed; then the spokesman of the merchants inquired: "Krishnadas, is it true, as people say, that Gopa, your daughter, still goes about in gay clothing, and that you have not yet shorn her head as becomes a widow?"

"It is true," affirmed Krishnadas, "I forbade it; speak no more about it."

"It is our duty to speak of it, to rouse you from your useless sorrow, and to warn you of what the laws of our caste command."

"My heart commands otherwise," responded Krishnadas, "I cannot! Pity me; grant me only this!"

Again followed a painful pause which was ended by one quite near to Krishnadas who said: "Remember, consider who and what you are. It pains us all, but it must be."

"No," cried the tortured one, "it must not be! No! If Gopa, my beautiful child, should be robbed of the glorious hair which falls on her shoulders, and condemned to all the wretchedness which my sister endured, I shall go insane. Yes, by the gods, I feel it. I shall go mad!"

Then the leader of the delegation spoke earnestly. "Krishnadas, we stand here not only as your friends, but also as your judges. We are the ones who have been appointed by our caste, who to-day held a consultation, and sent us."

"Ha! is it so?" cried Krishnadas, "you threaten me!"

"I regret it, we must. Here we have no choice. Friend, come to your senses and promise that before to-morrow Gopa . . ."

Krishnadas did not permit him to finish, but cried out in utter despair: "No! and always no!"

"Is this, spoken with full knowledge, your last word?"

"My last! I will endure all, will strive to endure whatever may come!"

Then the speaker raised his voice and with angry earnestness and great force said: "Since you foolishly despise the commands of the gods, hear the judgment of our caste. From this day on, no merchant shall enter your house, no one shall do business with you; and if we meet you upon the street we shall turn from you as if we had never known you. Come, friends, we have done our duty." And without taking leave of Krishnadas, the merchants departed.

The unhappy man was expelled from his caste, but he did not yet understand that even the friend of his



youth could entirely ignore him. "You, too, Lakshman," he exclaimed, "even you leave me without a greeting?"

Half turning round, the latter answered: "The will of the gods stands higher in my mind than the friendship of men," and left, as the last, the now disdained house.

At the same moment Gopa hastily entered, and, running up to her father, impulsively flung her arms about him. "Oh, Father, Father, I have heard it all; we are lost!"

"I fear, child, we are," replied Krishnadas, weakly. "I know these hard men; they will write to-day to all with whom I have connexions. My business is ruined."

"No, Father, no!" cried Gopa then. "I will hasten to dress myself in widow's garments and to shave my head."

"You shall not! I will not allow it!"

"Oh, father, let me, I implore you. If I show myself to-day in widow's garb, the caste will reverse their decision, and rest content with some slight penalty."

But Krishnadas would not yield. "No, my daughter, rather let us die together, if it must be so."

The servant stood loitering in the door. "What is it?" demanded Krishnadas, "you disturb me."

"Master, only a word," he begged. "Just now when the merchants were leaving you, they went to your bookkeeper in the wareroom, and spoke low to him. After a time he left the house and ordered me to say to you . . ."

He stopped, and when Krishnadas, quivering with impatience, shouted, "Well, what? out with your speech!" he anxiously stepped back a pace.

"Ah, sir, I am afraid. Do not look so sternly at me. I tremble in every limb."

"Speak, wretch! What did he say?"

"That you must find another bookkeeper among the Pariahs."

Scarcely had the servant spoken these words, when he disappeared from the door. Gopa groaned aloud, but Krishnadas gnashed his teeth with rage. "Oh that villain! that dog of a villain, to whom I have done nothing but good, whom I received into my house years ago when he was starving! But I will make haste to see if he has added to his infamy by stealing from me."

Gopa remained alone and walked up and down the room, wringing her hands. "All this misery on my account!" thought she; "yet, what have I done to bring it about? That I took Champak for a husband? I was a mere child; I did not know him. The caste gave him to me—the same caste that now wishes to ruin me and my father. And had I been able to resist, would I have dared to do so? Ah, no! And is it

our fault that Champak died? Let the young Prince of Cashmere suffer, who shot him! But we, why we?"

She heard her name called and turned around. Her face brightened, for, unnoticed by her, Ramchandra had entered. "Ah, you, Ramchandra," said she, going to meet him; "this is kind of you. We have not seen you for many days. . . . We shall no longer see you in the future." Her voice trembled with agitation, as she spoke the last words.

Ramchandra looked at her in astonishment. "What do you mean, Gopa; why should you not?"

"You must know it," answered Gopa, sadly. "My father has been expelled from his caste, for refusing to allow me to suffer the widow's fate of Lilavati."

The Brahman started back. "That is hard; I can hardly believe it. . . . Your father would. . . ."

"You know it now, go! I suppose I shall never see you again in this house."

"That remains to be seen, Gopa," said Ramchandra, with a sudden impulse. "I have not yet expressed to you my condolence on the death of your husband. You thought in a short time you would go away to your new home. Does it grieve you deeply?"

"Not more than the death of other men. What was my husband to me? Did I know him? I believe that I have scarcely exchanged ten words with him."

"And, perhaps," said Ramchandra, consolingly, "you would not have found happiness at his side."

"I believe myself that I should not. But what matters the happiness of women in this land?" said Gopa, bitterly. "And yet, if I could, through a long life, have endured, as the wife of Champak, all the trouble which the heart of a woman can endure, I would willingly have done it for my father's sake. My poor, poor father! He speaks of death; and that would be best for us. In a few weeks we shall be beggars. Champak's death was the worst that could happen to us." Tears choked her utterances; she turned her head and covered it.

Then Ramchandra felt his blood seethe through his veins and pressed his right hand upon his beating heart, which seemed like to burst. All his self-control was gone. He rushed to the maiden and folded her in his arms, with the cry, "Oh, Gopa, Gopa!"

The same moment he staggered back. Gopa had freed herself and stood erect in all her dignity. With scornful eyes she looked upon the Brahman, who scarcely knew what had happened, and said in a voice trembling with indignation: "Back, vile man! Was that your friendship? Was that the reason for which the Brahman's kindness honored this house? You Brahmans, you chosen ones of the great gods, are you not ashamed of yourselves? Did not my father save your life? I wish he had not done it; that he had left you before our door to be beaten to death like a



mad dog. Has not my father enabled you to become what you are? And this is your thanks! Answer nothing; not a word! The sound of your voice disgraces this house. My father and I—we were never good enough for you to share a meal with us, because the silly laws of your caste,—no, not laws,—because your pride forbade you. Yes, hear it from the lips of a woman! Open your ears and hear the truth! Oh, the Pariah who sweeps the filth from the streets is better than you! I say it to you; I, a widow, whom you and all of your class despise. . . .”

Ramchandra stood in feverish excitement; in vain had he several times attempted to interrupt the wild torrent of words in which her wrath found expression. “No, Gopa, no! I protest, by all the gods! Listen to me. . . .”

“I will hear nothing more from you,” cried she, “but one thing more I will say to you, and then—go! In the short time that has elapsed since Lilavati’s death, this has become perfectly clear to me. The divine laws, of which you Brahmans are always talking, and whose most distinguished conservator you desire to be, are nothing but lies and deceits! The pitiful existence to which you condemn the poor Pariahs was formerly established as a law by your class through base selfishness. And the mass, the ignorant mass, has believed your words and has languished in these fetters from century to century. You Brahmans are not the protectors, you are the scourges of our people.”

Ramchandra was dumfounded. “Whence has come to the maiden this revelation, which is even now knocking at the door of my heart?”

“No, no more!” continued the angry Gopa; “you are worse than the vicious wolf which breaks in upon the herd; for we can protect ourselves from a wolf, but not from you! With your solemn faces, you stand there unassailable and say: ‘It is the will of the gods that the widow must live in misery and despair.’ I tell you, more tears have flowed from the eyes of the widows of our land, than waters from the Ganges into the sea! But that does not move you; sooner will the lofty glaciers of the Himalaya melt, than the icy coat of cold indifference around a Brahman heart. . . . But in secret you can steal into our homes and approach even the widow, whose honor you do not respect. Oh, it is too much!” Finally, the friendly feeling she had cherished for Ramchandra for years so far returned, that her anger gave place to a deep sense of pain. “And that even you! Even you, Ramchandra, whom I have trusted so long, are no better than the rest of them!”

Sobbing, she left the room.

The Brahman stood there, deeply agitated, but at the same time a feeling of freedom came over his heart. “From the lips of a woman,” thought he,

“the truth has been shown to me, and the truth will conquer and must conquer. I see redemption dawning upon us. But she does me an injustice. From this hour I am no longer a Brahman, but a man.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

#### CORNELL'S LIBERAL SPIRIT.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

IN a recent letter, here first printed, Dr. Schurman, President of Cornell University, said:

“There is no Methodist among our professors, or, I believe, associate professors. Of course, this is not intentional: the question of creed was simply not taken into account. The same spirit animates the students, who come together irrespective of religious faith. Jews are members of fraternities, societies, etc., and in the social world they enjoy the same privileges as others. In fact, the spirit of the University is described most truly by saying there is no difference between Jew or Gentile, Greek or barbarian, bond or free. The complete solidarity of life and interests prevents any one inquiring whether any student or professor is a Jew.

“I desire to emphasise and reiterate what has been said, because I now come to an apparent exception. No rabbi has ever preached in Sage Chapel. When the Dean Sage Sermon Fund was given to the University, Mr. Andrew D. White was president, and everybody knows how broad and catholic his sympathies are and have been. Consequently, he insisted that the pulpit should be open alike to all Christian denominations, and the donor heartily concurred, both of them aiming at breadth and tolerance. It was apparently overlooked that even this comprehensive formula excluded one religious body. That fact I brought last winter to the attention of the Trustees, and though it was felt we could not tamper with the conditions of a gift already made to support Christian preaching, we could accept another endowment for the maintenance of Jewish preaching. Some of my Jewish friends in the State of New York, with Rabbi Landsberger of Rochester at their head, are, I think, likely to raise a small endowment for this purpose. It will be a disappointment to me if they do not succeed, but I know they will, for it is important that the thoroughly unsectarian character of Cornell University should be recognised and demonstrated.

“In my Report to the Board of Trustees I have put first among the wants of the University a chair of Hebrew. May some wise and wealthy friend of higher education give us the endowment for it, as we can no longer found new departments with our own resources. Europe and America owe their secular civilisation to Greece; but their religion is the gift of Palestine; and as Cornell has professors of Greek art, language, literature, and philosophy, I feel keenly she should also have at least one chair consecrated to the sacred learning of the Hebrews. The true genius of the University is as congenial to Semite as to Aryan, and I would not have it misunderstood.”

This letter is the key-note of the ceremonies held the other day at Ithaca, when Cornell University celebrated the twenty-fifth year of her existence. It was struck repeatedly, both in the interesting exercises held in the great library and in many of the toasts at the banquet which followed. Such sentiments reflect much honor on President Schurman, and that they can be truly attributed to Cornell University, is one of the strongest claims which that institution has on the support and good-will of the nation. If Cornell stood for



this alone—breadth in religion—it would have been fit that she should publicly celebrate her permanent advent into the growing circle of American university-life.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

THE assassination of the Mayor of Chicago overshadows all other topics for the time, and gives a sombre tone to conversation, to business, and even to the customary pleasures of the people. The tragedy is full of pathos, intensified by the sacrilegious invasion of that hallowed sanctuary which goes by the name of home. By sympathetic instinct we feel that the assassination of a man in his own house is an assault upon every other home, and we all partake as kindred in the sorrows of the stricken family. Not only the home, but the very ark of our citizenship is rudely assailed when a civic magistrate, elected by the people, is killed for a real or imaginary grievance growing out of his official action. There is no security for the public welfare if the public magistrate performs his duties under the duress of imminent assassination. Nor is there any security for the private citizen either, if, because of social prominence, he has any social power. These are some of the reasons that stimulate the passions of our citizens and provoke them to retort upon the assassin by counter-violence as revengeful as his own.

To many persons murder, when accompanied by spectacular elements, appears as an eccentricity, and then the assassin is at once resolved into a "crank." He is given that contemptuous nickname which has itself become contemptible, for it may rebound from a Guiteau and a Prendergast upon the wisest reformer, philosopher, or inventor of his time; upon any man whose doctrines and discoveries happen to be unintelligible to the semi-stupid intellect of his generation. Having christened Prendergast a "crank," a multitude of cranks immediately broke into the newspapers to tell us what ought to be done with cranks, and showing us how to get rid of them in all sorts of impossible ways. One of these, a lawyer, has but recently been released from the lunatic asylum, and, as might have been expected, he made the best argument of them all. The act of Prendergast, the "crank," has developed a multiplicity of cranks, all of them frantically prescribing heroic treatment, not only for homicidal cranks, but for cranks philosophical, spiritual, political, scientific, mechanical, and cranks of every degree.

Of all the cranks revealed by the Harrison tragedy, the most irrational, and, considering their merciful profession, the most illogical, figured in the pulpit. The orthodox clergymen appealed for vengeance with sacerdotal rage. They spoke in the delirium of spiritual intoxication, and their mad cry was like that of the red Indian when he rehearses the scalp-dance of his tribe. Mingling religion and politics together, they seasoned the mixture with the elixir of revenge, and made the Governor's clemency responsible for the crime of Prendergast. There was method in their madness, too, for they saw votes in the tragedy, and they advertised the "ticket." "Standing at the door of an election," said a Doctor of Divinity, "let Chicago speak. Give us judges who dare condemn crime"; which being interpreted according to its personal application means, "Give us judges who will execute mob-vengeance, regardless of the law." Another, sorrowful exceedingly, because, as he plaintively remarked, "not one man has been hanged since the days of the Anarchists," called upon Justice to "unbandage her eyes and grip her sword, and use it as God meant." It seems to be a Modoc Divinity that those clergymen are doctors of; they exhort the congregations to bow down to a

church-made idol, with a sword whose keen, sharp edge is always toward the prisoner; and this effigy they call God.

Among the sermons called out by the assassination was one delivered by a Congregationalist, a visitor from Boston. He dogmatically begged the question that ought to be decided at the trial, and said, "The murderer is evidently no lunatic"; and having thus judicially overruled the prisoner's defense, he emptied the vials of his wrath upon the dead. Careless of the mourning family, he accused the slain magistrate, and said: "Mr. Harrison, as Mayor, has been understood to have been especially lenient toward lawbreakers. What gambling, dram-selling, Sabbath-desecration has he undertaken to suppress, as by his oath of office he should have done? We have understood the lawless element to be especially the subject of his consideration. If Carter Harrison was right in his policy towards lawbreakers, this murder, consistently with such a policy, is justified. But if this murder is, as I affirm, a diabolical crime, then all the immorality and lawlessness, which encourage contempt for laws both of God and man, and which encourage criminals and lead to crime, are to be condemned. The murderer should be dealt with most severely." I am sorry to say that "severely" is the key-note of all the sermons, excepting those preached by the unevangelical Unitarians and people of that kind. These are distinguished by a more enlightened and a more merciful tone.

While the clerical cranks may be the most irrational, the most dangerous are those who threaten judge and jury with mob-vengeance if they fail to hang Prendergast. For instance, the crank who writes editorial articles for my favorite paper discourses thus this morning: "The desire to honor the dead man was not the only sentiment that moved the hearts of the marching host. Hidden beneath the decorum of the ceremonial was the stern desire to make it plain that the cowardly miscreant who shot down the defenseless magistrate must not escape the penalty with which society protects her citizens. Notice was served on judge, lawyer, and they who may sit in the jury-box, that no loophole of law must be found for the escape of the man whose hands are red with the blood of the people's chosen ruler." This is the anarchy of what Governor Altgeld calls "the broadcloth mob." It is that form of anarchy that strikes down the law itself in the very temple of the law. It is the kind of anarchy that overawed judge, jury, and lawyer seven years ago. They had not courage enough to face it, so they shut up every "loophole of the law" so securely that not even innocent men could escape. We have had enough of that; and I trust that Prendergast may find a judge and jury brave enough to give him a fair trial. As the case now stands I see no hope for him except in a plea of insanity; and if insanity be proved his plea ought to avail. Neither judge nor jury has any right to close against him that "loophole of the law."

There is one lesson presented by the Chicago tragedy that ought to have been learned long ago, and it is this, that assassination sanctioned as a political deliverance will be adopted as a private remedy, for murder will not stay within any prescribed political or geographical boundary lines. There is not one single reform in a hundred murders. It is folly to unchain the devil, and then ask him to confine his diabolism to Russia, to Germany, to England, or to France. For twenty years and more we have seen vote-hunting politicians in this country recommending assassination for the rulers of Great Britain as a relief against English law. They sowed the seed here thinking the crop would be harvested there. They said we approve the dynamite punishment, but only for the crowned heads, and the officers of state in Europe. Other agitators went farther, and said, "Why limit the argument? Let us apply it in the United States, for surely it will be as potent here



as it is across the sea." The sacrament of murder is unholy, and from its communion-table comes a plague. It is not well to familiarise our people with the ethics of assassination, for we cannot preach the innocence of murder without endangering ourselves. We cannot invoke death for the Emperor without putting the President in peril, or the Governor, or the Mayor, or anybody else who may be condemned by political or private malignity to die.

\* \* \*

When Alexander the Second was blown to pieces by the Nihilists I wrote and published this: "The murder of kings cannot overthrow monarchy. Institutions are the growth of ideas. Republics will come in time, but assassination will delay the march of liberty. Once admit the right of assassination as a remedy for political evils, and there will always be somebody under sentence of death, a mark for the private executioner. If it is not the Emperor, it will be the King; if not the King, the President, or the Governor, for we must have civil magistrates if we are to have political existence at all. The assassination of Alexander threatens every man who is richer than his neighbors, or higher in rank or station. It is the menace of death to every man above the grade of a tramp. Its warning is not confined to Europe. It threatens every man in America who can wear a decent coat, because according to the sanguinary code of Nihilism, that coat makes him an aristocrat worthy of death; according to that code every employer is an 'oppressor' whom it is praiseworthy to kill." There may be some extravagance of statement in those words, but I still believe that the sentiments they express are ethically, socially, and politically sound. The gospel of political assassination stimulates private murder, and it ought to be condemned.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

Prof. Frederick Jodl of Prague sends us a short monograph of twenty pages *Ueber das Wesen des Naturrechtes und seine Bedeutung in der Gegenwart*, which is the development of a lecture delivered by him before the Vienna Juristische Gesellschaft in February, 1893. Professor Jodl's analysis of the idea of the "law of nature" shows that this idea is simply the product and survival of a false metaphysical and speculative philosophy, which still greatly prevails. Law, says Professor Jodl, is not an original but a derived product. Previous to law we have human nature and society; these are the source of law. We find opposed to each other the *statics* of positive law and the *dynamics* of actual life. Besides the facts of life which have been crystallised into legal forms and have come within the province of law, there exists in all societies a vast, obscure multitude of unsatisfied and unlegalised wants and necessities. Thus, a sharp, noticeable contrast is always exhibited between actual law and imagined or wished-for law. It is this latter, more extensive concept which gives rise to the notion of a law of nature. All so-called natural law, says Professor Jodl, really sails under false colors; it is nothing else than social ethics; the criticism which is exercised by the ethical sense or the ethical reason on existing legal ordinances with the view of making them include provisions which are demanded by the needs of the time. Professor Jodl closes his monograph with some practical considerations of the methods by which our ethical notions should become incorporate law, and of the norms which should control such transformations.

The Scriptural Tract Repository of Boston, Massachusetts, 47 Cornhill, have republished, under the title of "The Testimony of History to the Truth of Scripture," Rawlinson's "Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament," (pp. 240,) as gathered from ancient records, monuments, and inscriptions. Mr. H. L. Hastings, editor of *The Christian*, has supplied a preface to the work, and Prof. Horatio R. Hackett, D. D., LL. D., has added some

notes and "additions." Dr. Rawlinson has done some excellent work in the presentation of historical pictures of the ancient Oriental world, and his authority in the matters treated of in this little book will undoubtedly strengthen the conviction of those who share his preconceptions.

The third volume of the second part of M. P. Van Bemmelen's book, *Le nihilisme scientifique, correspondance entre l'étudiant Ti et le professeur de philosophie Ousia*, has made its appearance during the present year. It treats of *Les trois règnes du monde réel—la matière, la vie, l'esprit*. Reviews of the other parts of this work appeared in Vol. II, No. 2, of *The Monist*, and No. 271 of *The Open Court*. During the printing of this last volume, M. Bemmelen died.

Mr. Louis James Block's new poem, *El Nuevo Mundo*, has been flatteringly reviewed by our metropolitan journals and seems to fulfil the promise of which his earlier poems gave evidence. The present production, which is dedicated to "The Women of America," and takes up some ninety-five pages, is, in intent at least, epic, and sings the praises of the new Western world, pointing out the prospect, we might say, of its divine mission on earth. The book is prettily bound and excellently printed on fine paper. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1893. Price, \$1.00.)

We have received recently a pamphlet of seventy-nine pages, entitled "Agnosticism, New Theology, and Old Theology on the Natural and Supernatural," by the Rev. Joseph Selinger, D. D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. The pamphlet is published with the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities and is printed by Hoffman Brothers Co., "Printers to the Holy Apostolic See." The treatise was originally written for theological students, but the author, "imagining it would be of some use to others also," thought it wise to give it to the public. In principle, he says, he has sought to follow St. Thomas Aquinas. But the book will be of little value to the un-metaphysical philosopher.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 325. (VOL. VII.—46.)

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 16, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## CELLULAR GENESIS EXPLAINS HEREDITY.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

IN *The Open Court* of July 6, Professor George J. Romanes contrasts very clearly the *Pangensis* of Darwin with the *Germ-genesis* of Weismann—they being the two noteworthy theories as to the all-important fact of heredity. Darwin supposed that all (*pan*) parts of the completed organism are represented by *gemmules* in the formative elements of the new individual. Weismann supposed that the generative and formative element is the *germ-plasm* out of which the new individual grows, but which *germ-plasm* remains, as to its generative function largely independent of such individual, but so involved that its death involves the death of both germ and body-cells. He looks at the *germ* or beginning of the individual to find the explanation of all of the intermediate stages of growth, up to the completed individual; while Darwin seeks to find the explanation in elements which he imagines to come from and to represent each part of the completed organism. Upon reading Darwin's *Pangensis*, I put out under the name of "CELLULAR GENESIS" a supplemental hypothesis (first in the *New York World*, 1868) which seems to throw light upon this most interesting subject.

Why not, I asked, keep our eyes not only on the germ or the completed organism, but also on the *intermediate* processes and stages of growth, so as to see just *how* the complex organism results? This would be following Goethe's admonition; that instead of so much experiment and torture of nature we would do better to lovingly watch her processes. Her "open secrets" he tells us, like the love-secrets of flowers open to the sun, are always waiting for the *open* eye. Let us then try this better way, while the terrible Weismann amputates the tails of innumerable mice, and the followers of Darwin and Herbert Spencer vainly hunt for their metaphysical *gemmules*, or "physiological units."

Some of the bottom facts of biology are plain to every one—such as these:

All organisms, whether protists, plants or animals, from the simple to the most complex, are simply cell growths—multiplication of cells—"a congeries of cells,"—which are modified or varied repetitions of the *germ-cell* of the organism. Growth is, then, simply a

process of cellular-genesis. Now, whether this cell growth comes about by budding, extension, cleavage or division, or otherwise,—the material form and functions of the new cells are the same or similar to those of the parent cells out of which they were formed, i. e. grew, supposing that they have the same environment and the same nutrition. Thus the simple-celled *protozoa* and *protophytes*, and even the simpler *metazoa*, have, as Weismann has so well explained, the natural gift of immortality. They simply increase, by nourishment and division, into like cells, which also divide,—but never *naturally* die. These simple lives have no occasion for either marriage or death; they are parthenogenetic, and only a continuous birth,—the same in form and function for countless ages, just as we now find them, or with slight variations.

But how is it with the higher and complex organisms? We find with them that an immense division of labor has *compelled* the cell growths into varied but always integrating organs and functions, in order to meet an ever increasing complexity of environment. Under these circumstances the great point is the power of variation in order to meet and not to be overcome by the ever varying and complex environment. That is *how*, as Weismann points out, *Natural Selection* preserved, and so introduced, marriage and death into this higher world; for they are the principal means by which the higher *species*, or "forms" (instead of the *individuals*, as among uni-cellular organisms) remain immortal, while the individuals vary and die in order to sustain the *family* life.

The questions about heredity arise out of this varying complexity of higher organisms. For the unicellular or simple organisms being formed out of the same material and in the same way, are naturally immortal and *hereditary*, and as much alike as the peas in a pod. But when we look at the higher species, which increase by the marriage (*amphimixis*), and the death of its individuals, we may see *how* their germ-cells and nutrient compel them to grow, always alike (as species) yet never individually the same. This, in a word, results from the *form-power* of the cells, and the repetition of the order in which they are nourished; to wit:

1. For, when the female cell or germ in fertilisation (*amphimixis*) is fused with the male, or mating cell,



which is different and yet so alike that its slightly varying protoplasm assimilates with it and forms a new fertilised germ, we have the *condition* of variation. Because then this fertile germ thus doubly formed, must out of a similar food (blood or sap) and under a like environment, beget cells repeating *nearly* itself, but not like either of the two original cells which fused (*amphimixed*) to form it. Its form will be between those two, and with mixed characteristics of each. The cellular-genesis of the compounded or fertilised germ must and does, as all observation shows, give cells thus repeating *conjointly* both of its formative cells—their properties and functions, in its succeeding growth. All this, we repeat, is the fact disclosed by common observation—for instance in plants, animals, and even in family portraits.

2. But suppose, again, as the fact is, that the two cells which fused to form the fertilised germ or seed-cell, are themselves the resultant cells deposited and left at the end of a long and complex process of cellular growth of the highly differentiated parental organism,—like a tree or a man?

And suppose also, as the fact is, that this fertilised germ is in a similar environment and is surrounded and fed by the highly variant food-protoplasms (blood or sap) similar to that nourishment out of which the highly complex organisms, from which the two original male and female cells which formed this fertilised germ, grew; what then? Certainly, this fertilised germ and its succeeding cells will, and in fact do, take up and appropriate the materials of its nutrition from the common blood or sap, in the same way, and therefore in the same *order*, and therefore in the same complexity, and so as to produce the same organs, variety of form, and function, that belonged to the original organisms from which the two *original* cells came and which fused to form the fertilised germ of the individual, out of which all of the other cells of the body came.

3. The above is a simple statement of a very complicated process of cell growth. There are said to be some thirty millions of cells in the human body, combined into tissues of immense complexity. By their union and coöperation, under variation and natural selection, they have reacted and form a differentiating organism, in which all of the differentiations are also integrated by being beneficial to the welfare of the whole. But all of the varying growths and functions of cells are *determined* by the cells immediately begetting them *plus* the organic effect of the tissues in which both are, and the reacting effects of the other parts of the body, which of course is very great in determining the functions, and division of labor of the tissues. The next important factor after the cells in all these changes is

of course the blood, (which is their food), and its circulation :

"Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft,"  
Blood is a juice of rarest quality.—

we read in Faust, and rightly,—for it is the substance out of which the organism is built, and *into which* the materials of every part of the organism *also fall* in the process of removal *and* renewal. Here we have what there is of truth in Darwins *Pangensis*; for the *gemmules* or materials of every tissue and part of the body are given back to the blood. They are then added to by foods, are purified in the lungs, and then sent over the system to be re-assimilated. The embryo is fed by this composite blood in forming its cells, and thus becomes, by *the same order* of its cell growth, the repetition conjointly of the two bodies whose original cells started its new life-processes. The blood is the body in solution; it is the circulating living protoplasm, *plus* the salts, lime, iron, and the other *extra* materials, used to sustain the body.

4. The point not to be overlooked is the inevitable *order* of the growth in which this nutrition and cell-genesis from the blood occurs. All of this wondrous organising by integrative differentiation arises from the increasing capacity of the cells and of the tissues formed by them, to take up only *their* kind of nourishment from the blood or sap, and to assimilate it as the growing organism needs it to form its new tissues and organs. This line of variant and increasing cell-nutrition is determined at the start by the nutrition—capacity of the fertilised germ.

The tune is set in the act of fusion or fertilisation, and in that germ's first nourishment. All of the subsequent processes and stages are but the union of those two lines of nutrition and growth which were combined in the germ by the two cells which made it fertile. Those stages evolve, therefore, ever after in the same order of growth of the parent organisms from which the two cells came, whose union made the fertilised germ of the new individual. This is so because the preceding growth always determines the cell-nutrition that is next to be taken from the blood in order to form each of the subsequent successive growths. Thus the growth of the embryo repeats both parents, and all their organs and bodies *jointly*, in exactly the same order in which *they* originally grew; which is, of course, also the order in which they were acquired by the Family or species to which they belong. Thus, to repeat Haeckel, Ontogeny is the epitome of Phylogeny: The embryo-individual incorporates his race in his growth in the order in which it evolved: for he does it out of the cells which that evolution deposited in his parents, and with the blood which, by order of increasing and accumulative cell-nutrition, his cells must assimilate in the mode, and in the order in which his newly form-



ing organs need it in order to grow,—and just as his parents formed theirs.

Upon these facts heredity and all of its facts and laws are a matter of course. For, *with* the same materials, *by* the same capacities of nutrition, through the same processes, *from* the dual germ, each individual combines and repeats through the same or similar stages the *bodies*, and, therefore, also, the *forms*, dispositions, instincts, minds, capacities, peculiarities, habits, diseases etc., of *both* of its two ancestors. Thus the plain and simple fact and law of physical cellular-genesis, is also the law of heredity, as to both body and mind. Thus our ancestors determine our "lot and fate" on earth, by the fertilised germ they give us, having the capacity to repeat and grow and nourish itself out of the blood in the way and order of the parents own growth, and *in no other way!* This combination of two parents in one cell, prevents the repetition of *one*, only, and secures the mixture and variations upon which natural selection has worked out the races, *and* our race, the culmination of all—ending the life-drama.

From this law of cellular-genesis, and its consequent heredity, there is, of course, no escape, but it may be applied for *race-improvement* by wise selection in breeding, by better foods, by more favorable environments, and by the education, conduct, and exercise of a life directed to an ever higher and more ennobling ideal. Each life is the burning point of two lines of ancestry. We are ruled from their urns, as Byron has it in *Manfred*, or "as certain of our own Poets" (Dr. Fred. Peterson,) "In the Shade of Igdrasil" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.,) sings, as with psychologic eye he follows a fair "Lady walking," and sees:—

"Two lines of ghosts in masquerade,  
That push her where they will,  
As if it were the wind that swayed  
A daffodil."

But it is not so pleasant when that eye falls upon "The Idiot":—

"The horrid vacant visage leers,  
And shows its heritage of woe;  
The scars—the sins of ancient years,  
Could any love or hate it? No!  
Pity may give her tears."

The proofs of the law above stated can be here but partially referred to—they are the data and facts of the general Science of Biology. *Embryology* is, under it, but the summary of the stages of ever varying nutrition, and consequently of new cells and organs arising, by and in the parental order of nutrition, out of the common blood. How nutrition determines organisation, we see in the special feeding of the worker-larva of the honey-bee until it develops into a perfect queen.

We notice how the baby mammal is fed first by the male cell, then by the mother's blood, then by her milk, then by meats, fruits, grains, etc. As it takes

higher nourishment it changes its organisation so as to capture and appropriate still more difficult pieces of food protoplasm. In hybridising of plants or animals the union of male and female cells of widely different organisms in the germ-cell gives not only a new variety representing the characteristics of both parents, but they produce germ-cells not easily fertilised, i. e. often infertile. Hence hybrids are generally sterile.

In the re-growing of mutilated parts of some animals; in the extravasation of blood, and the grafting of animal tissues we have familiar examples of cells determining and directing the line of future growth out of a common blood. The grafting and budding of plants and trees are still more common examples: The cells always by repeating themselves by aliment out of the blood or food only *then* suited to them, thus determine the line and order of the growth—thus *starting* the alimentary, muscular, nervous, osseous, etc., systems, and all of their tissues and organs, in the old parental order.

Of course the mutilations of the higher animals which have already attained their growth cannot be repeated or represented in their offspring. The tail of the embryo mouse is not determined by the tails of its parents, but by the line of cell growth preceding and compelling the formation of the cells which form the tail, and of which those tail-cells are the inevitable continuation by the inevitable law of cellular genesis out of the common blood which contains the materials for them to grow. Weismann may therefore spare the tails of the rest of his mice. For cut them as he will, their offspring will have tails, until, as above intimated, variations by breeding, food, new life and environment, under natural selection, gives us a new mouse—which it may do. Otherwise he is expecting "eels to get used" to their skinning; and that the locking of the stable-door will bring back the horse.

But there is a sense in which the parent-cells which fertilise the germ of the new individual specially represent their parents:—they do so in their special, parent-derived, *form*-power of assimilation and growth. By that, the form and life-tune of the individual is set—whether it be tree or man. How can breeding organisms give and fuse together the best and healthiest cells for that purpose—is the main question of every race; and it will take all there is of life, science and civilisation to answer it. Neither the man nor the tree is *in* the germ, as was once thought, nor does it contain "elements," as was afterwards thought, but only the power and *form*-capacity to commence a new line of organic growth, by repetitions or division of itself, sustained by nourishment taken as the growing organism needs it from the blood. The male cell may be said to be the first mouthful that the female germ takes to start the process of growth by nutrition—thus beginning the



life-drama of race, and of the individual, which we may see unrolled in "Haeckel's Evolution of Man."\*

This law is also the basis of all human confidence. We thus have the permanent in change (*"Dauer im Wechsel."*) The generations are the waves of life remaining ever true, and thus forming the species, while ever repeating the individuals with variations, which are chiefly the result of sexual genesis; for, as Weismann shows, parthenogenesis favors a uniformity fatal to all hope of progress.

It is this *general* permanency which gives the basis for natural and for *our* artificial selection. Without general permanency of species, "the variation of species" would make all certainty of useful life, impossible; and all certainty of the useful conduct and culture of life would be equally impossible without the variation of the individuals.

Nature has selected the golden mean. The stream, the *forms*, and the processes of life, remain, but never are the waters or even the waves exactly the same.

#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONCLUDED.]

#### X. A NEW LIFE.

At the moment when Gopa, in her anger, had left Ramchandra, Krishnadas returned and greeted the young Brahman with sorrowful friendliness. "I am glad to see you once more; let us take leave forever."

"No, my fatherly friend," answered Ramchandra, cheerfully, "I know what has happened; Gopa has told me; and more than that, I see that your meal is ready. I have not eaten yet; permit me to share it with you."

"Are you out of your mind, Ramchandra?" exclaimed Krishnadas.

"No, I am more nearly in my right mind than ever before."

The merchant was greatly astonished and pleased. Still, he thought it his duty to impress thoroughly on the impetuous young man the significance of his resolve. "What a change, friend. Truly a noble step, but think: if you eat at that table yonder, will not all the Brahmans, yes, even your own father and brothers turn from you with disgust?"

\*Besides Haeckel's Works, the reader is referred to Weismann's "Heredity" (English Translation), especially to page 168: "Haeckel was probably the first to describe reproduction as 'an overgrowth of the individual,' and to attempt to explain heredity as a simple continuity of growth." See also pp. 112, 104, 176, 412, 432, etc.—Also see his Essays on Heredity and Amphimixis, pp. 158, 162, 199, 209, etc.—The method and spirit of all modern Biology should be reviewed in Goethe's poems;—such as "Dauer im Wechsel," "Metamorphosis" of Plants, and of Animals, "The Orphic words," "Gott und Welt," etc., "Natur," "The Dornberg Letter," and especially the lines on himself at the end of the *Xenien*, so often partly but never fully quoted; and in which he finds that he, the most creative and original of poets, is little more than a "tradition"—

"Wenn Kindesblick begierig schaut,  
Er findet des Vaters Haus gebaut," etc., etc.

For a moment it seemed as if Ramchandra, in view of the recollections awakened by Krishnadas, might weaken in his decision. With a groan he cried out: "My poor old father! My dear mother! Shall I never hear your voices nor my brothers' again in this life?" Then he quickly recovered himself, and with the words, "In spite of all, I see my way," he stepped to the table. Still he hesitated a moment; for this act signified a separation from all his former associations and all his former aims in life. Then he ate a few bites while Krishnadas looked silently on with earnest eyes. "So now it is done," said he, "the chains of superstition have fallen from me, and I am free!"

Krishnadas stepped to his side, laid a hand upon his shoulder, and said with deep feeling: "May you never regret it, my brave Ramchandra; but if you do, you may be sure that no one will ever hear from my lips what I have seen."

"I shall not regret it," replied Ramchandra, "but the surprise expressed in your face will become still greater, when you hear what I ask of you. Fate seems to decree that I shall be indebted to you for all the best gifts of my life."

"Speak, friend, what do you wish? I do not understand you."

"In these days," continued Ramchandra, "it has filled my whole being with more than human strength, since I have understood in my heart the voice of nature,—that voice which people in our land do not hear, because it is deadened by the laws of Brahmanism—Krishnadas, I ask of you your daughter Gopa as my wife."

"Ramchandra, what do I hear?" answered the merchant in painful perplexity. "What am I to understand? How can you think of that? Gopa is a widow!"

Ramchandra made a gesture of remonstrance. "No, she is not, even if every one of our people declares that she is. Gopa is a young woman according to divine and human right. And besides, if she were a widow she might become the wife of another man."

"Ramchandra, your affection leads you astray. It cannot be. No priest in our land would unite you; and besides, Gopa would not wish it; she is pious and regards the law."

Then cried Ramchandra with brightening eyes: "If she does not wish it, I shall go on my knees before her, and beseech her until the fiery flame of my love shall touch her heart also. I will not leave her, though I must contend with the whole world. But I hope she will wish it, she must wish it. True, we shall not be able to find a priest of our people who will marry an outcast Brahman, and a widow, the daughter of an outcast merchant. But the Sahib,—the Judge,—he will do it, and the marriage which he performs is valid,



if not to our former friends,—what are they to us now, or we to them?—at least it is valid to us, just as good as any marriage ceremony performed in our land.”

Shaking his head, Krishnadas went to the door to speak to his daughter. “I cannot believe it,” he murmured. “Gopa, are you there?”

The maiden appeared at once, still pale with excitement. She cast a wrathful glance at Ramchandra who she supposed had left the house, and pointing to him with outstretched arm, said to her father: “Protect yourself from that man, from the Brahman who dares to attack the honor of this house.”

Ramchandra wished to speak, but restrained himself and was silent. Krishnadas, however, was shocked at his daughter, and feared that her burden of sorrow had broken down her mind. He gazed with astonishment now at her and now at Ramchandra, and then suddenly he turned to the maiden: “Come, Gopa, listen to me! He whom you call a Brahman, is no longer a Brahman; a few moments ago he ate at that table.”

Gopa stepped back. “Did you do that, you Ramchandra?”

“I tried to prevent it,” said Krishnadas, “but he would not heed me. He has given up his caste, his parents, his brothers and sisters, in order to be our friend in this adversity.”

Gopa’s lips quivered. She would speak, but restrained herself.

“Another thing I have to tell you, Gopa. But prepare yourself to hear the most wonderful thing you ever heard in your life. Ramchandra asks for your hand,—he desires you to become his wife.”

Gopa’s glance sank to the floor, a tremor passed over her whole frame. Then Ramchandra slowly approached her and said in a gentle voice: “I always loved you, Gopa, but I knew it only a few days ago.”

The maiden lifted her happy eyes, leaned upon his shoulder and whispered: “I always loved you, and always knew it.”

As Krishnadas saw the two standing in silent embrace, he lifted his hands in thanksgiving: “O ye heavenly beings, receive my thanks that after such sorrow you permit me to see this happy hour. If the will of the gods has ever been done upon earth, it is done now.” Suddenly he listened. “I hear footsteps, stand apart, my children.”

Ramchandra and Gopa had barely time to step away from each other when the door opened. The next moment Krishnadas and Gopa exclaimed as with one voice, “The Purohit!”

Ramchandra stood firm. He knew that a severe contest was before him, but he felt himself prepared. The Purohit had entered without the usual blessing, and now addressed himself only to Ramchandra.

“Is it known to you, Ramchandra, that the house in which you tarry is unclean?”

“I know,” replied the latter calmly, “that it has been visited by misfortune. But it is not unclean.”

“I tell you it is unclean, because that woman yonder . . .”

Ramchandra interrupted the malicious words of the Purohit: “No word about her! I think you have to do only with me, not with my friends.”

“Admirable friends! Next I suppose we may look for you in the huts of the Pariahs. But I tell you, if you ever cross this threshold again you must do penance for it more severely than you think. Now leave this place at once.”

“No!”

“What? You dare to defy me? Once more I command you to leave this house!”

With a calmness quite unexpected to Krishnadas and the daughter anxiously clinging to her father, Ramchandra answered: “Only those should give commands who have power to compel their execution. You weaklings have allowed this power to be taken from your hands; the Sahibs rule this land.”

“Aha! that is it!” remarked the Purohit with bitter sarcasm, “you have become a flatterer of the Sahibs. Next we shall hear that Ramchandra, the learned Brahman, has accepted the Christian faith.”

“Oh no,” said Ramchandra, “rest assured I shall not become a Christian. But one thing I see, that the Sahibs rule our land wisely and justly.”

“And mildly,” added the Purohit disdainfully. “Mildly at least they deal with you, Ramchandra, their spy.”

This was too much for Ramchandra. His well-restrained indignation now broke forth in full strength. “Silence! if your slanderous tongue utters another such word, you shall feel my hand in your face!”

With uplifted right hand he started upon the Purohit, but Krishnadas seized his arm, held him back, and begged him to control himself. The Purohit spoke in scornful tones: “You cannot offend me, raging boy. Await your punishment!” And with that he turned to go.

“Wait,” said Ramchandra, “listen to another thing which you must consider in the assembly of the caste called for the assignment of my punishment, I ate to-day at the table of my friend Krishnadas, and I shall take his daughter Gopa to be my wife.”

An expression of indescribable contempt overspread the face of the Purohit, as he heard these words. “Fie upon you!” he cried; “even to-day will the decision of the caste hang over your guilty head. No one has ever so fully deserved it as you who in criminal insolence have trodden in the dust the highest commands of the gods.”



"The gods!" repeated Ramchandra. "I do not fear them. Even the gods Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, are not the highest in the universe, far above them stands the great One who has no equal."

The Purohit trembled with wrath. "Oh that your tongue may cleave to the roof of your mouth! How dare you excuse your sinful passion by the deepest wisdom of our people? I curse you! May all sorrows attend you through this life and a thousand others, . . . nay, may you never find redemption!"

"Redemption?" Ramchandra cried while his superior indignantly left the room, "I have found it. There is but one in India, the redemption from the fetters of your delusion, from the soul-smothering bonds of Brahmanism."

Gopa approached Ramchandra with admiring glances; she clung to him and said: "Dearest, it was fearful, but you fought like a hero, nay, like a god." And with a smile she added, "You appeared to me like a god of ancient times when I first saw you in your conflict with the Moslems."

The countenance of Krishnadas wore a sorrowful expression. "Children," said he earnestly, "your whole life will be a conflict, and a hard one, I fear. May your strength never fail. I see with sorrow that I cannot help you much in your tribulations."

"Oh, father," said Gopa tenderly, "do not let it trouble you; we shall be a support to you as far as we are able, for you have been the founder of all our happiness." And Ramchandra added, "We shall never forget it. Trust my strength and look into the dark future with hopeful courage, as we do."

"You are young," answered Krishnadas, "and may live to see things change in our land. I shall not; and it is not necessary. Having once partaken of such happiness as has been mine to-day, I have not lived in vain. Come, children, we must calmly consider what is to be done."

No sooner had the three seated themselves for a consultation, than an unexpected visitor caused them to rise again with an expression of astonishment, for the man who was entering with every indication of anxiety was no other than Mr. White. But the next moment the face of the visitor brightened, though he seemed no less surprised than they. "So you are here, Ramchandra, alive and well, God be praised," said he; and, turning to Krishnadas, he added: "and, pardon me, sir, for entering your house; it was on account of my anxiety for Ramchandra."

Krishnadas bowed low. "Your entrance into this house, Sahib, is an honor to us. You are highly welcome."

"I thank you, Krishnadas," replied the Englishman. "This is Gopa, is it not?"

"That is my name, Sahib; how do you know me?" asked the maiden, with a smile.

"As if a friend of Ramchandra would not know you!" said he, and, not noticing Gopa's blushes, he turned to Ramchandra: "I have grown anxious about you lately, because of your not coming to me as usual at the appointed hours. The last time you were at my house, I thought you were ill. So I went to-day to your home and found it empty. The people directed me here to the house of Krishnadas; at the entrance I found the people in a state of peculiar excitement, and received evasive answers to my questions. Fearing some misfortune, I entered and see with joy that I am mistaken."

"Ah, Sahib," apologised Ramchandra, "I should have sent you a message that I could not come. Pardon my neglect. So much has happened that absorbed my entire attention. This day is the most momentous of my life."

"You will tell the Sahib all?" said Gopa to her lover, in embarrassment. "Please, do not."

"Let me, Gopa; he will understand us," said Ramchandra. "Look, Sahib, the Brahman cord still hangs about my neck." He threw back his outer garment, took off the single white woolen cord, which is the sacred emblem of Brahmanism, broke it, and threw it from him. "There it lies in shreds, the last outward sign which binds me to my caste. My Brahmanhood is gone."

"Ramchandra, explain to me," asked the Englishman, who had listened to him with amazement.

"It is told in a few words," answered Ramchandra. "Krishnadas, the best and noblest man who was ever born in our land, is to-day thrust out of his caste because he followed the inclinations of his heart and spared his daughter the undeserved pain, the endless misery of an imaginary widowhood. I bless him for it."

"Ah, I begin to understand," exclaimed the Judge, and as Ramchandra continued, drawing the embarrassed Gopa to his side, "so have I also this day broken the fetters of my caste; Gopa is to be my wife," his face lighted with inner satisfaction.

"Heaven be praised! the first trait of true humanity in Benares," he whispered, filled with that happiness which is found only in unselfish interest.

Ramchandra continued: "And now I am determined to brave whatever may come. We are poor, but I feel within me the strength for hard work. If it be necessary, I shall labor in the fields as a coolie."

"An honorable decision, Ramchandra; I admire you," said the Englishman. "But you need not be anxious about your means of support; there are always Europeans here who wish to be instructed in the wisdom of your ancestors."



Gopa threw herself at the feet of the Judge: "Oh, Sahib; oh, protector of the poor, you are great and good!"

The Englishman lifted her up with the gentle reproach: "Gopa, rise; one must not kneel before man." And, turning to Ramchandra, he said: "You do not know yet what I owe *you*. You have restored in me the belief in your people, which I had lost. In you I see the future of this country."

THE END.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

As I am not in good standing with the Republican party, and as the Democratic party is not in good standing with me, I can sit on the fence and listen with luxurious indifference to the pleadings of both sides, and I can laugh with non-partisan impartiality at the calamities of either. The Democratic party having been run through the thrashing-machine offers me a great many excuses and apologies this morning for its bruised and ragged appearance. The Democratic "organ" for which I subscribe assures me that the "landslide" was not caused by the heavy rain of Republican ballots, but was due to the natural thawing out of the ground which always happens in the "off year." Repairs will be immediately begun and the line put in running order for 1896 or 1900 or 1904. I accept all the excuses and apologies because they all appear to be good; "hard times," for instance; "factions in the party"; "the stay-at-home vote"; "over-confidence"; and "want of confidence." One candidate was defeated because "he has worn a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat ever since the year 1880." It seems a little paradoxical that the defeat in Massachusetts was caused by putting up a new candidate for governor instead of the old one, and in Iowa by putting up the old candidate instead of a new one, but this apparent contradiction is reconciled by the profound theory that "the reasons for defeat are of course different in different parts of the country." The most satisfactory excuse offered up to date is "the light vote cast by the democrats and the heavy vote cast by the Republicans." All the other excuses may be condensed into that. They may all be concentrated into the apology offered by the little girl for the non-attendance of her brother at school, "Teacher, mother says please excuse Patsy for absence; he is dead."

Not knowing what might happen, and perhaps a little suspicious of what really did happen, Mr. Cleveland issued his thanksgiving proclamation a few days before the election. Had he waited another week he would have had nothing to be thankful for, and in that case he might have withheld his proclamation and left the country in a state of religious destitution. We are the wisest, freest, and greatest people on the face of the earth; we acknowledge that ourselves, and yet we do not know how or when to worship until we are instructed by our sovereign pontiff the President of the United States. Thanksgiving day was honored by the Romans as a festival to Ceres, the goddess of corn, and they established it in Britain where it is preserved unto this day as the feast of Harvest Home. The English brought it over to America and naturalised it here as the feast of Thanksgiving. It is a kindly, cheerful, and beautiful celebration when it is not used by "chief executives" as religious or political capital, but when they improve the occasion to do a little exhorting, they advertise us all as a sect of the Pharisees. They know that only a very small fraction of the American people give anything but contemptuous notice to a presidential exhortation which advises them to "assemble in our usual places of worship where we may recall all that God has done for us, and

where from grateful hearts our united tribute of praise and song may reach the throne of grace." Thanksgiving proclamations appear to be very harmless because they are very dull, but whether intentionally so or not, those presidential calls to prayer are ecclesiastical encroachments on religious freedom. They are furtive attempts to make the head of the state the head of the church as it is in England. They are arguments for Sabbath-laws and many other vexatious restraints upon the citizens; and in the Parliament of Religions they were continually brought forward as proofs that Christianity is the law of the land.

\* \* \*

When the "Chief Executives" of the country set the people to praying against one another, presidential and gubernatorial calls to prayer will probably cease. Mr. Cleveland little thought when he issued his Thanksgiving proclamation that it would be suddenly reduced to an absurdity by the "Chief Executive" of Oregon, or that the Governor of that province in *his* proclamation would call upon the people of Oregon to pray against the President and his financial policy. National prayer was caricatured into a roaring comedy when Governor Pennoyer in his Thanksgiving proclamation said: "While, therefore, the people of Oregon return thanks to God for his goodness, I most earnestly recommend that they devoutly implore him to dispose the President and Congress of the United States to secure the restoration of silver as full legal tender money." I think that Governor Pennoyer's proclamation is more practical and business-like than that of the President, because if men will pray for favors, they may as well pray for something tangible and specific while they are about it. Governor Pennoyer is, no doubt, thankful for the mines of silver in the western mountains, but he thinks that Providence ought not only to have created the silver and put it there, but also that he ought to have made it a "full legal tender," and so he sensibly prays for that. Now, if the Governor of Illinois will call upon his people to return thanks in "praise and song" for the repeal of the Sherman law; and if the other Governors will all take sides according to their politics we may have another interesting discussion of the Silver Question in the form of prayers upon Thanksgiving day. [P.S.—Friday, November 10, Governor Altgeld's proclamation has appeared. There is no politics in it, and very little religion. The worship recommended is chiefly limited to praise and thanks for the World's Fair.]

\* \* \*

Last week I spoke about the multitude of cranks who were so excited by the assassination of Mayor Harrison that they filled the newspapers with crazy theories about cranks and how to exterminate them in the quickest possible way. I referred also to the sulphurous delirium of certain pulpit-cranks, who wanted to ride over sense and law in their eagerness for vengeance. They acted like angry children beating dolls, and they prescribed straight-jackets and imprisonment for all the cranks in the world except themselves. These "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" divines had for their eccentricities the excuse of sudden passion. The Mayor had been assassinated on Saturday evening, and they spoke on Sunday morning. Their emotions were stimulated by the magnetism of music, prayer, and the hypnotic influence of congregations full of wrath. Theirs was only a temporary aberration; but what shall be said of a minister of the merciful gospel who takes a week in the quietude of his study to prepare a sermon and then preaches like this: "That man Prendergast should have been thrown out of this planet before his victim was placed under ground. Let there be no lynching, but a quickening of all the machinery of government." These were the sentiments of the Rev. Mr. Talmadge, and I would like to ask him how Prendergast could have been "thrown out of this planet" in the time specified without lynching him. It is almost impossible to quicken the machinery of government so as to legally throw any man out of



this planet in three days. Is it not a stretch of charity to call Mr. Talmadge merely a harmless crank?

\* \* \*

The Sunset Club had a dinner and debate last night, November 9, at the Grand Pacific Hotel. With innocent irony they discussed the "crank" question, totally oblivious of the fact that many persons in Chicago think that among the "crank" societies "that need looking after," is that curious mixture of heterogeneous individualities that goes by the name of the Sunset Club. Among my intimate friends is a gentleman who has attained great eminence in his profession as a surgeon and physician. He has written many books of authority on the subject of insanity and the diseases of the brain. Owing to his peculiar fitness he was appointed superintendent of the lunatic asylum, but having had a great deal of trouble in explaining to the inmates that they were patients of the institution, and that he himself was not a patient, but the superintendent, and finding that they would not believe him, he resigned. So it is with many members of the Sunset Club; they cannot understand that they themselves are patients in the great asylum. It was a physiological curiosity that the "crank" theme, acting like a magnet, drew into the debate a large number of incurables. One patient said that "if a crime has been committed, the penalty must follow, whether the perpetrator be sane or insane; and that the time has come for civilisation to assert the principle that it cannot take into account motives, but must judge by facts." This reformer had "forgotten out of his mind," as Uncle Remus expresses it, that his "principle" actually did prevail in the dark ages when they punished a wagon for hurting a man; but when civilisation came that principle disappeared.

\* \* \*

The sentiment quoted in the last paragraph gives warrant for the opinion that the Sunset Club "ought to be looked after." I will quote a few other examples as warnings to the authorities of what is going on. One incurable at the Grand Pacific asylum said of the homicidal cranks, that rather than turn them loose upon society he would "tear them limb from limb, as they did the maniac who attacked Henry the Fourth of France." Several patients thought that all cranks ought to be locked up; and one who was very far gone said that a better plan would be to lock up our public men so that the cranks could not get at them. "I would go so far," he said, "as to recommend that our chief public men be provided with official residences, prepared especially for the reception of the public, and so arranged that they need not be run in upon by the first person who rings the bell." Some of the speakers thought that cranks were the product of the "spoils system"; others believed they were created by the "pardoning power"; a few thought that the "non-enforcement of the laws" was responsible for the evolution of the crank, while one of the inmates thought that the "carrying of concealed weapons" ought to be prevented, but by what psychological power concealed weapons were to be discovered he did not say. He was about as logical as the Irish policeman who declared that he would run in any man that he found carrying a concealed weapon in his fist. There was a convalescent present who declared that newspaper slander of candidates made a great many homicidal cranks, but this was denied by a newspaper-man, who thought that the opinion was altogether unsound. Strangely enough, not one patient in the asylum thought that cranks were ever produced by the debates of the Sunset Club.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### NOTES.

Goethe's poem alluded to by Mr. Wakeman in a footnote to his article, on page 3874 of this number, is remarkable in many respects. The poet-philosopher explains that all the parts of which our self consists have existed long before our birth, the material conditions of life, language, ideas, and aspirations. The poem is

little known and still less quoted, and as we know of no translation, we have tried to reproduce the poem in the following English lines, which are as simple in form and of the same metre as the original:

"When eagerly a child looks round,  
In his father's house his shelter is found.  
His ear, beginning to understand,  
Imbibes the speech of his native land.  
Whatever his own experiences are,  
He hears of other things afar.  
Example affects him; he grows strong and steady,  
Yet finds the world complete and ready.  
This is prized, and that praised with much ado;  
He wishes to be somebody, too.  
How can he work, and woo, how fight and frown?  
For everything has been written down;  
Nay, worse, it has appeared in print.  
The youth is baffled but takes the hint:  
It dawns on him, now, more and more,  
He is what others have been before."

*[Wenn Kindesblick begierig schaut,  
Er findet des Vaters Haus gebaut;  
Und wenn das Ohr sich erst vertraut,  
Ihm tönt der Muttersprache Laut;  
Gewahrt er dies und jenes nah,  
Man fabelt ihm, was fern geschah,  
Unsittigt ihn, wächst er heran:  
Er findet eben alles gethan;  
Man rühmt ihm dies, man preist ihm das:  
Er wäre gar gern auch etwas.  
Wie er soll wirken, schaffen, lieben,  
Das steht ja alles schon geschrieben  
Und, was noch schlimmer ist, gedruckt.  
Da steht der junge Mensch verduckt  
Und endlich wird ihm offenbar:  
Er sei nur was ein andrer war.]*

INSTRUCTION given by correspondence to students of Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers. Write for Circular. Editor  
*Bibliotheca Platonica*, Osceola, Mo.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 326. (VOL. VII.—47.)

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE PARDONING POWER.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

ON the 26th of June, Governor Altgeld pardoned the so called anarchists, and it may be confidently said that not since the days of Abraham Lincoln has the conduct of any chief magistrate received such harsh, vituperative, and irrational condemnation. Mules kick without reasoning, but men should not; and the time is coming when it must be determined, not by denunciation but by argument whether Governor Altgeld was right or wrong.

Among the Governor's critics are hundreds of men who approved the pardon and petitioned for it. They are convicted of inconsistency but their excuse is that they censure not the pardon but the manner of it; and they pretend that while the pardon was proper enough, the Governor should not have given judicial reasons for his action. They assert that he carried the prerogative of pardon beyond its legal province when he passed upon the merits of the case, condemned the trial, reversed the judgment, and censured the courts who gave it. In a word, they say that in reviewing the judgment and reproving the judges the Governor usurped and exercised a power not conferred upon him by the Constitution of Illinois.

The recent election brought again into discussion the pretended illegality and unconstitutionality of Governor Altgeld's action, and on that subject, Judge Moran in defending Judge Gary, who was a candidate, said:

"The Constitution divides the powers of government into legislative, judicial, and executive, and declares that no person or collection of persons belonging to one department of government shall exercise power belonging to the others. This confines official review of judgments of courts to the judicial department, and any attempted review of the judgment of the Supreme Court by the executive department is an impertinent violation of the spirit as well as the letter of the law."

That was written in the excitement of an election contest, and for the benefit of Judge Gary. It was hastily written, and it is not likely that Judge Moran would now stake upon that opinion his reputation as a lawyer. Fortunately for American institutions it is not law; but it shows the wisdom of Jefferson in warning his countrymen that the judiciary aiming at un-

limited power through the sanctity of irreversible decrees was the aspiring and ambitious element in the government that menaced their liberties and their safety. The general prohibition quoted by Judge Moran is qualified by other special clauses of the Constitution; as, for instance, by the veto power, the pardoning power, the impeachment power, and some others. It is the duty of each department within its own province to review and criticise the others; because if that were not so, we should have judicial, executive, and legislative stagnation, with a pompous and irresponsible toryism in every department.

The veto power specially limits the general prohibition quoted by Judge Moran, for how can the governor veto a bill without an "official review" of the action done by the legislature? He is commanded by the Constitution to give reasons for his veto, and how is he to give reasons without having an "official review"? On the other hand, it is not uncommon for legislatures to give governors an "official review" and pass votes of censure upon them. Also, the courts, when declaring a law unconstitutional, give "official review" to the legislative and to the executive branches of the government. Judges often give sharp censure to the legislature that passed the law and the governor who signed it.

The general prohibition is qualified also by the pardoning power, which has its own particular uses and modes of action. It is the prerogative, not of mercy alone, but of justice too, and in the latter quality it is now and always has been a judicial part of the executive authority. In the United States, the pardoning power has all the attributes and privileges that it ever had at the common law, except where it has been qualified by statute as in Ohio and Pennsylvania. To a defendant in a criminal prosecution it is the court of last resort open to him for the reversal of a judgment or the mitigation of a sentence.

The judicial character of the pardoning power is clearly shown by Blackstone where he pictures the chief magistrate "*holding a court of equity in his own breast* to soften the rigor of the general law in such criminal cases as merit an exemption from punishment." He shows also that a prisoner may be entitled to a pardon not only "by favor," but also "by his innocence."



Chancellor Kent follows Blackstone in asserting the judicial quality of the pardoning power, and he shows that it has the same attributes here that it had in England. He goes farther, and blending the lawyer and the statesman together, he maintains that one beneficent quality of the pardoning power is its judicial character; and he says:

"This power to pardon will be more essential when we consider that under the most correct administration of the law, men will sometimes fall a prey to the vindictiveness of accusers, the inaccuracy of testimony, and the fallibility of jurors."

Chancellor Kent when he wrote that, must have anticipated the anarchist case; but leaving that for the present, I would inquire of Judge Moran how a governor is to correct a wrong done in a criminal trial by "the vindictiveness of accusers, the inaccuracy of testimony, or the fallibility of jurors" without putting the whole case under his "official review"?

The authority of Chancellor Kent is acknowledged by Bishop in his commentaries on criminal law, where he says, "The English authorities on pardons are pertinent with us." He is jealous of the pardoning power, and thinks that a governor ought not to grant a pardon because he differs with a judge on a point of law; but he says:

"There may be circumstances in which it is both the right and the duty of the pardoning officer to look below the verdict into what may be shown to be the real facts."

What is "looking below the verdict" but an "official review"?

It ought to be conclusive with Judge Moran that Judge Gary himself recognised the pardoning power as a judicial prerogative when he appealed to the Governor for a mitigation of the sentence passed upon Sam Fielden. He placed his appeal on legal grounds, declaring that "there was no evidence that Fielden had any knowledge of any preparation to do the specific act of throwing the bomb that killed Degan." If the governor is not a judicial magistrate, why did Judge Gary direct his attention to the lack of evidence in Fielden's case? The Supreme Court had reviewed the evidence and declared it sufficient, but Judge Gary appealed from that ruling to the Governor, and said that the evidence of guilt was lacking, and that therefore Fielden ought to be reprieved.

The authorities above quoted ought to be enough, but they can be supported by ten thousand instances in the United States alone. It is not necessary, however, to go outside the State of Illinois. If Judge Moran will examine the record of pardons in his own State, he will find that scores of them were judicial pardons, and that the governors who granted them did so on legal grounds, modifying, amending, and reversing the judgments of the courts and correcting,

as far as possible, the mischiefs done by "the vindictiveness of accusers, the inaccuracy of testimony, and the fallibility of jurors." There never was a governor of Illinois who did not recognise and exercise the pardoning power as a judicial right of "official review" in all criminal cases where sentence had been passed. It is not likely that the judicial character of the pardoning power has ever before been denied by a lawyer, although the wisdom of it has been doubted many times.

Retreating from their "legal position," the assailants of Judge Altgeld make a rally on sentimental ground, and solemnly reprove him for giving his reasons for the pardon. Their sympathies inverted, they feel for the judges, and not at all for the victims of a judgment, which Judge Moran himself confesses was bad in law. Unlike Prince Henry and his companions, who demanded "reasons" of Jack Falstaff, these friends of Judge Gary want no reasons, especially if they are true. They want governors to grant pardons and say nothing.

Much has been written by jurists and by moralists against the pardoning power, and chiefly because it is an arbitrary power, for the exercise of which no reasons need be given. A vigorous article in the *New York Nation*, showing the abuses of the pardoning power and calling for its abolition or amendment, says:

"We have transplanted this prerogative, not as a prerogative, but as a judicial power to review criminal sentences, and have nevertheless transplanted with it a notion perfectly unsuited to our system. According to the American idea of government, no act for which reasons cannot be given ought to stand."

There is a tendency among the Tories of this country to make idols of the courts, and all reflexions on them, blasphemy; but what would the idolaters have said, if Governor Altgeld had granted the pardon as an act of arbitrary power and had refused to give any reasons for it at all? They would have denounced him as an imperialistic potentate and a "Czar." As an act of magisterial justice, he was in honor bound to give his reasons. It was the very right of the liberated men that the reasons for their pardon should be publicly proclaimed. The Governor pardoned them, because, in his opinion, they were innocent of the crime for which they were condemned, and because they had not had a fair trial. Acting on that belief, it was his duty to say so to all the world.

Judge Tuley, forgetting his history, as Judge Moran forgot his law, magniloquently says that such a criticism by an executive officer upon the judiciary is "unprecedented in the history of the United States." Happily, the occasion for such a criticism is unprecedented in the history of the United States; but even when the reasons were not half so strong, similar criticisms have been made. Judge Tuley has forgotten



the controversy between General Jackson and the Supreme Court, concerning the legality of the United States Bank. The Court held that the Bank was constitutional, but the President, in contempt and defiance of the Court, held that it was not, and he refused to recognise the decision as binding upon him. His compliments to the Court are not necessary to be repeated here. The history of the United States is full of instances where the legislative, the judicial, and the executive branches of the Government have sharply censured one another; and it will be well for popular freedom if the practice continues forever.

The question at issue in this matter is not whether this candidate or that one shall be elected or defeated; it is not a question of grammar, taste, or etiquette; these are trivial and contemptible in the presence of a grander theme, but they serve to obscure the real issues for the time. The question is not, whether the Governor's reasons were in style classical or courteous, but whether they were true. The question is, whether free speech, free press, the right of public meeting, and trial by jury shall be abolished by the courts, and the Constitution overthrown.

In his reasons for the pardon, Governor Altgeld makes many statements of what he says are facts justifying his action. Are the statements true or false? This question must be answered, and it will be answered. The "conspiracy of silence" entered into by "the organs of public opinion," cannot last much longer. Very likely Governor Altgeld's most formidable critics, Judge Tuley and Judge Moran, believe them to be true, for while they denounce the Governor, they do not contradict him; and as to the illegality of the trial, they appear to agree with him. In the heat of the late campaign, when he was enthusiastically working for Judge Gary's election and assailing the Governor, Judge Tuley said:

"I have never hesitated to declare, that I did not agree with Judge Gary or the Supreme Court, as to the rulings in the anarchist cases."

And Judge Moran said:

"Judge Tuley's position, with reference to the anarchist case, has not been different from my own. We have frequently talked it over, and we united in sending a letter to Governor Oglesby, requesting him to commute the sentence of death upon the prisoners."

And thus it is that slowly but surely the genuine opinions of the bench and bar in reference to the rulings in the anarchist case are coming to the light; slowly and surely prejudice is giving way to reason, and in due time the consciences of men will see that in the pardon of the anarchists, and in his reasons for that pardon, the Governor was right.

## THE VIEW FROM MY LEDGE.

### I. THE AGNOSTIC STANDPOINT.

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

A SHORT time ago I met with a paper by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson which made a vivid impression on my imagination. He spoke of the present break-up of religious beliefs, and he said one would suppose that the thinking world would find itself at the bottom of a precipice of utter scepticism. But he hastened to add this was far from being the actual result. Instead of falling down the precipice, every one constructs for himself a ledge or platform on the side of the abyss on which he establishes his own private church, chapel, or creed. From this point of view he contemplates his neighbors on their respective ledges above and below him, with a pity not unmingled with contempt, since his own ledge is obviously the only one which satisfactorily "reconciles Science with Religion": precisely as a small village in an almost inaccessible part of Baluchistan contains the only people who clearly understand the infallible truths of Mahometanism; and as the old Scotch woman and her husband were the only people who clearly understood the infallible truths of Christianity,—though the old lady was "nae sae sure o' John." Certainly some thinkers roll quite to the bottom, and invite every one to enjoy the cheerful Elysian Fields they there discover; whence the Atheist, to the full as anxious for the good of the human race, as pure in conduct and virtuous in aim as any of his neighbors, invites us to a Millennium on earth which all can help to make a reality.

From the edge of the precipice where Mr. St. George Mivart still contrives to balance himself without falling over, comes a soothing voice to tell us that all who suffer from "invincible ignorance" and congenital incapacity to believe that two and two make five, may hope for "Happiness in Hell." A comforting view well put by a genial priest of Mr. Mivart's faith who said, though the climate of Sheol is bad, one would on the other hand meet the best of company there.

In those magazines to which one instinctively turns to see what complexion is taken by the highest thought of the day, articles abound where thinkers of eminence proclaim the views, from their various ledges, and each man's ledge is the one from which alone the truth can clearly be beheld.

It seems to me that the conclusions to be arrived at from this state of things are:

Firstly, that a Science of Religion does not exist at present.

Secondly, that the different views taken by persons highly cultivated, conscientious and with eyes wide open to the problems of the day, are largely a question of individual idiosyncrasy.



Where a branch of knowledge has become so far exact that we can give that branch the name of a science, as in the cases of Astronomy and Physics, there is comparatively little room for the development of individual idiosyncrasies, and opinion is one in all essentials. Where knowledge is only exact in certain parts, and empirical in others, as is still the case in medicine, the measure of agreement is a fair measure of the growth made by that branch of knowledge towards being a true science. But in discussions on Religion there are almost as many opinions as thinkers.

As knowledge advances with giant strides, so with many thinkers does the conviction deepen that whilst the secondary laws governing phenomena are revealing themselves with un hoped for clearness, primary causes are enshrouded in as deep a mystery as ever. To this order of thinkers the name of Agnostic has been given, and I know of no better appellation. But I protest against the application of the word "creed" to Agnosticism. An Agnostic according to the constitution of his mind, his early upbringing etc. has a tendency to certain creeds; he would be glad if certain propositions could be proved true, but he—probably after severe mental struggles and sufferings—has arrived at the conclusion that the denizens of this insignificant speck in the universe can never know what ultimate truth is, at least in this state of being.

Man has done marvellous things in the knowledge of nature he has already acquired, but he is confined within such narrow bounds that these alone must render his researches imperfect. It is possible that in some manner utterly unknown to us, we may at last be able to perceive molecules and even atoms of matter.\*

But it is unnecessary to say that no optical apparatus at present at our disposal comes within measurable distance of such a result.

Every advance in the perfecting of microscopes and of skill in their use, reveal fresh marvels in the composition of protoplasm, and every fresh revelation is looked upon as the final goal of our knowledge by some too hasty biologists.

A few years ago protoplasm was a "speck of slime," so simple in structure that it really might have appeared by accident. Weismann, observing the extraordinary changes in the nuclei of conjugating cells, ascribed all changes in organisms to the influence of the nuclei of their reproductive cells, the remainder of

the germinating cells being simply nutritive (somatic.) The latest discoveries show that the whole contents of germinating cells are interchangeable, and whilst the nuclei are still considered to convey hereditary qualities, the remainder of the cells are adjudged to be the organs of changes produced by the environment. This latest hypothesis has at least the advantage of being in harmony with facts; it is the goal biologists have reached for a day? for an hour? for how long?

But can we really in the least understand *how* either heredity or variability can be conveyed by these microscopic specks of matter? We may express the phenomena in words, and so too can find numbers to express the distances of the stars, but have we any real idea of either?

Our very senses by which alone we can become cognisant of anything whatever, are narrowly limited. Of the many millions of vibrations of air and ether we are conscious of but a few, and the enormous gaps in our consciousness may hide unimaginable wonders. Touch, the most universally diffused and least specialised of the senses, can only recognise 1,500 vibrations in a second.\*

"Hearing can detect 40,000 vibrations in a second. When 400 millions of millions of vibrations of ether strike the retina in a second they produce the sensation of red, and as the number increases, the colour passes into orange, then yellow, green, blue, and violet. But between 40,000 vibrations in a second and 400 millions of millions we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist. It is obvious that we cannot measure the infinite by our own narrow limitations."

Sir John Lubbock shows that an immense number of sense-organs exist in the lower animals adapted to catch vibrations of whose effect we can form no conception, "there may be fifty other senses," he says, "as different from ours as sound is from sight."

Prince Krapotkin in *The Nineteenth Century* for May, 1892, shows as the result of recent experiments that chemical energy, electricity, magnetism, light and radiant heat are the results of ether-vibrations of varying velocities and wave lengths, resulting from the action of one and the same energy. Between these various wave-lengths are enormous gaps which our senses afford us no means of discerning. Are we not trembling on the verge of the discovery of yet another series of wave-lengths which appear as vital force? Perhaps though these may be so short in length and rapid in vibration as to elude our researches forever.

That there is a something which resembles chemical action, but which is not chemical action is forcing itself upon physiologists as a fact. Dead tissue obeys the law of osmosis; living tissue will absorb what fluids it chooses and no others, and *no force which does not destroy the protoplasm will overcome this resistance.*

\* It has been estimated by Helmholtz that the smallest particle of matter that could be distinctly defined is about 0.000025 of an inch in diameter. . . . A particle of albumen of this size would contain about 125,000,000 molecules. In the case of such a simple compound as water, the number would be no less than 8,000,000,000. . . . The smallest sphere of organic matter which could be defined with our most powerful microscopes may be, in reality, very complex; may be built up of many millions of molecules; and it follows that there may be an almost infinite number of structural characters in organic tissues which we can foresee no mode of examining. *The Senses of Animals*, pp. 190-191, Sir John Lubbock.

\* *Text-Book of Physiology*, Michael Foster.



And yet other vibrations of the same stupendous energy may produce the result we know as consciousness.

Let us try for one moment to get some faint idea of the energy which we at least know appears as radiant heat, chemical energy, electricity and magnetism; which may through vibrations as yet unascertained be vital force and consciousness.

Electricity would travel from the earth to the moon in a fraction more than a second, and from the earth to the sun in eight minutes. But at this rate of speed electricity would take three years to reach the nearest star, and had the electric spark started on its travels when Christ still lived in Galilee it would not yet have reached the distant suns our telescopes reveal. Yet these inconceivably distant suns are bathed in the same ether whose vibrations reach us. And only last year astronomers were following the headlong course of a new star which from regions of outer space had rushed into our visible universe, and this new flaming sun was ablaze with hydrogen. Whatever the supreme energy is, at least we know it is acting beyond one visible universe.

But leaving the region of the unimaginably great, are we really better able to understand the unimaginably small equally palpitating with restless life derived from the same energy? The latest researches of Professor Dewar show\*—not only as was known before—that the ultimate atoms of gases are in a condition of inconceivably rapid motion, loosened from the bonds of gravitation and keeping up a constant hail of mutual shocks,—but that it is in human power to show that the withdrawal of energy would be the death of matter.†

With the withdrawal of the supreme energy in the shape of heat, molecular motion ceases, and matter lies dead.

Let us imagine a colony of ants which have taken up their abode in a disused tool-house in a garden. These ants—being as is well known very intelligent creatures—examine the various tools lying about, broken flower-pots, heaps of earth etc.; they form hypotheses as to how these things came into their world,—the tool-house. Some adventurous ants have

crawled up the window-sill and have been able to philosophise upon the vast world thus revealed. They postulate the existence of a gardener; some being, evidently more powerful, larger and wiser than an ant, made the tools and planted the flowers and shrubs outside the window. Some ants might say; we know there are tools, and flowers and shrubs showing orderly arrangement, but what kind of being had to do with these things, we do not feel qualified to judge. Other ants are quite certain they know all about this being; their ancestors were quite sure he was a "magnified and non-natural" ant like themselves, but many modern ants are certain the gardener is "a stream of tendency" and is part of the All like themselves.

I offer this poor little allegory as a small set-off to Dr. Carus's delightful satirical fables, directed against the humble agnostic, in his "Truth in Fiction"! But putting all joking apart, I seriously think the philosophic ants would be far better able to predicate all about the gardener and his qualities, than we—the denizens of this speck of planetary dust thrown off from a third-rate sun, existing for a geological moment, whilst the cooling planet permits the existence of protoplasm—can judge whether the supreme energy whose vibrations thrill through the universe is self-conscious or not! It seems to me that superior intelligences would listen to our vain discussions with grave pity for our folly and devils would laugh with scorn.

Why then should we still concern ourselves about the problems of religion; why should it fascinate the keenest minds now, as it did when Lucretius—ignorant of every physical law we are at present cognizant of—was as sure he knew the secret of the universe, as any Monist can be at present?

#### IS RELIGIOUS TRUTH POSSIBLE?

IN REPLY TO MRS. ALICE BODINGTON.

THERE was once a man who was so desperately sick from hallucinations and nightmares, that a physician had to be sent for. Dr. Huxley, a strong-minded man of modern training, came and prescribed a soporific drug which caused the patient to fall into a profound slumber entirely free of dreams; he slept the sleep of eternity. "I have cured the disease," said the doctor, satisfied with the efficacy of his medicine, "and it is a great pity that the patient died."

The patient is man's religious and philosophical world-view; his disease was the gnosis of church dogmatism and the medicine agnosticism. Agnosticism, it is true, wherever accepted, does away with the superstition of antiquated creeds, but it undermines also sound science and philosophy. It is a drug which effectually cures all sham-knowledge, but one of its in-

\* Lecture at the Royal Institution by Professor Dewar, reported in *Weekly Times* for Jan. 27th, '93.

† It was matter *in articulo mortis* which the audience were privileged to look upon. At the temperature they saw [that at which oxygen remains liquid, its boiling point being 182 degrees below zero] "chemical forces are in complete abeyance and oxygen becomes as inert as nitrogen. A few degrees lower and the last traces will disappear of molecular motion, and the mobile gas will be frozen into rigidity, and all the properties by which we recognise matter will vanish. . . . A little lower,—only a little, though that is much to achieve, and the rarest form of matter with which we have any acquaintance [hydrogen] will surrender that mysterious energy which for the present baffles our ablest experimenters. At 270 degrees, or thereabouts, below zero (centigrade) hydrogen itself will give up the ghost, and matter as we conceive it will be dead." Hydrogen *has* been solidified, but not in a form permanent enough to admit of experiment.



cidental effects is that it also kills true inquiry, and with it the spirit of true inquiry. If all knowledge is vain, if it is certain that we can know nothing, why do we trouble at all about searching for the truth? Thus agnosticism has actually brought about an apathy which is tired of inquiry and looks upon those who aspire after finding the truth as misguided enthusiasts who chase the mirage of a *fata morgana*.

Agnosticism is a poison; and it is time to stop its application to the patient.

Agnosticism, after all, will not free us from the gnosis of religious dogmatism. Should our religion survive its application, it will make us *blasé*, it will blight our ideals and stop the progress of mankind.

Mrs. Bodington must pardon me if she finds me loath to enter so repeatedly the lists against agnosticism. The agnosticism of modesty, by which I understand that attitude of the inquirer in which he is conscious of his lack of knowledge, is praiseworthy and commendable; but philosophical agnosticism, which claims that knowledge in itself is impossible, is a disease. It is more than an error; it is an error practically applied as a general maxim of conduct, and therefore we say that it is a disease.

The confession *ignoramus* when we face unsolved problems is the first step toward their solution; but the maxim *ignorabimus* is an injurious self-conceit, especially if it is pronounced with an arrogance which under the pretense of modesty implies that its real meaning is *ignorabilis* i. e. "you cannot know." For our *ignorabimuses* rarely keep their agnosticism for home use, but are, as a rule, great wiseacres and prescribe the recipe of modesty only for others.

Mrs. Bodington is not a doctor who prescribes agnosticism to others, but a patient into whose system the drug has been injected; she suffers under its injurious effects, she writhes with pain and does not know what to make of it. We cannot read her expositions without sympathy, but there is no help so long as she closes her eyes to the light that the truth can be inquired into and stated not only in the various fields of the natural sciences but in religious fields also. The science of religion is not, as Mrs. Bodington believes, an impossibility; and the truth to be discovered by the science of religion depends as little as the correctness of mathematical theorems upon our individual idiosyncrasies.

Mrs. Bodington's fable of the ants proves nothing in favor of agnosticism. We grant that ants cannot have an adequate idea of the gardener and his tools; but if the gardener plays a rôle in the world of ant-ideas he would not be comparable to our conception of God. Suppose the ants were rational beings, it would be quite natural to them to think of God as an omniscient and omnipotent arch-ant.

On the supposition of such conditions, we grant to Mrs. Bodington the probability that there should rise among the ants agnostic philosophers who do not believe in an ant-God but declare that there is a "supreme energy" which we must revere in humbleness always conscious of our inability to understand it. The error is natural; nevertheless it is an error. Why should ants, or we, or any other beings, worship "energy" and call it "the Supreme Energy," spelling it with capitals? To speak with religious reverence of "energy" appeals to my mind about as much as the materialists' deification of matter and motion. We might as well worship the Divine Steam Power, or the Inscrutable Electricity.

Should ants acquire reason, so as to be able to count, to measure, and to argue, they would create science and finally also work out a scientific and scientifically tenable God-idea. The God-idea, as we have pointed out on other occasions, is a moral idea. God is the authority of conduct; and the authority of conduct is not a person, not an arch-man, nor an arch-ant, nor any other creature, be it ever so large, great, and powerful.

God is more than an individual being; he is neither human nor formical (i. e. antish) but of a higher nature. He moves in the life that ensouls ants and men and other beings and he is that immutability of existence to which we have to conform in whatever we undertake; in a word, he is the authority of conduct.

Ant-morality would culminate in the aspiration of preserving and developing the ant-soul. If ants were rational beings and developed a religion, their religion would in the course of evolution ultimately become exactly that which we call the religion of science.

The essential nature of science is that its formulation does not depend upon our idiosyncrasies. Science is objective, not subjective; and scientific truths are discovered, not invented. Their character is fore-determined by the nature of things.\*

The same is true of religious truth. The nature of our religious ideal is fore-determined, as much as man's reason and as the multiplication-table in our arithmetical primers; for it is ultimately founded in the immutable and eternal constitution of the universe.

P. C.

#### CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

##### LAMOR ON MOUNT SINAI.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

NOW WHEN the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, and were come into the wilderness of Sinai,

Behold upon Mount Sinai the Lord descended in fire;

\* Cf. the concluding paragraphs of "The Philosophy of the Tool" (*The Open Court*, p. 3741.)



And the Lord said unto Moses, Charge the people lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish : set bounds about the mount and sanctify it.

For I, the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, I, even I, am a consuming fire.

And Moses did as the Lord commanded, and sanctified the mount, and set bounds about it, and charged the people that they break not through.

But Lamor came unto Moses, saying, I desire to see God's face ; suffer me, I pray thee to go forth into the wilderness, even unto the mount which thou hast sanctified, and to go past the bounds which thou hast set.

Moses answered and said unto Lamor, Heardest thou not what the Lord God hath commanded ?

And Lamor said, I heard ; but I heard also that the Lord our God hath brought us out of the house of bondage.

And Moses said again unto Lamor, Heardest thou not what God said,—I am a consuming fire ?

And Lamor said, I heard ; but yet I fear not, and I would see God face to face, suffer me to go.

And when Moses would not suffer him to go Lamor departed by night into the wilderness, even beyond the bounds towards Mount Sinai which Moses had set and sanctified unto the Lord.

And in the morning Lamor came unto the mount, and he toiled all the day upward. And on the second night it grew cold, and frost and snow and ice were round about him in the wilderness.

And Lamor looked up and beheld a cloud that covered the mount ; and out of the cloud proceeded thunder and lightning and hail and a stormy wind ; and the voice of God was heard speaking out of the cloud :

Lamor, Lamor, why seekest thou to see my face ?

And Lamor answered, I freeze because of the cold, but though I perish yet would I seek thee.

And the Lord God said unto Lamor, Because of thy faith, yea even because of thy desire, thou shalt see my face ;

Go to now and gather wood and lay it on a heap.

And Lamor did as he was commanded, and gathered wood and laid it on a heap.

And again the voice of God was heard out of the cloud saying, Take thy rod and look beside thee at thy feet.

And Lamor took his rod, and looked beside him at his feet and there was a little pool filled with yellow slime.

And God said, Dip now thy rod in the pool of slime.

And Lamor dipped his rod in the yellow slime, and God said unto him again, Take the rod, and even as

Moses smote the rock in Horeb, smite thou the rock which is at thy right hand,

That thou mayest know that I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, and that I, the Lord thy God am a consuming fire.

And Lamor did as God commanded, and smote the rock and the fire gushed out.

And God said unto Lamor, Put the fire unto the wood which thou hast laid on a heap ; and the fire took hold upon the wood and burned exceeding fierce, insomuch that Lamor went back for the heat thereof.

And God said unto Lamor, why goest thou back ?

And Lamor answered and said, I go back lest I burn, for the fire burneth exceeding fierce.

And God said again unto Lamor, Why goest thou not farther back ?

And Lamor answered and said, I go not farther back lest I freeze again.

Then God said unto Lamor, Behold thou hast seen my face. Return back down the mount whence thou camest, and see thou tell no man what thou hast seen and heard,

Lest seeing they should see and should not perceive, and hearing they should hear and not understand.

#### FOR JESUS' SAKE.

JESUS entered into a certain village of the Samaritans ;

And there were with him Philip and Bartholomew and James, the Lord's brother.

Now while they stood in the market-place they were an hungered, and did eat of the fruits of them that sold :

Pomegranates and figs and grapes and other fruits and spices also.

And while they ate he that kept the tables talked with Jesus and the other disciples.

And as the merchant was turned away a lad drew near and stole a fig and a pomegranate from the table.

Now the merchant saw him not, nor any other ;

But Bartholomew saw him, and ran and caught him.

And when he would have haled him to the judge that he be cast into prison,

Philip saith unto him, Nay, let the Lord rebuke him and let him go.

Now Jesus, having heard what was said by his disciples, was exceeding sorry ;

And he saith unto them, I charge thee, Bartholomew, that thou shouldst not condemn this lad thyself, nor hale him to the judge.

For it is not thou but this merchant whose goods he hath stolen whose right it is.



And to Philip he saith, Why should I rebuke the lad? Doth not his own heart reprove him more than my words?

Then James, the Lord's brother, seeing that Jesus was very sorrowful, spoke saying, Wist ye not what the Lord said on the mount?

If any man take thy coat let him have thy cloak also. Let the lad take whatever he will.

And Jesus grieved yet the more, and he saith unto them, Have I been so long a time with you, and hast thou not known me?

Then saith he unto the lad, Wast thou an hungered that thou hast stolen the fig and the pomegranate?

And the lad wept and answered him. Nay, but I would make merry with my friends. Yet did I never transgress before.

Then Jesus gave the lad a penny, and saith unto him, Go and buy the fruits that thou didst steal.

And steal no more; and as I have paid the price for thee, remember henceforth to keep the law for my sake.

And when the lad had gone away free, Jesus saith unto his disciples, and unto the merchant, and unto all them who were gathered about:

What ye have this day seen done by me in a little thing,

That also must I do in a greater thing.

For what I have done for the lad this hour that must I do for the world, that for my sake the world may be free.

#### THE ETHICS OF EVOLUTIONISM.

MR. M. M. MANGASARIAN discussed in his last Sunday lecture the nature of conscience, and incidentally criticised Darwinism and the theory of evolution. He finds much that is grand and true in evolution; he says:

"Descent from a 'degenerated' Adam cannot be more ennobling than ascent from an humble animal which had through ages of progressive movements reached a higher plane of life and become the parent of man. To have come from a risen animal is more prophetic of our future than to have come from a fallen man."

But he complains that:

"Evolution does not recognise moral responsibility. There is no room for the 'ought' in Darwin. You must choose this pleasure instead of that, but if you don't you would be foolish; that is all."

Discountenancing the ethics of Darwinism, Mr. Mangasarian asks:

"What is the source of moral accountability? I answer, the ideal... Darwinism insists that conscience is an echo of the past. No! Conscience is the voice of nature speaking to us, not of what men were or are, but of what men will be and ought to be. Instead of being a link between the present and the past it stands with its face toward the future and is the promise of the better tomorrow. It is the voice which says, 'to thine own self be true.'"

Conscience in order to be a link between the present and the future has to be "an echo of the past." If the ought were not derived from our experiences it would hover in the air and be of a mysterious origin. The ideal is not born of fairy-land but rises out of our knowledge of the real, and the real is after all the ultimate test of the ideal, and in this sense can conscience truly be called "the voice of nature."

In saying that "evolution does not recognise moral responsibility," that it leaves "no room for the ought," that, according to evolution, we only "choose this pleasure instead of that," Mr. Mangasarian follows the general misconception which imputes to evolutionism the hedonistic principles, that that is moral which yields the greatest amount of happiness. This, indeed, is the proposition of Mr. Spencer. It is true also that almost all anti-religious ethicists believe in evolution and teach the ethics of hedonism at the same time. Nevertheless, the theory of evolution is not compatible with hedonism, for the ethics of evolutionism have to be based upon the fact that the fittest will survive in the struggle for existence, and the fittest in the long run are always the most moral. The fittest to survive are, most certainly, not those who hunt for the greatest amount of pleasures, for they are doomed to perdition. The ethics of evolutionism can only be the ideal of a constant progress which, on the basis of our experiences in the past, will develop a higher, more powerful, and nobler mankind. P. C.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 327. (VOL. VII.—48.)

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## LIBERTY.

### I. A HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

PROBABLY the most effective political work ever written in Europe was Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man." Most of it was written at "The Angel," Islington,—at that time (1791) a grand hostelry, where the mail stages stopped, as may be now seen in the tile-decorations of the present "public house" which stands on the spot, and still bears the angelic name. I recently visited the place, and was told by the polite publican that within this century the inn had been twice rebuilt. Of the old edifice not a stone was left, nor even a bit of furniture; and evidently no tradition of the fact that Paine had there written the "Rights of Man." Yet there is one relic preserved from Paine's time more interesting than the building or the furniture: a painted figure, Parian I believe, about one foot high, classically draped. This was in the Angel Inn a hundred years ago, and it appears to me a figure of Liberty. It is probably of French manufacture, and, although there is no word or date on this goddess, it impresses me as a symbolical figure from the early and dignified days of the Revolution. In 1790-1792 Paine often passed between Paris and London. In the autumn of 1790, the year in which he sent Washington the key of the Bastille, Paine came from Paris and put up at the Angel, where he began (November) "The Rights of Man." Having no real evidence, I please my imagination with the conjecture that he brought this goddess with him, to show his radical circle in London, and beside it began his famous book.

If the figure be indeed Liberty her dingy condition, in the Angel's Bar Room, is too true a symbol of the modern regard for Liberty as compared with the passion she inspired in the breasts of Paine and his comrades. While Great Britain was trying to crush American Independence, fifteen years before Paine promulgated the Republic of the World from the Angel Inn, an enthusiastic club of republicans was formed in London. Their intellectual leader was the Rev. Richard Price, D.D., a Unitarian minister, who published such a powerful defence of the American Revolution that Congress invited him to make Philadelphia his home.

But Dr. Price remained at his post in London. He corresponded with great men in Europe, notably with the philosopher and statesman Turgot. In a letter to Turgot he wrote: "I look indeed to the new world with satisfaction and triumph; and the time will probably come when a great part of Europe will be flocking to a country where, unmolested by civil and spiritual tyranny, they will be able to enjoy in safety the exercise of reason and the rights of men." But Turgot was not sanguine, and replies: "Je ne vous parle plus des Américains: car, quelque soit le denouement de cette guerre, j'ai un peu perdu l'esperance de voir sur la terre une nation vraiment libre, et vivant sans guerre. Ce spectacle est réservé à des siècles bien éloignés." \* A few years later America was free, and there was every prospect that from the new world republican liberty would spread through Europe. The Bastille fell, and over its ruins arose a beautiful vision for mankind—the Federation of the World. At a dinner of republicans in London, at which the now aged Dr. Price was probably present, a toast was offered to the "Memory of Joshua," who executed so many kings. Paine observed that he would not treat kings like Joshua, adding: "I'm of the Scotch parson's opinion when he prayed against Louis XIV,—'Lord, shake him over the mouth of hell, but don't let him drop!'" Paine then gave his toast, "The Republic of the World." This incident, recorded by the poet Rogers, who was present, I have just come upon, and it appears to me remarkably characteristic of the time. The old leader, Dr. Price, preaching before the Revolution Society, November 4, 1789, broke out with prophetic rapture at events in France.

"What an eventful period is this. I am thankful that I have lived to see it. I could almost say, Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. I have lived to see a diffusion of knowledge, which hath undermined superstition and error; I have lived to see the rights of men better understood than ever, and nations panting for liberty which seemed to have lost the idea of it; I have lived to see thirty millions of people, indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery, and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice,—their king led in triumph, and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects."

With this happy vision on them, the eyes of the

\* "I say no more to you of the Americans; for whatever be the outcome of this war, I have rather lost hope of seeing on the earth a nation truly free, and living without war. This spectacle is reserved for very distant centuries."



venerable Dr. Price closed in death. Happily he never lived to witness the conspiracy of thrones against France, fomented by Burke, planned by Pitt, which caused the French Revolution to end in madness. For a century that Revolution has borne the brand due to the brow of Royalism. Liberty was involved in that disgrace and has never recovered from it. The aureola which America had woven around her brow was extinguished by the sentence of Madame Roland, when from her scaffold she apostrophised the statue—"O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

So went down in blood a great day of human hope, whose rising had a grand rose of dawn. The foes of Liberty had by terrorism evoked terrorism, and managed to deliver up the Revolution to demagogues, who fulfilled all the hopes of Tyranny. Nearly every noblest friend of Liberty was guillotined; and even Paine, who alone escaped his death-sentence, was compelled in the end to modify his old faith in the universal passion of the people for Liberty. In the year 1804, when the people of Louisiana petitioned Congress for self-government and freedom to continue the slave-trade, Paine wrote them a public letter, in which he says:

"In proportion as you become initiated into the principles and practice of the representative system of government, of which you have yet had no experience, you will participate more, and finally be participators of the whole. You see what mischief ensued in France by the possession of power before they understood principles. They earned liberty in words, but not in fact. The writer of this was in France through the whole of the Revolution, and knows the truth of what he speaks; for after endeavoring to give it principle, he had nearly fallen a victim to its rage."

This allusion was especially appropriate for Louisianians, mainly French, but Paine's words are pregnant, and bear on the issues of our later time. When that great apostle of Liberty, after fuller experiences of revolutionary struggles than any man who ever lived, confessed that the people could not be trusted with power before they understood principles; that the liberty they might so earn must be a mere word, not a fact; we may conclude *a fortiori* that the rest of the world had reached that conclusion. Liberty ceased to be a watchword either in Europe or America (where slavery steadily gained sovereignty through the "self-government" of states). Although during the century which has intervened since the French Revolution, the Africans in America have been freed, and the serfs of Russia; in neither case was emancipation the result of any popular love of Liberty. Slavery in America committed suicide, and Serfdom in Russia ended by the moral sentiment of a Czar. During that time there have been only two small books published actually defending the principles of Liberty,—Wilhelm Von Humboldt's "Sphere and Duties of Government," and John Stuart Mill's essay on "Liberty." Both of these books

were answered with almost a chorus of denials by eminent men,—among others by the English Judge, Sir James Stephen,—and those principles are to-day regarded in England as the "fad" of Herbert Spencer, Auberon Herbert, and the small Society formed for the defence of personal liberty from the constant encroachments upon it.

Such is the confirmation of Napoleon Bonaparte's discovery, uttered to one of his instruments, in these words: "The people do not care about Liberty; what they want is equality. Those who care for Liberty are a few peculiar persons." In those words lay the secret of Napoleon's power. He was the one man able to read the revolutionary rune,—“Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.” He knew that Liberty could not coexist with social equality. That it was social,—not merely legal,—equality the revolutionists aimed at, was proved by its association with Fraternity. If people have liberty they may accord liberty to all others, but socially they will distinguish between equals and inferiors, and fraternise with those who can exchange advantages. This is true among all sorts and conditions of men, high and low. Social equality in a free community is visionary.

But there is a community that is not free,—an army in the field. The equality and fraternity impossible in peaceful and industrial society may be approximated where men are reduced to one and the same function, where they become uniforms and rifles, have one purpose, and are made comrades by common conditions, regulations, and dangers. The revolutionists' dream of Equality and Fraternity led them inevitably under a military despotism. Napoleon took away all personal liberty, but he gave the French more equality and fraternity than they ever had, before or since. He organised them into a militant mass, a unit formed of equal atoms, an engine obedient to his hand. He ruled the nation absolutely; his ghost ruled it after he was dead,—and is not laid yet.

## THE VIEW FROM MY LEDGE.

### II. GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

A RAY of light comes to my ledge. I see as a student of evolution that no instinct has been, or, indeed, could be evolved in vain. Is it possible, then, that the instinct which prompts man,—as soon as he rises above the lowest savage state,—to yearn after something unseen, to be dissatisfied with earthly joys and ambitions, to crave for a love of which all other love is but a type, is a vain instinct? Why do we feel that we "have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come"? Why, centuries before the Christian era, did the Aryan mind evolve the most sublime theories as



to the Supreme Energy? Why, millenniums earlier did the Chaldeans imagine a Deity who was the personification of beneficent power? It may be said, it is said, that dreams and fears of the personified powers of Nature account for the religious instinct. But, allowing that like other imperfect earthly things, the religious instinct originated in false fears, why is it still an imperious instinct, now that we no longer fear phenomena whose secondary laws we understand? Besides, the religion of the highest intellects has never been one of fear; it is completely disassociated from fear in our minds, and is a craving after a felt, but unknown, essence of Love and Goodness.

But the Agnostic is here met by a new difficulty. The more we know of the phenomena of nature, the more we feel we are in the presence of forces utterly mechanical and irrational, acting without the slightest regard for the "moral *ought*," which has silently and slowly taken its place as the great factor in raising human beings above the brutes.\* Nature is neither moral nor immoral; she is simply *amoral*. Says J. S. Mill:

"Next to the greatness of these cosmic forces, the quality which most forcibly strikes every one who does not avert his eyes from the fact, is their perfect and absolute recklessness."

All that has been learned in biology since Mill wrote has added confirmation a thousandfold to his indictment against Nature. The lowest organisms, the most ignoble parasitic fungi and protozoa, prey upon the highest creatures and bring death in swift delirium or protracted hopeless torture in their train. All organic life exists by the destruction of other organic life, and the devices adopted by both animals and plants in their life-long, mutual struggle would presuppose a prompting intelligence,† were it not for the hideous cruelty involved. The various species of solitary wasps have each their special victims or mass of victims, stung to paralysis, but not to death, to be a living, helpless prey for the wasp-grub. The lovely *Araujia albens* of California employs the gynæcium of its tempting white blossoms as a moth-trap, where the wretched insects are caught and hang helpless till they starve to death. The various species of ichneumonous flies lay their eggs in the bodies of living caterpillars.

Often the devices for self-protection are as beautiful and harmless as they are marvellous; as in the numerous cases of symbiosis, where plants and animals mutually assist one another; or where "protective mimicry" aids an animal to elude its foes. Here again, we must take the bad with the good, and ac-

knowledge the utter impartiality of nature as to suffering, or the reverse.

Were my judgment not biassed against the hypothesis, I should feel myself compelled to postulate an Intelligence prompting and directing the extraordinary phenomena we see in the efforts for self-preservation of organic beings. How should the Spheex, the solitary wasp which never sees her young, know exactly how many victims to provide for their sustenance; how can the queen bee, by the extraordinary mechanism with which she is provided, be able to produce drone eggs and know when these are needed; how have intestinal parasites found the widely differing hosts in which they spend their life-cycle; how did the animals and vegetables which spend their existence in mutual dependence first find one another? A thousand more such questions might be asked. Natural Selection is simply a convenient expression for a mass of marvels about which we comprehend nothing except that they exist. It shows what advantages animals may derive from changes in form and habits, but *it does not account for the very smallest of these changes.*

But, supposing I allowed myself to imagine a directing Intelligence; it would be as reckless of suffering, as blind as to beneficial results, as Nature herself. We have not here the Power which could have aroused in human breasts the "moral ought,"—the sense of duty, of altruism, of virtue.

Is there not another hypothesis we may allow ourselves to entertain,—one shadowed forth by J. S. Mill in his noble "Essays on Religion"? Is it not a rational hypothesis that matter and energy are eternal and indestructible, indued from and to all eternity with the qualities our researches are beginning to recognise; that Nature, as we know it, is the inevitable result of these qualities, and that "good" and "evil" are not terms to be used of necessarily amoral forces? Is it not also a rational hypothesis that something, which in our ignorance of its nature we may call God, represents in the universe the principle of moral good; that this something has slowly, uncertainly, with difficulty, communicated some of the distinguishing quality of moral goodness to the human race, and that the yearning for we know not what beyond visible nature is the yearning of the human heart for closer union with this Unseen Power, which draws us ever away from earth? Never, in this life, can I know whether this hypothesis is true, but if this earthly life is all, I shall at least never awake to the despair of finding it to be false.

In either theological or philosophical speculations, I can never see the advantage to be gained from altering the plain, everyday meaning of words. In theology it always signifies the last rally round a lost cause.

\* This view has been put with incomparable force by J. S. Mill, in his *Three Essays on Religion*, in the first essay on "Nature," page 28, etc.

† See on this subject the chapter on the "Instincts of Solitary Wasps,"

"The Senses of Animals," Chapter xii, and the articles on "Insectivorous Plants" and on "Parasites" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.



To take one example only. The six days in which God made the world, (and, as a task of inferior importance, "the stars also,") were always six literal days of twenty-four hours, till geology proved up to the hilt that the world had taken millenniums in becoming what we now see it. Theology fought tooth and nail for its six days, and in Sunday-school teaching the world was still made in six days. But the leaders of enlightened religious thought could not completely stop their ears to reason, and the six literal days became periods which Moses saw as in a vision,—periods which of course might be extended as one could wish.

But philosophical thinkers also wrest words from their ordinary significance, and prove elaborately that black is dark gray, melting into light grey, and in reality has been white all the time.

For the "palpitating deathlessness" of the immortality promised by religion, they bid us be satisfied with the excellent effect our good words and actions are likely to have on future generations. That in itself is a good thing; it is satisfactory if one can feel that when we are dead other people are likely to be the better for what we have said and done.

To me this is not immortality, nor anything remotely like immortality. I want to know that my individual self-consciousness will survive the grave. If you can prove to me that this hope is absurd and impossible of fulfilment, I will accept the terrible position, and recognise that this poor, short, unsatisfactory life is all; but I cannot be juggled into calling posthumous influence over others a substitute for the immortality religion promised me.

I can believe that Jesus Christ was merely a man; the best of men perhaps, but only a man. But when I lost the belief in Christ as at once divine and human, I lost the most heart-satisfying belief that suffering mortals can entertain; nothing that science, nothing that the whole world can offer, can console me for the loss. In the possession of Divine Power was a Being, not only the personification of love and goodness, but One who had Himself tasted the bitterest human sorrows, therefore one on whose fullest sympathy I could rely. One, who though all-pure, had boundless love and forgiveness for the erring; one who in agony and bloody sweat had struggled with temptation.

I have lost little children. Christianity showed me my children safe in the arms of Him who loved little children; told me that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and that their guardian angels are privileged ever to see the Father's face; promised me that when this mortal life was over I should forever be with my Saviour and my children. This belief is gone; is it not a farce to ask me to do anything but set my teeth and bear a loss which nothing can replace?

Happy, thrice happy, was our glorious poet, who, when the call came for him at sunset could trust that he was about to meet his Pilot "face to face." What wonder that these words went to the heart of all English-speaking people!

To what purpose is it to endeavor to change the plain meaning of words, such as "duty" and "unselfishness," and say that after all every one does only what it is most pleasant for him to do? We were ordered to give up the use of the term "unselfishness," for we were shown it only meant that with some people the highest form of pleasure was to please others. But we had at once to take up another word to express the same thought, and we now say "altruism." What is gained in clearness of thought?

Suppose we say there is no such thing as "duty," (what I have called the "moral ought,") supposing we say the martyrs for truth enjoyed themselves better in the flames than they would anywhere else; that Winkelried found keen pleasure in pressing the clump of spears to his own breast that his countrymen might pass on to victory; that the women who have given up fair hopes of married happiness that they might devote their lives to aged parents or to the sick and suffering, do only what they like best to do. We should still want a word to express this "pleasure" in doing everything that ordinary human nature most shrinks from; we should still want to know why, alone amongst living beings, men and women should be given to this form of "pleasure."

Professor Huxley speaks of the ethical tendency in man as a slender rill which has to contend against the strong current of animal impulses. In this sense we may indeed speak of a "stream of tendency," but how this metaphor can represent or replace a self-conscious Deity I fail to see. But one can imagine that this "stream of tendency" emanates from a Supreme Goodness, which slowly and with difficulty is infiltrating our moral nature. As Mill has pointed out with merciless logic, it is impossible consistently with the commonest rules of reasoning to hold that the Supreme Being (if there be one) can be at the same time all-powerful and all-good.

The millennium, the golden age on earth, was still a possibility for scientific thinkers half a century ago, and George Eliot was able to persuade herself that this millennium on earth could satisfactorily replace the heaven promised by religion. But science steps in to bar the door of this earthly paradise.

Paleontology shows that the life of the mammalia has existed for only a brief geological space in the past; that the palmy days of warm-blooded animals had passed away before the Glacial Period, and that those peopling the world at present are but scattered remnants of once widely extended families. The an-



thropomorphic apes are but a shrunken remnant, and they are branches of the stock from which we ourselves are descended.\* The paleontologist, reasoning from analogy, would say that man cannot hope to escape the fate which has befallen other animal species; historically his career may still be long, for all human history represents a few seconds in geology; but he is inevitably doomed to extinction.

Astronomy shows a cooling sun, and an earth which will revolve ever more slowly around it, a dead cinder like the moon.

Evolution shows that the struggle for existence, resulting in the survival of the fittest, (with all the resulting horrible sufferings of the weak,) is an absolute necessity for the maintenance of any species at its highest level of efficiency. If we could by any possibility do away with the struggle for existence going on now amongst human beings, we should simply produce an inevitable degeneration.

Comparative pathology shows us an immense number of rudiments inherited from a long line of invertebrate hermaphrodite ancestors,† which are the fertile sources of disease and death; which no conceivable improvement in medical knowledge could enable us to guard against. Death and disease must continue to result from obstructions of the *appendix vermiformis*, from blocking up of the Fallopian tubes, from tumors arising from the vestigial remnants of a hermaphrodite condition; from want of valves in veins, where an animal going on all-fours required no valves; the list would take a volume. A serious drawback to the comforts of an earthly millennium, even though all diseases arising from microscopic parasites could be exterminated.

Earthquakes, cyclones, and other gentle manifestations of the great cosmic forces must, of course, continue to have their hecatombs of victims, but they may be considered "*une quantité négligeable*." Their fitful nature makes them less mischievous in practice than the silent forces which *never* relax their pressure.

There are ominous signs, too, that the animal nature of man shows symptoms of giving way under the pressure our modern civilisation puts upon it. Amongst these I have only time to allude to the alarming increase of insanity.‡ Cancer has made giant strides, too, with the increase of material comfort § in the last half century, but, as a disease of parasitic origin, it is reasonable to hope for its disappearance in course of time. But the increase of insanity offers us no such hope; it attacks us in the very instrument of progress and lays its victims lower than the brutes.

I have little hope that I shall convert any one to

the belief in agnosticism as a reasonable mental position. According to our individual idiosyncrasy we assimilate the facts that science reveals. But I hope, too, that I may have done something to show that the agnostic holds a position not very easy to take by storm.

We understand the secondary causes of an immense number of phenomena, and *if this life is all* we know almost as much as it is necessary to know for all practical purposes. For all practical purposes, indeed, man got on very fairly until yesterday with knowledge that was purely empirical. One could set a hen on eggs with the result of getting a brood of chickens, without knowing anything at all about karyokinesis or polar globules or any other fact in embryology. Farmers planted clover to renovate an exhausted piece of arable land, without knowing anything about the bacteria which assimilate nitrogen for the benefit of leguminous plants. But of primary causes, or a Primary Cause, we still know as little as ever.

The "greater the circle of light, the deeper is the darkness" which still enshrouds the veiled Isis.

Astronomers understand the laws of gravitation and can find hitherto unseen suns and planets through this knowledge. But no one has the slightest idea what this power of gravitation is, or through what medium it acts. It acts (to all human tests that can be applied) instantaneously, yet it must act through some medium; since, as Sir Isaac Newton pointed out and as the very latest researches in physics confirm, no action is possible through a vacuum.

It is proved that heat, light, chemical energy, electricity, and magnetism are all manifestations of one and the same force acting through the vibration of ether. But no one has the faintest idea what this all-pervading ether is; all definitions fail in hopeless self-contradictoriness. We only know that vibrations of something unknown, which for convenience we call ether, affect our senses. We do not know either what the motive force is, nor why or how it manifests itself in these different vibrations.

I would sum up by saying that whilst the agnostic feels he knows nothing of ultimate causes, he is not forbidden to hope for something better than this transitory life can afford, and that a ray of steady light penetrates to the ledge on which his feet are planted.

#### THE CONSOLATION OF ERRORS.

IN REPLY TO MRS. ALICE BODINGTON.

THE second part of Mrs. Bodington's article, "The View from My Ledge," is the best evidence that the drug of agnosticism cures the disease of religious gnosis only when it actually kills the patient. Should the religious feeling, after being drugged with agnos-

\* *Studies in Evolution and Biology*.—Eliot Stock.

† *Introduction to Lectures on Pathology*.—Bland Sutton.

‡ See *British Medical Journal*, February 4, 1893.

§ *Ibid.*



ticism, come to life again, the old hallucinations and visions of dogmatism will be as powerful as ever. There is but this difference, that they become painful from the sickening after-effects of the poison.

The old anthropomorphic God-idea is a simile which contains a deep truth. As soon as agnosticism penetrates the mind of a believer, he begins to doubt God's existence and remains at the same time under the spell of the God-idea. There is a need of our believing in God, and if the simile is taken from us before we have understood the truth contained in it, we shall feel an unspeakable emptiness and sadness, and life will no longer appear to us worth living.

As soon as the old anthropomorphic God-idea is conceived as nature personified, such sham problems arise as those which Mill treats in his "Three Essays on Religion." We have analysed Mill's arguments and pointed out his mistakes at length, so that we need not here enter into the subject again.\*

The most important dogma of the gnostics is their belief in the immortality of the soul. That there is a continuance of soul-life after death cannot be denied by agnosticism, but this to Mrs. Bodington is a poor substitute for the immortality of the ego. She says:

"To me this is not immortality, nor anything remotely like immortality. I want to know that my individual self-consciousness will survive the grave."

This reminds us of the Eskimos who asked the missionary whether there would be plenty of cod-liver oil in heaven. Upon being told that they would not need any cod-liver oil there, they said, "Your heaven is a poor substitute for what our medicine-man promises us after death, nor is it anything remotely like our hopes. We want plenty of cod-liver oil in heaven, and if we are not to have it, we do not care for heaven."

Man is the child of habits. We have become accustomed to certain beliefs, or rather, to speak more accurately, certain beliefs have become part of ourselves. When we find out that they are erroneous and must be given up, we naturally conceive it as a partial suicide. Says Mrs. Bodington:

"When I lost the belief in Christ as at once divine and human, I lost the most heart-satisfying belief that suffering mortals can entertain; nothing that science, nothing that the whole world can offer, can console me for the loss."

I understand Mrs. Bodington and sympathise with her pain, for I have passed through the same disappointment and suffered the same loss. But I know now that the simile is of no consequence, if but the moral is true that is contained in the simile. There is a deep meaning in the God-man idea; it teaches us that God's highest and noblest revelation appears in the tribulations of mankind struggling to realise its moral ideals. If this idea of a God-man is true, what an unspeakable

comfort does it afford us in anxieties, temptations, and vicissitudes! Now, which would you prefer: that the simile should be historical, that is to say, that it should literally have happened as it is told, and its meaning be untrue, or the reverse, that it should have never happened, but its meaning be true? If its meaning be true, what matter whether it did or did not happen here or there as an historical event?

How much we are children of habits in our traditional beliefs and in the preference we have for our private opinions can be seen by comparing Mrs. Bodington's eagerness to survive in her individual self-consciousness as the same ego, with the anxiety of Buddhists to enter into the repose of Nirvana in which the ego disappears entirely and shall not be born again, neither in this nor in the other world.

Should Mrs. Bodington call this habit of ours our idiosyncrasy, we must grant her that in this sense there is a truth in her proposition that different views are largely a question of individual idiosyncrasies. Thus the idiosyncrasy of a cow's stomach brings it about that she digests hay and straw, while to the stomach of the clearest thinker the same material would be indigestible. The question, however, is not which doctrines suit our idiosyncrasies best, but which doctrines are true. Truth is not a matter of idiosyncrasies, but of objective evidence, and our duty consists exactly in this: to adapt our idiosyncrasies to truth.

We remain unworthy of truth so long as we are slaves of habit and allow our idiosyncrasies to be the criteria of the doctrines which are to be accepted. We must overcome all that vanity (for it is a vanity) which sees desolation and utter ruin in giving up an error that has been cherished as a valuable truth; and we must have the confidence that truth is better than error.

The agnostic is like a reed shaken in the winds. He is like a sailor who breaks his compass and gives up all attempts to steer his ship. "We know nothing of the forces of nature, nor can we determine which will be the best course, so let us drift."

Not so, my friend. The position of agnosticism is neither logical, nor scientific, nor practical. Go and study the forces of nature; observe the courses of the sun and the stars; make good use of the compass; and keep your place steadily at the helm of the ship.

The compass, it is true, may be subject to variations and irregularities. That, however, should not induce us to abandon it, but on the contrary to study it more carefully, so as to become familiar with the law that governs these irregularities.

Inquire into truth, and the truth will guide you.

Accept the truth and live it, for the truth is always good. If the truth appears evil to you, or saddening, know that you have either misunderstood it, or that you have not as yet fully made it your own. The truth

\* See *The Open Court*, Nos. 239, 241, and 242.



must become the very essence of your being ; it must be your own soul and your inmost self.

Errors are a comfort to the erring only, not to the truthloving ; and to him alone whose mind hankers after error does truth appear stern.

Surrender the errors that seem a comfort to you. To give up errors is no loss, but a gain. But to learn the truth, even though it appear sad to you at first, that is a real gain.

There is no consolation in errors ; genuine consolation can be found in truth only.

Trust in the truth, for there is no other saviour.

P. C.

### BARCAROLLE.

BY CHARLES ALVA LANE.

Oh ! we find the sails of our Souls unfurled  
On Life's uncharted sea,  
Where the tempest of Time across the world,  
Blows stern and steadily.

But the mists never rise from the Port whence we sailed,  
Nor the clouds from the Shores that wait ;  
And never a barque was seen or hailed,  
Bearing back from the Thule of Fate.

We leave but a trail of laughter and wail,  
And deeds of the foam's quick kind,—  
Yea, a little song and the hopes that fail  
Are all we leave behind.

For the swirl and the swells of the fleets as they flee,  
Efface the dim paths that we break ;  
And the thirst of the Past that is under the sea  
Drinks ever the foam of our wake.

But, forward, the ship with a glad phantom crew,  
That fares among Fortunate Isles,  
Doth glimpse to the glass of our hope from the Blue,  
Where the far Future flatters and smiles

And ever we yearn to the visions that fly,  
While the sheen of the heaven endures,  
Recking not of the tempests that, slumbering, lie  
In the folds of the Blue that allures.

For surely, (we murmur,) Life's palpitant miles  
Are holding embosomed somewhere  
The shimmering shores of the shadowless isles  
Wherewithal the mirage tricks the air !

Oh ! the hope of our dreams, and doom of our deeds,  
Are they wrought of one fate's mockery,  
That the phantoms are false, and the past that recedes  
Seemeth vain as things never to be ?

Such swift, strange weathers the firmament fret,  
That never the same seems the sea !  
For Life with the leaven of Change has been set,  
And the elements work restlessly.

But on the blue joy that exults in the waves,  
And the flash of the foam of its smiles ; —  
On the quick, yellow fire of the storm when it raves,  
And the shudder of dark-rolling miles ; —

On the dawn that divideth our sails from the night,  
And the sunset that tinteth our wake, —

On the far, purple gulfs that the foamy stars light,  
And the dreams that swell 'round us and break—

On all with the eyes of an alien we gaze,  
With the heart of an exile we brood ;  
For the tide fareth forward where fogs gloom our ways,  
And we yearn through the wide solitude.

While always the moan of the old weariness  
That toils in the billows for rest  
Is pulsing in echoes that wax in their stress,  
Thro' the hungering hush of the breast,

And ever the gleam of an old Mystery  
Haunts the far, taunting reaches of thought ;  
Like phosphor-fires kindled by winds on the sea  
Its dim coruscations are caught.

But never the Silences lisping to Night,  
That ultimate secret reveal ;  
Nor ever the flash of the fiercest noon-light  
The gloom from its shadow can steal ;

For a shimmer by night, 'tis a shadow by day,  
And it haunteth and taunteth the soul,  
Till a weariness acheth within us alway  
Whether sadness or gladness control

But high in the heaven or down in the deep,  
A hidden Voice ever is heard :  
It is calm with a breath Time never can sweep,  
And the pulse of the tide never stirred.

Oh, Voice of the Infinite, echoing 'round  
With a meaning too broad for the brain !  
Hath the period of profitless heark'ning no bound ?  
Must the hunger of Nescience be vain ?

Is a meedless desiring Life's sentence and doom ?  
And the food of his strength, is it doubt ?  
Nay, wandering Echoes ! Ye gladden the gloom,  
Though ye breathe wordless messages out !

Ye hold Hope's ancient promise that glammers the brain  
With a distant undreamable fate :  
What though ear cannot catch the subtle refrain,  
Nor the bosom its burden translate ?

We will trust that it whispers of times and a world  
Where Desire has the will for his wings ;  
Where Hope in the folds of fruition is furled,  
Having passed from the uses of things ;

Where Knowledge the mist from the Mystery shall roll  
That hideth Man's Godhood in gloom—  
The Godhood that feeleth a part of the Soul  
Whose will is the wielder of Doom—

The Godhood that openeth alien eyes  
On a world that a birth has revealed,  
And doubtfully deemeth the visions that rise,  
An ancient life's memories unsealed ;

Till the past seemeth hid where the futures abide,  
And we question the life if it be  
On the ebb or the flow of the wonderful tide  
With the wash of whose waves drift we !

Yea, Soul of the Silences hymning to Hope !  
Our longings turn theeward for rest,  
As a melody gropeth through memory's scope  
In rhythmical, hungering quest



Of a song that was dear in so far-away times  
That they seem of a life overpast :  
Surely Doom hath a harbor in balcyon climes  
Where longings may anchor at last !

Into thickening distances driving dim eyes,  
We sail and we sail, wondering ;  
While, darkening downward in piled fathoms, lies  
The messageless main, murmuring.

For the firmament folds in its myriad miles  
The mainlands of Knowledge from sight,  
And the surface waves whiten with beckoning smiles,  
While they hide their far Springs in the Night.

'Tis the long-lost light, not the living star,  
The foam, not the fountain, we see ;  
Hope hangeth her dreams in the spaces afar,  
And fruition is Faith's phantasy.

So we sail and we sail, out of Night into Night,  
Over waters unmapt and unisled ;  
And a Day that is kindled with mystical light  
Flashes down where the mists are piled.

And Law is the pilot, to wreck or to ride,  
And he steers with the stress of the storm—  
With the stress of the storm, and the toil of the tide.  
And the beat of the billows that form.

Will the wandering Time-wind wail evermore  
With the voices we shed on its speed ?  
And the sea, will it hold, in its memory's store,  
The foam-form of each sunken deed ?

Oh ! chafing to change, in thine infinite sweep,  
The mass of the mutable All,  
What calleth thee, Time-Tempest, over the Deep ?  
And what Shore awaiteth thy fall ?

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PRANG COURSE IN ART EDUCATION FOR PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS. Boston : The Prang Educational Company, 1893.

The Prang Course of Art Instruction is a direct outgrowth of the introduction of drawing into the schools of Boston in 1872 by Charles C. Perkins and Prof. Walter Smith, and embodies all the main features of the development of instruction in art in public schools during the past twenty years. Recently this Course has been further developed by Mr. Louis Prang, assisted by a number of professional and pedagogical experts. Its chief excellence, and that on which its promoters lay the greatest stress, is its recognition of the æsthetic nature as an essential part of mental endowment, and one which must be developed. The method is that of a self-evolution of this nature ; the pupil being taught to utilise his own powers of observation and expression, on principles supplied by the Course and expounded by the teacher.

The direct purpose of the Course is to bring a knowledge of the elementary principles of art into the service of the people and of common every-day life. But it is also represented as a strong ally of the Kindergarten, of Elementary Science, and of Manual Training. It is not a mere series of drawing lessons, but a course of instruction in the principles and methods of fine and industrial art, utilising drawing as one of its means of expression.

The present pamphlet which contains more than fifty pages of explanations, cuts, and photographs, is handsomely got up. Its perusal will be of interest to all who are interested in these questions, whether teachers or not.

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A CONCISE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By F. J. Gould. London : Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet St., 1893.

The purpose of this history, says the author, is to show "that Christianity is but one of a great family of religions—and like them the offspring of the human mind and the product of human evolution." The present volume is the first instalment of the history, and treats only of non-Christian systems ; Christianity, together with Judaism and Mohammedanism, being reserved for a future volume. The book is not one of original research ; and, in fact, is not intended as such ; but is simply a digest of the opinions of the best religious investigators and an abridged methodical arrangement of the results of the foremost religious historians. In the part of the book which treats of the origin and development of religion Mr. Gould mainly relies upon Tylor, Spencer, and Lubbock ; we have thus an historical rather than a psychological analysis of these questions. Both as a concise survey of the religions of mankind and as a hand-book for occasional reference, Mr. Gould's work is a recommendable one ; for it unites in a cheap and brief form (it contains only 154 pages) a great deal that could otherwise be obtained only from many expensive works. It is issued for the Rationalist Press Committee.

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Mr. Arthur MacDonald, now specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, contributions by whom have also appeared in *The Open Court*, publishes as "Circular of Information No. 4, 1893," in the regular series of the Federal Bureau of Education publications, a collection of a number of his writings on the subject of criminology, and also digests of the foreign literature which has appeared on this subject. The book is a well-indexed volume of four hundred and forty-five pages, and contains information, especially of a bibliographical character, which can, perhaps, be had in no other American treatise. Its title is : "Abnormal Man, Being Essays on Education and Crime and Related Subjects, with Digests of Literature and a Bibliography"; the volume may be had by application to Commissioner W. T. Harris, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of *THE OPEN COURT* will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 328. (VOL. VII.—49)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 7, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE DECLINE OF THE SENATE.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

IN the *Forum* for November, 1893, are two articles by Prof. H. Von Holst, under the attractive titles, "Shall the Senate Rule the Republic?" and "The Senate in the Light of History." The essays will command attention, because Professor Von Holst has achieved a national reputation in this country as the author of a "Constitutional and Political History of the United States" and a "Life of John C. Calhoun." He is also Professor of History at the University of Chicago. These credentials entitle him and his opinions to respectful consideration, and those who admire the severe castigation of others will be satisfied with the highly seasoned scolding that Professor Von Holst administers to the Senators of the United States. The article is caustic, and in language hard as nails.

Professor Von Holst evidently felt an ardent, and, in his own opinion, a patriotic interest in the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Law, and he became angry and impatient because of the obstacles thrown in the way of that repeal by a small minority of the Senate. In that choleric temper, and while the repeal bill was yet pending, he wrote with excusable indignation, and asked the alarming question, "Shall the Senate Rule the Republic?"

When a man feels deeply concerning a political measure he is apt to write about it like a partisan, and if he writes in anger he is liable to be illogical, and perhaps miss the radical cause of the evil he condemns. In the present case, Professor Von Holst empties the vials of his wrath upon the senators, whereas the dangerous power that alarms him lies deeper down; the root of it is in the political constitution of the Senate.

It was intended from the beginning that the minority should "rule the republic" through a legislative right to defeat the will of the majority; and this right was conferred by the Constitution on the Senate. No bill can become a law except by permission of the Senate; no law can be repealed without that permission, and a majority in the Senate can at any time be formed by a combination of members representing but a small fraction of the population, wealth, industry, and business of the country.

At the present moment one-fifth of the people have a majority in the Senate.

Not by the scolding of senators can the tyranny of the minority be overthrown. If Professor Von Holst had a tongue sharp enough to cut glass, it would accomplish nothing, unless the keen edge of it were applied to the Senate as a constitutional aristocracy, instead of to the Senators as men. The Senate must be deprived of its lordly prerogatives and be made a representative assembly. That way lies reform.

Like many other statesmen who spiritualise the Constitution when the letter of it is against them, Professor Von Holst finds in that instrument "an underlying principle" that subverts its meaning and contradicts its words. He says the Senate "outrageously tramples under foot the underlying principle of the whole Constitution, if it perverts the right given by Article I, Section 5, Clause 2, to each House of Congress to 'determine the rules of its proceedings' into a privilege enabling every one of its members to prevent for an indefinite time its acting." Determining under that clause of the Constitution "the rules of its proceedings," the Senate rejected the so-called "gag-law," the time-saving expedient known as "the previous question," and allowed each of its members, not for "an indefinite time," but only for the present, such freedom of speech as he might wish to exercise, reserving to itself the right to change the rules whenever that freedom was perverted beyond the patience of the Senate. It is a striking comparison that when Mr. Reed, and the majority in that branch of Congress over which he presided, exercised the constitutional power to "determine the rules" and limit liberty of speech in order to defeat the dilatory tactics of the minority, he was called a "Czar," and the House of Representatives was vehemently accused of "outrageously trampling under foot the underlying principles of the whole Constitution." And, now, when the Senate pursues the opposite course and allows its members liberty, it is accused by Professor Von Holst of also trampling on those mystical "underlying principles."

Referring to the rules of the Senate that permit so much liberty of speech and action to each individual member, Professor Von Holst carelessly says: "The assertion that this has been done in a measure which



no European legislative body would have allowed is undoubtedly true." Now, that is not "undoubtedly true"; the House of Lords is a "European legislative body," and the House of Lords gives to each individual member the same freedom of speech and the same privilege of obstruction that are permitted by the American Senate. How the House of Lords would act in case the minority or a faction of that minority should block the wheels of legislation for many days, we do not know, but we do know that the House of Lords would hesitate long and anxiously before it would adopt the closure or any similar policy. It would very likely adopt the plan of the Senate, and protect itself at last by telling the filibusters that if they persisted in delaying the public business they would be compelled to come to order by an alteration of the rules. When the Senate, in real earnest, resolved upon that course of action, the filibustering stopped.

Professor Von Holst complains that "the legislature of Nevada, with a population barely sufficient for a good-sized third-class city, has the constitutional power to delegate to two men the infrangible right of condemning the seventy millions of the United States to be a stagnant pool in regard to vital questions." The metaphor is not quite clear, but through it we may perceive that Professor Von Holst complains, not that Nevada has any senators at all, but merely of their behavior. This is a trivial matter in a debate involving the whole character of the Senate, its attributes and powers. The supreme injustice lies in the Constitution itself, which allows a population barely sufficient for a third-class town to have two senators, and will not allow New York, with six millions of inhabitants, to have any more than two. This is a solecism in American politics, and it cannot be perpetual. The Constitution must eventually be amended, and such inequality become impossible. The ludicrous character of the anomaly appears when the two senators from Nevada "pair off" with the two senators from New York. Forty thousand people "pairing" on a political question with six millions is a comedy. It is true that the two senators from Nevada have the power to delay the public business by talking against time, by motions to adjourn, and all sorts of dilatory tactics, but this is not an "infrangible right"; it may be broken at any time by an alteration of the rules. And in the late contest over the Silver Bill, the "courtesy of the Senate," in allowing to its members liberty of speech until the abuse of the privilege became intolerable, increased, rather than diminished, the dignity of the Senate.

Speaking of "The Senate in the Light of History," Professor Von Holst endeavors to show that the moths have been eating it for more than forty years, and that

it has been perishing of "dry rot" ever since 1849, which in his opinion was the exact period when the Senate was in the meridian glory of its "ability and dignity." He says: "That the Senate has greatly deteriorated is a commonplace remark—a matter of universal knowledge—but how greatly it has deteriorated can be shown in no other way so forcibly as by a comparison of its members in 1849 and its members in 1893." He then "calls the roll" of the Senate of 1849, and selects from "this wonderful body of men" twenty-one as the most eminent exponents of its "ability and dignity." Awkwardly enough, among this immortal twenty-one is Henry S. Foote, who contributed so much to the ability and dignity of the Senate, by drawing a pistol on a brother senator and attempting to shoot him in the Senate chamber for "words spoken in debate." Since 1849 the Senate "has greatly deteriorated," so that revolvers as weapons of debate have become obsolete. We all know that "the good old times" is a sentimental myth, and yet we love to hear their praises chanted in the good, old, grandmotherly way. A glamour of romantic interest sparkles about the old Forty-niners of California, and why should it not irradiate the old Forty-niners of the Senate. It is kindly in young men to pay this tribute of affection to a generation gone; and an old man always takes a little of the flattery to himself when he hears his little grandson explain to him in a recitation from the *Lays of Macaulay*, how well Horatius kept the bridge "in the brave days of old."

In order to show how greatly the Senate has deteriorated, Prof. Von Holst classifies the senators by name, and separates them into five groups as if they were ethnic specimens in the museum of the Chicago University, and with critical discrimination labels them in the following order: "(1) Senators of the old type who most nearly represent the true theory and traditions of the Senate. (2) Senators who are professional politicians, and owe their elevation to political manipulation. (3) Senators who have reached their present eminence, mainly, if not entirely, by reason of their wealth. (4) Accidental senators and oddities. (5) Old foggy senators."

It will readily appear to men at all familiar with American politics and politicians that the above classification is partial and unfair. Some of the models in cabinet No. 1 might very properly be put in either of the other groups, while some of the specimens in cabinets 4 and 5 might very justly be transferred to cabinet No. 1. The danger of making those mistakes ought to have prevented the classification of the senators by name in the pages of a public magazine, and indeed it appears that Professor Von Holst himself had misgivings; for he shifts the responsibility from himself to the shoulders of six anonymous men "of most excellent



judgment, some of whom are Democrats and some Republicans, some of whom have a personal acquaintance with most of the senators and have opportunity to know them close at hand." These six men were the committee appointed by Professor Von Holst to make the classification. Before his explanation can be accepted, Professor Von Holst ought to name his authorities. The men who make such statements ought to be brave enough to let themselves be known, for it is not chivalrous to break in secret safety the laws of "personal acquaintance" and label and libel friends.

As will presently be seen, Professor Von Holst's mysterious cabinet council betrayed him into a very illogical and embarrassing position, for in the persons of the classified senators the "six men of most excellent judgment" contradict the praises that Professor Von Holst bestows upon the Senate of 1867. In admiration of that assembly he says, "The Senate realised its old ideal as a check on popular folly when it blocked the outrageous attempt to impeach Andrew Johnson, and thus to establish a precedent which would put the executive at the mercy of the legislative branch. In every great crisis since that time it has failed."

The statement is altogether incorrect. Professor Von Holst cannot be ignorant of the difference between impeachment and conviction, yet he carelessly confounds those terms as if they meant the same thing. An impeachment is nothing but an accusation; more dignified and stately than an indictment which applies to ordinary criminals, but it is only an indictment after all. Impeachment is the prerogative of the House of Representatives, but conviction must be by the Senate. Andrew Johnson *was* impeached by the House of Representatives, and "the Senate that realised its old ideal" actually declared him guilty by a majority of thirty-five to eighteen. Not only was the impeachment not "blocked" by the Senate but that body approved it and thereby vindicated the House of Representatives. The prosecution failed because the vote for conviction was one less than the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution; and so Andrew Johnson escaped punishment for attempting to reconstruct the southern states in defiance of the will of Congress; an "outrageous" attempt to put the legislative at the mercy of the executive branch.

Not being very familiar with the history of the statesmen of his time, Professor Von Holst allowed himself to be led into an awkward predicament by his invisible "six men," for while he was denouncing the Senate for certain acts of wickedness, they were putting the very delinquents who did the mischief into class No. 1, composed of "Senators of the old type who most nearly represent the true theory and traditions of the Senate." It is a comical complication but Professor Von Holst must blame the "six men" for it, that

among the senators in class No. 1 are some who were in the Senate in 1867, and actually voted Andrew Johnson guilty, while others in that same class were members of the House of Representatives then and voted enthusiastically for that "outrageous" impeachment; and one of them, Mr. Wilson of Iowa, was a member of the impeachment committee appointed by the House to prosecute the President.

Professor Von Holst gives a catalogue of legislative acts that mark the degradation and decay of the Senate, and yet nearly all the senators put by the secret council into cabinet No. 1 voted for those reprehensible bills. Professor Von Holst says that "for twenty years the Senate has been steadily, and of late rapidly degenerating," and it is very awkward for him that the men whose votes have caused this degeneracy are classified by his committee of six among the "Senators of the old theory and traditions of the Senate." It is a melancholy thought that even including the men who voted for those bad bills only nineteen senators were worthy to be classed as No. 1, while thirty-six were left out of any classification whatever, because they are "Senators who seem to belong to no logical category—simply commonplace men of no decided characteristics." Among these, of course, are Voorhees, Vest, Hale, Mitchell of Oregon, and others, who certainly deserve to be classified somewhere.

Some persons will agree, and others will disagree, with Professor Von Holst, in the opinion that the existing Senate is "a commonplace body in comparison with the Senate of any preceding time." He tempers the verdict with a recommendation to mercy, saying: "Due allowance, of course, must be made for misjudgment in every comparison of a contemporaneous body with a body in the past, whose real greatness may have been magnified by its distance from us." He agrees that "allowance must be made," but he does not make it; for if he did, he would hardly place among the great senators of 1849, Henry S. Foote, W. P. Mangum, Arthur P. Butler, J. M. Berrien, and David L. Yulec. Surely, it is nothing but the kindly magic of time and distance that can make these men great. While the number of great men in every legislature varies according to the opportunities of their era, there never was a Senate that was not composed in the main of commonplace men, with a sprinkling of orators and statesmen thrown in to give it character; giants in those days, mighty men which were of old, men of renown, like Cicero, Mirabeau, Chatham, Burke, and Webster. The critics of the next generation will be contrasting their own degenerate senators with the "Old Romans" who adorned the Senate in 1893.

Professor Von Holst censures the senators for the manner in which they exercise the power given to them by the Constitution, but he approves the power



itself that enables the minority to rule, and he concludes his article by saying: "The organisation of the Senate, and even the method of the election of senators, vindicate the wisdom of the fathers; its present *personnel* simply marks the decline of politics as one of the noble professions." He thinks it wise that Nevada should have as many senators as New York, and then censures the thistle for not bearing figs.

### IS REINCARNATION A NATURAL LAW?

BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

NO QUESTION is of more interest or of greater importance than that relating to the origin and future of a human soul. Is it as Christianity maintains, brought into existence by human agency and the grace of God, or is there any truth in that archaic belief in reincarnation which gives to every man and woman a past directly connected with the progress of the human race? The side lights which this latter theory throws upon the causes of good and evil which affect us during life and the connexion which it shows between physical evolution and the human soul are certainly very strong inducements to believe that it is the true and proper theory for a human life, but in these days theory which cannot find its explanation in modern science is not likely to take a permanent hold on modern thought, and however reasonable reincarnation may appear to the few who have gone deeply into the question, it is requisite that a basis should be shown to exist in natural law to induce the many to take the necessary steps which lead to a clear comprehension of its truth.

Let me briefly explain the theory of the re-birth. By it every human soul passes successively through many lives upon this earth in order to evolve the latent possibilities of its own perfection. Man, instead of, as is generally supposed, dropping into the line of physical evolution for a score or so of years and then vanishing for ever from the progress of events with which he has so accidentally become associated, has an individual progress of his own upon the spiritual plane of being, which like a human thread knits together successive eras of personal evolution. These countless lines of individual progress stretching from the earliest periods of earth-life into the future of our race weave themselves into a continuous background of causation for that physical development which we have learnt to recognise as the method of natural evolution, for by this theory physical life with all its visible effects is the result of an invisible and spiritual activity. In fact the reign of natural law is the objective expression of subjective and spiritual causes of which man in the abstract is the chief agent. It is not my intention here to defend this theory but to endeavor to show how modern research into the atomic and molecular struc-

ture of the human frame has reached to the knowledge of certain simple facts which prove, first, that man is possessed of an immaterial ego; second, that this ego must be re-born upon this planet.

Let me define the ego in such a way that it may be recognised at once as an indisputable fact. It is that consciousness of individual identity which we all possess and which is distinct from our recognition of ourselves as a particular person. "I am," and this knowledge requires no expansion as to the nature of this *I*, whether complex or simple, shaped or shapeless, male or female, to convince us of its absolute reality.

This is what is meant by the ego of a human being. As an intangible perception of the mind this ego appears at first sight to afford but a slender basis on which to found a proof of the nature of the connexion between earth-life and the human soul, yet when we examine into its relation to the body it informs, we shall, I think, so clearly discern its presence and its distinctive quality as to realise it as a reasonable necessity, a *thing* beyond dispute.

Whence comes this sense of individual identity? Does it proceed from any particular grouping of the brain-cells? Since there is not a single molecule or atom in the whole mass of cerebral substance which does not submit to constant change, our sense of permanent identity does not proceed from this. But if the grouping of atoms and molecules does not produce it, is it not perhaps an innate attribute of matter? To this question science answers that during an average life not only the particles of the brain but of the entire body are changed completely several times. Therefore if our identity persists throughout this period of change it cannot belong to matter.

Therefore, as neither matter nor the grouping of the cells possess identity, this latter must proceed from something which is distinctly separate from the physical man; and since an individual's identity is one and the same for all his life we must believe first that it is an immaterial unit or ego, then that its relation to the body through which it manifests is that of permanence to impermanence.

This distinction, arrived at as the result of scientific investigation, places us at once upon firm ground. We see that our individuality or permanent identity is fixed by its contrast to our personality or visible form whose particles are ever on the change, and this distinction is fatal to any attempt which may be made to deny the separateness of the consciousness of the ego from the consciousness of the body. For, while my personal consciousness is always changing in answer to the variations of atoms and molecules of which I am made, the individual consciousness of selfhood remains ever the same.

This separation between these two sources of con-



sciousness is still more apparent if we look at the method by which self-consciousness is produced. Every action of body or mind is accompanied by a consciousness that "*I am acting,*" "*I am thinking,*" and this self-perception is the result of a corresponding modification in physical substance, so that the invisible permanency of identity makes itself felt by destroying the identity of matter through which it manifests. Thus, while the change produced amongst the particles of my body takes the form of some mental perception or physical sensation, each is always accompanied by that other sense of changeless identity which comes from the immaterial (spiritual) ego.

Here, then, we have established the duality of man consisting of a physical being with a physical consciousness manifesting by the means of change and the immaterial ego whose whole existence depends upon the exact opposite of the other, a changeless permanency throughout a life. The question which we have to solve is whether science can afford a proof that it must be subject to re-birth upon this earth. Let us seek for a solution in the law of heredity. Controversy is still active as to how far environment affects the offspring of a human being and how far natural selection is responsible for those initial peculiarities which form the basis of a human character, but even if we take heredity in its most limited senses as defined by Galton and by Weismann we shall, I think, have sufficient left to prove that re-birth is necessary to the human ego.

A man's character may be said to be the representation of his mental and physical condition, and both these states are expressed objectively by activities productive of corresponding changes in material or in the grouping of atoms and molecules in the brain or body. But every one of these changes is accompanied by an emission of self-consciousness which is inseparable from them, and it becomes therefore a question as to whether physiological derangement is the cause of this self-consciousness or whether the latter is the cause of the former. We know that self-consciousness is the result of the ego identifying itself with every one of these simple or complex modifications in the physical substance of the human body. We also know that this act of identification leaves the identity of the ego unaltered while it gives to the atoms and molecules which are manifesting it an identity which does not really belong to them. In fact the effect of identification is only operative on the substance identified and not on the ego, and therefore the ego must be the cause of these modifications and changes in the physical man. It follows from this that every sensation and thought is caused by the ego bringing to bear upon the atoms and molecules of brain and body its power of identification in order to manifest self-consciousness in the physical man. In this way it becomes the direct cause of the

manifestation of personal character and our problem narrows itself down to this: is there any portion of a personal character which we know to be a permanent basis for the rest? Undoubtedly the law of heredity offers such a basis and therefore we have established the fact that personal characteristics are partly permanent and partly subject to change, and since we have seen that matter is incapable of furnishing anything in the shape of permanent identity it becomes evident that it comes direct from the ego, while the former is found in the physical man as an external and mutable consciousness evoked out of matter by the power of an inner and changeless egoity. Thus the basis of character exhibited by the law of heredity lies in the soul, while those characteristics which are derived from environment and are identified with the ego belong to the ever changing and physical personality. But if heredity is the expression of egoity it implies that the ego must have evolved, and since its evolution takes the form of heredity it must have evolved upon this earth. Therefore birth is a re-birth and the evolution of physical man is based on the permanent characteristics acquired by the evolving soul. The whole proof of reincarnation from this point of view lies in the fact that heredity comes from the ego itself and not from the physical man, and is based on the impossibility which the atoms and molecules of physical substance lie under of furnishing anything like a permanent and unbroken identity. But in this we are brought face to face with what seems a contradiction: for if the soul evolves what becomes of its characteristic of immutable permanency? But on closer analysis this objection is found to be superficial. That which distinguishes one human being from another is force of character; sometimes it is feeble so as to cause him or her to be put down as colorless and lacking in individuality; sometimes it is so prominent that the possessor becomes marked off and separated from the crowd; and between these two extremes it exists in countless gradations of power appropriate to the diversity of character exhibited by different persons. Now force of character represents a greater or less degree of individuality and it is active in us as a more or less vivid perception of self as unfolded in our self-consciousness. It is therefore dependent on the sensitiveness which the outer consciousness of the physical man possesses to answer to the power of identification exercised on the atoms and molecules of the body by the ego within. But this increase in identity does not change it; and if, as we have seen, the degree of force of character possessed by the ego is manifested in physical man as definite hereditary characteristics, this simply means that certain permanent peculiarities accompany the exercise of definite degrees of individuality. So that the evolution of a human soul is found to consist in its ob-



taining a stronger or weaker capacity for individualisation in matter and according to its acquired individuality, so will certain well-defined and appropriate characteristics accompany every manifestation of self-consciousness which appears in the physical man.

#### THE EGO AS IDENTITY OF SELF.

MR. THOMAS WILLIAMS asks, "Is reincarnation a natural law?" and answers the question in the affirmative. Like him, we also believe that reincarnation takes place, and that it takes place according to natural law. In fact, heredity is reincarnation, for heredity is a transference not only of bodily, but also of spiritual, peculiarities; it is a preservation of psychical not less than of physical qualities; it is a continuance of soul-forms.

We may add, incidentally, that the human soul is preserved, not only by heredity, but also by education. Heredity, however, is and will always remain the broad basis of any and all soul-transference, for heredity transmits the dispositions without which any amount of instruction would be as hopeless as the attempt to teach a monkey writing and reading.

Reincarnation, being the reappearance of souls in the bodies of new generations, must, together with heredity, be taken as a fact. Not the fact, but its interpretation, can be subject to doubt.

The main objection to the term "reincarnation" lies in its having been too frequently used in the service of dualistic conceptions of the soul. When a man died, his soul was supposed to leave his body, to hover about in the air, or in some unknown region, and then to re-enter another body, from which it could again be separated only by death. These fantastic notions must, of course, be dropped, and we need not even take the trouble to refute them in the shape in which they were and are still held by the people of India, who take the mythology of their religion for literal truth.

There is perhaps no one among us who would accept the idea of a migration of souls, such as the ancient Hindus believed in. Nevertheless, that soul-conception upon which this view is based has still many advocates, and may even be regarded as the most popular one among the people, in the churches, and also at our universities. The soul is still regarded as an entity which has an independent existence, and which, after leaving the body on death, will, like a material thing, remain for a while in a particular place. This soul-entity is supposed to produce the continuity and unity of our psychical life. The notion of a separate ego-entity is based upon that consciousness of identity which refers all the feelings we experience, the thoughts we have, and the acts we perform to one and the same being, called by every one speaking of him-

self. "I." This hypothetical being, supposed to be at the bottom of all psychical acts as their agent or *primum movens*, may be briefly called the ego-soul.

We say that the belief in an ego-soul is the basis of the old Hindu mythology of metempsychosis or soul-migration; indeed, there is no material difference between the one and the other view; and we add that it must be rejected as a wrong interpretation of the facts of reincarnation.

Mr. Thomas Williams presents with great lucidity and vigor in his article the reason which to me has always appeared as the strongest argument in favor of an ego-soul. The argument is not new; it is as old as our scientific materialism. When Baron d'Holbach came out with his famous work, "*Le système de la nature*," in which he analysed man and declared that his whole being consisted merely of material particles in motion, he and men of his kin received the answer that the soul continued even after the changes of the body's material particles and must therefore be regarded as something different from matter in motion.

J. P. Hebel, the famous calendar-writer, who as such, and in his style, but not in his conception of life, greatly resembles Benjamin Franklin, summed up the whole case in a brief little article, entitled "An Argument in Favor of the Immateriality of the Soul."\*

"The physicists have demonstrated that the body of man is in a constant state of transformation; that in the course of a few years it is a totally changed and new body in all its parts. That is to say, after a lapse of ten years we possess, so far as component elements are concerned, different nerves, and, of course, different nervous fluids, and yet the same old soul. The soul, consequently, cannot consist of matter.

"My body has, then, in this point of view, wholly changed at least three times in my life, and I have not noticed the change in the least; I have always had the same consciousness, and feel that I still continue the same individual. Now, what is that part of my being that feels and knows this? What fixed point of my unchangeable existence is it in me by means of which I, despite all the tritransitions and evaporations of my material parts, am still always the same? Must it not be something unchangeable, and, thus, something immaterial?"

"That the scarred wound on the arm that I now have still pains me as it pained on the day on which it was made and healed, is intelligible. The scar itself informs me that the parts here are arranged in a defective and unnatural manner; that the normal organic action of nature cannot return until the scar is gone. So, too, new parts arrange themselves defectively, and as long as this goes on I must continue to feel new pain. Not the wound that I received twenty years ago, nor the scar that formed in its place now pains me, but the scar that I now have, for the very same reason that the original one pained me. This is intelligible enough.

"But, that I can recognise a sermon, a poem, or a piece of music that I hear with the ear I now have, as the same that I learned by heart fifteen years ago, or listened to at that time with special sympathy and pleasure; or that these fingers can now play a piece upon the piano which I have perhaps not thought of in an equal number of years—such a feat would be unintelligible if there

\* Hebel was a contemporary of Napoleon I. The article quoted is found in *Hebel's Werke*, II, p. 310, Berlin, G. Grote.



were not something in me that had not suffered since that time a change of its parts, and is therefore immaterial."

Hebel's argument proves indeed that the soul is immaterial, but it does not prove the existence of an ego-soul. Hebel claims that there is a difference between the scar and the memory-trace of a melody or a word. The memory of the pain of the wound, which continues to be felt in the scar, is comprehensible, but the memory of such brain-impressions as are left by words is, as he claims, incomprehensible. Is this consistent? Is not the continuity of the one as easily understood as that of the other; and if the pain of the wound, as a peculiar kind of feeling, is preserved in the scar as a peculiar misformation of the tissues, why should not in the brain, also, the form of a feeling be preserved with the form of its cerebral structures? The material particles of our body change, but the form is preserved; and the form of an organism is that which constitutes its soul.

It is apparent that the assumption of an identity-preserving soul-centre is gratuitous and redundant. There is in every organism a continuity of form. In the constant flux of matter through our body the traces of impressions are preserved; and the organism thus acquires the disposition to reproduce the feelings of former sense-impressions, whenever their forms are revived by some agitation.

Souls are the forms of feelings, of thoughts, of impulses, of aspirations. The feelings which I have are at the same time brain-motions; the former are the subjectivity, the latter the objectivity of my existence. No subjectivity is, according to the monistic world-view, thinkable without its objectivity; and *vice versa*, every objectivity is conceived of as having a subjectivity corresponding to its form.

This view seems to do away with the soul, but it only does away with the hypothesis of soul-substantiality and of the ego-soul. The facts of soul-life remain; that interpretation only which assumed the existence of a hypothetical soul-entity or identity-creating centre has been abandoned. We might as well assume an identity-creating substance for the fountain which remains the same by preserving its form in the constant flux of its waters. He who denies that there is in the fountain such an identity-creating thing which would exist even if there were no water, a kind of fountain-in-itself, does not as yet deny the existence of the fountain. There are no fountains-in-themselves, nor are there souls-in-themselves; yet there are souls and there are fountains, and the form of a fountain can be renewed as well as souls are reincarnated in coming generations.

Truly, there is a migration of soul. It is a transfer, not of mysterious soul-monads or ego-entities, but of soul-forms; it is not material, but spiritual. Wherever

you impress your ideas and aspirations, there you insert your soul. You make your own being migrate, and it will continue to exist and to live and to grow. The continuity of our personality during our own life, and also the immortality of our souls, are brought about by the preservation and transfer of soul-forms.

We have to learn that forms are not nonentities; they are the most important realities in the world. To say that souls are forms does not mean that souls do not exist, but only that they are unmaterial.

It is quite difficult to understand that something may be unmaterial and yet real. Therefore all the teachers of mankind who for ethical purposes have had to instruct people concerning the nature of the soul, (for ethics is mainly a dietetics of the soul,) have resorted to parables, in which the soul is represented as an entity. The parable is a vehicle for conveying a truth to those who are not as yet able to grasp it. The immature can feel the truth in a parable and may be benefited by it as though they had understood it.

Those who have abandoned the errors of the substantiality of the soul, of the ego-entity, and similar conceptions, should know and bear in mind that the reality of the soul remains the same as before. The preservation of soul-forms, called memory; the continuity of life, which is the basis of personality; the immortality of psychical being; and the reincarnation of souls—are actualities. They may lose in the light of science the glamor of mysteriousness, but at the same time they will gain in importance, grandeur, and dignity the better they are known.

P. C.

## CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

### THE PARABLE OF THE BLIND MAN.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

AND Jesus spake again a parable unto them, saying, Behold, there was a certain rich man which had a vineyard;

And when the time came for the ripening of the grapes there were few laborers to be hired.

Then the rich man saith unto his steward, Go ye into the market-place and hire men to gather my grapes;

And if ye find not them whose business it is to gather the fruit of the vine for the wine-press, hire others also, and whoever will come to gather my grapes forbid him not.

So the steward did as his lord commanded, and went into the market-place and hired laborers, and others also;

And he came with them whom he had hired unto his lord and saith unto him, The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few.

Yet have I done as thou hast commanded: I have



hired others also, the halt, and the aged, and even this blind man.

And the rich man saith unto his steward, Thou hast done well; give therefore to every one a basket, and send him into my vineyard, that he may gather grapes for the wine-press.

So every one of them that had been hired went forth unto the vineyard and toiled all the day.

And at nightfall they came and brought the grapes which they had gathered unto the wine-press.

And of the laborers, some brought an hundred baskets, and some sixty, and some thirty.

And when my lord reckoned with them he commanded his steward to give unto every man according to his work,—unto him who gathered an hundred baskets, ten farthings,—unto him who gathered sixty baskets, six farthings, and unto him who gathered thirty baskets, three farthings.

Then came also the others, the halt and the aged; and some had ten baskets, and some five, and some three.

And my lord commanded his steward to give unto every man according to his work,—unto him who gathered ten baskets, ten farthings,—unto him who gathered five baskets, five farthings, and unto him who gathered three baskets, three farthings.

Then the steward saith unto my lord, Lo! now will I do as thou commandest; but on the morrow, when the laborers come again to gather thy grapes, they will murmur against thee.

And will say among themselves, what doth it matter if we be idle? And he that gathered an hundred baskets will gather ten,—and he that gathered sixty will gather six, and he that gathered thirty will gather three.

Then my lord saith unto the steward, Do as I have commanded thee, for the work of the day shall reckon for itself.

And again my lord saith unto the steward, Where is the blind man? And even as he spake, the blind man, standing afar off, lifted up his voice and saith, Here am I.

Again he saith, (because he heard the voice.) I come quickly. And when he drew nigh, the steward saw that he had gathered no grapes;

And he was angry, and saith unto the blind man, Thou wicked and slothful servant; thou hast been idle all the day and hast gathered nothing. Go thou away empty.

Then the blind man lifted up his voice and wept, and saith, Say not that I have been slothful, but rather that I have toiled all the day and have gathered nothing. Let it be as my lord commandeth.

Then the lord rebuked the unjust steward, and saith unto him,

Give unto the blind man ten farthings, and let him go his way, for he hath done what he could.

Verily, I say unto thee, the laborer shall indeed be judged by the fruit of his labor;

And the halt and the aged likewise, each according to his ability.

For of a truth I require of no man more than he is able, and of this blind man do I require nothing, for thou didst hire him to work in my vineyard, knowing that he was blind.

#### NOTES.

The Commonwealth Company, New York, 28 Lafayette Place, has published an English translation, from the third German edition, of Dr. Arnold Dodel's "Moses or Darwin; A School Problem for All Friends of Truth and Progress." (Price, \$1.00.) The book consists of a series of free lectures delivered before popular gatherings at Zürich and St. Gall, Switzerland, on the subject of evolution, and is intended to disseminate among the unscientific public the principles of this doctrine as opposed to those of the traditional religions. The same company also publishes, (price, fifty cents,) "A History of Religions," by Elizabeth E. Evans, which is, as its sub-title informs us, a condensed statement of the results of scientific research and philosophical criticism. It is a short and meagre statement (128 pages) of some of the results of the history of comparative religions and of critical biblical research, which can hardly justify the title of "A History of Religions," being rather an attempt to show that Christianity is of natural, not divine, origin, and that it is incompetent to cope with the problems of modern times.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of THE OPEN COURT will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 329. (VOL. VII.—50.)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 14, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## LARGE NUMBERS.\*

BY PROF. HERMANN SCHUBERT.

SOME years ago, at a geographical congress in Hamburg, Dr. Von den Steinen delivered a lecture on the country and people of the vicinity of the Xingu, a southern tributary of the Amazon, which he explored in 1884. In this lecture he tells us of a tribe called the Bakairis, dwelling near this river, who could express in words the numbers from 1 to 6, but cherished such tremendous respect for larger numbers that, when they wished to express them, they pushed their hands through their thick, bushy hair and uttered during the act a word which we should probably translate by "numberless." Our travellers tell similar things of the wild tribes that inhabit the northeastern part of Australia. As these savages possess numerals up to the number six, they would feel insulted if they were told they "could not count up to three." But there does actually exist a people that cannot count to three, in the truest sense of the word. This people is a tribe of Indians of the lowest civilised type, living in Brazil, between the Rio Doce and Rio Pardo, called the Botocudos.

The Botocudos really possess only two numerals, namely, *mokenam*, for the number one, and *muhu*, for every number greater than one, no matter how great. While it would be very difficult, perhaps, to translate Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" into the Botocudo tongue, it would be a matter of no difficulty whatever to translate our multiplication-table up to "one hundred times one hundred is ten thousand" into the Botocudo language. The translation would begin with "mokenam times mokenam is mokenam, mokenam times muhu is muhu," and then the significant rule would be repeated, without end, "muhu times muhu is muhu," that is to say, "many times many is many." Surely, our children would have just reason to envy the little Botocudos, if they could hear that the latter's multiplication-table consisted of only three mnemonic rules! The Botocudo finds no necessity of conceiving as essentially different, numbers greater than one. His need of numbers is vanishingly small, and he is, consequently, wanting in the faculty of representing to himself numerical quantities.

With a smile and a shrug of our shoulders we look down with exalted contempt upon such low needs and incapacities, and revel in the comfortable consciousness of being ourselves the vessels of a civilisation which deals, almost unconsciously, with millions and billions. Yet, let us not forget, in such moments of exultation, to exercise a little criticism of ourselves, and to remember that even millions and billions are mere zeros, compared with many numbers to which the events of the world lead us: to remember, too, that also our need of numbers was formerly smaller and is even now in process of development; and, finally, to bear in mind that in the average man of our own civilisation the power to grasp correctly large numbers, or at least to draw correct conclusions in the province of large numbers, is still very imperfect! As the Botocudo deems the distinction of numbers greater than one unessential, so, to many a civilised man, the distinction of billions from trillions seems immaterial, although a billion\* is to a trillion as one yard is to five hundred and sixty-eight and two-eleventh miles.

That our need of numbers in early times was smaller than now, is proved by the late origin of our names for large numbers. First, with regard to the number one thousand, it must be remarked that the words which the chief languages of the Indo-Germanic peoples possess for this number show no trace of phonic relationship (*χίλιοι*, *mille*, *tausend*), while the numerals up to one hundred in all these tongues are very nearly related. We can justly conclude from this fact that it was not until the separation of the Indo-Germanic nations that the need arose to express in words a number as great as one thousand. The words "million" and "billion" sprang up several thousand years later, namely, at the beginning of the seventeenth century.† Adam Riese, the great calculator of the sixteenth century, whom we still often cite as authority for the correctness of arithmetical examples, was not acquainted with the word million, although he frequently was obliged to operate with numbers having more than six

\*The word "billion" is used in this article in its German and English sense of a *million* of millions, and not in its French and American sense of a thousand millions.

† But the word "million" was used as a numeral as early as 1362, by Langland, in *Piers the Plowman*, Text A, iii, 255; see *Century Dictionary*, sub voce "million."—Trans.

\* From the German, by *μικρο*.



places. When in such a strait, he was wont to employ the phrase "a thousand thousands" for our word "million." Of still more recent origin is the word "milliard," for a thousand millions; this most recent member of the numeral family probably did not see the light until the year 1830.

Although the words milliard and billion are known by name to almost every one, yet the significance of the numbers so expressed is by far not so distinct and familiar to many as the meanings of the smaller numbers. This may be seen—to cite but one way—from the frequency with which the public puts to the editors of newspapers the question, What a milliard or a billion in its exact sense means. And how often do we still encounter the error that a billion is two millions? Yet even those who know that a billion is a million times a million often do not reflect that every distance which is a million times a given unit must be regarded as vanishingly small compared with the distance which is a billion times such a unit. For example, if the breadth of a street is represented by a million units, a billion of such units would give a distance equal to that from Hamburg to San Francisco. If this is not remembered, we are apt to get very erroneous impressions, especially of astronomical phenomena. As our earth measures in its greatest circumference only about 25,000 miles, while the planets are distant from the earth and from each other spaces varying from twenty-seven million to forty-six hundred million miles, accordingly most of the distances which confront us on the earth are to be regarded as vanishingly small when compared with the distances which confront us in the planetary system. On the other hand, the nearest fixed stars have distances from the earth, and, consequently, from any point in our planetary system, as great as from twenty-seven billion to forty-six hundred billion miles; for example, Sirius is eighty-three billion miles distant. Consequently, as in the consideration of the distances of fixed stars we have to deal with billions, while in the case of planetary distances we only deal with millions, of miles; also, all the distances of the planets from one another must be regarded as vanishingly small when compared with the distances which confront us in the realm of the fixed stars. In other words, viewed from Sirius, not only the earth or the sun, but our whole planetary system itself would appear as an indefinitely faint point of light, exactly as Sirius appears to us as a luminous point.

The reader will readily appreciate that the number billion is generally conceived too small, when we tell him that the German Emperor, William I, on his eighty-ninth birthday had lived the actual number of 2,808 millions and 518,400 seconds, but that a *billion* seconds have not elapsed since the origin of the human

species, reckoning the age of humanity at 30,000 years. It will also seem hardly credible that a billion new American twenty-five cent pieces, placed one on top of another, would reach an altitude of over 1,000,000 miles, that is to say, would form a cylindrical pile over four times as high as the moon is from the earth. On the other hand, we are very apt to fall into error, when, on hearing of a length of this magnitude, we attempt to state the area or the cubical space which a billion of such small objects would fill. For, only a surface of about 223 square miles is requisite for placing side by side a billion twenty-five cent pieces, while it would take a space only 99 metres\* in length, breadth, and thickness to receive this enormous sum of coins, if packed together; as will be at once intelligible when we reflect that a space one hundred metres in length, breadth, and thickness contains 1,000,000 cubic metres, while a cubic metre can contain over 1,000,000 twenty-five cent pieces.

The reason we so easily err in the estimation of numbers which exceed a hundred or a thousand millions in magnitude, is the fact that commercial, industrial, and even technical calculations seldom take us into the domain of figures of more than nine places, and that it is really only the mathematical, astronomical, statistical, and physical sciences in which such large numbers occur and need to be correctly estimated. In these sciences, consequently, the need has arisen of forming a nomenclature which extends beyond millions and billions, but is based on the same doctrine of formation as they. Thus, for a billion millions, or a number consisting of the figure one and eighteen appended ciphers, the term "trillion" is used; for a trillion millions, or a number consisting of the numeral one with twenty-four appended ciphers the term "quadrillion" is used. And so we may continue with the employment of the Latin numerals, still further; making use, for example, of the term "centesillion," for a product of one hundred factors, of which each is a million, or for the number which is expressed by the figure one and six hundred appended ciphers. The question of the mass of the earth in kilogrammes, for example, carries us into the domain of quadrillions, for it has been determined that our earth weighs from five to six quadrillion kilogrammes.

The fact that the results of modern exact science first required of language the formation of names for large numbers, might lead us to believe that the people of early times never made use of very large numerical statements. But this is not the case. More than 2,000 years ago there lived a people, who, from pure motives of amusement, exercised their faculties in this domain. In India, where our present numeral system was invented, names existed, even in Buddha's time,

\* About 107 yards.



for all numbers up to one hundred thousand millions, and Buddha himself, it is said, prosecuted the formation of numeral names up to the number which we now denote by 1 and fifty-four appended ciphers, and might call nonillions. Also, the old national epic of the Hindus, in which numbers up to one hundred thousand millions frequently occur, as well as the old Hindu folk-tales, are evidence of the love of the Hindus for excessively large numbers. We are told there of a king who stated his wealth at thousands of billions of jewels; of a battle with ten thousand sextillion monkeys, or with more monkeys than could be put in our whole planetary system; of twenty-four thousand billion deities; and of six hundred thousand million sons of Buddha, or four hundred times as many sons of Buddha as there are now human beings on the earth.

We find no such tendency among the other nations of the earth to portray in such a way wonderful and exalted things. It is true Homer makes the wounded Ares cry like ten thousand men. But there is no exaggeration in this statement, as a Greek might very well expect of his god of war a cry equal to that of from ten to twenty battalions of soldiers. The Greeks were too sincere friends of the real world to be led to indulge in the use of fantastically large numbers.

But it must still be mentioned that Archimedes in his famous sand-computation (*ψαμμίτης*) undertook to calculate how many grains of sand would fill the world on the supposition that the world was so and so many times as large as the earth; and that the numbers which he reached were so large that owing to the lack of appropriate numeral expressions he was compelled to resort to prolix circumlocutions. But Archimedes did not undertake his sand-computation as the Hindus did, for the pleasure of revelling in large numbers, but to show that it was incorrect to speak of "countless" grains of sand and that therefore the domain of numbers was an unlimited one, although language was able to express only limited series of them.

But aside from this sand-computation of Archimedes, real calculations with large numbers are to be found before our era only among the Hindus. This strange passion of the Hindus found fresh material for exercise when in the fourth century of our era the principle of our present numeral system was invented by Hindu Brahman priests, and the easy methods of computation based on this system diffused over all India. It was now possible to multiply with facility numbers of twenty places with one another and to be sure of the correctness of the results. Nay, in the seventh century in India, arithmetical tournaments were held, at which, as now in our chess tournaments, the great masters of arithmetical computation gathered together, and he was crowned as victor who outstripped all competitors.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## LIBERTY.

### II. A CONTEMPORARY STUDY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

"The people do not care about Liberty; what they want is Equality. Those who care for Liberty are a few peculiar persons."

However unpalatable, we must make up our minds to the fact thus stated by Napoleon and illustrated by Napoleonism. We must abandon the legend that revolutions are inspired by a popular passion for liberty. Revolutions are not made by the masses, but by the gentry. In the congress that declared America independent of England nearly every member was a wealthy aristocrat, and the revolutionary leaders in France were of like social rank. The freedom fought for in such movements is not human or personal freedom, but freedom to exchange one master for another. When America threw off the yoke of England, its citizens were not quite so free as before: they were subjected to more rigid Sabbaths, their theatres were closed by act of Congress, and they were compelled to accept paper money for their goods. As individuals they were given up to the uncontrolled despotism of their respective colonies, whose supremacy represented an irresponsible power, not claimed by any monarch or even legislature in Europe. The fallacy exposed by Thomas Paine in 1804, when the Louisianians demanded freedom to make men slaves, is still widespread. Provincial liberty is not personal or even human liberty. A majority of the Irish people claim self-government by an Irish legislature in the name of Freedom. "Home Rule" may be valuable on other accounts, but it is fallacious to suppose that it has anything to do with human liberty. My native State, Virginia, maintained for more than eighty years a self-government which meant slavery for nearly half of its inhabitants, and a fetter on every mind that would protest against the oppression. Self-government accorded to any locality, means the right of a merely local majority to coerce the local minority, although this minority may represent the majority of the nation and of the human race. Every concession of self-government to a section, or people in a lump, is the admission of a judge to sit in his own case, whenever the issue is raised between individual right and sectional interest. It is based on the principle that the majority is always right; whereas the history of every truth proves that the majority is generally wrong. The Greek poet, Hesiod, said, "Consider well that in which many peoples agree, for there is a certain divinity in this." This wise thought has been perverted by ages of demagogism into the saying, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*." What Hesiod said is true: the consensus of many peoples, or even a majority of them, not being liable to the prejudices or selfish interests of any locality, represents



the broad view and judgment of humanity, but the voice of any one people, as expressed by a majority of numbers, represents a sectional bias and interest unchecked by the unbiassed. For this reason local self-government can never be conceded by a nation without damage to liberty, unless under such charters, bills of rights, and constitutional guarantees, as those which formerly secured the people against the tyranny of individuals, and in future can alone save individuals against tyranny of the masses, represented in the brute force of the majority.

There is no real difference between the tyranny of a class (e. g. hereditary nobility) and that of a popular majority. A political party is a class. Indeed, so far as personal liberty is concerned, it is less likely to suffer from a privileged order, than from an elective majority; for the latter rules by patriotic sanction. It is easier to deal with an aristocracy of birth, too timid to be aggressive, a thousand times easier to grapple with an individual tyrant, than with a tyrant majority, entitled to use all the means of the minority, as well as its own, to carry out the will of a part as that of the whole. With the decay of hereditary authority, the majority is now steadily acquiring the ancient powers of a Privileged Class. John Stuart Mill was a true friend of the people, even friend enough to tell them the truth. He recognised their infirmity, their readiness to coerce individuals, and predicted an increase of governmental invasions of liberty in England as the people acquired more possession of the government.

"There is considerable jealousy of direct interference, by the legislative or the executive power, with private conduct; not so much from any just regard for the independence of the individual, as from the still subsisting habit of looking on the government as representing an opposite interest to the public. The majority have not yet learned to feel the power of the government their power, or its opinions their opinions. When they do, individual liberty will probably be as much exposed to invasion from the government, as it now is from public opinion."

I do not bring this as a reproach against the people. Unhappily, the larger proportion of them are commanded by a power stronger than Bonaparte,—Necessity,—by which they are organised into an army fighting for physical life. The freedom they struggle for is freedom from want, for their families. Every man will struggle for his own freedom: he cannot take to heart an oppression he never felt. What mental or moral liberty is denied to the toiling masses? They are forbidden to gamble in public places, which they have not the means to do; they must not write or publish immoral literature, which they cannot do; they must not open workshops on Sunday, which they do not want to do. Where do they feel the pinch of oppression? Simply in too much hard work, or in low wages; and in restraints which prevent them, when on strike, from dealing with the situation on military

principles. The strikers who would prevent by force others from working in their vacated places, regard those men from the military point of view, just as we should all regard a countryman who should aid the enemy in time of war by services that were praiseworthy in time of peace. Inadmissible as such military method is for industrial unions, there is in it more intelligent direction of means to ends than is usually visible in popular commotions. Some philologists believe that the German *Volk* (people) and *Wolk* (cloud) are fundamentally the same, and, if true, the similitude were not unexpressive of the way in which masses of men are sometimes driven by the blind winds of external necessity and storms of elemental necessity, and the lightning-like wildness of some of their strikes. The "industrial army," of which we sometimes hear, is a contradiction in fact and phrase. Military order is industrial disorder. While the masses are thus driven by the forces of want, by demons of cold and hunger and disease, knowing no chains but those of physical necessity, they cannot be expected to study or appreciate the obstructions of religious, ethical, and intellectual development. These are hungers no man can feel while his animal nature is starving.

And when we pass to people free from physical want, but weaving the chains of superstition, those who feel that their souls and other souls are dependent for salvation on certain dogmas, that the world would be wrecked by the failure of their religion,—these also are fighting for their own and only notion of freedom, when they impose their creed on public schools, tax the community for their sectarian edifices (by exempting these from taxes), or close exhibitions on Sunday. They, too, are an army, acting on militant principles, with all the personal liberty they want, and with no inducement to study nice questions of religious or ethical freedom.

If, in any department of human interest, there are obstructions to liberty, they will be found only by those working in that department. Political and social changes are so rapid that society is always passing into new conditions, all of which bear upon personal liberty, but in such novel forms that old principles require re-statement in fresh applications. Society can never outgrow the ancient issue between liberty and authority; but authority, serpent-like, slips from skin to skin, and liberty is prone to think that because one form of it has gone the thing itself has gone. Americans denounce the aristocracy of birth, but vote for the aristocracy of dollars, who rob them with tariffs to swell the coffers of a class. Freethinkers rage against an extinct Jesuitism, not perceiving that the venomous thing has crept into a Protestant skin. In all ages the very elect of Liberty have been liable to this infirmity. In the beginning of the American War of Independence,



the two men who above all others recognised the large principles involved, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, framed a new constitution for Pennsylvania, and thought they were securing absolute religious liberty when they provided religious equality for all who believed in a deity. Probably neither of them had ever met an atheist, and considered the exception merely nominal. How far short of the supersacred rights of intellectual liberty they had fallen they discovered, no doubt, when they were presently in France meeting philosophers who regarded the King of Kings as the figure-head of all Royalism. "Who can understand his own errors? Cleanse thou me from my unconscious faults." That was a profound prayer of the old Hebrew. Many a liberal mind, having all the freedom of thought and utterance it requires, may still be sanctioning limitations on the liberty of others, engaged in other departments of thought and action. This opens a field of inquiry which I propose to enter in a concluding paper.

#### THE MASK OF ANTI-SEMITISM.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

WHEN the last troop of Hebrew refugees crossed the Austrian frontier, the agent of the Hirsch committee gave them a day's rest at Cracow, where a wealthy Galician merchant treated the poor wanderers to a farewell dinner.

"The well-wishes of your friends," said he, in reply to the thanks of their spokesman, "will follow you to your new home in a land where there is freedom for all, and where lack of room cannot be made a pretext for persecution."

Persecutors have indeed rarely ventured to flaunt the colors of their actual motives. Nadir Shah impeached his Parsee subjects for the "disloyalty" of their tenets. The first Christian heretics were accused of cannibalism. When the wealth of the Templars began to excite the cupidity of their sovereign, the sycophants of that despot trumped up a charge of devil-worship.

But it might be questioned if the most impudent of the Russian Jew-baiters would risk the absurdity of pleading the overpopulation of the Empire. In the populous districts of Odessa and Smolensk the victims of intolerance had always the sympathies of the intelligent natives. In the dominion of the Czar open protests involve the ruin of the malcontent, but it is well known that the citizens of Moscow were, as a class, as much opposed to the inhuman measures of the Government commissioners as the citizens of mediæval Paris were to the proceedings of the Holy Inquisition. The thinly-settled provinces of Olonetz and Vologda, on the other hand, were the scenes of some of the most savage popular outbreaks against the communi-

ties of misbelievers. By a special Imperial ukase of October 10, 1892, Jews were forbidden from settling or owning land in the colonies of the Caucasus, where the density of population hardly exceeds that of West Virginia. In Germany the ugliest protests against the toleration of the followers of Moses come from the northwestern turf-moors and the sand-hills of the Polish border. A few weeks ago, when the Swiss Confederation surprised the nineteenth century by voting on the question of permitting Hebrew butchers to kill and dress cattle after the fashion of their forefathers, the liberal verdict of the principal cities was overborne by the heavy adverse vote of the backwoods cantons.

It is true that in the rural district the prosperity of Hebrew tradesmen is apt to form an especially provoking contrast to the results of rustic indolence, but it is a curious fact that the fiercest explosions of popular fury were generally directed against the poor shopkeepers of some village Ghetto, making no pretence to anything but the most modest conditions of existence. Besides, Hebrew country-traders, on the attainment of anything like wealth, are almost sure to remove to a city, where they can rely on becoming the *numina* of an age of gold-worship and enjoying the incense of gratitude, together with other advantages of what Disraeli calls the "celestial prerogative of turning the gloom of distress into sunshine." The certainty of that result has, indeed, been for centuries a main spur to the commercial enterprise of the tribulated Unitarians. Even where they had given up the hope of deserving or imploring tolerance, they could generally rely on the possibility of purchasing its practical benefits. Their key to the Eden of human rights had to be a key of gold, ever since Peter the Cruel suspended the heresy-laws in favor of his Jewish banker. Now and then a Rothschild of the Middle Ages may have shared the experience of the Roman patrician, who gave himself up for lost since his "Albanian estates had informed against him," but, as a rule, the wealth of enterprising Hebrews, instead of being accounted their chief demerit, has been admitted as an all-redeeming circumstance.

And the theory of "Anti-Semitism" is an equally untenable, though more specious pretext. It is true that for a long series of centuries the history of southern Europe has been the chronicle of an irrepressible war of Aryans and Semites, but before the beginning of our chronological era those wars had purely political motives. Rome and Carthage could not agree on the division of the Mediterranean coast-lands, but the destruction of the city of Dido was only a step in the destroyer's progress to the goal of universal empire. Semitic Phœnicians lived for centuries in friendship with Asiatic Greeks; the conquest of Cyrus established a peaceful union of Medes and Assyrians, and the na-



tives of southern Spain decidedly preferred the rule of Carthage to that of her Aryan rival. In Sicily, too, where the Grecian worship of joy survived the spread of a pessimistic creed, the Semitic Saracens maintained their prestige for generations and were much more popular masters than their successors, the Norman swashbucklers,—so much so, indeed, that the intrigues in favor of the exiled infidels had to be suppressed by a judicial reign of terror.

The ancient Hebrews vindicated their civil and religious rights under circumstances of extreme difficulty, but, after all, as successfully as the Greeks themselves, who, indeed, lost their national independence two hundred years before the destruction of Jerusalem.

Has exile unfitted the homeless race for the enjoyment of human rights? They did not abuse the hospitality of the Spanish Moors, and have certainly deserved the tolerance of their American fellow-citizens. Rector Ahlwardt's slanders appeal to the prejudices without gaining the credit even of his most bigoted supporters, though there is unfortunately no doubt that the chimeras of the Middle Ages have here and there retained their hold on the minds of besotted rustics. The charge of child-murder, as a religious rite, inflames the passions of the Danubian peasants with all the symptoms of actual conviction, and Gambetta may have been right in suggesting that the *odium laesi*—the propensity of hating those whom we have injured, has a good deal to do with the persecution of a race guilty of deriving its descent from the victims of the Holy Inquisition. Messrs. Ahlwardt & Co. may remember the outrages of their mediæval predecessors and fan their own prejudice with the conclusion that the survivors must be thirsting for revenge.

But the main source of that prejudice was revealed by a Russian journal, edited in the interest of the Holy Synod, and which reminded its readers that "no restrictions of their (the Jews') civil rights can outweigh the scandal of their *religious privilege*."

That privilege, the prerogative of rationalism, has never been forgiven by the bondsmen of superstition. The slave's envy of the freeman, the chain-dog's antipathy to the wolf are trifles, compared with the odium of mental emancipation, the bigot's mingled horror and hatred of the Sadducean who refuses to sacrifice his reason upon the altar of faith. They dread the consequences as much as the motives of his intellectual independence; they watch him with the grim mistrust that turns upon the guest who insists on remaining sober in an assemblage of Russian toppers.

Hence the rage that hounded the Waldenses from glen to glen of their mountain-homes, and for centuries hurled a charge of sorcery at the head of every free-thinker. What might not be expected of an adversary

who persisted in keeping his eyes open while his opponents submitted to be hoodwinked by their priests? The unfairness of his advantages seemed to forfeit his claim to mercy in this world as in the next.

The spontaneous development of that form of fanaticism may explain the apparent paradox that a larger measure of freedom has often implied an increased license of persecution. In republican Mexico faith-crazed ruffians fell like bloodhounds upon a Protestant minister who would have been protected by the police of monarchical Spain. The Roumanian constitution guarantees equality of all religions, and Bucharest tolerates even the odious Skopsi, but the Jew-hunts of the Roumanian peasants are far more brutal, if less persistent, than those of the Russian priesthood.

Jews have become the scapegoats of an offence that would be visited upon nine out of ten radical free-thinkers, if individuals could not more successfully escape the attention of bigot-mobs than communities with regular and organised systems of worship. Unitarian synagogue-members pay a penalty which isolated converts of David Strauss manage to evade, for the same reason that individual sceptics disregard the Sabbath-laws with an impunity that is denied to a colony of Seventh Day Baptists.

Anti-Rationalism would be the most appropriate name for a mania which has spread the hue and cry of the *Judenhetze* all over Eastern Europe, and for its abatement not only school-teachers, but reformers of a daring and aggressive type have to precede the legislator. The freethought of Hume prepared the way for the free worship of the British Israelites. The fact that the sceptic Voltaire could achieve fame and wealth and die in an apotheosis of popular applause has helped the cause of the French Jews more than the Code Napoleon.

An edict of universal tolerance would hardly terminate the heretic-hunts of the Russian Empire; and though the constitution of the United States protects the religious privileges of our Hebrew fellow-citizens, their main guarantee of freedom is, after all, the superior general intelligence of the American public.

#### DURGHA.

BY VIROE.

The chase was over; the day was done;  
By the side of the tent at set of sun  
One little striped tiger's pelt,  
With a round rent where death was dealt.

A tethered stallion grazed around;  
Moaned in his sleep the kennelled hound;  
A cobra hissed by the jungle side;  
In a tall pandanus a parrot cried.

The pious huntsman kneels to pray;  
But in the jungle, leagues away,



A tigress snuffs at the bloody stain,  
Where her beloved cub was slain.

She snuffs; she licks the sacred sod,  
Wet with the blood she got from God;  
She snuffs; she whines; she scents the air,  
Crouching and crawling here and there,

Then, like an arrow from the bow,  
She flies, her only thought—to go.  
Like two round moons when night is new  
The dusk and dark her eyes gleam through;

Her drink, the hope to slake her need;  
Duty her full and only feed;  
Hers not to harm, nor yet to bless;  
For vengeance not, nor yet redress.

The huntsman prays; but fate besets;  
He cries in vain that God forgets.  
He cries in vain: He will not dare  
Do ought with our frail dust but spare.

Karma incarnate, Durgha drew  
Her breath in the first wind that blew.  
Through the dull ages, broad and deep,  
While drowsy Aum awaked from sleep;

And now,—her footfalls drawing near,—  
The tethered stallion roars with fear;  
The hound starts baying from the sod;  
They were as safe with her as God.

When at the dawning Durgha went  
To smite the murderer in his tent;  
One ghastly stroke twist gorge and belt,—  
Five talon stabs where death was dealt.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

In the *Nation* for November 30, are some remarks approving the fatherly censure bestowed upon the press by Mr. William Walter Phelps at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in the city of New York. Mr. Phelps, having been ambassador at the Court of Berlin during the past four years, finds, on returning to his native land, that the country has not got along very well without him, and that the moral tone and intellectual character of the American press are lower than they were when he went away. In a vein of dignified reproof he regrets that "our great journals to-day build their circulation on the weakness and vanity of mankind and vie with each other as to which paper shall make the most personal mentions." The criticism is well deserved, but the fault is not in the journals but in their patrons, for it is only by gratifying readers that the journals can "build their circulation." A newspaper is a business enterprise, like a factory or a shop, and so long as weakness and vanity buy more newspapers than sense and modesty, so long will journals adapt themselves to the taste and quality of their customers. It is a sentimental opinion that newspapers are purely educational and philanthropic institutions, benevolent schoolmasters moulding and instructing public opinion in a patriotic and disinterested way. Some of them try to live up to that ideal, and they do live up to it until the editors go to the lunatic asylum or the poorhouse, and then they quit. Editors must fit their patrons just as the shoemakers do. A shoemaker does not fit the feet of his customers but their heads. When a man has a good sized, level head, and wants an easy, comfortable shoe, he gets it; and when his brain is thin or out of symmetry, and he wants a narrow, pinching, foolish, fashionable shoe, the shoemaker gives him that. So it is with an editor; he measures the

heads of his patrons, and gives them a newspaper adapted exactly to their mental size. It is not the supply of "personal mentions" but the demand for them that ought to be deplored.

\* \* \*

Worthy of a place in the fine arts is the fabrication of "personal mentions" as exhibited in the *Chicago Tribune* of November 30. The subject is Mr. Alderman Swift, a citizen of high character and good service who happens to be the republican candidate for Mayor, the "personal mentions" of him reaching back to the time when he was a schoolboy at Galena, where, according to the *Tribune* eulogy, he had a propensity to "swing on behind" the farmers' wagons and "hook a turnip or a sweet potato." This precocious talent if properly developed until the middle age of life might easily qualify any man to be a Chicago alderman and even mayor of the city; but it is not the sort of behavior we should expect from a youth who had the distinction to be "in the same Sunday-school class with Fred Grant." If the "personal mentions" are to be believed, as most likely they are not, young Swift was a perpetual worry to the good women of Galena, "because their children would come home with an old broken knife or something else that was useless which 'that Swift boy' had traded off for something better." This premature show of genius in getting the best of a trade, if it has been properly cultivated, is offered as an additional reason why Mr. Swift should be elected mayor of Chicago. These juvenile traits, however, are but the tender little buddings of the full-grown flower; alas, now nearly fifty years of age, the typical alderman, with a full-grown head "hairless as a tooth," and "polished." And lest the important fact might be in doubt we are assured that Mr. Swift has been provided with a nose. "not of the Roman type" says the biographer, "nor the stub, nor the long, thin; it is a nose of character"; but of what character he does not care to say. Mr. Swift is a statesman, too, and this is proven by the fact that "the handkerchief-pocket of his coat is built the same as that of the late Senator Conkling." All those marks of greatness are merely fringe to his mental powers, for it was these that overawed the reporter; especially the ability to do two things at the same time. "Why," says the historian, "he was listening to an important matter the other day, when Ex-City Clerk Van Cleave, one of the wheel-horses of the party, went in. The Mayor *pro tem*, looked up and saluted him, 'Hello Fatty,' and without any change in his countenance he continued to listen to the man who was ahead of 'Fatty'; an intellectual feat surpassing that of the man who plays two games of chess at the same time without looking at the boards. Those are dreadful specimens of the "personal mentions" of Mr. Swift that filled more than two columns of Monday's *Tribune*. All this insipid flattery was no doubt irritating and annoying to Mr. Swift, who is a sensible man; and very likely it was dreary gossip to the writer of it and to the editor who printed it, but it was "good stuff" to sell. There was a demand for it, and editors must gratify the public taste if they wish to "build their circulation."

\* \* \*

Speaking a week ago about the imaginary "Decline of the Senate," I referred to the amiable tendency of the living to glorify the dead, by contrasting the degeneracy of existing men and manners with the nobler genius and the more virtuous examples of the past; as, for instance, in the scornful comparisons made between the Senate of 1849 and the Senate of 1893. By the inverse law of perspective we magnify mediocrity into greatness as it recedes into the past, expanding politicians into statesmen, and soldiers into demigods. Youth is a luxury beyond the purchasing power of gold, and I envy every man who is younger than I can ever be again, but, after all, an old man enjoys a few advantages which the richest young man cannot buy, and among these is the luxury of travelling in memory over the aerial bridge that spans the intervening space between one generation and another. Marching over that bridge last night, I remembered that in its own time the



Senate of 1849 was branded as the degenerate successor of the more brilliant and patriotic Senate of 1825, and looking into the party literature of 1825, I found the same censorious comparisons made then between the Senate of that period and the Senate of 1806. Looking farther back, I found that the Senators of 1806 were assailed by contemporaneous critics as the ignoble sons of the patriotic sires who flourished in "the good old Colony times." Glancing over the poems of Thomas Moore, I stumbled upon some verses written by him in the year 1806, when he was visiting the city of Washington. He was merely a traveller, observing manners as he went along, and writing of what he saw. We can laugh at his prejudices now, and we can sneer at his dark prophecies, but here is what he said of the Senate:

"Already in this free, this virtuous state,  
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordained by Fate,  
To show the world what high perfection springs  
From rabble senators and merchant kings—  
Even here already patriots learn to steal  
Their private perquisites from public weal,  
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,  
Like Africa's priests, they let the flame for hire."

\* \* \*

Yesterday, with impressive martial and civic pomp the statue of General Shields was enthroned in the Capitol, and henceforth he will appear to us as one of the classic heroes of antiquity, a Cæsar, a Pompey, or an Alexander. Standing there in bronze on a granite rock he is transfigured in our sight, and we forget that he was a man of our own time. Dignitaries of high rank were there making an idol of the statue, and worshipping an ideality personified in brass. The Governor of Illinois and Senators of high degree were there, and they gave adoration in clouds of oratorical incense to the effigy of Shields, "warrior, jurist, statesman," as the legend reads that was chiselled on the granite stone. The salutes that came from the military bands were hollow as the drums, and the praises chanted by the statesmen sounded like a penitential psalm, for less than a dozen years ago this hero glorified in bronze was an unsuccessful petitioner for a subordinate office in the very Capitol where his apotheosis was made. Less than a dozen years ago, General Shields, well stricken in years and poor, wanted to be doorkeeper of the House of Representatives but was rejected, and some of the statesmen who then voted against him voted ironically for him yesterday, and were conspicuous among the idolaters at his canonisation. The man who defeated him and won the office of doorkeeper may have a statue himself some day, although among the American people there are not five men in five thousand who, if allowed three guesses, could think of his name. The tribute given to the dead man yesterday was a satire on the living, showing the better chance a hero has of recognition if he will get out of people's way, and die. So long as he lives we will be jealous of him, and we will undervalue him, for he may be a candidate some day, and "run against" one of us for President, or Governor, or Doorkeeper, or something; therefore we will postpone his honors until he dies, and then buy him a statue, not with our own money, of course, but out of the public funds. General Shields was not a great man, but he was a brave man, and an honest man. As a senator he voted with his party, and his party was very often wrong, but he thought its policy would peacefully preserve the threatened union, and when it failed in that, he did his best as a soldier to save it by the sword.

\* \* \*

Mr. William T. Stead, formerly of England, came to Chicago three or four weeks ago and began to puzzle the people with hard conundrums, to be answered at once under the penalty of his displeasure. One of the most tantalising of the problems, as having a spice of sarcasm in it, was this: "What would Christ do if he were in Chicago to-day?" Having fired this riddle at the people, Mr. Stead went away; threatening, however, to return and tor-

ment them again if they should fail to give the correct answer, which, of course, was carefully concealed in the idiosyncrasy of Mr. Stead himself, as he alone, and nobody else, knows exactly what Christ would do in the contingency supposed. As very few persons outside of the Sunset Club took the trouble to guess at his conundrum, and as even that intellectual society was compelled to "give it up," Mr. Stead came back, and is working the puzzle again. Some of the citizens who have ravelled their brains with it think that if Christ were in Chicago to-day he would adapt his preaching to the conditions of the time, while others think that as he went down to the "lake front" in Judea, he would go down to the lake front in Chicago, and preach a social economy contrary to the ethics of "law and order." It was generally conceded that in either case, unless he consulted Mr. Stead about it, he would meet the opposition of that rather enthusiastic and sanguine reformer. The more serious question is, not what would Christ do, but what would be done to Christ if he were in Chicago now? He would very likely be "run in" by the police, indicted by the Grand Jury, sentenced by some "venerable jurist" to be hanged, and then be pardoned by Governor Altgeld. M. M. TRUMBULL.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

The Christmas number of *The Century* is fully as excellent as any of its predecessors. In addition to a varied contents of a high artistic and literary character, including engravings of pictures of Rubens, a Christmas Sermon by the late Phillips Brooks, memoirs and letters of Edwin Booth, we are presented with the beginning of a story by Mark Twain, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," which is at once humorous and pathetic. The first instalment of this story reveals much of its plot, and we have good reasons to believe that it will be the great story of the South, classically describing the conditions and habits of the times before the abolition of slavery.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

N. B. Binding Cases for single yearly volumes of *THE OPEN COURT* will be supplied on order. Price, 75 cents each.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

*DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.*

No. 330. (VOL. VII.—51.)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

} Two Dollars per Year.  
} Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## THE DOG'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE fall term had begun at Dr. Ray's school. The play-ground was full of a noisy rabble of lads and youths of maturer growth. Among the latter, taller, stronger, more active, and more manly than most, was Jack Morris, nick-named "Baldy," because, as he said of himself, there was "too much sky to his picture."

While Jack stood under the shadow of a great elm tree near the high board fence that bounded the enclosure on Massasoit Avenue, jacket loose, sleeves rolled up, chest heaving, he heard a timid rapping at the gate behind him.

He caught the base-ball passing round, threw it back far across the field, wheeled instantly, went to the gate, pulled the bolt and swung it wide open.

His bright, blue eyes took in briefly the figure of a little lad who had done the rapping; then looked beyond, across the brick-paved walk, and into the serene face of the boy's sister, Mrs. Arden, his elder by a score of years, and, in legal phrase, "committee of his person and estate."

She sat in a hired carriage, uneasy, and evidently in haste to be away; but at sight of Jack leaned forward smiling.

Jack, even in his tender years, an efficient "squire of dames," hastened forward, cap in hand, and then ensued a consignment of the little brother to his good offices.

"Come, kiss me now, Georgie," said his sister; and the boy went to her not at all as if parting with his only living, near relative, but mechanically held his face up and stolidly suffered himself to be embraced and kissed.

"Now good-by, Georgie; be a good boy." Then turning to Jack, "You are very kind; I am ever so much obliged. Dr. Ray expects Georgie."

She smiled, bowed gracefully to Jack, said once more, "Good-by" to her brother; then, "Now to the depot, driver," and the carriage rattled away, leaving little George Waldon at the gate of Dr. Ray's establishment, much like a stray kitten, that no one cared to claim.

At the age of twelve years this boy, whose annals I propose in part to narrate, was as unpromising a hero

for a tale as one would be like to meet. He was rather big for his years, homely and freckled. His hands and feet and nose were all large and prominent; and his ears, largest of all, protruded, like handles to a jug from a well-shaped head, covered with a mop of canary-colored hair.

Civil as Jack had been to Mrs. Arden, he yet deemed his duty amply done to the boy when, within the enclosure, he pointed up the walk, bidding him, "Go that way, through that door you see; then along the hall, up stairs, turn to your right; and there you are. First door at the head of the stairs is the Doctor's study."

George obeyed the mandate without a word. To be thus cast adrift upon the sea of school-life was very terrible to him; but he had a grim resolution which forbade expression to all feeling. So, making a vain attempt to appear at ease, stuffing his hands into his trousers' pockets, he shambled across the play-ground towards the door of the great, barn-like structure.

Some of the younger lads turned aside from their games to stare at him, grinning and ogling odiously; and one soiled, unkempt, pock-marked little fellow, about his own size, to whom George at once took an immense aversion, squatted down like a toad, directly in his path, both hands spread out on either side of his carrotty head, wagging them, and making various uncouth, derisive noises.

George's shamle turned into a poor attempt to swagger; he went out of his way just enough to avoid his tormentor, looking neither to right nor left, but straight ahead, whither he was bound, not knowing but some dreadful emergency was upon him, and making ready, with all his timid, valorous heart for whatever might befall.

He had been wont at home to hear his elderly austere brother-in-law descant upon "tact"; and, though giving little heed hitherto to these remarks, now it occurred to him that tact was what he needed most of all.

Dr. Ray, when at last George found himself in that august presence, was all that was kind, and, so,—in a way more to the boy's liking,—was the fat, motherly matron. But with the boys he did not get on so well. They were,—as boys will be, especially to those without tact,—extremely rude and uncivil; and, having



had to do with little girls mostly, George did not understand the sort of etiquette that prevails among lads at school. The boys imposed upon him, and at first he did not resent the imposition. This encouraged the natural little bully who had brayed at him; and from being too humble, our boy became of a sudden too belligerent, and there was a fight,—his first affair of honor,—of which, because he did not know how to use his fists, George got much the worse.

This was his first day at school, and was not, perhaps, a good beginning. The next day and the next were much the same. On his arrival George's clothes had been neatly brushed, his shoes blackened, linen spotless, hair nicely parted, and hands decently clean. But alas! he soon became, as for very long he continued, soiled and untidy as the worst. Then, too, he was possessed of certain physical infirmities,—besides those already catalogued,—in his pristine cleanliness not offensively betrayed.

But by nightfall of his second day a cold in his head developed, and a big red sty came upon one eyelid. The cold swelled his lips, puffed his cheeks, and reddened his nose, and the fights he was continually having did not (as one may think) tend to beauty.

So when several days went by and his face was always black and blue, and his eyes half closed, the teachers began to notice his appearance, and one, catching him in pugnacious *delicto*, took occasion to call him "a little ruffian."

The child made no attempt to justify himself, although he felt sorely the injustice of the remark, knowing that to fight was not at all to his liking or of his seeking.

By this time the boys had begun to notice his odd manners. They saw that he knew little about all those matters with which boys are supposed to be familiar. At the games, which after a while he tried, but only with the littlest and meekest, he was awkward and old-fashioned, and, (to sum it up) in all he did, deficient in the tact he so much craved.

Because he did not like to be twitted with his infirmities, nor to make sport for others, George used to get by himself, and whenever it was possible would steal away from the precincts of the town, trying to find in the fields and country roads some solitude, some boundless contiguity of peace.

Taking one of these rambles on a half holiday he fell in with a party of the older boys, and one burly fellow turned aside to bait him. His odd replies, and quaint, peculiar ways afforded rare sport to the young barbarians. When at last they asked him his name and George gave it promptly, his oppressor laughed brutally and said, "No, that isn't your name, bub,—your name's Crack," and all the others laughed aloud, the poor child's cup full of humiliation overflowed.

The epithet pricked him like a knife-blade. Some spirit of honor seemed to call aloud for redress; and his was a chivalric spirit, though the chivalry was not according to boys' brutal code. If he had known what "tact" was he might have given back railing for railing; but he had no such resource. Tears in his eyes and fury in his heart he clinched his fists and fell upon his tormentors like a small avalanche.

The young tyrant had not the manliness to refrain from using his brute strength. George's skin was tender and his nose prone to bleed, now the blood flowed profusely as they left him to pick himself out of the dust of the highway.

There was a little stream hard by, and by its brink George sat down and wept quietly and staunchly the blood. For an hour or more he sat there, crying at intervals, and thinking bitter, sad, hopeless thoughts: how weak he was; how hopeless; how poorly off; how every way forlorn. Would the time ever be when he could hold up his head with the best,—when he could achieve any sort of popularity, or even possess one friend?

After these earthly musings he began to dream queer, quaint, uncanny dreams. It was easy for him to cross the vague frontier of the land of mystery; and now for a while he revelled therein. The present faded away; the heavens opened on some other dream-time, and once again he confronted the young tyrant of his fields, like another Hampden. A great battle had been fought, and now the standards of the adversary were trailing in the dust, as in his geography was depicted the scene when at Yorktown Cornwallis laid down his arms:

That was a supreme moment when his enemy approached to tender his forfeited sword. But, the scene recalled, it was then, even in his imagination, that the pure chivalry of the boy's soul shone forth, as he bade the vanquished put back his sword into its scabbard. So, the wide world over, in real life or in dreams, the chivalrous soul is ever the same,—strenuous in endeavor, merciful to the conquered.

Little by little George became inured to the rough life of the school; yet, while he grew callous to many things, he held on tenaciously to his early innocence. He had been trained to a very rigid piety, but made (I must confess) a sad breach in the time-honored rule of the Sunday-school books, which, perhaps, a good boy ought to have followed. Mrs. Arden was a very exemplary woman, and strictly religious in a feeble, non-inquisitive way, and, as best she knew, had handed over to her orphan brother that form of godliness which had been delivered to herself. No doubt, George should have let his light shine before the other boys in the dormitory. He had been diligently taught to kneel down nightly by his bedside to say his prayers;



but now he made no attempt at this, not even on the first night, when, if ever, the sweet influences of formalism ought to have prevailed.

When the time came for the prayers to be said, he and his conscience had something of a tussle. Perhaps some may choose to call him cowardly that the prayer was not said; and there is ample room, I admit, for moralising about good and bad angels and influences. I profess only to relate what occurred: George thought the whole matter over calmly and arrived at a deliberate conclusion, that although possibly on abstract moral grounds he was not justified, yet in that dormitory any example of his setting would be wholly wasted. None of the other boys said prayers, why should he? Already by reason of his peculiarities enough contumely had been evoked. Why evoke more?

So he reasoned, and tumbled into bed as the others did; but when the lights were out and the babble hushed, he put his hands together, as he had been taught in babyhood, and said the words, not knowing "half the deep thought they breathed," asking blandly, that his dreary, lonely heart be made right before God.

Some call such things hypocrisy, some habit, some heredity; but some,—a trifle closer perhaps to the heart of the universe,—are willing to be kind and loving, for they know that even love itself is a sort of holy hypocrisy.

At first (as I think even the most radical theologian must have admitted) George's heart was very nearly right. But in time failures came and lapses, till he grew adept in some of the small duplicities that prevail in such a school.

Sometimes he was caught red-handed at his misdeeds and had to suffer for them; but laying his misfortunes to his own blame, he took such chastening as was meted out with stoical fortitude, (much as we elders regard a pestilence or a famine,) as a dispensation not to be averted or avoided.

When George had been at the school about a month he received, one evening, an invitation, (or rather, as invitations to court come, a summons,) to the parlors of the Misses Ray. One of the under-teachers had told him to "fix up and go to the Doctor's study."

Now, a summons to the study had not heretofore meant anything but trouble; but it chanced that at this epoch he was tolerably free from spots and he could call to mind nothing especially remiss unatoned for. Nevertheless he obeyed with a heavy heart, and during the process of "fixing up" was told by a greasy little Portuguese, with whom he fraternised, of the prospects.

I do not think even limitless cake and ice cream gave the child relief. He was painfully shy, because, from having looked in the glass so much in vain at-

tempts to tie his bow properly and to get the parting straight in his hair, he had acquired a vast contempt for his own personal appearance.

But there was no help for it; so he went with the rest to the study, and thence along the hall to the sacred precincts beyond, two and two, George creeping by the side of the Portuguese in much the same companionable way that Robert of Sicily did, in good-fellowship with the ape.

No doubt Dr. Ray's parlors were sufficiently pleasant, and the young ladies attentive; but George was embarrassed and hardly intelligible. After the first greeting he turned reticent, got himself quickly into a corner, there to be solaced with ice cream and his esoteric reflexions.

Of course, he was never again invited to the parlors. But this gave him no concern. He understood very well that the banishment was a just reward for his shyness; but when afterwards on frequent Saturday evenings he used to see others,—even Hill, the red-haired, pock-marked boy,—tidy for that occasion only, preparing to partake of a feast to which he had not been bidden, a great longing took hold of him, not at all akin to envy. It was all his own fault, he told himself, but he felt hurt and lonely, wishing ardently that he had the power of glib talk and easy ways which he lacked altogether, and seemed so sure a passport to favor with the other boys. To emulate them, and to "spunk up" to people, was his notion of a perfect character. He would have delighted in a friendship, but after repeated trials, beginning with greasy little Miguel, gave up the effort, having found none worthy of him. He was a curious combination of humility and egotism; submitting to be called "Crack," after one or two desperate efforts at remonstrance, as inevitable and not wholly unjust, but yet all the while thinking great scorn of the offenders that they were not (this was clearly the idea) better judges of character.

Now and then "Baldy" Morris had a kind word to say; and him George admired immensely. But as for being at all intimate with a youth who studied Paley's Theology and the Anabasis, that was, of course, wholly out of the question.

On a half holiday, wandering, as usual, alone along one of the country roads, George fell in with a mongrel dog that had somehow hurt its leg. The boy was trudging along munching ginger cakes (bolivars they were called in those days) when the two met.

At once, for the heart has tendrils reaching out that must cling to something, a great friendship sprang up between them. The boy had no knack at binding up physical wounds, but, as he had seen a doctor do, he whittled out some splints, and with a piece of twine bound up the lame leg, the dog whining a little, but



licking the helping hand. Then George of Samaria patted the cur and caressed him, and poured in all that was left of the bolivars, getting grateful looks and wags of the tail.

The dog followed George home to the school, limping by his side as best he could and loath to part from his benefactor, yelping and scratching at the gate, when at last they parted.

The following day, when George went out again, there was his little lame friend waiting for him. After that, all his pocket-money went for bolivars, share and share alike, and day after day, while the cur's hurt healed, they trudged the streets together, and on the half-holidays far out among the fields.

In December there was a heavy fall of snow, and this put an end to the rambles. But George contrived to feed his friend daily, till at last he caught a severe cold, and the doctor had him taken to the sick-room. Here he grew no better, and the cold developed into pneumonia.

On the morning of the last school-day before the Christmas holidays Hill came bustling into the school-room :

"Say fellers, what do you think? Crack's dead."

"Thunder!" said one of the boys, and Miguel made furtively the sign of the cross.

Mrs. Arden had been telegraphed for, but she came too late. George died as he had lived, alone. The motherly matron, who had gotten to love him for his simple, quiet ways and a remote likeness to a boy of her own, dead thirty years, wept bitter tears. His sister, too, wept. Perhaps she had done her full duty as "committee of his person and estate" in sending him out into a world he could not battle with. Perhaps some remorse for the duty may have mingled with her grief. But she had children of her own, and her little brother was heir to a great fortune.

It was, after all, another that mourned and missed him most. For a week and more the dog came, day after day, crouching on the curb of Massasoit Avenue opposite the gate of the school-yard, waiting trembling in the cold, and starting up expectant every time the hinges creaked, ears cocked, ready to frisk with joy—the joy that never came.

And yet the work of love was done; for in his last days George told the tender-hearted matron of his little friend, begging her to care for him, and repeating over and over in his delirium, "Feed my dog."

While he lay ill the woman thought it all delirium, but on Christmas morning after he died, she remembered what he had said and went to the gate and found the dog and fed him and kept him ever after with her for the boy's sake.

I could not help the thought how this futile child-life was like to that other greater one, whose fame has

filled the whole world. It is told us that when the man Jesus ascended into heaven, one came to his disciples and said to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing? This same Jesus shall come again in like manner?"

Well, I confess, "infidel" though some may call me, that I hope he may, though I do not believe he will. I should like to see the Master, for I think he would know me as one of them that love him, aye, perhaps manifold more than others who "believe" more.

And for the little boy whose brief annals I have related, I am sure in dying he was spared much sorrow. Such natures are born to suffer; to be despised and rejected of men; to come to their own, and their own receive them not. And I think, too, if there be a *material* heaven, or if, as some orthodoxy itself declares, "all things be made new," he will find a warm welcome from Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me."

#### LARGE NUMBERS.

BY PROF. HERMANN SCHUBERT.

[CONCLUDED.]

In the period reaching from the tenth to the twelfth century the Hindu numeral system and Hindu methods of computation were introduced through the Arabs into Christian Europe, and here also there began to appear famous masters of the art of large numbers. But this species of talent, such as it showed itself in Adam Riese in the sixteenth century, and Zachariah Dase, who flourished in Hamburg in the middle of the present century, was always an isolated one, and never excited in the world at large a taste for large numbers.

At times, indeed, we all take an interest in numbers of great magnitude. We gladly surrender ourselves to the peculiar fascination which they exert upon us, for the simple reason that not being accustomed to large numbers we often see in the consequences which follow from them things that at first glance were incredible. And especially is our interest aroused when such numbers refer to events and activities with which we are acquainted, and which we ourselves pursue, and when the consequences drawn from them are in some way connected with conceptions with which we are familiar for smaller numbers. I shall ask permission, therefore, to append to the rather theoretical remarks I have made in the preceding article, a few instances of the application of large numbers, of the kind just referred to.

1) In the German game of skat, a game at cards, which is now also much played in America, thirty-two cards are so dealt that the three persons who take part in the game each receive ten cards, the remaining two being laid aside, or, as it is called, placed in the skat.



The question is, How many different distributions of the cards are possible, where all distributions are regarded as different that differ only in the position of the cards? The theory of combinations tells us that the number sought is exactly 2,753 billions, 294,408 millions, and 504,640.

But to a conclusion! If all living humanity had nothing else to do than incessantly to play skat, so that every three persons played without intermission night and day, and finished a game on an average of every five minutes, the whole human race would yet require from fifty-two to fifty-three years to play through all the conceivable distributions. And if this noble task were performed solely by the inhabitants of Altenburg, the birthplace of skat, these ingenious people would have to spend on their task from five to six hundred thousand years.

Unfortunately, I cannot tell the good old people of that province how many games each of them would win. But I can inform them that among all those games there are only 3,879,876 in which one can play a club solo with eleven matadors. And that in almost every 655 billion or in about every twenty-two to twenty-three per cent. of all games, there is at least one knave in the skat—which will be gladsome tidings to players whose forte is *tourne*.

2) Much larger than in skat is the number of the possible distributions in whist, where fifty-two cards are dealt to four persons, each receiving thirteen. The number of possible distributions in this game is the enormous one of 53,644 quadrillions, 737,765 trillions, 488,792 billions, 839,237 millions, and 440,000. In other words, if a whist table were placed on every square metre of the earth's surface, including mountains and oceans, and at every table a game of whist were played in every five minutes of time, it would yet take more than a thousand million years to play through all the possible combinations of cards in this game.

3) In the preceding examples, the theory of combinations led us to very large numbers. Not less large are the numbers which are produced by geometrical progressions. The most popular example of this class is that furnished by the story of the reward which the inventor of the game of chess is said to have asked. This story, which arose in India, the home of chess and of large numbers, and has found its way into almost all collections of arithmetical problems, is as follows. A king in India of the name of Shehram, requested the inventor of chess, Sessa Ebn Daher, to choose a reward for his invention. The latter complied, and asked as his payment the number of grains of wheat which should be obtained by counting one grain for the first square of the chessboard, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so

on for every one of the sixty-four squares. When the number was computed, it was found, to the astonishment of the king, to be the tremendous sum of 18 trillions, 446,744 billions, 073,709 millions, and 551,615. The king would have been unable to keep his promise if he had owned the whole earth and had planted and reaped wheat on it everywhere for years. For if we should bestrew all the land of the earth uniformly with grains of wheat, we should have to pile the grains over nine millimetres high to find a place for the number mentioned.

4) Under the rubric of geometrical progressions must be placed also the famous problem of what amount a capital of one cent placed at compound interest in the year of Christ's birth would have reached by now. In the year 1875 at 4% interest this sum would have reached the value of 865986 626476 236508 270156 786660 dollars and 24 cents, or more than 865,986 quadrillion dollars. If the whole earth were composed of gold of the ordinary degree of fineness of gold coins, it would take nearly 84 such golden earths to make up the value of this sum of money. If the penny were placed at 5% instead of 4% interest, it would take as many as 5,191 millions of gold spheres of the size of our earth to represent the value of the capital that would have been produced in 1875 years from a capital of one cent at compound interest. To get an idea as rapidly as possible of the amounts of compound interest calculations for such long spaces of time, one has simply to remember that at about  $4\frac{7}{10}\%$ , one penny in one hundred years will increase to one hundred pennies. At this rate a penny placed at compound interest in the Christian era will amount in the year 100 to 100 pennies, in the year 200 to 100 times 100 pennies, in the year 300 to 100 times 100 times 100 pennies, and so on. We thus get for the year 1800 a capital of as many pennies as is denoted by the number that is expressed by a 1 with twice 18 appended zeros. At the rate of percentage above mentioned we obtain, accordingly, for the year 1800. 10,000 quintillion dollars, and for the year 1900 one sextillion dollars. For shorter spaces of time it may be remembered that a sum of money at compound interest is doubled at  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$  in 20 years, at 4% in  $17\frac{7}{10}$  years, at 5% in 14 years, and at 6% in 12 years.

5) To illustrate the tremendous rate at which any interesting piece of news is circulated in a city, we may cite this example. It is assumed that the news of a murder that is committed at nine o'clock in the morning, and at once discovered, is circulated; that the discoverer of the murder communicates the news within a quarter of an hour to three persons; that each of these three persons within the next quarter of an hour have nothing more important to do than to find three more persons to whom they communicate the news of







## THE OLD MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MINNIE ANDREWS SNELL.

Oh! my soul is filled with hope, as I has'en t' th' door  
 T' answer t' th' postman every day,  
 An' my weary han's they tremble, as they take th' letters in  
 From my dear ones who have gone so far away.

My darters, good an' true, tho' th' sky be dark or clear,  
 Never fail to send a message filled with love,  
 An' my elder boy's fond letters tells his heart is ever near  
 To his mother, where so ever he may rove.

Th' little Christmas gifts that they send me every year—  
 "Merry Xmas to our mother" on th' box,—  
 I have opened 'em so tend'ly, tho' I wiped away a tear,  
 For it seems th' Christmas joy my sorrow mocks.

But my pore ol' eyes they watch for th' letter never sent,  
 An' my heart is filled with pain that flowers in tears;  
 An' I miss my baby boy, for I'm growin' old an' beot,  
 An' my face is lined with cares of many years

But I blessed him when he went t' th' city big an' gay,  
 For th' home had grown too quiet an' too dull;  
 An' he promised he would ne'er forgit t' write me, an' to pray,  
 An' good by was looked, with hearts for words too full.

Wall—at furst th' letters cum, so cheery an' so brave;  
 "He'd a fortune make an' soon return to me,"  
 Then they grew a little shorter, "for his time he had t' save,"  
 Then came no more; of home ties he was free.

An' now th' house seems lonesome, for not e'er a hope is left,  
 An' but memories of boyish voice an' play;  
 An' I kneel, a lone ol' woman, at this Christmas time—bereft.  
 As I for th' gift of true submission pray.

There's a knockin' at th' door—for th' postman it's too late—  
 A claspin' of strong arms—a cry of joy!  
 An' my heart it swells with rapture at th' answerin' of Fate,  
 For I hold my longed-for wanderer—my boy!

## CURRENT TOPICS.

"A COLD wave is coming down from the Northwest, and the thermometer will be down to 5 or 6 below zero at seven o'clock this morning." That is the chill greeting I get from the look out on the watch-tower this 13th day of December; and reading the melancholy prophecy in the morning paper, I think of the hunger in Chicago, and of the fever that follows hunger, and the sorrow, and the sin. I know, for I have read it somewhere in poetry, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"; but no such provision is made for the shorn man; so, therefore, if the wind is tempered at all to him, it must be by his brother-man. It gives me pleasure to say that his brother-man in Chicago is tempering it with a spirit as warm and genial as that of Santa Claus himself. Where the law of it is, I do not know, for it is a metaphysical mystery how a "cold wave," that freezes the bodies of the poor, can warm the souls of the rich, thaw them out, make a break up of selfishness, and pour a flood of charity through the slums of a great city; but it can do it, and is doing it in Chicago now. Directly under the announcement of the coming "cold wave" is this cheering information: "Relief forces unite. Affiliation of charities. Destitution to be relieved without delay. Supplies and funds being managed on a clearing-house plan by a committee of fifty men." Looking further for particulars, I found enough bounty in sight and in reserve to convince me that not any man or woman or child, deserving or undeserving, will be allowed to suffer hunger in Chicago.

A meeting of all the charities was held yesterday at the Auditorium Hotel to form an organisation wherein they may work together for the salvation of the poor. The tone and temper of the meeting, by a large majority, was that the charities begin at once to feed and clothe and warm and shelter the destitute, without waiting to make a constitution and by-laws, and without opening with each applicant a debtor and creditor account by double entry, in a set of books to be provided for the purpose, wherein may be recorded the weight, kind, and quality of every meal bestowed. Of course, there was a disciplinarian present who wanted to postpone the feeding and the clothing and the warming and the sheltering until after a branch of the Circumlocution Office could be established, with competent men to contrive how not to do it, "a central bureau of registration," to which all the other bureaus were to make report. There was danger of gluttony, unless great care were exercised by the proper bureau, for some ragged epicure might get a dinner at one bureau, and then go directly to another bureau and gorge himself again; therefore, "so as to avoid all duplication, proper forms would be supplied by such bureau, so that daily reports might be made to the central bureau." With several bureaus provided with blank forms and a few thousand yards of red tape, they could get along fairly well, but Col. W. P. Rend, "a plain, blunt man," thought it would take a long time to learn how not to do it, while how to do it was extremely easy. He would feed the hungry man first, and then register him in the proper bureau afterwards. Nearly all the delegates agreed with Colonel Rend, although a few had fears that the morals of the recipient might be corrupted by too much gratuitous food.

\* \* \*

While the mischievous nature of charity was under debate, "a short man" arose in the meeting and made a few remarks that weighed about a ton. He was from the great Chicago market on South Water Street, and here is what this meat-and-potato moralist had to say. "I've been around," said the short man, "to see what I could do to-day, and here are some of the things I got: half a ton of beans, 250 dozen of bananas, 1080 lemons, 150 pounds of buckwheat, 90 dozen of eggs, 100 quarts of cranberries, 200 pounds of fish, 700 ducks and turkeys, 50 bushels of potatoes, 278 bushels of vegetables, 6 barrels of flour, 900 oranges, and 100 pounds of sausages." He had an idea, picked up among the uncultured market-men on South Water Street, that moral precepts would keep fresh all the winter, but that eggs and turkeys and fish would not. "Don't let the things rot," implored the short man; "we want 'em fed out at once, and you can make investigations into the worthiness of the hungry men in the spring." The practical religion of the short man had such a contagious effect upon the meeting that in the middle of the cheers provoked by his remarkable sermon, two thousand dollars in money was contributed to buy bread, and coal, and clothing, to be given to cold, and ragged, and hungry people now; investigations as to their worthiness to be made "in the spring."

\* \* \*

Although full justice was denied him, it ought to be gratifying to every friend of trial by jury that Judge Jenkins has been released from the charges preferred against him in a criminal indictment presented by the Grand Jury of Milwaukee. I rejoice at his release, not because he is a man of high social rank and a judge of the United States Circuit Court, but because he is an American citizen entitled to the full protection of the laws and a fair trial by an impartial jury of his peers. The prosecution attempted to deprive him of that right, and it was only the judicial fairness of the court that broke the law-spider's web of sophistries in which Judge Jenkins was ensnared. It may be said that a poor man would not have escaped the legal meshes as triumphantly as Judge Jenkins did, but I have no reason to suppose that the ruling would have



been different had the defendant been a penniless laborer instead of a judge.

\* \* \*

The particulars of the Jenkins case I take from an admirable review of it which I find in the *Chicago Herald* of December 13, wherein it appears that Judge Jenkins was a member of the Board of Directors of the Plankinton Bank, and when the bank failed, all the managers of it and the Board of Directors too, were jointly indicted under a statute of Wisconsin which provides that if deposits are accepted after the bank-officers know that the bank is insolvent they become criminally liable for embezzlement. It is conceded that Judge Jenkins was innocent of any knowledge that the bank was insolvent, although he was not altogether free from blame. He trusted blindly in the honesty of the executive officers who managed the bank, and he was perhaps careless in failing to make himself personally acquainted with its financial condition, but this is not a penitentiary offence, although, excited by the "panic," and by popular indignation the Grand Jury charged him with embezzlement. If the court had been timid enough to be driven from its integrity by public opinion and the voices of the populace, Judge Jenkins would have been put in imminent peril by a perversion of the law.

\* \* \*

The decision in the Jenkins case falls with crushing weight upon the judgment in the so-called anarchist case. Having been under indictment for several months, Judge Jenkins appeared in court a few days ago, and demanded a trial as a matter of right; he also demanded a separate trial, as it was manifestly unfair that the evidence against him should be confused and adulterated by mixing it with testimony against other men indicted with him, some of whom perhaps were guilty while he himself was innocent. The district attorney resisted both motions but the court ruled that the defendant was entitled to an immediate and a separate trial, whereupon the district attorney abandoned the prosecution of Judge Jenkins and entered a *nolle prosequi* as to him; but on this part of the case I must quote from the *Chicago Herald*, because its disapproval of the lawyer-like strategy contrived by the prosecution in the Jenkins case reflects condemnation upon the parallel tactics pursued by the prosecution in the anarchist case. The *Herald* said: "It is significant that the district attorney declared that he had no testimony against Judge Jenkins on a separate trial. He wanted to take all the cases together, confuse the question of separate liability, and obtain a town-meeting verdict, regardless of justice to individuals."

\* \* \*

In the Jenkins case the defendants were in danger of nothing but imprisonment and fine; in the anarchist case they stood in peril of their lives. In the Jenkins case the court ruled that the defence of one defendant could not lawfully be entangled, confounded, or obscured by the testimony given against his co-defendants, and that therefore Judge Jenkins was entitled to a separate trial. In the anarchist case, although the lives of men were at stake, that very just and humane protection was denied, and the court allowed the district attorney "to take all the cases together, confuse the question of separate liability, and obtain a town-meeting verdict, regardless of justice to individuals." Shall we in self-righteous vanity condemn an attempt to snatch a town-meeting verdict in Milwaukee, and approve a town-meeting verdict rendered in Chicago? It was said of Judge Gary's ruling in the anarchist case:

"It will be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error by the same example,  
Will rush into the State."

The danger of that is happily over now. The decision in the Jenkins case marks the beginning of a reaction from judicial anar-

chy to law. The ruling in the anarchist case will not be "recorded for a precedent," but it will be recorded for a warning.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SENATE QUESTION.

To Gen. M. M. Trumbull:

In your interesting article on "The Decline of the Senate" in *The Open Court* for December 7, you say:

"The supreme injustice lies in the Constitution itself, which allows a population barely sufficient for a third-class town, to have two Senators, and will not allow New York with six millions of inhabitants, to have any more than two. This is a solecism in American politics, and it cannot be perpetual. The Constitution must eventually be amended and such inequality be impossible."

The last clause of Article 5, of the Constitution (which prescribes the method of amending it) expressly provides, "that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

Agreeing with everything you say, as to the desirability of your proposed amendment, is it not perfectly clear from the language of the Constitution itself, that such amendment is, and forever will be, impossible, and that the "solecism" must be "perpetual"?

FREDERICK W. PEABODY.

### NOTES.

There has been much animosity of late towards the Senate, and Gen. M. M. Trumbull is one of those who would rather abolish it to-day than to-morrow. Anxious to present to our readers the opinion of the best-informed man on this subject we have urged Prof. Hermann von Holst to discuss the question. At present, he says, he is too much occupied with his duties at the University, but he has promised to write within a few months an article for *The Open Court* on this mooted question.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 331. (VOL. VII.—52.)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 28, 1893.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## LIBERTY.

### III. OUR LINGERING CHAINS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IN the same year, 1859, appeared Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Mill's "Liberty." Darwin taught us that all development of organic life, from the zoöphyte up to man, had resulted from the ability of some small variation to preserve itself against the majority of its species until a new species incorporating that variation is established. Mill proved that all social progress depended on the ability to develop mental and moral variations from the majority. In the two books we may trace evolution, from the sponge up to Shakespeare, as an unbroken struggle for larger liberty, by differentiation; had it been permanently defeated even in a worm, man could not have existed; had it been permanently defeated in the first human brain that differed from its fellows, in every race, civilised man could not have existed. This is still the law: freedom of individual difference to develop itself is the condition of all progress, social, moral, and physical. If to-day any moral or other differentiation in any mind can be silenced or repressed by authority, or by the fear of it, all advance of mankind is arrested.

Among our faculties the moral sense now alone claims absoluteness, and in these days, when the moral sentiment is borrowing the enthusiasm of religion, it is important to consider whether this reinforced power is using scientific methods, or merely giving new lease to notions related to discredited systems. The increasing tendency to invoke legal authority for the regulation of private conduct has succeeded to the declining authority which regulated religious belief and worship. As it is now certain that the enforcement of creeds retarded religious progress for many ages, it may be fairly suspected that moral legislation will retard ethical, consequently social, progress, unless the enforced morality be perfect and infallible. But it would require human omniscience to determine such perfection; and by consensus of ethical philosophers our moral systems are defective, their social results unsatisfactory: legal repression of moral differentiation is therefore, so far as effectual, practically prohibitive of improvement, from the danger of the general prin-

ciple involved in such laws. Of course, the reference here is to strictly private conduct; that is to conduct which directly concerns the individual agent alone. Human laws exist only to prevent one from injuring another, or others; that is, from violating individual rights or public order. The law has no right to enslave a man; and it does make a slave of that man whose free will is coerced in matters directly concerning himself alone. That amounts to a majority of numbers suppressing, by brute force, a variation, which, however popularly abhorred, may be as useful and productive as the variation of a crucified Jesus or a poisoned Socrates. It is truly claimed by moral coercionists that a man's private conduct necessarily involves others; but the laws cannot justly deal with indirect injuries, which cannot be defined. A person may injure his or her relatives by becoming a monk or a nun, or marrying out of their station, or emigrating. Men's virtues even sometimes turn out to others' harm, and their vices incidentally cause some benefit. The virtuous Roman emperors, Marcus Aurelius for instance, were moved by their sincerity to persecute Christians, who were tolerated by the hypocritical, who inwardly despised the gods they outwardly worshipped. The just law cannot deal with inferential and uncalculable, but only with actual, injuries. The greatest legal crimes of history have been done in the name of morality, as in the execution of Jesus for his "immorality" in violating the Sabbath laws and blasphemy laws of his country. Many a man has similarly suffered, whose immorality is now morality.

Admit that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the legal repression of conduct is really hurtful to the agent, and indirectly to others, there remains the possibility that the hundredth interference is with the moral variation of a Jesus or a Socrates, in whose freedom is involved the elevation of the human race. All the possible evils of sparing the ninety-nine were more than compensated in the liberty of the one, whose differentiation means another step in civilisation. It may be thought that enough liberty is secured when all are free to defend by argument new moral theories, or even conduct generally deemed immoral. Granting for the moment that such freedom exists, it must be remembered that the world is not moulded by ab-



stractions. There must be freedom of experiment in social as well as in physical science. Diversities and eccentricities of conduct must be admitted if the potentialities of human nature are to be brought out, and ethical evolution advance. We need not merely theoretical, but substantial, improvement in manners and institutions. It is true that in moral evolution there is such a thing as reversion. Freedom incurs the risk of decline. And this might be a very serious consideration if we possessed a social condition entirely satisfactory. We have no such condition. The majority of people under so-called civilisation are unhappy. In the commercial world there is a steady decline of morality, owing to the immunities given to fraud, in freeing directors and trustees from liability. The virtuous law pounces on boys who play pitch-and-toss for their own nickels; but if they grow up to be men and gamble with other people's dollars, and ruin families on a large, imposing scale, they are pretty safe. So far as our moral system is sound, it is likely to be preserved by its advantages and by habitude.

Nevertheless, while prepared to claim that there should be larger freedom in the moral direction, I believe there should be more legal restraint in the criminal direction. The freedom of ignorance and disease to diffuse themselves should be, albeit cautiously, restrained. The law should prohibit the free manufacture and sale not only of poisons, but of weapons made solely for homicide,—as pistols. Every man's property should be liable for losses incurred under any company or enterprise sanctioned by his name. Even for speech that has incited to any actual crime a man should be liable. Violence must not be allowed shelter under liberty. That was the slaveholder's liberty. If tyrannicide is given shelter in our republic, president-murder may find asylum in a monarchy. If a private individual is permitted to constitute himself judge, jury, and executioner for an official he does not approve, the rule will apply not only to protect the assassin of a czar, but the murderer of a Lincoln. Wilkes Booth cried as sincerely as any Nihilist, "*Sic semper tyrannis*." All lynchers, rioters, "political assassins," are tyrants; they are the worst enemies of liberty, for they compel governments to relapse from civil order into the barbarism of military rule. A man has, of course, freedom to defend by argument the principle of tyrannicide, or duelling, or lynching; but he has no right to incite to a particular crime, and should be held liable for any exhortation that can be proved to have caused a particular crime.

If, under my principle that the law may justly restrain the free trade in poisons and pistols, a prohibitionist claims the right to suppress alcoholic beverages, he must prove that these are mainly murderous. The proposal is that trade in poisons and pistols should

not be free; pistols, not useful for any sport, must be under control of the military authority, which possesses the right of homicide; poisons must be under official medical control. Whether alcoholic drinks should be put under similar control, need not be argued here; it is sufficient to say that prohibition has not yet gained for its case a consensus of ethical, scientific, or social philosophers. If, then, the conventional moralist claims, under my principle of restraining the freedom of poisons and of diffusing diseases, the right to suppress immoral literature, it is to be answered that he is liable to mistake moral for immoral literature. For immemorial ages statutes have been suppressing, as wicked and immoral, works of greatest worth. Divorce was deemed immoral until lately, and the marriage of a divorced woman, declared by Christ to be adultery, was considered immoral. The books burned for their heresy are known to have been good books; the books suppressed for immorality may also be good books. The laws framed to protect religion were based on a superstitious belief that an offender of the gods might bring down their wrath on the whole community; those laws survive in all laws for the punishment of individual immorality, and in the related laws against immoral literature. The pious laws did not benefit the gods, but did retard religious progress by punishing new ideas as blasphemy; that the moral statutes equally retard ethical progress appears to me equally certain.

Related to the word "liberty" (from *libet*, that which pleases) is "libertine." Originally meaning a heretic, it acquired a moral connotation through the belief that nothing kept people from villainy except orthodoxy. So "miscreant" (literally, a misbeliever) came to mean a scoundrel. The unorthodox having been shown by experience to be as virtuous as the orthodox, both words have nearly lost their original sense. The clergy can now only prop creeds once believed essential to public order by invoking the laws for a moral system largely based on those creeds. All Sabbath laws and blasphemy laws contain the old virus of theological persecution and ecclesiastical authority. Their worst effect is not palpable. By the laws that have fullest public support, those of obscene libel, it is doubtful whether any good whatever is done. A few really obscene fellows are caught and punished, but their trade is benefited; their wares are advertised, and the price raised by such generally ineffective efforts at suppression. On the other hand, such laws, for the sake of catching a few rats, tamper with the foundations of the social house. The freedom of thought and utterance, the foundations of social civilisation, are tampered with by all laws that cannot be equally applied. No law against immoral literature can be framed, which, fairly administered, would not



expurgate the Bible and the majority of classics. A law against indecent pictures, equally applied, would invade every art-gallery. Every such law involves the submission to a few persons, necessarily unfit, the circulation or suppression of productions that may be of especial importance to mankind. Nearly every work of genius was burnt by the common hangman, up to the Reformation, and many since—not to mention the grand works of art piously destroyed by the Puritans.

Liberty can admit no libel except on persons. That some abuse freedom of the press by coarse publications is no more reason for the suppression of that freedom, than suicide is a reason for suppressing razors. And although that word "suppression" is not applicable to the obscene literature at which it is mainly aimed, it is, unhappily, applicable to ethical literature that is much needed. Our literary censorship and inquisition are concentrated on one kind of immorality,—sexual. This whole theme, though of supreme importance, is by such statutes branded as indecent. The greatest genius, able to announce the most important discoveries on that vital subject,—sex,—might easily be silenced by the liability of his work to accusations of indecency. Where such statutes destroy one obscene book, they prevent a hundred needed ones from ever being born. Both moral and physical science are intimidated, the real knowledge of sexual laws obstructed, and by this suppression the impetus is given to the obscene dealer's trade. For such legal restrictions on moral themes are felt most profoundly by moral people, by responsible thinkers. To a sensitive moral man, who reflects on the evils that may result from disregard of law, nothing can be more painful than the consciousness of having violated any law. And even if a responsible author could deal with this forbidden subject in such a way as to keep within statutory limits, he would hesitate long before publishing anything that might influence others to take up any position which might bring them into unhappy social relations. John Stuart Mill once got into trouble with officials by a connexion, real or supposed, with the circulation of Malthusian literature, now perfectly free; and it may have been this browbeating that prevented him from alluding to the question of immoral literature in his work on "Liberty." It is these responsible thinkers, the best friends of mankind, who are silenced by laws restricting moral freedom. It is not light-minded and reckless people, who care not whether they violate laws or not; not the obscene dealer, whose books are made more costly by prosecution. The suppression falls just where liberty is most needed; it falls on the serious philosopher, who understands the importance of law, and who writes for the benefit of mankind. Some acquaintance with such men in every part of the world has convinced

me that the most well-meant laws for the regulation of private morality, and for the repression of immoral literature, do far more harm than good. Generally ineffective for the suppression of vice or indecent literature, even the small advantages claimed for them are obtained at the disproportionate cost of fettering the pens, which might convey to the world a vast amount of knowledge, now secret, by which the human race might be improved physically and spiritually.

There is an optimistic superstition that truth, however crushed, rises again and must prevail. The dismal testimony of history is that mankind never recovers from any long suppression of mental and moral freedom. The effect is cerebral. Now that reason is legally free in religious matters, it is found to be, like the long-immured prisoner of Chillon, unprepared to avail itself of liberty. Amid the blaze of sciences, the wealth and strength of Christendom is bent to the support of superstitions transmitted from savage ages. It must be many generations before mankind recover from the long repression of its religious faculties, if they ever do. Ethical reformers should take the sad lesson to heart, and do their utmost to rescue moral freedom from any further suffering a fate similar to that which preserves among men otherwise civilised the superstitions of chimpanzees.

#### LAST SUMMER'S LESSON.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

WE all agree that the hard times, last summer, were due to bad laws and fear of worse. It is not worth while for me to argue now about which party has made the worse mistakes. We all know that both parties have made many blunders. What we ought especially to remember is, that the only way to avoid having bad laws is to watch the makers more closely. Those who think it was a mistake for the government to buy silver for the benefit of owners of mines can see how unfortunate it was, that no outburst of popular indignation prevented Congress from passing the Bland Bill over the veto of President Hayes in 1878. If we had paid more attention to politics, then and since, we should have had no gaunt spectre of coming poverty to keep away visitors from the great Fair. The tariff question has been studied more carefully; but there is by no means the unanimity there should be about a purely scientific problem. Our politicians have wrangled about it for a hundred years, because our people have not, even yet, acquired that knowledge of political economy which would take the tariff out of politics.

Another problem of great national importance, but still sadly far from a successful solution, is how to have public officers appointed no longer for party or private ends, but solely for the public good.



Another black fact, and one about which there is little difference of opinion, is that our large cities are governed badly. Worse, say good judges, than any others in civilised lands. We all know that there is comparatively little corruption in our towns and villages. In these latter, the administration is on so much smaller a scale as to be more easily watched. The men in power are so well known to the average voter that he takes more personal interest in their doings, than if he lived in a great city. Another reason for the superior purity of rural government is that country people have much more time than city people to talk politics. When I was in college, we had to write a composition about "The Citizen of a Free State Who Takes No Interest in Public Affairs"; and one of my classmates handed in a statement, that the farmers in his town in New Hampshire knew a great deal more about politics than the Cambridge professors.

Perhaps the elections for President call out too much interest in politics; but this is only once in four years, and the interest is mostly of the wrong sort. What the country needs is not periodical fits of passion for doing the will of party-leaders, right or wrong. Our country demands that every citizen keep constantly and coolly on the watch against bad laws and corrupt candidates, especially those proposed by his own party, and that, when he thinks his party is going wrong, he do his utmost to set it right by open protest and even by dissenting vote. This may really be the best thing for his party in the end; but at all events his first duty is to his country. Her interests require constant and disinterested vigilance; and the man who takes no thought of her welfare is not worthy to be a citizen of a free nation.

There are many influences at work making us better citizens; and where I reside a great deal is done by the women in the Suffrage League. We have many clubs, but this is the only one which makes any attempt to study public affairs systematically. It has just held the only meeting we have had in town to consider the silver problem; and it is the only organisation which has had the tariff discussed in joint debate, I mean by opponents speaking on the same evening and dividing the time in public. It has also carried on a regular series of readings from a book about methods of national government; and such subjects as the functions of town-officers have not been forgotten. All this is done to carry out a general plan, which is followed by similar organisations in this and other States. Study of public affairs is a legitimate part of the suffrage movement; and I have heard that movement opposed by a clergyman, on the ground that it was leading women to take too much interest in politics. He was invited by the Concord League to

state his objections publicly; and this was the one most earnestly pressed. The ladies did not deny the charge, for they knew it did them honor. We must remember that women are already citizens of Massachusetts; for they can vote, though as yet only for school committee. The only question is, whether they are to be good citizens or bad ones. The suffrage agitation is already making them more patriotic.

Now just consider how many men take pews, buy pictures, and subscribe for philanthropic institutions, because their wives and daughters desire it. Solid literature, as well as art, philanthropy, and religion, keeps a hold on busy men through female influence. Get that mighty force directed to making those men attend public meetings, and read what the magazines and independent papers say about public affairs, and this will insure much better management of our schools and post-offices, police and fire departments, currency and tariff, army and navy, internal improvements and relations with foreign powers. These are some of the interests which will be cared for better when men and women pay more attention to politics. These subjects, too, will be much more ably and fully discussed in our newspapers and magazines, as well as in books, when there is an increase in the number of women who will not only read such matter themselves, but will persuade their sons, brothers, and husbands to do so. And this will enable reformers to find more general hearing for methods to check the growth of corruption in politics.

We can remember a dark, sad time when our nation's existence depended on how dear her welfare was to her children's hearts. That terrible war would not have broken out, if the patriotism of the North could have been called forth earlier to right the worst of wrongs. Our citizens went on paying no attention to politics, or doing little besides follow old-fashioned methods, until our country suddenly found herself plunged into civil war. Then our salvation was due to the amount of patriotism among our women, as well as among our men. There was urgent need of all the public spirit which could be awakened in either sex. How much public spirit may develop in the next war will depend on how much there has been throughout the intervening years of peace. We are not in the slightest danger of another civil war; but we have recently come so near to hostilities with other republics as to show the urgent need that the people should watch the President. We can never afford to be so weak as to invite attack; and the strength of our country depends on how willing all our people are to make sacrifices for her defence. The safety of Sparta was in having such mothers as she who told her son, as he went forth to battle, that he must prove he had stood his ground by bringing back his shield, or else he must



return borne upon it. The advantage of having women take more interest in public affairs is great enough to go far to answer the familiar arguments against letting them vote, especially as these aged antagonists have little strength left except to knock down each other. We are told, for instance, that a woman would merely follow some man in politics. Perhaps her doing that might make him press forward more rapidly; but we are further told that women who vote might differ from their husbands; and that might enable both of them to see that there are two sides to every question in politics. The man who will let nobody differ with him is not the sort of citizen to be encouraged. Herbert Spencer tells us that women are too impulsive; but that is all the better for their interest in public affairs. He also urges that they are prone to religious fanaticism. This must be admitted; but there is reason to think that familiarity with public duties and responsibilities would make the fault diminish. It is a significant fact, that the lady-managers at the World's Fair were decidedly in favor of opening it Sundays. The only State where women have as yet really done much voting, has a remarkably lax Sunday law; and its House of Representatives has recently passed unanimously a concurrent resolution, declaring "That the possession and exercise of the suffrage by the women in Wyoming for the last quarter of a century has wrought no harm and done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from this State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; that it has secured peaceful and orderly elections, good government, and a remarkable degree of civilisation and public order; and as the result of experience we urge every civilised community on earth to enfranchise its women without delay."

#### METEOROLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITIES.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

SOME time ago, Prof. Cleveland Abbe of the Government Weather Bureau at Washington published an article, in which he called upon some friend of education and science to establish, in connexion with one of our great universities, a school of meteorology, offering, at the same time, to present to such a school his valuable scientific library of five or six thousand books and pamphlets. When I wrote him, suggesting that he seize the occasion of Cornell's recent quarter-centennial celebration to make this gift, reminding him of the fact that this institution had a meteorological bureau and gave much attention to the science, I received a long letter from the distinguished meteorologist, from which I make the following extracts, with his permission:

"I earnestly hope that Cornell may speedily comply with the conditions under which I had hoped to donate my library as a farther encouragement to the study of meteorology. I propose to give my scientific books, which have, I suppose, cost me about \$10,000, to a meteorological school or institute in connexion with some well-endowed university, provided that there be also a special endowment for this meteorological department, so as to secure the professors, the buildings, the apparatus, and the permanence that is essential to success.

"Although Cornell University has recognised the importance of meteorology and is doing all it can to build up a system of observatories in the State of New York, so that it has become a central office for the New York State Weather Service, yet it has not provided for any instruction in meteorology, nor has it recognised this as a science which a student may make a special feature of his course of study. In this respect, all of our universities are still deficient. There is not one that makes any adequate provision for meteorology. A few teach climatology in connexion with geology or agriculture; others deal with special features of climate in connexion with engineering and irrigation. But all this falls far short of the needs of the country and the importance of the subject.

"I have laid out a four years' course, which could be contracted to three years, covering the following subjects: (1) instruments and their errors; (2) climatology and its relations to agriculture, navigation, engineering, hygiene, and geology; (3) the physics of the atmosphere, namely, the mechanical and thermal phenomena; (4) empiric methods of prediction; (5) the dynamical problems which are severely mathematical and lead to the beginnings of a rational deductive method of weather predictions.

"All these subjects must be studied, if young men are to take high rank as meteorologists. There are many whose plans and ambitions lead them to take only the first or second of these branches of the subject. But the leaders in meteorology must take the whole course, and our universities should make it possible for young men to enter upon this field of study and work.

"I think that a school of meteorology could so arrange its courses that two years of instruction could be given without much mathematics and with only elementary physics, so that it would be a popular course for the ordinary undergraduate. But for the post-graduate course and for the special students who make this a 'major' in the arrangement of their studies, there would be required much mathematics and much experimental physics.

"The great objection that has been urged by my friends to my embarking in some such collegiate course, is the consideration that there seems to be no field of employment for such graduated masters of meteorological science, that there is here no inducement to study, like that offered by medicine, law, civil engineering, etc., because neither the Signal Office nor the Weather Bureau has taken any proper steps to enlist or employ men of this kind; that the whole spirit and the whole atmosphere of those institutions have been monopolistic, antagonistic, and depressing; that promising college graduates will not enlist as privates or sergeants, and that those who have become expert by years of college study, cannot bring themselves to seek political influence and submit to civil service examinations in order to secure positions.

"On the one hand, I think that matters are not quite so discouraging as all this, and, on the other hand, I believe that there is a large field of employment for weather experts outside of the Weather Bureau. Chemists, engineers, and many other scientific experts find abundant support without going into the Government service. And I would propose educating a class of meteorological experts, who would, I predict, very quickly find employment among business men.

"I have always hoped that I might be able to establish a school of meteorology in New York City, which was my birth-



place and home, and whose interests I have had in mind from the moment when, as a boy, I began to study meteorology and finally started the weather predictions.

"I have, by my work of the past thirty years, demonstrated to the satisfaction of every one that what was once considered impracticable, or even impious, is now successful and of the highest practical value. The splendid success of my predictions of the last three hurricanes may serve to emphasise my statement that the country has not yet even dreamed of the possibilities that are in store.

"The time will come when every detail of the weather will be foreseen two days in advance, and when the general characters of the seasons, as to droughts, temperature, and wind, will be foretold six months or a year in advance. But this class of work is not going to be empiric; it is not to be a matter of jumbling up averages or relying upon the laws of probabilities. It will be a matter of the most painstaking computation, based on a most thorough knowledge of the laws of nature and on an international system of observations and maps."

Men who can do such work as this described by Professor Abbe, will not need to be in the Government employ; nor is it likely that the people will ever willingly pay the expense of such work. The present system of the Weather Bureau seems to meet the ordinary popular demand sufficiently well, and is about the class of work that can be carried on by the average army or naval officer, or Government employee. So far as one can judge of the future from the past, every effort to introduce a higher order of astronomer into the Naval Observatory, or of geologist into the Geological Survey, or of geodesist into the Coast Survey, or of meteorologist into the Weather Bureau, will be opposed by the "powers that be," as supported by, or representing, the uneducated masses of the people. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Professor Abbe may see his way to pass out of his present sphere of work and proceed to the next important step in the development of meteorology in America; and it is furthermore to be hoped that this will be made possible by some one of our universities founding a first-class school of meteorology.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

I rejoice that the election is over, not because I care much about the result of it, but because I take an interest in the spiritual welfare of the newspaper editors in this town, who ever since the campaign began have been laying upon their souls the burthen of nearly ten million lies a day. Take, for instance, the two principal Republican papers, and the two leading Democratic papers, and their united circulation will be about two hundred thousand copies a day. Now allowing them only a hundred campaign lies apiece, and this is a "conservative" estimate, these multiplied by the total circulation give us a daily allowance of eight million lies; and this, notwithstanding I found this legend every morning in each paper, "Another lie nailed." Each of the candidates was "The avowed enemy of Trades Unions," and "The friend of Organised Labor," according to the party color of the paper giving the censure or the praise. Each of them, according to the rival organs, was appealing to "race-prejudice and religious bigotry"; and each of them would certainly be elected by ten thousand majority, or

any other number you chose to name. One day, Dan O'Grady of Marbletown was arraigned before the court on a charge of assault and battery, and having pleaded "Not guilty," Jem Ferguson, the town liar, took the stand as a witness, whereupon Dan said: "Yer honor, is Jem Ferguson goin' to swear against me?" The court answered "Yes," and Dan replied, "Thin I plade guilty yer honor, not because I am guilty, but for the sake of Jem Ferguson's sowl." For the sake of the souls of the editors, it is well that the elections are over for the time.

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Like the famous apple of discord that brought on war in the olden time, the conundrum of Mr. Stead is still at work dislocating the minds of inquiring people in Chicago, and making Christmas miserable. Last Monday, at the meeting of the Methodist ministers, the Rev. Dr. Gray made a guess at the riddle and with proper self-confidence told his brethren what Christ would not do if he were in Chicago now. He decided *ex cathedra* that "Christ would not feed a professional tramp; because to feed a tramp is to interfere with God's work in assisting the worthy destitute. The spasm of sympathy," he said, "that gathers together a horde of tramps, and feeds them may be creditable to the heart, but it is not Christianity." It may not be Christianity now, but it *was* Christianity when Christ was here upon the earth, if the Scriptures are to be believed. And by what new inspiration is it that Doctors of Divinity can affirm that Christ would not do in Chicago what he did in Judea when he gathered together a horde of what we call tramps to the number of five thousand, and fed them on loaves and fishes, so that "they did all eat and were filled"? Now mark the context; the Scripture, my brethren, does not say "some," or "a few," or even "many," my brethren, but it says "all." If a tramp is one who walks about, looking for work or food, then the multitude that Christ fed was composed of tramps, for they had tramped after him three days. Gathering together a horde of tramps, was one count in the indictment against Christ; and his accusers clamored in the ears of Pilate, "We found this fellow perverting the nation." And Pilate, like some of our modern judges, being rather afraid of popular opinion, gave judgment of death against the man who "stirred up the people" and gathered the tramps together.

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While it appeared to be the opinion of Dr. Gray, that much valuable charity was wasted in attempting to save the bodies of the poor, he also thought that a great deal of effort was thrown away in the equally difficult attempt to save the souls of the rich. "Another thing," he said, "the church spends too much time and energy and money in attempting to save the aristocratic." This is heresy, for the rich man as well as the poor man is within the plan of salvation. It may be harder to save the rich man, but the effort ought to be made; and even if it does take extra time and energy and money, the churches ought not to give him up as lost, for without the money of the rich men there would not be any churches; at least, not any of those poems in architecture and temples of luxurious worship such as we have now. It is impossible to spend too much time and energy and money in attempting to save the aristocratic, for the soul of the rich man is as precious as that of the poor man in the eyes of the Lord. That it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven is poetically but not theologically true. The comparison is nothing but a figurative bit of word-painting intended to show how great are the temptations that the rich man has to overcome. He may conquer them, however, and obtain a higher seat in the celestial kingdom than the poor man who never had any such temptations. Lazarus was carried up to Heaven in Abraham's bosom, and Abraham was the richest man of his nation and his time.



Thirty years ago, two antagonistic American armies were discussing on the battle-field this critical problem, Are we a League or a Nation? For a time it was thought that Appomatox was the solution of it, but the controversy is revived through a simple sentence in the President's message, "The United States are"; and around that phrase the hostile forces are gathering again, but without the arguments of swords and guns. If the dispute concerns the rhetoric or grammar of the President, it is trivial enough; but if the form of words used was intended to express a political opinion, the words themselves may become important. All depends upon the spirit that animates the sentence. If the person using it intends it as a shibboleth by which he may be recognised, the plural form gets dignity and character when adopted by the President of the United States, for it may be regarded as a denial of our nationality. The singular form, "The United States is," describes correctly the American Republic as a Nation, while the plural form describes it as a League, or partnership of States. Many persons use either form indifferently, as meaning the same thing; but sometimes words are signs bigger than ships, and if men deliberately refuse to say "National," when speaking of the American Government, but persist in saying "Federal," we have a right to suppose that they use the word as a shibboleth, and that they attach to it not merely a grammatical and geographical, but also a political, meaning. Whatever the theoretical United States may have been, is of little consequence now. The United States of America is a political fact, like Germany, France, or Spain, and, therefore, we may as well reconcile ourselves to "National" and "The United States is."

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The minority of the Ways and Means Committee have presented their report in opposition to the Wilson bill. I have read the first paragraph only, and if the charge there brought against the bill is true, it is not necessary to read any more. Mr. Wilson has been guilty of statesmanship, by which, according to the minority report, "the larger burthen of taxation has been transferred from foreigners and put upon our own citizens." It will be a great hardship if our own taxes are to be paid by "our own citizens," instead of by the "foreigner"; but it is a pleasant thing to learn that at present the larger burthen of American taxation is borne by foreigners, who pay their own taxes and ours, too. Does Mr. Reed, who presented the minority report, really believe that the government of one country can get its revenues by taxing the citizens of another? And if it could lay its burthens on the foreigner, would it be a magnanimous, or even an honest thing to do? The miracle by which we lay our tax burthens on the foreigner is supposed to be performed by the protective tariff, which levies taxes on imported goods, and these taxes the foreigner has to pay before his merchandise can get into the American market. The miracle is benevolent, even where it is not economical, for as every nation except Great Britain works by the same political magic, it follows that each of them pays the taxes of the others, and none of them pays its own. England alone, of all the great nations, has not wisdom enough to adopt the plan; and having no protective tariff at all, she lays no burthen of taxation on the "foreigner." Besides, as England is the great exporting nation, "flooding" the markets of all the other nations with her goods, she pays not only her own taxes, but the taxes of nearly all the rest of the world.

M. M. TRUMBULL

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE VIEW FROM MY ROCK.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

Please allow me to make a few remarks on Mrs. Alice Bodington's article in No. 326 of *The Open Court*. "In discussions on religion there are almost as many opinions as thinkers." This

statement is a fact, and from the standpoint of scientific monism we cannot expect anything else, for the reason that all religions are natural adaptations to fit the differentiated characters of mankind, same as water to fishes and air to birds. Where there is a difference in mind there *must* be a different expression of subjective guess; so that "the different views taken by persons highly cultivated, conscientious, and with eyes wide open to the problems of the day, are largely a question of individual idiosyncrasy." This is the unerring result of natural laws, or causes, that work differentiation as revealed in every domain—in every chapter in the great Book of Nature, the only book that God did directly write; a book that defies the interpolation of man. If, as Mrs. Bodington says, "a religion of science does not exist at present,"—using the term religion as binding mankind together anew—an assembly, or church of science *will exist*, and the above liberal view of all sects from the *Rock* (not "ledge") of monism will be presented in one of its articles of true knowledge. For the articles of science will not commence with "we believe," but with *we know*. Science comes to justify, not condemn; therefore comes to bring "peace on earth and good-will among men." The agnostic represents the human mind in equipoise, waiting for the truth to give it a tip—a necessary tip. Men and women cry out for truth as if they could bear it, but superstition (a wise adaptation of nature) fits some minds a great deal better. According to evolution (which is monistic doctrine exemplified) there must be an adaptation with every unfoldment—an environment to suit the organism, hence there will be no assembly, or church of science, just as soon as minds are fitted and unfolded to form it. This is the exclusive work of natural causes, men and women being the defenceless but willing auxiliaries. But its articles of true knowledge will present invulnerable objective facts and "individual idiosyncrasies" (though we must respect them now) will be swept away as they become useless. Mankind cannot differ on object facts. Objectives are repellant to those who are fitted for subjectives. All things have their roots in nature; all forms and conditions in and among mankind are evolutions from one. This is monism; this, the basic principle of the assembly of science. He that has his eyes and senses *really* open will see and hear and will be attracted to it; will work for its advancement cheerfully, because he will be in harmony with the truth.

JOHN MADDOCK.

### PROFESSOR VON HOLST ON GENERAL TRUMBULL'S ARTICLE.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

General Trumbull has done me altogether too much honor in *The Open Court* of December 7. Like most people having somewhat pronounced opinions and making bold to communicate them to the public, I have been treated to many a critical castigation. But I have never before been subjected to such a merciless thrashing—fitting another man's jacket. I am not the author of the article in the *Forum* entitled "The Senate in the Light of History," which the General attributes to me—nor does the *Forum* assert that I am. I regret that I am not even able to tell to whom I have had involuntarily to lend my back as *corpus vile* for the General to exercise the strength of his arm upon.

As to the first article in the same number of the *Forum*, I must plead guilty. The title, however, which fits the argument as well as "the fist the eye," has been manufactured in the *Forum* office at a time when neither the editor nor the sub-editor could, on account of illness, attend to any business. The heading I had chosen and which for reasons unknown to me was cancelled in the *Forum* office was: "Breakers Ahead!" To the few arguments of General Trumbull which are really directed against me, I cannot now reply. Before our summer vacation I shall not have the time to



prepare an answer worthy either of the subject or my adversary. Then I propose to venture upon the attempt. At full length—though that may be saying very little—I shall expose myself as target to the General's shafts.  
H. VON HOLST.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

LES BASES DE LA MORALE ET DU DROIT. By l'Abbé Maurice de Baets. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1892. Pp. 381. Price, 6 fr.

L'ÉCOLE D'ANTHROPOLOGIE CRIMINELLE. Lecture faite à la conférence du Jeune Barreau de Bruxelles. By l'Abbé Maurice de Baets. Ghent: P. Van Fleteren. 1893. Pp. 56.

Both these works, the second of which is a mere pamphlet, turn about the same question. M. l'Abbé Maurice de Baets sees in the doctrines which have sprung up in the nineteenth century a disintegration of the real foundations of morality and right, and he regards the school of criminal anthropology as the most dangerous offshoot of this movement. Every idea of morality and of justice is compromised by the new theories and pre-eminently so by the last doctrine mentioned. He quotes the words of Madame Clémence Royer, who is an adherent of the new school, that "criminal humanity must be totally eradicated from society, crushed, as we crush the viper"; and he adds, according to this doctrine the criminal is simply a crime-perpetrating animal. He quotes again that a human being is not responsible for his virtues or vices; one can no more help being Regulus than Catiline, no more help being Newton than a vulgar pedagogue; and, he adds, here is no responsibility, no guilt, no ethics. Deny freedom, he says, and you deny ethics, you eliminate all ideals from life. He examines the theories of the great ethical philosophers, but finds that the old basis of morality alone is the right one. There is God, and man, who has sprung from God; submission to the will of God is morality. There are liberty and right, intelligence and will, crime and punishment, law and reparation, passions and free-will. That fecund ethics which is based on God alone will explain all.

M. l'Abbé Maurice de Baets's books are written in a forcible and fervid style and contain much clear reasoning on the subjects of which they treat. We have also recently received from him another short pamphlet, entitled *Un vœu du congrès de la ligue démocratique*, treating of the labor problem, which arises, he thinks, from the imperfect distribution of wealth, but which can be solved by charity—by Christian charity, which consists in loving one's neighbor as one's self, and is not limited to occasional donations of money, but means the assurance to every person of the means of economical independence.  
μκρκ.

TOOLS AND THE MAN. Property and Industry Under the Christian Law. By Washington Gladden. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893. Price, \$1.25.

In his preface, the author, the Rev. Washington Gladden, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, says: "By the study and observation of many years, I have been confirmed in the belief that the Christian law, when rightly interpreted, contains the solution of the social problem. I believe that Christianity not only holds up before us a beautiful ideal, but that it presents the only theory of industrial and social order which can be made to work."

"The end of Christianity," he further says in his first lecture, "is two-fold—a perfect man in a perfect society." The Christianization of society is a large part of the calling of the disciples and servants of Jesus Christ. Christianity, according to the author, is not individualistic in spirit, but socialistic. The struggle for existence is a law which Christianity only recognises in lower animal existence; in the human sphere it is checked by the higher spiritual law of sympathy and good-will; the Christian's aim is to save

those who are being worsted in the struggle for existence; the succor of the weak and unfit, accordingly, is one of the chief functions of the ideal Christian social state.

The lectures are the outgrowth of addresses made by the author at various colleges and academies of this country, and in their final form represent the first course of lectures in the Adin Ballou lectureship of practical Christian sociology at the Meadville Theological School of Meadville, Pennsylvania.  
μκρκ.

The Scriptural Tract Repository of Boston have published in book form (price, \$1.00) the sermon of Brevard D. Sinclair, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, Mass., entitled "The Crowning Sin of the Age." The sermon is a severe arraignment of modern society for the crime of infanticide, and though fervently written, is not offensive, as such productions usually are. It has received commendations from some very prominent clergymen. (47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.)

## NOTES.

It will be important to our Chicago readers, and perhaps interesting to those at other places, to learn that the University of Chicago has made arrangements for the conducting of Saturday and evening classes in the University. It is part of the purpose of the University to put its advantages within reach of the largest number possible of the community, and the foregoing provision is accordingly made for the benefit of those who cannot come to the regular classes. Courses in almost all departments are given, a circular of which, with complete descriptions, may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of Class-work, University Extension Division, University of Chicago, Chicago. Notifications of intention to join the classes must be sent in before January 1, 1894.

## THE OPEN COURT.

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

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